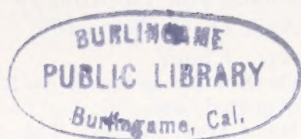


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Harpers Magazine

THE LEGAL PROFESSION

A SOCIAL PHENOMENON

BY FERDINAND LUNDBERG

"The lawyer is exclusively occupied with the details of predatory fraud, either in achieving or in checkmating chicane."
—Thorstein Veblen, *The Theory of the Leisure Class* (1900)

"The leading lawyers of the United States have been engaged mainly in supporting the claims of the corporations: often in endeavoring to evade or nullify the extremely crude laws by which legislators sought to regulate the power or curb the excesses of corporations."—Louis D. Brandeis (1905)

"Actually, of course, the courts are available in proportion to one's ability to pay for their use, but legal theory has little to say about this stark reality. The lawmen know that the courts are accessible only to those able to bear the expense of litigation, but legal theory treats this fact as an unfortunate accident rather than a fundamental characteristic of the legal institution."—Prof. Edward S. Robinson, *Yale University, Law and the Lawyers* (1935)

"It is the wide disparity between the ability of the richer and poorer classes to utilize the machinery of the law which is, at bottom, the cause of the present unrest and dissatisfaction."—Reginald Heber Smith, *Justice and The Poor* (1919)

The large, pervasive, and often provocative role played in the political, social, and economic affairs of our generation by individual members of the legal profession, and by the legal profession as an autonomous, self-aggrandizing interest group, has, somewhat strangely, eluded public attention almost entirely. This is more than a little astonishing even if one is aware that the part of the lawyer is usually played behind the scenes; because in recent years virtually every other institution and vested interest that touch upon everyday life have been peremptorily summoned before the bar of public opinion for detailed examination. The country, indeed, has experienced a veritable orgy of self-conscious inquisition

into all manner of embarrassing sub-surface manifestations, has been subjected to a vast and penetrating psycho-analysis; but the legal profession has quietly gone its habitual way, complacent, undisturbed, apparently secure in its priestly status as the putative defender of justice, unassociated in the public mind with our many social neuroses.

And yet the small body of approximately 175,000 practitioners, active and inactive, that constitutes the legal profession in the United States probably plays, in its softly insinuating fashion, a much more weighty social role than do editors or publishers, physicians or surgeons, educators or labor leaders, and perhaps even financiers or politicians. Lawyers may not in many cases make the final decisions that are of great moment to society; but they do give the final decisions of financiers, industrialists, labor leaders and politicians intellectual implementation to the end that they shall be accepted by a public conditioned to react favorably to the legalistic vocabulary. And it is very important to realize that the intellectual rationalization may subtly modify the ultimate decision or, more often, pave the way for its modification. "Despite anthropologists, psychologists, sociologists, economists, and other academic persons who have made a genuine effort to apply the scientific method to the social world, the social philosophy that is actually expressed in public policy is that of the man of law." (Prof. Edward S. Robinson, *Law and the Lawyers*.) The same authority, a psychologist versed in the law, says further that "The lawyers, whether judges, counsellors or scholars, represent the dominant social philosophy of our day."

The fact that lawyers make public policy is not a consequence of their being our weightiest intellects, although many lawyers may be disposed to think so in private. As Professor Robinson remarks, so many persons could hardly become lawyers if the legal discipline were as difficult as lawyers make it out to be. Lawyers make public policy because of the

nature of the state, which in America was clearly established by lawyers along legalistic lines. Caught in the meshes of the lawmen's state, all other individuals and groups must needs, when it comes to collaborating with the state, carry on the collaboration through the instrumentality of lawyers, who alone are familiar with the vagaries and intricacies of the law. And it is probably for this reason alone that the great captains of industry and finance have come to seem so helpless that it appears at times to the critical observer as though they must surely consult their counsel about details of their wardrobes and the decorations of their homes before taking any step that might, in the legalistic nature of things, be fraught with the direst of penalties. One consults a lawyer in most instances, it is instructive to note, not out of fear of some opposing private party but out of fear of some other lawyer.

It is surely true that no big tyrant of the market-place has appeared in recent years in a Washington hearing-room without a retinue of attorneys (whose mere presence arouses public suspicion), to which the master of men has had pathetic recourse, like a helpless invalid, at every fresh question leveled; and leveled, one should note, by a fault-finding member of the legal profession in the temporary role of a legislator or a special attorney to a legislative committee. The big clients of the most celebrated lawyers are, in fact, like patients kept in a condition of permanent convalescence, always dependent upon the expensive advice of specialists in obscure, often nameless disorders, never thoroughly ill, never wholly cured. The services of lawyers, it is recognized, are "indispensable when one wishes to get into business or out of wedlock or to alter in any of a hundred ways one's relationship to his fellows." The legal profession stands guard at an ancient toll-gate; it alone holds the keys to the tortuous road of legality.

Perhaps one of the reasons that nearly every organized special-interest group or institution in the upper strata of society,

with the exception of the legal profession, has been required to defend and explain itself—both the offense and the defense being conducted by lawyers professing, for the exigencies of the moment at least, opposing social philosophies—may be found in the fact that the persons conducting the spiritual and moral disrobing, in the guise of legislators, public prosecutors, counsel for rival interests, or permanent civil servants attached to administrative tribunals, have been, by training and instinct, only lawyers themselves. It has never occurred to them to give their own legal profession, upon the prior advice of one of whose members the subjects of the inquisitions have almost invariably acted, a thorough overhauling with a view to discovering the sources of the questioned acts and policies. This omission has been, to be sure, understandable. One can hardly expect lawyers, dealing always with carefully abstracted particularities, knowing generality only in terms of medieval logic, to see the forest when so many seductive trees stand all about.

Lawyer-legislators, for example, and ambitious free-lance members of the profession outside of legislative halls, have never experienced any difficulty in discerning in operation predatory “trusts” in every imaginable economic and social field. Being lawyers, they have never seen that there existed, by similar tokens, a “law trust,” to which all men, the mightiest not excluded but here, for once, given preferential inclusion, must have varyingly intermittent or permanent recourse. Yet the legal profession alone of the professions and pursuits, as we have remarked, has escaped in an absolute sense all comprehensive formal and official scrutiny.

II

It is instructive to see that although a lawyer, usually some glittering ornament of the bar, has invariably had a crucial and even an initiating role in bringing into force some of the apparently independent decisions of business men and

industrialists that have been most sharply criticized, only one conspicuous lawman in many years was held to public account for the questioned decisions. This one was Mr. Isidor Kresel, in the Bank of United States case; and he, after being convicted in the lower courts, was completely exonerated by the higher courts through a process of reasoning not open to question but interesting nevertheless.

The opinion of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York, in the case of *People v. Kresel*, was, in part, that “there is no evidence that appellant urged or incited any one to commit any offense. The extent of his offending is that he failed to forbid his clients to proceed. He swore that he believed the plan to be within the law. The court of last resort has since held that he was mistaken. When appellant gave his advice the question was unsettled. . . . A lawyer is not to be held criminally responsible because he honestly gives mistaken advice upon a doubtful question of law. . . .”

The chief officers of the bank, however, were convicted, and served their sentences in Sing Sing.

It is one of the hallmarks of the lawyer as a member of a privileged priesthood, enjoying extraordinary prerogatives and interpreting tribal customs and superstitions of the dim past with sacerdotal solemnity, whether in the confessional (his office) or in the temple (the law court), that he is practically immune from the consequences of his decisions, provided he observes the formalities of his order. This is in part because a lawyer seldom acts or speaks for himself; when he acts or speaks, or lays out a course of procedure, he does it for a client, as a football coach does it for the player who is going to take the real risks. It is one of the convenient legal fictions that it is the client speaking through the lawyer, even though what the lawyer says is as alien to the client's way of thinking as if the business were being transacted in Sanskrit. If the proceedings, which may be entirely legal, *i.e.*, consistent with ancient rules and customs that the high priests on the bench

are still disposed to accept, are finally subjected to public censure, it is the client who is blamed and held to account. The lawyer is seldom if ever mentioned, although if his advice is injudicious in a sufficient number of cases his professional prestige and emoluments will suffer.

As to the obscurity that surrounds the part the lawyer has played behind the scenes in generally criticized actions and decisions by organized special-interest groups, it is more than a little illuminating to take into consideration the great literature that concerns itself with the "robber barons" of the late nineteenth century. The fact that most of the deeds and misdeeds were in actuality the mere projection of lawyers' schemes is seldom if ever recognized. The probability is entertained by very few that the industrial and financial barons, most of them simple and artless personalities, would have been able to play at ducks and drakes with the substantive law, as they did, without lawyers, under the inspiration of whose constant presence and shrewd advice, farmer boys, clergymen's sons, and itinerant rural peddlers were transformed almost over night into beings that came to look upon the Constitution as something to be molded to their private ends. It is recorded, at any rate, that the late E. H. Harriman said of one eminent barrister that his virtue lay in the fact that he told the great magnates what they might do while other lawyers told them what they might not do.

Most of the esteem the legal profession enjoys to-day in a business civilization stems from the cunning work its members did in the foundation and development of the big business empires. But it is beginning at last to be realized by business interests that the work of the lawyers has not been an unmixed blessing; the lawyers have continued to weave a tight legalistic network around the corporations and have provoked society itself to take a hand with the weaving.

Industrial leaders and bankers at first accepted the corporation as an efficient tool that would get them what they

wanted. They did not realize that the lawyers had forged for them, not a new plaything, but an essentially social instrument that was less their plaything and more a creature of public policy than had been the private company of old. After the corporation lawyers had finished the government lawyers took a hand, entangling the evolving corporation in new laws and in the meshes of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Federal Trade Commission, and scores of other bodies. To-day it is widely recognized that the corporation functions under certain disabilities (from the point of view of its managers) as well as certain advantages. This is clear when we hear critics of the Stock Exchange demanding its incorporation, and critics of the trades unions also demanding their incorporation. The idea seems to be to get the Stock Exchange and the trades unions into the legalistic labyrinth wherein the industrial corporation now wanders, giving confused heed to the echoing and re-echoing advice of lawyers, lawyers, lawyers. . . .

The high-priced lawyer of to-day who is known as a corporation lawyer is in reality a business man rather than a professional man; he has something for sale, an intangible. This intangible may be advice or the outline of a novel course of action which the lawyer offers as likely to bring about results desired by the client. Any failure in the enterprise redounds only to the discomfiture of the client. Many Wall Street figures of recent years, who took the advice of lawyers in drawing up income-tax returns as well as in other matters, know now to their chagrin that the lawyer is a very special and privileged person indeed. In one case the taxpayer was put on trial for tax evasion, and was acquitted. The lawyer had been, as far as criminal law was concerned, quite correct in devising a special way of reducing tax liability. The taxpayer, however, endured sharp criticism beyond the confines of the court, and, what is more, lost his dominating position. The lawyer in the case lost nothing, not even prestige. And there was no

material reason why he should have been penalized. He had been exactly, precisely, uncannily correct—as far as legality in the criminal domain was concerned. Yet the disputed tax bill had to be paid, with penalties for late remittance; and the expenses of the court proceedings, including lawyers' fees, had to be shouldered as well. In the civil division of the law the lawyer was of course quite wrong.

Another business man was advised by lawyers that he need not accede to the request of a Senate committee for certain records. He therefore declined to relinquish them, and was aghast when newspapers carried dispatches from Washington to the effect that he had defied the committee, which issued a subpoena forthwith. Communicating with his attorney, he was told that now he would have to give up the records. He irately retorted that he had never felt any reason to withhold the documents, subpoena or not, and had merely desired to find out if the Senate committee had a right to see them.

There has been one common denominator in all the scandals uncovered in Washington and in the bankruptcy courts in recent years: it was lawyers who gave the advice that landed their clients in the dock before the country, although the lawyers have not been blamed, have not even been regarded as a social factor, by the lawyer-legislators and judges conducting the inquiries. Insull, Kreuger, the Van Sweringen brothers, and others with their complicated schemes, all worked through the medium of high-priced attorneys, but although the average newspaper reader could tell much about the principals, it is doubtful if they could mention one attorney who worked out the plans that came to grief at great cost to thousands of investors.

It is a member of the Harvard Law School faculty, Professor Calvert Magruder, who has said:

Much of the best brains of the legal profession has been spent on financial manipulations of the corporate device—all the familiar paraphernalia of pyramided holding compa-

nies, subsidiaries, security affiliates, mergers, non-voting stock, investment trusts—too often at the behest of financial adventurers who with a comparatively small investment thereby have obtained control of vast pools of money contributed by the public and control of the country's basic industries. Whatever else you may say, lawyers certainly have not been [beneficent] leaders here; they have been hired agents of the supposed financial geniuses who have reached out for power, with scant attention to the social implications of their policies. . . . Certainly, much of the abuses of investment trusts, organized and operated by investment bankers with securities to sell, are chargeable to pliant lawyers who inserted in the trust instruments broad and often unbridled powers in the exercise of which the investment banker inevitably encounters a conflict of interest with that of the investor. In a situation of this sort the lawyer ought to realize that it is not a case of assisting a client to drive a hard bargain with an adverse party dealing at arm's length; rather it is a case of assisting the investment banker to take advantage of the confidence of his clients, from whom the real situation is often concealed by a disingenuous prospectus. The same observation can be made of some of the overreaching provisions tucked away in a jungle of words in so-called "deposit agreements," drawn by lawyers in the employ of issuing houses whose bonds have gone sour and who seek to organize and control the "protective committee" in their own interest, which is often in conflict with the interest of the confiding bondholders who are urged by the issuing house to deposit their bonds. How many of the current financial scandals would have been avoided if lawyers had taken seriously the injunction of Canon 32 [of the Code of Ethics] that the lawyer "advances the honor of his profession and the best interests of his client when he renders service or gives advice tending to impress upon the client and his undertaking exact compliance with the strictest principles of moral law"?

It is an assumption, amusing perhaps, on the part of this outspoken lawman that lawyers are always the "pliant" agents of other parties who call the tunes. It is true that powerful clients often name the music. But it is the lawyers who decide what steps shall be danced to it, and often it is lawyers who suggest the tunes to the client or even compose the music. The idea of the Delaware corporation was not born in the mind of any layman, nor was the notion of hierarchical stock issues of legally uncertain status.

Writers in the law journals and committees of the bar associations asseverate from time to time that lawyers do dissuade clients from taking anti-social actions; and there is no way of course of ascertaining just how much chicanery the lawyers succeed in blocking at the inception of affairs. But the documentary record concerning chicanery in which leading members of the bar participated from the very beginning is so very large that, in the absence of contrary evidence, the suspicion seems justified that a large and influential section of the bar is constantly devoting its skill and professional immunity from external restraint to forwarding extremely dubious and socially disruptive schemes.

The condition has been given explicit recognition by members of the Supreme Court of the United States. Not long ago Justice Harlan F. Stone said:

When we know the significant facts in the professional life of the lawyers of the present generation and appraise them in the light of the altered world in which we live, we shall better understand how it is that a Bar which has done so much to develop and refine the technique of business organization, to provide skillfully devised methods for financing industry, which has guided a world-wide commercial expansion, has done relatively so little to remedy the evils of the investment market; so little to adapt the fiduciary principle of nineteenth century equity to twentieth century business practices; so little to improve the functioning of the administrative mechanisms which modern government sets up to prevent abuses; so little to make law more readily available as an instrument of justice to the common man. . . . I venture to assert that when the history of the financial era which has just drawn to a close comes to be written, most of its mistakes and its major faults will be ascribed to the failure to observe the fiduciary principle, the precept as old as holy writ, that "a man cannot serve two masters." . . . There is little to suggest that the Bar has yet recognized that it must bear some burden of responsibility for these evils. But when we know and face the facts we shall have to acknowledge that such departures from the fiduciary principle do not usually occur without the active assistance of some member of our profession, and that their increasing recurrence would have been impossible but for the complaisance of a Bar, too absorbed in the workaday care of private interests to take ac-

count of these events of profound import or to sound the warning that the profession looks askance upon these, as things that "are not done."

Considering the foregoing, it becomes fairly obvious that the creation of the Securities and Exchange Commission, the Tennessee Valley Authority, and even "New Deal" measures like the National Labor Relations Board, are merely political reflexes resulting from the antecedent successes of lawyers for special interests. The reflexes too are in their technical details and implications the work of young government lawyers. And the struggle of the White House to add to the membership of the Supreme Court becomes, in the strictest analysis, an attempt, however misconceived and inadequate, of society by political means to circumvent a large section of the legal profession, and is recognized as such by the profession.

III

Law amounts to the formal incorporation of ethical principles (often contradictory and sometimes canceling each other) into the political structure; but beyond the common and statutory law, beyond parable and proverb, as it were, there lies a vast juridically unsanctified ethical realm in the violation of whose precepts there is nothing illegal. It may reasonably be doubted whether any large section of the legal profession is concerned during working hours with this domain of unofficial moral law to which the lawmen's code makes praiseworthy obeisance. And to ask the legal profession to live by it according to the spirit as well as the letter is perhaps to ask it to be unique among all social groups in an age when pecuniary advantage seems to dominate the thinking of all men involved practically in public affairs.

That some of the ethical canons of the profession, like Canon 32, have a satirical appearance to the layman may be the fault merely of illusory and fortuitous circumstances. But that they do have this appearance cannot be gainsaid. Atten-

tion is invited, without comment, to the final lines of the oath of admission to the Bar in many States, which read: "I will never reject, from any consideration personal to myself, the cause of the defenseless or oppressed, or delay any man's cause for lucre or malice. So help me God."

The large-scale man of affairs, whether he knows it or not, approaches the technician skilled in corporation law, wise in the ways of politics, politicians, and judges, as a gambler approaches a roulette wheel. The technician in a certain phase of the law offers the gambler a means of taking a chance for a large possible gain; in return for his advice the technician exacts a heavy fee, which may or may not be contingent upon the outcome of the gamble. There can be no certitude about such pieces of advice, taking into consideration the inherent contradictions of the law, the personalities of jurists, and the personal biases of jurymen, and the lawyer often candidly says so; but he may point out that the matter may never come to issue, and may thus subtly encourage the client to proceed on his advice. As the matter in hand often enough constitutes a borderline case, the client may become a judicial guinea pig as well as a gambler. In the final outcome the client may win in court, losing only the esteem and confidence of his contemporaries. On the other hand, he may lose. But the more often the lawyer's clients who are able to pay for utilizing the expensive legal machinery of the state do win, by so much nearer do they come to the point where all men's hands are raised against them and there is a clamor for a change in the rules and a re-distribution of the winnings.

It is the considered opinion of many observers that business to-day is "in the doghouse," as the saying goes, largely because of the entirely successful ministrations of lawyers. Some critics bracket public-relations counsellors with lawyers as having done more than any other agencies to undermine public confidence in the good intentions of business leaders. That is another matter, but it is some-

what significant that such functionaries as publicity agents, legitimate offspring of men who used to smear circus posters on rural barns, should be coupled with the ancient and honorable order of attorneys-at-law.

The often cited "lack of confidence" in business to-day turns out to be, under close scrutiny, less of a lack of confidence in business and more of a lack of confidence in those phases of the functioning of business wherein it is closely associated with the legal profession. It could hardly be argued, certainly, that any wide section of the American public has turned against the business system and is seeking to replace it with some other system.

The direction that has been given to our present social trend is not of course the consequence of application by lawyers of any conscious social philosophy, but is the resultant of innumerable forces invoked primarily for the benefit of those clients who have been in a sufficiently favorable economic position to command the best legal talents. Intent upon pecuniary or honorific gain, the profession has stood singularly high above class biases; it has been as willing to serve the more aggressive portions of the underworld as to serve the business system, as willing to serve labor unions (provided their treasuries were substantial) as the great middle-class of economically favored *rentiers*. It has withheld its services from the indigent aristocrat and from the bankrupt business man just as scrupulously as from the socially submerged one-third to one-half of the citizenry. But although no *a priori* social philosophy in particular is entertained by the legal profession as a whole, least of all any integrated philosophy of law, a nihilistic philosophy is implied in its work in the sense that it denies by implication any objective or real ground of truth. Individual lawyers, it is true, may subscribe to a consistent body of social principles; but the profession as a whole does not. The absence of any implied philosophy in the practices of the profession, unless perhaps a nihilistic philosophy, cannot be called

an illusion created in the observer simply by the contentious and exaggerated character of judicial proceedings; the conclusion is sustained by an examination of the law itself, which is replete with fictions that refer to no objective fact, with contradictory generalizations, and with outmoded, anachronistic, and quite empty concepts that survive as the dust and plaster of every philosophic system ever to see the light of day. The law itself, in short, is shot through with falsity, and in a scientific age that is reflected in all the social disciplines this fact stands out above all others. The amazing extent to which lawyers and the law have ignored all recent advances in psychology, anthropology, sociology, and even history, and the extent to which they have clung to the evanescent concepts of the age of alchemy, is delineated in great detail by Professor Robinson.

There is nothing so orderly animating the work of the legal profession, for example, as a consistent capitalistic philosophy, such as one finds in Adam Smith or Herbert Spencer. The legal profession, a purely medieval institution as we know it, has only an accidental historical connection with capitalism. It is much older, has changed little since capitalism entered the world, subscribes to an ideology completely foreign to the soul and spirit of capitalism, and, at bottom, although it has adapted itself to capitalism, as have other medieval institutions intent upon survival, is neither for it nor against it. It is simply indifferent to it as capitalism; it seeks only a *modus vivendi* with whatever system is in existence, asks only that accumulated ancient rules and tribal customs be officially recognized in the conduct of life and that the legal profession be ordained as the priesthood to interpret that law in defiance of the findings of all modern science. Lawyers have no more of an integral relationship to capitalism than have monks or nuns; and as the process of socialization, consolidation, and integration proceeds under capitalism they may become extinct.

Writers on legal lore have made much

of the growth of contract under capitalism, and of the fashion in which contract has replaced feudal status, arguing that the development of contract by the legal profession has, indeed, made capitalism possible. This is a large claim, and leaves one wondering if the development of technology and science would have been possible without contract, if exploration, discovery, the rise of nationalism, and a hundred kindred matters, depended upon contract. The claim also puts one in mind of the tail wagging the dog: did the legal profession give birth to contract or did the legal profession take the idea over in the early stages of capitalism? The word itself is old, of course, as is its signification; but the capitalistic conditions under which the word acquired profound social and economic meaning had nothing to do with the legal profession.

The lawyer's conception of capitalism is something very different, it may be remarked, from that of the economist, the engineer, or the capitalist. The lawyer inhabits, literally, a paper world; when he looks at capitalism he sees an endless vista of contracts, in one form or another, prescribing duties, rights, obligations, promises. He does this, that is to say, as a lawyer, for to a lawyer marks upon pieces of paper have almost supernatural significance ("Will you put that in writing?") quite apart from their theoretical evidential character; as a person, divorced from the law office and the courts, he sees capitalism as we all see it, although he manages to exclude his personal observations from his professional sphere to a remarkable degree. An interesting book, *The Folklore of Capitalism*, by Thurman W. Arnold, himself a lawyer, might as aptly be called *The Folklore of the Legal Profession*, for this is just what it is concerned with. It is quite true that what purports to be capitalism is to-day generally discussed in the terms analyzed by Mr. Arnold, but this is simply because lawyers, as we have seen, supply the vocabulary for defining public policy. The folklore spread out in a huge feast by Mr. Arnold has no more functional relation-

ship to capitalism than the story of Genesis has to the creation of the world. It is all an allegory composed by the legal profession to keep capitalism bound to it hand and foot; it is Mother Goose for businessmen and politicians.

IV

The fact that the lawyer inhabits two worlds, the modern world of fact and the ancient world of legal fictions and judicial mythology, is borne in upon one by the change in the lawyer's vocabulary upon leaving court or his office. Away from the atmosphere of his profession, where he has overawed all laymen with esoteric verbiage, he begins to talk like anyone else. Business men, after wrangling with lawyers, their own and others, have sometimes found to their amazement, when it was generally decided to sit down and talk the matter over in everyday terms, without citation of old superstitions, that lawyers too were human. They are, in working hours, merely victims of the institution to which they have vowed intellectual celibacy.

Lawyers, like psychiatrists, are unquestionably influenced by the atmosphere in which they work, although they can perhaps shake it off more easily than can the practitioners in mental aberrations. Psychiatrists in social gatherings, at any rate, have given the impression that they were appraising the participants in terms of abnormal psychology, to the discomfort of the hostess. Lawyers similarly, accustomed, as Veblen observed, to combating or furthering chicanery, are naturally always on the alert to detect it, and it is only a step to suspecting it where it does not exist. The legal mind is, in fact, a highly suspicious mind, and this psychological predisposition in the lawyer is aided by the legal institution itself, which is concerned with rights and wrongs. Somewhere in every legal transaction are the parties that are in the wrong, and the lawyer feels he must find them, must anticipate them, must make it possible or impossible for them to function.

Although theoretically committed to smoothing out individual conflicts, the legal institution and the judicial process have instead very often the effect of intensifying them. Formally dissolved by a legal decision, a conflict may still exist under the surface; the sweeping nature of the legal decision may, indeed, serve only to broaden an individual conflict into a social conflict. Theory notwithstanding, an appellate court does not, like a plumber or an engineer, attend to one leak; its decision about a leaky pipe applies to all leaky pipes, whatever their nature and function, that may exist under the sun. The lawyer arguing his case in court is conscious that the final decision is relevant not only to the present issue, but applies as well to generations unborn. The way in which legal decisions may provoke overt social conflict was shown a few years ago during the wholesale foreclosure of farm mortgages, under the legal rule that provides for the sale of property when the debt is not paid. When farmers turned out en masse with shotguns the rule did not seem very constructive.

Social conflicts are heightened rather than smoothed too by the exaggerated, mythological character of the chicaneries described by lawyers as part of their duties, and the general application of the characterizations induce rather than restrain social reactions. Lawyers do not accuse persons of trespass, but of wilful, malicious, felonious trespass. Workmen on strike are not simply on strike in the eyes of lawyers seeking an injunction, but are guilty at least of criminal anarchy or the fomentation of revolution. Their strike is not merely inconvenient to the employer and his stockholders but it endangers the safety of the community and the stability of the home and family, perhaps the future of civilization.

The average man has become most familiar with the mythological character of the law (which lawyers accept so unquestioningly) through the complaints and answers in divorce actions. Divorce in most Anglo-Saxon jurisdictions is

granted only if it can be shown that the offending party is unusually cruel, depraved, or lecherous. If it is shown in due legal form that both parties are endowed with similar unlovely traits the divorce, strange to say, may be withheld, and the unsavory situation continued. Notwithstanding the fantastic nature of the legal complaint, which the lawyers press with utmost seriousness, the respondent is usually accepted back into his or her social sphere without any difficulty. Everybody seems to realize that the law requires an extremely overdrawn picture before it can countenance a separation. Indeed it is to be doubted whether such persons as those described in any case at law, criminal or civil, ever existed, or that the transgressions as recited could ever have taken place. A novelist who invented such persons and situations would have a hard time getting a publisher this side of bedlam.

At this juncture it becomes relevant to recall that it is often said lawyers are a conservative force in society. The argument takes the form of pointing out that lawyers and jurists depend for their decisions upon historical precedent, and that they are resistant to changes that jeopardize the vested interests of the profession. While this is true, it is generally overlooked that lawyers, if required to, are just as able to quote precedent in support of rapid social innovation. Although pursuing the method of blind authority, wholly discredited by modern science, they have no difficulty in harnessing this method to purely special ends. The appeal to history is not necessarily conservative; Karl Marx proved that.

In the United States since the Civil War lawyers have reinterpreted the substantive law in important respects, and have been responsible for ushering in vast and revolutionary changes by supplying legally plausible arguments in support of those changes. They have not been a conservative drag upon capitalists anxious to get ahead with large projects; and in facilitating the installation of new ways of conducting business they have

made it necessary for society to readjust itself—through the medium of another set of lawyers—to the new state of affairs. In the process of readjustment that is still going on anything may happen.

What influences the lawyer's psychology is not that he works with precedent but that he works with the basic rules that govern society; by his knowledge of the rules he is led to examine the facts covered by the rules. He is able to see the disparity between the rule and the fact, between the ought-to-be and the is. And familiarity with the facts at the social foundations has a different effect upon different members of the profession. Some few become impressed by their social responsibility; others—probably the majority—are enabled to see how the facts can be bent to their own uses. They discover loopholes in the law, but instead of bringing them to the attention of the legislature, they go to someone in a position to profit by the discoveries. The prospective client in whose path the lawyer places himself by any one of a hundred methods is, it goes without saying, a person with the ability to pay for special knowledge.

The lawyer comes to know society not as a tenant or owner knows a house but as the architect, building contractor, and repair men know it. And his knowledge of society extends beyond the knowledge these technicians have of any building, for he is intimately acquainted as well with the servants that staff the structure. He either knows all there is to know about judges, public officials, business leaders, bankers, professional politicians, labor leaders, newspaper publishers, leading clergymen, and the like, or through that informal clearing house of esoteric information, the bar association, can find out from colleagues. The lawyer is a vast reservoir of actual or potential information about the social and political typography that is not to be found in any books. And this knowledge, as has been suggested, is used almost exclusively to enhance his and his profession's position and role.

As some lawyers, prowling about the legal foundations of society, have seen ways of extracting huge fees from special interests by taking advantage of loopholes in the law (sometimes written in deliberately by lawyers sitting as legislators or as advisers to legislators and taken subsequent advantage of in private practice), so other lawyers by their knowledge have been brought over to the side of conscious social change by reform or by revolution. Social reformers in the profession have been so influential that one could not give them adequate notice in limited space; they have been, perhaps, the true conservators of permanent values within the profession. Others, confronted with the chaotic character of the law (which most writers on jurisprudence recognize) and its frequent irrelevance to the true interests of society, have been led to espouse dynamic social philosophies. Robespierre, Danton, Lenin, Lassalle, and others famed in revolutionary history were lawyers before they became professional revolutionists; E. Belfort Bax, a successful British barrister, became one of the foremost exponents of Marxism. Marx himself started in by studying law, later giving up his legal studies in favor of philosophy. Daniel De Leon, one from whom Lenin admitted borrowing many ideas that were subsequently incorporated into the Soviet State, was a lawyer, a product of the Columbia University Law School, and for a time was a lecturer on law at Columbia. Jefferson and Jackson were both lawyers, and each had his own ideas, conflicting with those of the dominant interests of the day, of what constituted the good life.

There is no intention here to suggest that the legal profession, instead of being conservative, is revolutionary. The purpose is to show that the legal profession constitutes a body of men with other fish to fry than those having any necessary connection with conservatism, radicalism, or anything else. It exists for itself, for its own interests, not answerable to anybody outside the profession; it is as nearly independent of society as any functioning

institution can be, and it is, psychologically, at least, quite outside of the social system. To a lawyer the social system is something that constantly needs reworking in a hundred different and contradictory patterns; it is his raw material.

Although the bar rarely as a whole plumps for revolutionary change or formally aligns itself with a revolutionary philosophy, its past history shows that it will tolerate only a social system that promises it the maximum opportunity for the practice of lawcraft. Edmund Burke saw in the American legal profession the chief fomenter of revolution against the crown, and during the French revolution a large section of the legal profession lined up against the Bourbons. The very existence of a legal profession presupposes a society torn by conflicts, a society in which conflicts are only apparently composed. If social reform were to make such progress that personal and group conflicts should tend to disappear, the legal profession as a whole would come to disclose itself openly as a vested interest opposed to such reform.

V

Lawyers understandably want to work; and they want to work at lawcraft. They are like the harpist, who after having gone to all the trouble of transporting his instrument across town, insists upon playing upon it whether requested to or not. Anything that tends to undermine the status of lawcraft, to subsume it under another set of social rules, in the disciplines of psychology, anthropology, or sociology, or to replace it by means of arbitration boards, the lawyers will fight against. One can readily see this in the determination of the profession not only to extend the sphere of the bar but also in its stubborn resistance to reform of the law and of cumbersome, expensive legal procedure, a charge upon the taxpayers as a whole, rich and poor.

That the profession is tirelessly seeking to extend its sphere of action is evident in the work of its numerous committees on

the "unauthorized" practice of law. According to these committees, most of the work of notaries, of bill collectors, and even of real estate brokers; as well as of many others, constitutes "unauthorized" legal practice. Laws have been sought in many States, with varying degrees of success, to bring all these activities that fringe the legal enterprise into the monopolistic sphere of the lawyers.

That the profession is doing all in its power to impede the reform of the law and the liquidation of expensive and cumbersome judicial procedure one discovers only by disregarding its pious utterances and attending to the work of the legislatures. Most analyses of the legal profession stop with the judiciary. In actual fact, however, the legislative branch of government, as well as many parts of the executive branch, also belong to it, and the American Bar Association has enunciated the principle that a lawyer-legislator is still responsible to the profession. Lawyers constitute the largest single vocational group in all our legislatures, and in some they are in the majority. Of all organized interests the legal profession is, in fact, most heavily represented in government. It is, therefore, always sure of an ultra-sympathetic official hearing.

If there were any real desire on the part of the profession to heed the cries from all lay groups for a reform in the law and in judicial procedure the reform could probably be accomplished in short order. But after the lawyers and bar associations have admitted the need of reform, the actual process of reformation bogs down, mysteriously, in the legislative chambers. It suddenly turns out that grave dangers attend any "tampering" with the law; it becomes incumbent upon the legislature to go slowly. The consequence is the preservation of antiquated laws that offer the maximum opportunity for the lucrative practice of lawcraft, and which insure the maximum recurrent shocks to society and to the special interests, outside the legal profession, that constitute society.

It is in the nature of the State that lawyers propound the questions that shall be answered by other citizens. Yet the legal profession, of all organized interest groups, is not formally answerable to any other group. Even financiers and industrialists, recognized as the dominant figures in capitalist society, are forced at times to explain their actions. But the legal profession answers only to the legal profession—to committees of the bar, to the judiciary, to the legislature. It is, in consequence, the most privileged non-property group (non-property in the sense that its extraordinary privileges do not derive from ownership of property although certain individual lawyers may be big property owners) in society. The extent of its privileges will be taken up in a later article.

And what, one may ask at this point, is the real attitude of lawyers in general and the profession as a whole to outsiders, to non-lawyers,—to laymen, as the clerics of bench and bar describe these strange animals who get caught so awkwardly in the wheels of the judicial process? One would have to be an artful cross-examiner indeed to find out from any spokesman for the profession. Fortunately, the means are at hand for ascertaining what the profession thinks of the laity. These means lie in the writings and utterances of the profession on the subject of jurors, who are the general citizenry.

Jurors are regarded by lawyers with hostility and suspicion. They are interlopers, outsiders; in dealing with them it is necessary to exercise the utmost circumspection and adroitness. One finds this attitude expressed in *all* the writings of lawyers about jurors, a monumental literature. And in no other phase of the legal profession's work is it so clearly evident that the profession subconsciously regards itself as beyond, above, and outside the ordinary world of men and events. The juror, *i.e.*, the ordinary citizen, is, to summarize a great mass of literature, sand in the wheels of the judicial process; he represents the profane in the sacred temple of justice. He is apt to

take lawyers and judges, plaintiffs and respondents at less than their face value. Worst of all, the juror is likely to be a person who reads newspapers and forms independent opinions.

The underlying aim of the lawyer in a great majority of cases seems to be to fill the jury box with a well-balanced aggregation of the feeble-minded. Only a reasonable limitation upon his peremptory challenges keeps him short of complete success.

VI

Having suggested that the legal profession, in its work and its subconscious attitudes, regards itself as an entity apart from organized society—which exists for the lawyer mainly as clauses upon pieces of legal paper—what conclusion is forced upon us?

The principal conclusion, among many others that will not be mentioned here, is that a very large part of what is called social injustice exists because the legal profession has not shouldered the responsibilities that go with the privilege it enjoys. In theory it is charged with the task of seeing that all men obtain justice, and not only those men who have the price to pay for it. This theory has been largely observed in the breach, and existing legal aid societies, despite the valuable work they do in a circumscribed radius, are little more than window-dressing for the profession. Were existing legal-aid societies to be multiplied a hundred fold they would not come near to meeting the existing need of one-half, more or less, of the citizenry for the means to obtain their legal rights.

All radical analyses of capitalism insist that injustice inheres in the very system of capitalism as far as the great masses of people are concerned. And yet the law-books are studded with rules apparently meant to insure to all men an equitable handling of their problems. Not only the landlord but the evicted tenant has rights. Close examination shows that there is more law on the books for the protection of the tenant than for the pro-

tection of the landlord. And yet the tenant sits in the street, in the rain, surrounded by his family and his chattels. He may have a good cause for action against the landlord or the sheriff for the damage to his property; the law said he should be evicted, yes, but it did not say his property should be destroyed. But in cases like these, and thousands of others, the injured parties have no redress because, having no money, they have no lawyers.

It might be argued that the capitalist system is at the root of the injustices because it has failed to provide the money with which to hire lawyers. While this is in a very real sense true, the capitalist system has extended to the legal profession unusual privileges with the explicit understanding that it will make it its business to see that all men obtain the rights which the law books say are their due. The legal profession is the institution that is charged, under capitalism, with seeing that justice prevails for all men; and it consequently follows that it is the legal profession that must be held responsible for injustice, whether overt or concealed. It is the one institution that has broken down whenever a one-sided application of the law, which is what one often sees, brings injustice.

Reginald Heber Smith, in *Justice and the Poor*, published by the Carnegie Foundation, finds that as of 1927 a total of 27,300,000 wage-earners with an average annual wage of \$1,205 were largely outside the purview of the legal profession owing to inability to pay for legal services. "Only through application in the courts does the law have life and force," said Mr. Smith.

According to reports of committees of the bar associations, lawyers do give gratuitous services, but even if gratuitous services were as frequently and as consistently given as they are by the medical profession—which they are not—the problem would still exist. Gratuitous services, the proliferation of more legal-aid societies, are not the solutions to the problem. Justice as an act of charity

has about it an unfortunate connotation.

Those citizens that are termed "exploited" under capitalism usually turn out to be, under rigorous examination, citizens that are merely not able to retain lawyers. They constitute perhaps the bulk of citizens. The members of the legal profession are so preoccupied with their own affairs, with forwarding special interests, with reforming society in numerous places outside the profession, and even in some special instances with bringing about a revolutionary overthrow of society, that they have no time for these citizens.

Some readers may have gained the impression from the foregoing pages that it is being argued that lawyers do not do any constructive work or that they are incapable of it. If such an impression has taken form it is because certain problems have preëmpted most of our attention. Lawyers do unquestionably engage in constructive work, despite many of their propensities; and in one special field their work is especially constructive. Professor Elliott E. Cheatham, of the Columbia University Law School, notes that "most lawyers most of the time represent the middle class of the community. Their work consists in making business transactions run smoothly and cheaply through careful draftsmanship, and through wise counsel within a rather narrow range; in a sympathetic and understanding handling of the problems concerned with the family and with trusts and estates; and through timely, careful, and vigorous handling of the disagreements and contests that do arise. This sort of work has

always been done by the lawyer, and is not a creation of modern industrial conditions."

The task facing society, therefore, is to make it possible for the constructive work that is done by lawyers on behalf of the middle class of citizens to be extended for the benefit of the lower classes, not only in the interests of social justice but also in the interests of social stability and tranquillity.

We are brought at this turn, however, to the biggest contradiction of all. While hundreds of thousands of citizens fail to obtain their legal rights under our capitalistic system, a very large section of the bar itself is unable to make ends meet. Contrary to popular opinion, all lawyers are not affluent, as is shown by the American Bar Association in a recently completed study of the economic status of the lawyer. A great section of the bar, composed mainly of newcomers but comprising as well some elder practitioners, is virtually without clients, because their potential clients are unable to pay them. The existence of so many lawyers who are unable to make a living accounts for the conclusion that the bar is "overcrowded," and must be made smaller.

In relation to the inability of most people to pay for legal services under the present dispensation it is true that there are too many lawyers. But in relation to the social need for the services of lawyers the country could probably use a bar with twice the present number. This situation will have to be left for discussion in a later article.

(The next article by Mr. Lundberg on the legal profession will be entitled "Should the Legal Profession Be Socialized?")



HOLY MORNING

A STORY

BY ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

Two miles from the hard highway by the way of a rough country road, and then a turn to the left along a soft lane that labored upward between two fields, and the track brings one at last to a cottage that stands before a cedar hill where the foxes have their dens. Inside the cottage an old man, Uncle Tim Wheelright, sat before a slow fire asleep.

Sabina, his granddaughter, having finished her morning tasks, came to replenish the fire. She piled small pieces of wood in the grate and laid on coal, to make a quick burning. The red coals underneath caught at the wood and turned it to a yellow flame. She was happy in the lapping of the flame and happy in the swift movements of her hands as they piled the coal above the burning sticks. No sharp voices spoke about her and no demand was made. These were remembered—the slamming of doors that plied on double hinges, the low steady requests for food, again and again. “Get ready the pitchers, ham, two hams, eggs on, ham and.” Being always ready for some other, being nothing else but ready—she had come away from this. Now she leaned over the fire she had enkindled and warmed her hands at the bright flame. It had been four weeks since she had come. Trembling with apprehension of what she might be doing, she had told the keeper of the restaurant that she would quit the work, that she would go back home. Eyes followed her as she went among the tables

as if eyes might add some accusation to her choice. Now she stirred eyes into the bright coals of the fire and turned her body about to rest on a low chair at the right of the hearth.

Another besides Sabina came and went about the room or sat at the fire. This was Patty who, being eight years younger than Sabina, was now sixteen years old. Since Sabina had come back home the sisters would often look at each other to try to discover differences in their ways of being. Except that the older girl was more firm and hearty, there was scarcely a trace of difference between them. Soft gold-red hair clung to the head in a silken cap. A light curl played here and there at the fine mesh that came to an end at the nape of the neck in a sharp point that quivered with the turn of the head, as if life itself there cast up a fin or a wing. Sabina’s skin was fine-grained and cool, and Patty’s was the same.

The old man still slept. Patty found herself a chair and brought it to the right of the hearth. The coal melted above the flame of the sticks and made a soft gray smoke that went as a cloud up the chimney. Sabina was speaking happily:

“Gone to town to work near eight months in a eat-place, and you’d think I’d be different. I felt no different, seems, while I was there, what time I felt any way whatever.”

“How different?” Patty asked.

“Strange people to feed every day, and they’re always on the way somewhere,

hurried and dissatisfied. Coffee poured out of a spout when you turn a crank. And do the same thing every day, over and over. They come in or they go out. They talk about what they care little about. . . ."

"Is how you look to some other the same as the way you feel?" Patty asked. She had brought a small mirror to the fireside and she began to study her face as it appeared in the glass.

"How I look to what other?" Sabina asked. She caught the mirror into her hand and looked from her image to her sister's face, forth and back, in a slight flutter of distress and delight.

"How you look to Luke Shaw," Patty said, "or any other you might name."

"Luke Shaw will do to say it with. I feel no different in spite of all I saw while I was away. And your mouth dents in at the corners, and mine dents too in the same fashion." They passed the glass back and forth between them.

"The way your eyes are, what are they the color of?" Patty asked. She looked at her own eyes to try to find the answer before she gave the glass to the other.

Given the mirror at length, Sabina studied her own face again. "My eyes are the color of a little puddle of water in the pasture down against the far hill where the shade always is. After a rain you'll see the sky as dark blue in this puddle underneath some sticks and little dry leaves that make waven lines as they go by."

"Sabina, what a way to say it! My eyes are that kind, but mine have got a little bloodshot place in one corner where I cried last night because it began to snow for Christmas."

"I ought to look different, seems," Sabina said, "and I ought to feel strange. But I feel the way I did when I was sixteen. The day I turned eighteen I felt older and stranger. And so staggered inside I could hardly get a clear breath of air. But I forgot about it while I slept through the night, and two days after I remembered I hadn't recalled I was eighteen the whole enduren

time. Then I tried to feel old and tried to feel staggered again, but I couldn't. All the balance of a week I tried, but finally I forgot to try any more, and here I am, the same."

"Pass me the glass again, Sabina. I want to see has the little bloodshot place gone from my eye."

"It's a curious thing how one that's younger catches up with the older one. The more we seem to be just alike the more I try to go inside myself and find a difference. I'm not Patty inside myself because I can remember a longer piece back and can recall more. I can recall when we used to have the three black cows, and when our mother and father were alive, and how we used to have apples off the old snag tree that's blown down, but had then a fine shape and taller than the cowshed."

"I can't recall a word of what you tell."

"But even that won't make us very different, or any different whatever."

Uncle Tim roused from sleeping. He leaned over the fire to shake down the dry ashes in the grate, and when this was performed he said:

"There are two great mysteries. There is the mystery of a beast and again there's the mystery of mankind."

"Did you dream what you say to be true while you went to sleep just now or did you know it before?" Sabina asked.

"I knew it from the time I was knee high. But I only said it now. There is the mystery of mankind and another mystery of the beasts."

"Don't forget to remind us to make a little plum cake to-day, to eat to-morrow. A little brandy in the sauce because Christmas is come."

The old man looked toward Patty and smiled from thin lips and ruddy fire-burnt cheeks. The smile seemed to pass upward along his thin nose and enter his veiled eyes. The lids closed upon it and he slept again.

"The way I look is the same as you look," Patty said, "except one thing. You are a little bigger. Your mouth dents like mine, but the dents are a small

so-and-so larger. Give me the glass."

"Look then and see has your mouth got a little turn in the middle of the lower lip, and see has your chin turned back to bend under your jaw after it leaves off at the dimpled place, and see if your nose is pressed in away from a point, and the eyebrows a little longer on one side. . . ."

"Oh, the mirror is talken to me!" Patty cried out. "Words say what I see in the glass. Did you hear, Sabina? Did you say or did the glass say? Take it away. I am afear'd of a glass that can talk."

She had flung the glass from her. It fell at Sabina's feet and lay unbroken against the hem of her dress. They laughed at the talking mirror, and they turned from the fire to look from the window at the small flakes of snow that fell as drops of frost out of the sky. The snow spread level over the lane before the house where no track of man or beast had left a print.

The barn lay west of the house and, like the house, faced the lane. There were two rooms to the house. These stood side by side, and each fronted on the small porch. One was known as the "west room" and the other as the kitchen. From his seat before the fire Uncle Tim could look through a window beside the chimney and see the shelters where the beasts were housed.

In bad weather Uncle Tim sat much of the day before the open fire. He slept here many hours, but at nightfall he would take off a part of his clothing, and sleep again in a small bed at the back of the room. Sabina and Patty would tell him things they wanted remembered. He would often forget these matters, but they would bring the wanted thing to light in their effort to make him recall it. In the working season he would wake from his sleep and go out to the barn and the fields. Then he would work as if he were a young man, plowing his few rolling acres that lay at the foot of the high knob lands. He had been sleeping by the fire now the greater part of a month. Besides the bed in which he slept

another, a fine bed, stood in the far right-hand corner of the room, near the outer door. It was dressed up with plump pillows and a bedspread of heavy crochet lace, and was offered to any who came as company. Sabina and Patty slept in a loft which was reached by a narrow stairway that ascended between the walls of the two lower rooms.

Sabina and Patty would tend the barnyard animals each night and morning. One of them would milk the cow and the other would make ready food for the hogs and the sheep. The old plow horse would be given his measure of grain and hay. When they had dug potatoes or cabbage from the mound in the garden and brought coal and wood to the kitchen and the hearth their work would be done. Then they would prepare the vegetables to cook, or they would make butter from the cream, or carry pans of bread to the hearth where Uncle Tim slept and raise them there, all these matters being too light and pleasant to afflict them as labor.

Sabina brought corn to the fireside to break the grains from the cob, food for the hens. She was pleased to be like Patty and glad that she had not been changed by her season in the town. "It's curious now," she said, laughing. "I want to be like you are, but you want to be like some other kind you can't name or say."

Patty drew her chair near to the pan that held the corn and began to do her share of the labor. "If Hallie May could come to pass Christmas with us, like we planned," she said, "we wouldn't seem so much alike. Whilst we sit here your hand goes into the corn pan, and then mine goes, and I take out an ear, and then you, kind for kind, alike. Or I think a thought and you think the same, and Uncle Tim sleeps the same, on and on, or he wakes up and looks out at the weather."

"If Hallie May could 'a' come she would 'a' slept down here in the bed for company, with you, and I'd go up to the loft, the same as always. Then of a morning, when I came down stairs, you'd wake when I clattered the fire poker, and Hallie

May would wake, and we'd all get up with a big laugh, Christmas not being anyhow the same as any common time."

"What was it made you come back? Remember how you went away to make a heap of money while you worked for Jake Brown's cousin that wanted a good stout girl to wait table in his hotel?"

"It wasn't a hotel, Patty. It was a place called 'Eat.' A hotel is different. A hotel is a place where you sleep."

"Tell the truth about why you came back home. I never did quite take the cause you gave for the reason why you came. Went to stay a year or always and came back home before the year was done."

"I came because home is a fine place to be in," Sabina answered. "I just love home. Home is so pleasant."

Uncle Tim waked suddenly and shifted his body to turn his other cheek toward the fire. He spread his thin hands out pleasantly toward the blaze and Patty asked:

"What was it we told you to remember, Uncle Tim?"

"I disremember," he said. He looked from the window to the little brown clock and down toward his quivering knees, as if he were trying to think what the matter had been.

"Was it what time Old Nan would be fresh? I hardly think so because I've got the date set down on the calendar."

"Has the old sheep lambed?" he asked.

"How could she, Uncle Tim? Here it's only December and she's due in January the last."

"I didn't recall it was December," Uncle Tim said. "Has Sabina come back from the city?"

"She came three weeks ago and more."

"Did she bring back a whole handful of money, riches?"

"I made money, paid into my hand every Monday, but it took all I made to pay for what was wanted." Sabina turned back to the corn. Uncle Tim laughed, shaking his head from side to side. "Has Christmas come yet then? I don't recall."

"Christmas comes to-morrow in the morning," Patty answered him. "We're sorry it snowed and made pneumonia weather because Hallie May promised to pass Christmas with us. Now she won't come because the wet snow, it'll make the lane so heavy she couldn't get by on a horse even and would sink in the dirt up to the horse's knees. A lady couldn't come here and the weather like this. It's Christmas though."

Uncle Tim sat forward, a hand on each knee, his thin face turned a little to one side as if he were listening. Iron-gray hair stood over his head in a shock that was thinned only near the crown. He began to speak.

"Christmas night, and it's said magical things come to pass. Nobody ever goes out to look, it's said; but iffen you did you'd see a sight of strange signs. I recollect I told somebody that a little while ago, but I can't remember who 'twas. It's said strange things happen."

"Was it Luke Shaw you told? He's the only one that's been here except Julie and Jake Brown, and you wouldn't hardly speak of a strange thing to them, they're so dried up and settled."

"It might 'a' been Luke Shaw I told. It's said your own beast in your own barn will oftentimes kneel down on her knees at midnight. It's said your horse or your sheep might kneel too. All kinds kneel. But it's said your cow or your sheep do for certain. Midnight is the time for't. Exactly at midnight rooster-crow, and you'll see your cow or your sheep kneel down."

"Not old Nan, our own cow." Sabina spoke out sharply. "Not simple old Nan surely."

"Same as any other."

"You like to hear about miracles far away," Patty said, "but you don't like to hear about one that comes close at hand. Seems then as if it might do you harm. I wouldn't want to have old Nan kneel down midnight of a Christmas. I don't think I could drink the milk thereafter."

"What did Luke Shaw say to what you told?" Sabina asked.

"He said he didn't think he had a cow or a sheep brute with religion enough to kneel down, like I said."

"If old Nan kneels though I'd want to know about it." Patty began to shell the corn again. "Or if the sheep nannies or the old ram. I don't think I'd mind to drink the milk from the cow neither."

"I don't think I would." Sabina spoke to argue with herself. "Once Christmas gets by you don't remember it so sharp." She was thinking of the small cup of milk that was old Nan's scanty yield now that the end of the season was at hand, and that two months would pass before the coming of the young would replenish the flow into her metal cup at milking time."

Having told all that he knew of the legend of the kneeling beasts, Uncle Tim had fallen asleep. The day turned to a long slow dusk soon after two o'clock. Sabina was speaking:

"Home is pleasanter. But I like for somebody to come for Christmas and for the snow to ease. Summer, and all the girls on creek down the valley come here, with the boys, to play and run in the pasture down toward the woods where the trees are thick and a girl can hide till a boy finds her."

"Who came here last?" Patty asked.

"Who? It was Luke Shaw. Came when Uncle Tim sold the hogs."

"It wasn't Luke. It was Julie and Jake came last. Came Sunday near a week ago. Say what made you forget Julie and Jake."

"It's because they're a dull sort, and married to each other a smart while."

"It's because you remember Luke in a better way. A girl remembers a boy longer."

"For sixteen you are smart, Patty. Maybe you can remember somebody that came seventeen Sundays ago, or more, and remember exactly how many Sundays 'twas."

Patty laughed, looking past Sabina toward the fire. "What is it makes Luke Shaw seem bashful of a woman?" she asked. He comes here to buy this or that

head of stock from Uncle Tim and he sits by the fire hardly able to say what price cattle is if we come inside the door. Uncle Tim asked him one day what made him so bashful and he blew his breath in and out like our old buck sheep in October, so staggered he couldn't answer."

"It's because Luke Shaw is so curly-headed. Curly-headed men are always bashful. Always ready to hide their faces and get red in the face." Sabina turned from the fire to gaze out on the snow, to hide the smile that always came to her lips with the speaking of this one's name.

"But you recollect the time last winter when we went to see his mother, Miss Nannie Shaw, and how he worked in the barn and wouldn't come anear the house until we almost had old Penn hitched up to leave? Then he came, redfaced and pert and fresh, and he hitched the rest of old Penn up, and twisted the traces so's we had to get out on the road and put the harness to rights."

"Luke Shaw is right full of fun."

"I believe you like to say his name, Sabina. You say it when 'he' or 'himself' or the like would do."

"All men are bashful," Sabina said, after she had considered Patty's last speech, although she did not reply to it. "It's not my belief Luke Shaw is bashful beyond nature."

"He's no more bashful than I am," Patty replied, "and I'm not bashful worth a cent unless I'm in a strange place. It's my belief he's in love somewhere."

"Oh, could he be? Sippie Peek, do you think?"

"He'd be a very good kind, in love, I mean. He'd be kind-hearted and equal to our old buck sheep for the strength in the way he'd be. But he'd be good and careful enough on a farm, and work enough but not too much so's he'd be all in a hard string by the time he's thirty. Come to study it out, he's bashful only when he's around yourself. Think back and see if that's not so."

"I can't think," Sabina said. "If he went with Sippie Peek and joined up with all that Peek trash he'd go across the ridge

to live. It makes me sick inside to think so. He's too good for that Peek trash that wouldn't do a thing but work a man down to the bone."

"But say again what made you come home. I never was satisfied you came home for what you said was the reason."

Sabina looked toward the window. Her eyes swept the long line of the Knobs that stretched dimly now through the mists of snow, as a wall of white and gray lifting and falling in the blue of the sky where the clouds had thinned, toward the south. The familiar shapes came, as clear-cut, in the unfamiliar vista of snow.

"I came to see Luke Shaw again, is why I came," she said. "Like a girl hardly yet fifteen I wanted to gaze at his face, even if he never knew. Nobody I saw where I went was so hearty with life or so ready in fun."

"Wouldn't that be a bold reason to come back nearly ninety miles and give up a good job that paid you cash money? Wouldn't it be bold?"

Was it bold to look at some other quietly from behind a shut door? she asked. She had waited in the garden, digging the turnips, until he found her there.

Uncle Tim waked and shifted in his chair. A slow smile began to bend down his thin cheeks and to plait the corners of his mouth where tobacco stains ran among minute wrinkles. He stood up and turned twice about on the hearthrug. His feet were bare. Thin toes clung to the braids of the rug and grasped the warmth of the soft old strips of rag. He spoke as if he had not ceased to speak, as if he had not slept the half-hour away.

"The moon stands past the full and hit'll set toward midnight. Rooster-crow then, and all the cattle and sheep get up offen their beds where they slept and stand still whilst the rooster crows for the end of the other day. Third rooster-crow and all kneel down on their knees. I never saw this sight for myself, but I heard it for true. Twice or three times in life you'll hear this said by men of a truth-tellen nature."

"Did you recollect what we told you to remember?" Patty asked.

"I disremember now. Did you feed the little brown cow and the nag?"

All would be remembered with hearty feedings, Patty said. "The beasts kneel down," he replied to her, "kneel down before the son of mankind and that's what makes Christmas."

The dusk was falling darkly although the clock on the mantel marked but four o'clock. In the kitchen Patty stirred together the little plum cake and set it to bake in the oven. "From the wild-goose tree," Sabina said as she passed, naming the plums from their odor, and Patty said she liked the sauce to be brown and spiced with nutmeg. Sabina put on the heavy shoes that Uncle Tim wore when he went outside. Then she tied a cloth over her head and drew a cloak over her shoulders, and when she had swept the light snow from the porch she lighted a lantern and went westward among the pens and sheds. Inside the barn the hens were huddled sullenly, waiting for their food. They ate the corn Sabina had brought them, and after their swift feeding they climbed to the top of an old manger and prepared to roost there, as if they found the low foothold more comfortable than the high perches in the henhouse.

Sabina gave the cow a large armful of hay. Then she drew the milk from the cow into the cup she had brought and, stooping beside the beast to draw the milk, she wondered about the holy season and wondered why the time seemed different from any other time. While the thin stream of milk tinkled into the cup she had a sense of all as being different from the common occurrence, as if the stream itself knew that the white foam in the top of the cup and the warm fluid underneath would stand all night expectantly and be drunk the next morning.

When she had finished these tasks she knotted the cloth more securely about her head and prepared to walk back to the house. The snow was falling now out of the blackness overhead and it danced a

brief fantastic dance in the light from the west-room window. The dance having passed beyond the beam, the snow fell to the ground straightway and made a deep white fluff over the path and reached darkly off into all the unseen fields. Walking along the path with the cup of milk, Sabina heard the barking of many dogs far away to the east and the north. She stopped in the path to listen, thinking that all the hounds of the ridge must be loosed. The barking and yelping of the dogs rolled in a hollow shrill complaint, far away, but incessantly going, a hound and then another, crying a high-pitched cry of anger and searching, and all the complaints fitted together to make a continuous cry.

"Why wouldn't Tobin and Brown, over on the ridge, why wouldn't they keep their dogs close to-night?" she asked listening. The hounds were running a mile away but the sound came as near with the north wind.

She went back to the barn and made all more secure. She looked to the safety of their two ewes and the old ram, and she found them huddled together near the inner wall that divided the cow's shed from the place where the wagon was kept. When the cow had eaten the last of her hay she went slowly to the place where the sheep were and stood against the inner wall as if she found warmth for herself in the brown boards. Sabina lifted the lantern high and looked about over the huddled animals. The hens and the cock were perched on the rim of the manger, sitting close together. The horse had lain down in his stall. Overhead on the rafters a few pigeons stirred softly and cooed a low gentle complaint at the frozen fields and the north wind that would search into their feathers and find their soft shrinking skin. Sabina left them when she had given the old ram one more bite of hay. All together the beasts made a gentle warmth inside the barn, with their breathing and the odorous warmth of their bodies.

"There is a little wooden pin somewhere," she said above the drowsy ani-

mals, as if she asked them to help her to find it. The cow moved nearer to the ram and when she withdrew the lantern she left them standing close together in the hay. She knew that presently they would lie down there and sleep. The pin lay on the brown scantling beside the door. It seemed evil to lock the creatures in with the fastened door, but outside the dogs were howling and running as if they ran a great course across the entire world. Sabina slipped the wooden pin through the large link of iron and bound the door fast to the doorframe. Then she went back over the path to the house, and the way was now but a vague hollow in the increasing level of the snow.

At the kitchen door she shook the snow from her clothing and stamped her feet. Her hands were red and cold.

"Oh, it's good inside a house," she said to Patty. The inside warmth wrapped her about and pressed upon the cold that still clung to her limbs and her dress. "Oh, it's good in a house. Who first made a house for a man to go into?"

"Oh, who did?" Patty asked. "What a thing to ask! But now you think to ask it, I ask the same."

"Made a house for a man, but made a stable for the beasts. It's a thing to think about."

"And made a house for a man to get borned in, but a stable for the brutes. Or out doors altogether."

"Oh, it's cold out there. When the snow eases it'll be cold far beyond frost. Not even old Nan's teats could warm my hands; they were so cold while I milked. It's good inside a house."

Patty was taking the milk from her hand. She looked into the small cup, a quart measure, from which arose a warm odor like that from a stack of mellowed hay. She held the cup near to her ear.

"Did you think the milk would talk or say some word?" Sabina asked.

"I don't know. I wanted to listen. It has a sound of wind over a hayfield. Where, Sabina, is the little brown crock?"

The plum cake stood, turned from its pan, to cool on the table. A plucked

fowl beside it waited for the morrow's cooking. It was cold in the kitchen and they hurried the dishes into the press and went swiftly to the other room where the great fire burned. Making preparations for Christmas, Patty brought coal and wood to the fireside. She said that she had decided to wash her body and make herself entirely clean, and for this she brought a large teakettle of water and set it near the embers where it soon began to boil. Uncle Tim waked with the clattering of the kettle and he asked:

"Hadn't I better, Sabina and Patty, go out now and feed?"

"We fed all," Sabina answered.

"Uncle Tim knows everything, even when he's asleep, and knows if we feed three ears or four or not any."

The old man stretched his limbs as if he meant to keep awake for a while, but he turned slowly from the fire and closed his eyes, smiling faintly. Patty brought a white china basin to the hearth and into this she poured some of the water. Then she took off all of her clothing and began to bathe her flesh, first an arm and then the other, and while she washed herself she talked to Sabina.

"I'm fairly of a mind to go out to the barn at midnight and see what the sheep and old Nan might do."

"I am of a mind to go too," Sabina said. "I never once suspicioned old Nan might know when Christmas comes and kneel down. I left her ready to sleep, close to the buck sheep and the two nannies. Uncle Tim is a joker sometimes, but he told it for a thing he never tested out for himself but believed in a firm way, no matter. Your body is just like mine, but once you used to be little and I could stand you up in a bowl and wash you."

"I'm glad I'm grown and like you. But there are a heap of things in life, and out of it, you never test out for yourself, but believe all the time."

"The hounds are in a mean way off on the ridge. I fastened the barn tight with the wooden pin."

"You shut Christmas inside the barn and bolted shut the door." Patty laughed

and began to wash her neck and her breast.

"Sippy is a bold girl with big bold eyes. I'm sad to think Luke Shaw might now be at her place." Sabina leaned back in her chair to say this and folded her hands.

"When he came here last, before he went to the garden where you dug the turnips, I said a word to him about Christmas."

"What could you say to Luke about that?"

"I talked to him a considerable long while. I said, 'A person goes, when Christmas comes, to the place he most wants to be,' and he said it was as true as truth itself, a person did so if he mortally could."

Having said this, Patty dipped her foot in the water and rubbed her thigh with the soapy cloth, covering her skin with the fine sweet lather. "When I get through there's plenty of hot water and you could wash yourself too. It makes you feel kind of drunk to wash all over at once. I wonder could we wake up at near twelve o'clock and go out to the barn. I could have the lantern ready."

"We could set the alarm in the old clock to go off with a little sputter at a time near to twelve," Sabina answered. "Not enough to wake Uncle Tim. Just one little sputter, and we'll go out. I'll get me some water now and wash myself all over. And we'll comb our hair and put on all clean clothes. Then we'll lay down to sleep in the spare bed and have a night before midnight, and get up when the clock makes a little sound."

While Sabina bathed herself the dark had become dense outside. The water spread over her entire body, she rubbed the lather to a froth and washed it away, and when she had rubbed herself with a towel she stood up faintly drunk with pleasure. Patty brought the lantern and tended it carefully. Then Sabina waked Uncle Tim and told him it was time to sleep in the bed. She brought an earthen jug of hard cider to set on the hearth so that it would be warm and mellow for drinking on Christmas morning. With

Patty, she made up the bed for company with clean covers and lay down to sleep, thus honoring themselves and the night.

"I feel all in a flutter in my skin and drowsy in my head," Patty said, after she was well folded under the covers. "The clean bed and the way I washed my skin all over go to my head and make me seem ready to laugh, but on the way to sleep." And Sabina:

"I feel the same like you describe, ready to laugh and all in a flutter in my skin. Now I'm half asleep I can hardly tell which is Patty and which Sabina or where Sabina leaves off and Patty begins. But I've got Luke Shaw in my own self, and there I'm myself and not any other."

"It is pleasant," Patty said, "but outside are the hounds. Oh, hear how they scream under the bark as they go. But some of it is the wind against the three scraggly cedars maybe."

"They are a mean set, to pleasure themselves on the hurt of a sheep."

"It's a strange world where such is the way things use. I can hear the dogs come nearer."

"The foxes kill the rabbits and the birds and the geese, and the hounds kill the foxes."

"Then people, they kill all kinds, and even the fruit and the kinds that grow in the garden. I once, not a long piece of a while ago, had a sudden sight of a thing while I stuck a knife into a turnip."

"It was the same as if you killed the turnip with your hand. Or when you shell peas out of a pod they look at you and grin sometimes. Or say, 'These are my insides that are on the way to make more little pea vines, and you eat all down inside your big gizzard.'"

"But mankind is the only one that wars on his own kind. That's a thing to think about surely."

"Drives his own sort away and hunts his own down off the face of the earth. Does he, Sabina?"

"Mankind does. The mankind is the only sort that so uses his own. I used to read the papers in the Eat place. Day after day it told about such."

"Why then would a beast kneel down to his religion if that's the way mankind uses?"

Sabina could not answer. The dogs were running hard again, among all the fields. They swept over Uncle Tim's hay-field and leaped the fence to howl in their flight across the snowy stubble where the corn had been. The small brown clock on the mantel began to strike in a faint metallic beat, the hammer pulsing lightly on the cracked metal. Six faintly tinkled notes fell. It had been dark since five. Patty was asleep. The alarm clock ticked in low swift rhythm. The dogs were leaving the field and were set toward the high ridge behind the house, as if they had left the sheep and gone after the foxes. They would run less swiftly through the brush and leap over the dewberry briars, and howl at the tangled ravines where the fallen trees lapped and twisted together among the deep drifts of snow and the leavings of last week's ice. In her thought swift hounds were running down the world. They were begging for pity. They were wanting the sheep and the foxes that ran ahead of them through the clods and dust of a torn field. The mouths of the hounds were open to cry their wrongs, to whimper for pity and anger at the fox that would not be caught. War roared across the world. Men in thousands were made to run from land to land, and no place was left for them to be. The world was twisted and turned about, pity turning about to devour anger, and fear ran swiftly on the track of courage to devour courage in its frenzied jaw. When the swift procession had passed the warmth of her own being folded over her and she fell into a deep sleep.

A little flutter of sound from the clock waked her. The hands marked the hour as twenty-five minutes before twelve. Sabina called Patty and they arose and put on their clothes swiftly. Patty stirred the fire to a fine blaze. They were bright with daring and laughter over their dressing, each one wanting to be the first

ready. Patty lighted the lantern with a splinter from the wood on the hearth. They wrapped shawls about their heads and drew heavy coats over their shoulders. Then they opened the door of the room and went to the porch outside.

The clouds had parted and the snow had ceased to fall. The light of the setting moon fell as a red glow over the white fields. About the house the snow was trampled, as if the dogs had been running near to the house not long since. A faint flow of sound came from the barn, where the setting moon thrust a dense shadow, a sound like the whisper made by the moving limbs or wings of beasts and fowls. The cock crowed once, a weak fluting of chilled and muffled sound.

Then Sabina saw that some living creature was crouched beside the doorstep. She went down the two low steps and stood, calling for the lantern, calling Patty to see. A form lay in the drift of snow, but it moved once and drew more nearly to the wall as if it would hide more deeply there.

"There is snow on its face and blood," Patty called out.

"Blood on its coat. Call to it," Sabina leaned near to Patty and whispered.

"Who is it?" Patty cried out.

"Who are you? Is she hurt?" They were asking.

"It is not a woman person. It's a child. It has got on a light coat."

Sabina reached fearfully toward the creature and laid a hand upon it and she brushed aside the snow. It was a crouching animal. Her fingers were entangled in cold damp wool. Patty held the lantern closer and they saw the torn flesh of a sheep and saw blood dripping freshly from a wound.

"What sheep is it?" Patty asked.

"It is one tormented by the dogs. It is hurt but not dead."

"She is a young ewe, hardly past the age of a lamb. See how smooth her coat is. The dogs have bit her on the neck and have run her most to death."

The ewe was passive and trembling. Sabina drew it from the ground and

made it stand. Then Patty caught at the head and guided it up the steps. They brought her into the house and led her to the corner to the right of the fireplace where she sank swiftly down. Sabina renewed the fire and she brought a torn cloth with which to bind up the bleeding neck, but she did not know how to make use of the cloth, and so the beast lay. The head was small and the face was dark and without wool. A coat of wool lay over the creature's back like a cloak that had been put on for a cold season. Legs that were bare of wool and dark-skinned, like the face, lay out from beneath the creature's trunk. The wool was soft and fine; for the beast, being very young, had never been shorn and still wore its first fleece.

"Whose sheep can it be?"

"I can't give up yet it is a woman or a child. I got such a mortal shock to see it in the snow and see it look human."

"It is a pretty sheep."

"What can we do?"

"Oh, it is stretched out to die. It cries like a child in a terrible pain."

The ewe lay on its side, stretched out, limp and bent with pain. It cried in long wailing bleats. Then it began to pant heavily and to shake, as if a spasm were upon it, and it gave birth to a small lamb. The newborn beast was no larger than a month-old kitten, but was alive. The mother curled slightly to include the little one between her stiffened limbs and lay in a swoon as if she were near to death.

"What can we do now?" Sabina asked herself and asked Patty. "Oh, what can we do? The mother is like to die."

At that moment a step began to beat heavily outside, as if a man were coming through the snow. The feet stamped at the door and then a slow, gentle knock sounded, to make it known that some one asked politely to be let in. Patty went to the door and when she had opened it a little way Sabina saw that Luke Shaw stood outside. He was laughing. His face was ruddy in the light of the lantern and the fire. Small spirals of dark-brown hair stood over his head as a close

hood. His eyes were shining with their own brightness and with the cold. "I said, 'I see a light.' Reason why I came," he said.

"Oh, come inside," Patty said. She was drawing him inside the door. "Oh, look, Luke, at what is here on the floor, and just now got born a little lamb. The mother is about to die. Come in and help us."

Sabina began to tremble to know that she must show him the torn beast. She caught her breath in deep panting sobs, like those of the bearing sheep, and she pointed to the young ewe where it lay in the space beside the hearth.

"Oh, she will die. We must hurry and do. . . ." Sabina turned toward the sheep. Shaw leaned over the beast which was stretched out limply now as if it would yield up life altogether.

"How did she get inside a man's house? . . . A hot drink. Give me quick a little of whatever is in the jug. A hot mash of meal would be good. . . ." Shaw began to work with the ewe.

They leaned over the sheep. Sabina laid the lamb on a cushion near the fire. Then she made steady the creature's head and Shaw poured the drink into her mouth and rubbed gently on her lifted throat. Patty went away to get the meal and she mixed it with a little of the water from the kettle on the hearth. Shaw fed the mash with his fingers. They knelt together beside the animal. "Oh, don't let it die," Sabina whispered.

"Oh, I am afraid it will. What can we do. Give it a little more of the drink."

"Get the cup." They called orders to each other and leaned together above the suffering beast, pleading with each other that it might not die.

"She is better," Shaw said at last. "See how she makes herself ready to rest. Not stretched out like a thing dead or ready to die. She's laid down like a sheep will. She's on the way back to life. Let her ease herself and rest a little."

"The little one might not have any milk until to-morrow. I wish it could have a little drink now before day."

"Lay the lamb close beside . . . here, close beside the ewe. She might come around faster with the lamb against her side." Shaw took the lamb from Patty's hands and placed it beside its mother.

"She might get it some milk if she feels it against her side."

Sabina looked across at Patty who, like herself, knelt above the suffering sheep. The face was lowered to the infant lamb, as her own had lately been. Compassion bore downward on the cheeks and made firm the softly flowing mouth. In the mirror of Patty she saw herself as she looked kneeling beside the faint ewe. The face was pale in the after-midnight hour of broken sleep, but the cheeks and the mouth were red from the hours spent each day outside in the glow of the cold. Herself in Patty laid a gentle hand on the ewe's thigh and bent the lamb a little nearer to enfold the small newborn. Her hand, Patty's hand, swayed over the lamb and met its minute bleating to draw the small head nearer to the mother's udders. The little one lifted its face and groped toward the mother odor that spread near. "The milk is running out," Patty said. "Oh, see, a few drops are already come"—herself in Patty speaking. "See," she said, "Oh, see, Luke Shaw, there will be milk."

"What sheep is it?" Patty asked.

"Reason why I came," Shaw said, "is, I saw a light. . . ."

Uncle Tim was awake. He arose to sit in his bed and he looked about smiling, but when he saw the sheep and the lamb in the corner he shook his head as if he had not remembered aright, but he smiled again.

Outside a horn was calling the dogs. Their cries now were but the answering notes that followed the command of the horn. Shaw looked past the mirror of Patty and looked straight toward herself.

"I saw a light and I said, 'Sabina is not asleep, I know. I'll go where Sabina is.' Is why I came to Uncle Tim's door. Out with Tobin and Brown to quiet the dogs. 'Sabina,' I said, 'is not asleep. I'll go,' I said, 'to be where Sabina is.'"



GOD'S BARN

A STUDY IN DESOLATION

BY WINIFRED WELLES

I

A *HOLLOW, wan cocoon, each empty farm
Clings to the road as to a crooked bough—
No aproned women in those doorways now
Anxiously stand to watch the summer storm
Mold marble in the sky, no lanterns warm
The barns' red doors with sunflower rays, nor plow
Stripes the brown slopes in spring, nor hornless cow
Sniffs at the children's hands with mild alarm.
Each house is leaning toward a fallen gate.
Their shadows, straining down the dust, are cast
Farther each night, as if they could not wait,
Though thickets girdle them and bind them fast,
To follow after their forsakers' fate,
Until they yearn and lean too far at last.*

II

*So much for firesides flattened into ash,
Fields choked with huckleberries' soot, green sod
Gone down before the scalding goldenrod,
Man's cheerfulest efforts under Nature's trash
Buried unmourned. Saved from this general crash,
One roof remains—gaunt, formidable, odd,
High on the hill endures the house of God,
Its tall, exultant steeple still aflash.
Raised toward the sky but humbled to the ground,
No more immaculate with the Sabbath-stir
Of prayerful neighbors, kneeling Sunday-gowned,
This once proud church—so safe for worshipper,
High altar and the organ's prosperous sound—
Now houses cattle for a foreigner.*

III

*How gravely through the classic portico,
When smokily the amber twilight wanes,
And with what majesty the brown herd deigns,
Drooping their heads, swinging their tails to go,
Assembling in the aisles, bemused and slow,
Unmindful that the moon through windowpanes
A Joseph's coat of many-colored stains
Floats over them, huddled for sleep below.
"God's Barn"—those two words by some grim engraver
Have been set down here in a chalked white scrawl,
A valentine for preachers, a bleak favor
Left for the faithful on their own blank wall.
Only the herdsman misses their wry flavor,
Since he is one who does not read at all.*

IV

*Here on this hill wind pounds a requiem
Lonely enough, but silence has a knack
For crueller sorrow still when white snows pack
The gray walls' crevices and cover them.
Here, when the densely studded diadem
Of a winter midnight glittering and black,
Arches above the spire, and the cold trees crack,
Oh, who would not remember Bethlehem?
If any then but ghosts were listeners
To the soft-breathing beasts, they should be able
To quote some text, unscholarly and terse,
On how full circle here the cherished fable
Somerly comes, though a temple might do worse
Than find itself no humbler than a stable.*





THE ROAD TO MUNICH

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

THE road to Munich passed through Mukden, Addis Ababa, Bilbao, and Vienna. It was lined with signboards screaming: "Keep America Out of Foreign Entanglements!" "We Won't Disarm Without Security!" "Shoot the Mad Dogs!" "Self-Determination for Germans Too!" "Stop Hitler!" and "Save the World from War!"

The world was saved from war, and for a few days gave itself over to basking in the blessings of peace and the October sunshine. In hysterical relief France renamed *Rues de la Paix* into *Boulevards Neville Chamberlain*, while a cheering Britain put away its gas masks and discussed a suitable honor for the great "man of peace." Farther from the menace of bombs, we shared neither their hysteria over the avoidance of the conflict nor their illusions of a rainbow of peace appearing over the horizon. The only thing we shared with them was their bewilderment. How had this incredible Agreement of Munich come about?

The United States' withdrawal from the League, Simon's refusal to move on the Manchurian issue, the Hoare-Laval infamy, the fortification of the Rhineland, and the Russian Purges all contributed to the settlement reached in Hitler's *liebling Stadt*. But all of these together would not suffice to explain it without Mr. Chamberlain.

Why did Chamberlain, standing at the head of an overwhelming European coalition against Germany one day, step down the next and hurry to Munich to give Hitler what he demanded? The answer is:

Chamberlain *wanted* Germany to have the Sudetenland. And the reason for that is hidden in that new foreign policy upon which he has embarked—that policy discussion of which evokes such storms of confusion, distrust, and anger on this side of the Atlantic. I am not going to attack that policy here, and certainly not going to defend it, but I should like to try to explain it. If the explanation is not perfectly clear and consistent I can only say neither is the policy.

We can hardly expect Mr. Chamberlain to tell us in so many words what he is up to; but it happens that one who is very close to him and extremely influential in shaping the policy has from time to time cautiously publicized the aims which he thinks it ought to pursue. This person is Lord Lothian, once well-known as Philip Kerr, who, as Lloyd George's private secretary and *alter ego*, carried the Foreign Office round in his attaché case for two or three years after the War. The Chamberlain policy is perceptibly shaping itself in accordance with ideas enunciated by Lothian months ago.

The main Lothian thesis is that the sooner Germany completes the historical process of unifying all Germans and re-establishes the security of her intolerably open frontiers, and the quicker her grievances against Versailles are rectified, the sooner Hitler's cause will be taken from him, the Nazi ferment will stop, and Europe can settle down. Thus the Lothianites welcomed the reoccupation of the Rhineland as removing one of the chief German grievances and sources of inse-

curity. Nor did they object to the *Anschluss*; they merely disapproved of the way in which it was done.

During the stress of the Austrian crisis Lord Lothian gave to the Royal Institute of International Affairs what I think is a very significant exposition of what British policy toward Germany should be. He said that Hitler, "by methods which we can't help deploring because of the shock they give elsewhere, has at last realized the dream of the German people—the dream they have dreamed for three hundred years, to be a united people, as Italy is a united people, and France is a united people, and England is a united people, and every other race in Europe is united except the Germans. . . . I have long thought this was inevitable.

"The fundamentals of the German case, the unity of the German people in a strong independent state, fundamentals which it was extraordinarily difficult to get recognized by consent, have now been won by rapid unilateral action. The remaining questions, the small German minorities, the colonial question, the economic problem, are, I think, matters which can be and ought to be settled by negotiation. Moreover I think that the rest of the world is now quite willing to negotiate about these matters provided it is able to feel that an agreed settlement of them will mean a lasting peace."

By "the rest of the world" we may take it that Lothian meant his own group. That group adequately proved its "willingness to negotiate" about a "small remaining German minority," the Sudetens. First they sent out the Runciman Mission to see if there was not some "painless" way of prying the Sudetenland from Czechoslovakia. When things developed too fast for this method they were the first to bring forward a suggestion of outright cession of the territory, which had never in history belonged to Germany, to the Reich. This was done in a leading article in *The Times* (which is owned by Major Astor and edited by Geoffrey Dawson, both intimates of Lothian); it is even said that the editorial was shown to

the German Embassy before publication.

Ten days later outright cession had become the adopted policy of the Chamberlain Government. It is well to remember that *it was Chamberlain, not Hitler, who first officially proposed this solution*, and Chamberlain who forced it on the French and the Czechs.

II

Now for a revelation of Chamberlain's method. Lothian continued: "Up to the present Hitler's objective has been justifiable. It has concerned only Germans. . . . Other nations, Japan in the Far East, Italy in Abyssinia and Spain, have acted with far less justification. Is it possible to stop this method of unilateral alteration of the *status quo* by the use of strength with the momentum behind it which the success it has gained has given it, unless the rest of the world is ready to say that there is a limit beyond which they are willing and equipped to accept the challenge of war? That is what we have to face now. Can you convince those who have practiced this violent method of bringing about perhaps overdue changes that the day has come when they must abandon that method and return to the method of negotiation on the understanding that negotiation will be honest and fair, unless you can convince them that the democracies of the world are prepared to face war rather than see the world transformed bit by bit, inch by inch, by the method of power politics?"

Is not that an almost word-for-word forecast of the course of the Chamberlainian negotiations? Chamberlain was ready to help Germany gain what Lothian characterized as a "fair and just revision" by *pacific* means. When he left Godesberg and went home to mobilize the Fleet the only issue he raised was: "We will negotiate, but we won't bow to force!" The Munich Conference he conceived as the triumph of his method. It was as though a man were trying to feed red meat to a tiger, but refused to let him snatch it. (Tigers growl so when they

don't get their meat, and often go to sleep for a while after they have been well fed. The only difficulty is that the tiger wakes up bigger.)

Will the Germans comprehend Mr. Chamberlain's hairline distinctions? Do they realize that Britain and France did not "bow to force" at Munich, but won a great victory for the way of peace over the way of violence? They can hardly forget that the Conference was held, after all, under their threat of mobilization. Besides, they got everything they demanded, didn't they? And what possible contribution to international morality could the act of letting a robber into a friend's house and holding the friend while the robber took what he wanted "peacefully," make?

Harold Nicolson, Chairman of the Government Members' Foreign Affairs Committee until he resigned after the Austrian crisis, is certain that the Germans will not understand Chamberlain's way of negotiating. He points out shrewdly the fundamental difference between British and German diplomatic dealings. "The German looks upon the whole of diplomacy as a form of warfare, to which he adapts military methods and inventions such as camouflage, surprise attacks, flanking moves, feinting tactics, reconnoitering patrols, and so on.

"While we regard a negotiation as little more than a deal between two business men, in which each yields something to the other and thus a solid and durable basis of compromise is achieved, the German finds this an unheroic business, little better than 'horse-swapping.' He regards every concession asked of him as an insult, and every concession to which we show ourselves ready as a proof of our weakness. In other words: the goal of his politics is something abstract, triumph or power; and the concrete concessions which are made to him are not considered so much a valuable acquisition in themselves as a symbol of this triumph. It is this fundamentally different way of looking at things which has always made it so hard to attain a lasting agreement

between Germany and Great Britain." (Re-translated from the German.)

III

There were other and equally interesting motives which led Chamberlain to Munich. He has been widely execrated for having "betrayed" a gallant little democracy, "abandoned" a potential ally. There is no sign that he felt any of that. During the whole crisis he never at any time expressed sympathy for Czechoslovakia and it was only afterward that he offered her fifty million dollars' conscience money. As for her democracy and her potential value as an ally, it was common among the Chamberlain crowd to speak of Czechoslovakia as "an impossible state," a "very peculiar democracy," half of whose motley army would prove disloyal on the outbreak of war. The Ribbentrop propaganda had worked well.

And then, far from valuing Czechoslovakia's aid in holding Germany tight, they wished her well out of the way. The expansion of Hitler's Germany, as they saw it, was an inevitable and unrestrainable historic force. It could take place in two directions, toward the West and thence out into the world, *their* world, or toward the East into the maelstrom of stubborn Danubian races which broke Turkey and Austria-Hungary, and beyond into the steppes of Russia, where it might wear itself out in a clash with Bolshevism. Should not their whole policy be devoted, Philip Gibbs asks, toward bringing about the latter? If Germany must be stopped, let the Slavs stop her. If war must be, let it be in the plains of Eastern Europe and not in the treasure-house of Western civilization.

But squarely across Germany's eastward path of expansion lay strongly fortified, pugnacious little Czechoslovakia. As long as she was a military power and allied to France there was a perpetual danger that she would become involved in a war with Germany into which France, and therefore Britain, would be drawn. Because Chamberlain and Co.

refused to believe in an "inevitable" war involving Britain and France against Germany they were ready to give up the help, though they didn't think it would be much, that Czechoslovakia might have given them in such a struggle.

There was another side to the Czechoslovak question. Czechoslovakia was allied to Bolshevik Russia and offered an open corridor for Soviet forces into the heart of Europe. Supposing a general war were to come over Czechoslovakia—and it appeared to be nearing month by month—and the Russian-Czechoslovak-French-British combination won, what could be expected of a defeated, devastated, and economically ruined Germany but Communism? Especially with the Bolshevik troops there to spread the bacillus. Poland would be swept away like a cork in such a Communist flood, and no one could say whether half-Marxist, economically-desperate France might not follow. As for England, if another such "victorious" war as the last one didn't finish her altogether, it was doubtful if democracy would survive, and at least the Socialist johnnies would be on top. This was the prospect that faced them *if they won*.

It haunted the landed gentry of the Conservative Right. No use to try to point out to an Astor that the "Communist menace" of world revolution had been receding for a decade. It was a fixed idea. Bolshevism had flooded over Europe and rolled up to gates of Warsaw once before, where it was only by a miracle prevented from joining forces with German Communism. It could happen again. Thus does class feeling weave an obscure cross-pattern through the present-day international struggle. The fears which the Communists themselves have joyed to stir up, the year-long threats and revilification of the "bourgeoisie," are working out powerfully against Soviet Russia—and against democracy itself.

Hitlerism was repugnant to our friends who gathered for the week-ends in British Clivedens to make the Government's pol-

icy. They wouldn't like to live under it themselves, Heaven knows! But at least Hitler's Germany was an invincible barrier against Bolshevism and they weren't going to be so mad as to break it down. Let Germany push eastward. Let her fight Russia if she wanted to (the prospect rather pleased them). *They* would hold the Rhine with France. But by all means get France out of her entanglements in eastern Europe. Then there would be no cause whatever to clash with Germany.

Were they to be forever fighting Germany? Where did it get them? "In fact," some of them asked, "what was the sense of fighting another of these ghastly modern wars at all? Why shouldn't they get out of a lot of these silly commitments which made them continually liable to war in any corner of the world; out of that League business first of all? Why not neutralize their policy and mind their own business, and enjoy life like Holland, say, who also possesses a rich empire but never has to fight for it?"

Extremists of this defeatist school (I quote from a distinguished Parliamentary representative who prefers to remain anonymous) put the argument something like this: "The War merely delayed an inevitable change to our disadvantage in the relative strength of the Great Powers. We could only have countered it, if at all, by the means which they have adopted: universal military service and national concentration (Fascism). We in this country, led by the 'intellectuals' and the Churches, took the opposite line; we disarmed ourselves regardless of what others were doing, in the moral as well as the material sense. . . . We must now pay the price, and it will be heavy.

"We cannot hold all we have. We must give up something: it will cost us more to do so now than if we had done it from a sense of justice even a few years ago. We must recognize this and give what we must give 'with an air,' on sound moral grounds, as usual, and peacefully. . . . The longer we defer the day the higher the price."

This, it will be recognized, is the view of a tired old man, wishing to assure himself peace and a sufficient pension for his days of retirement. The group making England's policy to-day are old men. Chamberlain himself used the expression over and over again during the Berchtesgaden-Godesberg-Munich negotiations: "This is peace for our time." And the crowds cheered him hysterically. Is England getting "old" as the Germans and Italians love to believe?

If Britain were to carry through such a policy of abdicating her position—and responsibilities—as a Great Power, and seek to buy peace and quiet from the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo group, what would the cost be? Professor Arnold Toynbee suggests that the bill would look something like this:

To quieting Japan: All British, French, and Dutch territories and interests north-east of Singapore.

To winning Italy's friendship: Everything Britain now owns in the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, all her naval bases and islands, the control over Egypt and the Sudan, and the Arab protectorates.

To satisfying Germany: A *Mittelafrika* to match her *Mittleuropa*, including all the former German colonies, the Belgian Congo and slices of British, French, and Portuguese West Africa.

Professor Toynbee, who annually produces the "Survey of International Affairs" and who possesses an exceptional breadth of view on British policy, considers that even after paying this staggering bill Britain would not have secured the neutrality and peace she bargained for. The world in which Holland has enjoyed her neutrality and retained her rich island possessions has been dominated by the *Pax Britannica*. During this time, the two and a half centuries preceding the Great War, Britain maintained in effect a naval cordon around Europe, reserving the rest of the world to herself as a field of action. She managed to block in a large part of the map in red, it is true, yet her *Pax* was not an onerous one. She left her empire free to the trade of all and used her financial re-

sources for development work in every corner of the world.

This *Pax Britannica*, however, was broken by the building up of large naval forces outside the British cordon by the United States and Japan, and by the development of long-range aviation. There is nothing yet in prospect to take its place. Dare Britain face the uncertainties of neutrality in the anarchic world of to-day? Another thing: Holland abdicated her position as a Great Power before the Industrial Revolution. If Britain were to abdicate now her people would face economic disaster, for their trade is dependent on their world position.

There is, besides, Britain's geographical situation. If she and France were to retire into neutrality behind the Maginot Line, a powerful Central European Federation under German leadership, Professor Toynbee believes, would not be long in taking shape. An ultimate conflict would then develop between this continental German power, dedicated to the imposition of the German way upon the world, and the only power which could oppose it, democratic North America. Britain and France would lie between the two; they would be the battleground, just as neutral Belgium was in 1914 because she lay between Germany and France and Britain. Professor Toynbee warns those who advocate this policy to look right to the end of the road before they set foot on it. For "to embark upon a policy of neutrality, and then to find it would be impossible to pursue it to the end, would lead to certain and deadly disaster."

The Chamberlain-Lothian policy, however, while it may be tainted with abdication, bears more resemblance to the second alternative for Britain: a policy of isolation. "Splendid" isolation, it is always called by its tireless advocates. This implies arming to the teeth—as Chamberlain, Baldwin, Simon, and Inskip have all demanded since Munich—at great sacrifice. But will the British masses, whom the Government do not believe ready to

sacrifice for a big ideal such as democracy, the collective order, and the freedom of small nations, be likely to bring forth such sacrifice for the mean motive of hanging on to British property? Professor Toynbee thinks they most decidedly will not.

Moreover, such a policy would lose Britain all sympathy abroad, nor would it save her in the end. Without attacking the British Empire directly her enemies could gradually turn her strategic positions until when the day came to fight she would be unable to. Thus Shanghai and Hong Kong could be left stranded by a Japanese conquest of the Chinese hinterland. Singapore could be turned by a Japanese conquest of the Netherlands Indies and an alliance with Siam. Aden could be muffled by Italian consolidation in Ethiopia and the Yemen. Malta is already a lost position, caught between Sicily, Libya, and Pantelleria.

Gibraltar is commanded to-day by German guns at Algeiras and Ceuta and is lost the day the Fascist conquest of Spain is complete. Scapa Flow (the great British naval base in the Orkneys) could be turned by a German base in the Faeroe Islands, pressed out of Denmark as the price of peace at home. Britain herself would by that time be completely dominated by a Germany of continental proportions and strength, with whom she could not even think of keeping pace in air power. She would exist on German sufferance.

The third and final alternative policy for Britain is clear enough. It is to see that she has behind her the support of the large part of the world. That means that she must make herself the champion of the rights of little nations. It means that she must take a clear stand for principles and for international law. It means everything that she has not done in the Czechoslovak business. It means a League policy. Only such a policy will find a united British people and a united Empire behind it. Only such a policy has a chance of finding support in the United States. Only a collective policy

will bring Britain allies from all over Europe and the world.

Why has the Chamberlain Government not followed this line? Chiefly because it entails a certain amount of risk at the beginning. There would be, for instance, a certain time lag before the support of the United States could be counted on. And the same with "the world"; its support at the beginning would be mainly moral.

Besides, the League of Nations, at the beginning of 1938, in the situation to which America's withdrawal, the open opposition of the three great war-makers Germany, Italy, and Japan, the craven inaction of Britain, and the mistrusted adherence of Soviet Russia had reduced it, was very far from the League as it was intended to be. Only Great Britain, France, and Russia, of all the Great Powers, were left in. The little nations, on the plain intimation of Rome-Berlin-Tokyo that any organized opposition from Geneva would be considered as direct "provocation," dared not raise their voices for a collective policy but were scuttling as fast as they could. A "realistic" computation of the armed force which the League could bring immediately to bear against the anti-League combination showed that it just wouldn't do. Russia simply couldn't be counted on. That left as the only downright, reliable members with appreciable force at their disposal Britain, France—and Czechoslovakia. But the former could operate just as well under their terms of alliance. Far better, then, to clear themselves of League commitments and direct their entire policy toward the preservation of their national interests. (Should other nations which have done the same stigmatize them?) So ended the First League.

The elderly British Conservatives who would reduce the League to such a "realistic" computation were, it is plain, incapable of realizing its possibilities. They had always been in the habit of looking upon the League as a liability to Britain; it was always calling on *them* for help or seeking to drag them into some

remote quarrel in which they had no possible interest. It never seems to have come fully home to them that the day might come when *they* would need the League's help. Thus in 1935, when the League was united as never before in a stand to halt aggression, but needed the immediate help of the British Navy, the Baldwin-Chamberlain-Simon-Hoare Government took the attitude: "Why should *we* be the policeman of the world?" That would have been "peace with honor" indeed, and how cheap the "price"—a few ships at the most; the Navy was willing and eager—compared to the sacrifice of Ethiopia, Spain, China, Czechoslovakia, and the rest of eastern Europe, and no one dares to think what after that.

IV

British policy, then, went into the Czechoslovak crisis uncertain, in a state of transition, as little understood in Britain as in the Empire or the world. German policy, on the other hand, was crystal clear. Formulated in *Mein Kampf*, it had been mapped out in Nazi and Hitler Youth classes for years, and even, if one is to believe papers which the Czech authorities reported finding in the Henlein headquarters in Prague in September, reduced to a timetable basis. Austria in the spring of 1938, Czechoslovakia in the autumn; Hungary in spring '39, Poland in autumn '39; Yugoslavia, in spring '40, Roumania in autumn '40; Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Alsace-Lorraine in spring '41, The Ukraine and the Baltic coastal states in autumn '41—so this interesting document went. And one recalls that Hitler was insistent that he couldn't wait on a settlement of the Czechoslovak problem.

It is unlikely that Hitler displayed any such document to Chamberlain. Heeding Bismarck's saying that there is no people so easy to deceive as the English (when no one else is doing it, they practice deceiving themselves and that is known to the world as "British hypocrisy"), he spoke only of "self-determina-

tion" for the Sudetens. "If you deny self-determination only to Germans and allow it to all others in Europe, how can you expect my people not to be bitter and agitate against the present order? Would it not be better to settle this, *Germany's last territorial demand in Europe*, quickly and peacefully, so that we can all settle down to a new Europe based on justice?"

Mr. Chamberlain, who used an interpreter in his talks with Hitler, probably has not read *Mein Kampf*. If he has, it can only be assumed that he either didn't believe it or that he approved. In *Mein Kampf*, which recently celebrated its four millionth copy, Hitler scorns the pre-War German policy of colonial and naval rivalry with England. Instead he calls for the acquisition of a land empire in eastern Europe which Germany could conquer and defend with that arm of her forces in which she is supreme, the Army. There was nothing brilliantly new in this. Germany had had an eastward policy before the War. By 1918 the idea of holding on to what she had conquered in the east so dominated her war aims that she kept a million occupation troops there when half that number thrown into the spring 1918 offensive in the west might have turned the tables.

When Hitler wrote *Mein Kampf* a bare eight years later he was under the strong influence of the conviction unanimous in German military circles that *Germany had won the war in the east and lost it in the west*. The next time, or rather when she properly finished up the last war, she would not launch out on a world policy before she had consummated her eastern-European policy, and so end by falling down between the two. This time she would make sure not to alarm England—until it was too late; she would defend herself if necessary against France; and she would concentrate her full power on a conquest of the East. Looking back, the moves which Hitler took to this end, although usually patent at the time and revealed by writers all over the world, display a shrewdly clever pattern.

First there was the obliging Naval Agreement with Britain, promising to keep German tonnage to 35 per cent of the British. That brought great relief to Whitehall. Then Hitler did not nag about colonies, but for three years actually maintained a ban on public discussion of the question in Germany, until *The Times* practically insisted that he take them back. Even then I believe he only developed his claim to them as trade-in material for an agreement that would give him a free hand in eastern Europe, under promise to leave the rest of the world to Britain. This, it is thought, was the proposal that was to be made to Lord Halifax when he went to Berlin a year ago, but was spilled in the *News Chronicle* and the *Manchester Guardian* on the eve of his departure. I have never seen such furious language in the German press as that which followed this exposure. "What was the sense in the visit now?" the *Angriff* asked in effect. In short, then, Hitler, while he managed to outrage the *ideals* of the British masses, exerted himself to win over visiting British Conservative statesmen and took great care not to threaten the *property* which they are intent on holding on to. Hitler has proved himself a sounder judge of human nature than most of us would like to admit.

In dealing with the French Hitler has trod almost as gingerly, although he has been greatly favored by the social upheaval there attendant on the arrival of the masses in political power, which coincided with Germany's resurgence. It was in the midst of the turmoil of the formation of the *Front Populaire* and the French disagreement with the British over the alienation of Italy from the Stresa Front that Hitler made his daring move into the Rhineland. This held the possibilities of a momentous change in European strategy; on its success depended everything that came after. The Germans held their breath lest it fail. It is told of Hitler that after giving the order to march (he had had to concede to the Generals that they might

withdraw should the French mobilize) he jumped into his plane and flew to Munich. Stepping out at the airport there he disregarded the formal salute of his bodyguard to shout: "What have the French done?" "Nothing, *mein Fuehrer*." "Then we've won!" was the exultant cry.

The fortification of the Rhineland was the chief milestone along the road to Munich. It made it so vastly more difficult for France to come effectively to the aid of her eastern allies that these, or at least Yugoslavia and Roumania—for Poland had already taken the step—hastened to adopt a more friendly line toward Germany. When M. Delbos "took inventory" in eastern Europe last December he found only Czechoslovakia standing firmly on her alliance. That has since proved to have been a miscalculation on Czechoslovakia's part.

V

With her rear secured by hastily constructed earthworks, tank-traps, and machine-gun nests in the re-occupied Rhineland, Germany turned her whole attention to the solution of the "Czechoslovak problem." As events proved, this was really a redoubtable problem. The position of Czechoslovakia, as a strong military power allied to France and Russia, occupying a natural fortress protruding almost into the heart of Germany, offered an extremely interesting strategic set-up. This fortress flanked both of Germany's possible routes to the East, through Poland and the Ukraine, or down the Danube; she could not proceed far along either without reducing it. A strong Czechoslovakia co-operating with France and Russia gave the western ally the inestimable advantage of forcing Germany to fight on two fronts, and the eastern a clear corridor for her forces into Central Europe; and she formed a link between the two.

As the spearhead of Little Entente resistance to the German advance, Czechoslovakia gave that aggregate near-Great

Power a very strong triangular form, secured to it a magnificent field of maneuver in the Hungarian plain, and offered in the Carpathians an impregnable shield for its right flank. Together with Poland, Czechoslovakia could block Germany's northern route to the East, and together with Italy she could hold the southern; she was, in fact, the keystone of the whole Central European strategic arch. *That is why Hitler's first diplomatic moves were the neutralization of Poland and Italy.* That is why he pulled and pried at the unity of the Little Entente. And that is why he demanded at Karlsbad last April, through Henlein, the abrogation of Czechoslovakia's alliances with France and Russia.

To undermine Czechoslovakia's position in advance of the military decision and perhaps make armed resistance futile when the day came—and so it turned out—Germany took a supreme gamble with Italian friendship in occupying Austria last March. Italy was deeply shocked; Mussolini was reported as furious. But after thinking it over he had to decide, just as Italy decided in regard to Austria-Hungary in the decades before 1914, that he could not afford enmity with such a Great Power on his very border; he was *forced* now to be friendly with Germany. A couple of front pages in the *Schwarzer Korps* and the *Voelkischer Beobachter* in late January, and posters in Munich streets in early February, on the oppression of the Germans in South Tirol had "helped" Mussolini to this decision. The "Stresa" policy required the buffer of Austria; besides, the suspicion with which his advances had been met in London showed how deeply buried it was beneath the heaped-up animosity of the Sanctions and Spanish episodes. There was no turning back for Italy now and she had to accept the German stroke with forced good grace and concentrate on squeezing such profit in the Mediterranean as she could through a partnership in brigandage with the German giant. Hitler paid a hasty installment with a shipment of war material to Spain to hurry through

a Franco victory. When he came to Rome in May he knew he could demand a military alliance and not be refused.

Rapidly filling out the former Austrian void, Germany's might now crowded not only Czechoslovakia, but Yugoslavia and Hungary. What applied to Italy applied to them: they could no longer afford, even if they wanted to, a policy of enmity with this powerful neighbor. Not that Hungary had ever thought of such a policy. Germany was the great anti-revisionist power and the only one which could or would aid her in regaining her lost territories. Dr. Goebbels whispered (so as not to alarm the Yugoslavs or Roumanians too soon) sweet promises in Hungarian ears; and Admiral Horthy climbed aboard the train for Berchtesgaden and Berlin. Yugoslavia's search for a policy was answered by a little simple arithmetic: she numbered 14 millions, none too united, and was almost surrounded by 130 million Germans, Italians, and Hungarians.

Meanwhile Chamberlain had sent out the "Runciman Mission." Approved as it was by the Sudeten Germans and by Berlin, it could hardly have been trusted by the Czechoslovaks. Yet the latter are to be forgiven if they could not fully comprehend that the offices of their great "friend" Britain, after whom they had modeled their democracy and by the side of whom they were ready and eager to stand in the cause of freedom, were to be directed toward rendering their defenses as ineffectual as possible. But the Runciman way proved too slow for Hitler; although he was ready to accept Britain's contribution—probably not without secret derision—the victory must be his. By September he was ready to force through a decision.

He well knew the cards he held. He knew that Britain had never in her history gone to war to succor a Central European state, and he knew from Ribbentrop that the Conservatives in power had no desire to do so now. He knew from tables published in Britain, if not from his secret service, that the Government

considered itself still one year from air readiness, two years from naval readiness, three years from land readiness, and four years from industrial readiness. He had done nothing to make Britain fear her *immediate* interests, and he may have sensed the British way of "muddling through" in the hope that "something would turn up," and not fighting except in the last extremity.

Hitler had avoided anything (except the famous lines in *Mein Kampf*) which might arouse fear of an attack on France; and in fact no such fear manifested itself in France or Britain. For these Czechoslovakia's integrity was a secondary interest. Her freedom and democracy might have been presented to the British and French peoples and to many other peoples as a primary and vital interest worth defending. *But they were not*—not at least by the British and French authorities.

When the crisis came, Britain, *i.e.*, the Chamberlain Government, saw the issue like this: Germany is gripped in a frenzy of racialism. She is determined to complete her national unity. Open warning or opposition will only infuriate Hitler, threaten him with "loss of face," and drive him to desperate action (so, Duff Cooper revealed in his resignation speech, ran Chamberlain's continual refrain). If we drive Germany to war she is capable of anything. London's defenses are not ready; the city would become the shambles that Barcelona is. (The object lesson of Barcelona played such a decisive part in moving the British and French to save London and Paris from a similar fate that one is forced to question if it were not carried out last March as "psychological preparation" for the September drive.)

Nor would all this horrible sacrifice save the Czechoslovaks. In Mr. Chamberlain's own words (after he had talked with Hitler) what would happen would be: "First a frightful massacre of the Sudetens by the Czechs, and then the massacre of all the Czechs by the Germans." And in the end what profit would there

be? "Civilization as we know it," Mr. Chamberlain believed, "would have been destroyed." And all this to protect a state which, another Cabinet Minister, Lord Maugham, said "should never have been created at all," the last pillar in the rotting foundations of the Versailles system.

VI

The French, for their part, were bewildered, confused, distraught. Threatened on the east, south and west, weakened by the prolonged economic crisis and consequent class struggle of recent years, and profoundly pacifist at heart, they could do little but cling to Britain's skirt. They saw *their* Europe crumbling before their eyes, but what could they do to save it? If they did sacrifice their glorious Paris (the French say that the British have built a great empire, but they have built Paris) to this terrible *Boche* air force, what would it avail them? Would it save the Czechs and their beautiful Prague?

Then there was a psychological factor which has gone almost unnoticed but which must have played a powerful part in the outcome. For a dozen years the French had thought only of defensive warfare. Could they now suddenly change all their plans and ideas and launch a successful attack against the German Rhine fortifications? Visions of a repetition of Verdun, with the roles reversed, almost paralyzed thought. Nor could they gain any satisfaction in contemplating the retaliatory destruction of German cities. There has been no hint that the British and French leaders used such threats in the negotiations. Chamberlain, "a man of peace to the bottom of his soul," really went into the negotiations with Hitler bound hand and foot.

Finally there was Russia. She was connected to Czechoslovakia only by a couple of branch railway lines over which Roumania had never granted her the final right of passage. And she had been strangely silent all through the crisis. In the height of the drama she still made no

appearance on the stage but lurked back in the semi-obscurity of the wings. Would she help? *Could* she help, after the drastic succession of purges which had cleaned off most of the heads of her armed forces, diplomacy, and industry? Could her promise, repeated unemphatically by Litvinoff from time to time, be trusted? In the end France and Britain decided not; the Soviets fell victim of their own amorality.

All this time Germany was steadily intensifying her pressure on Czechoslovakia, from within and without, "putting on the screws" as it is called. And Czechoslovakia was showing a most reprehensible determination to defend herself. France had not been quite able to bring herself to give up this doughty ally; she had for too long been accustomed to looking upon the Czechs as thirty-five divisions of the French Army. Chamberlain saw that war might still come automatically, an incident in Sudetenland bringing a German attack on Czechoslovakia, and the French and themselves being dragged in, as someone has said, "like a train of box-cars." With the sudden intensification of "incidents" in Sudetenland following on Hitler's Nuremberg speech, Chamberlain determined on drastic action. The cession of Sudetenland, which the Lothianites had launched as a "trial balloon" in *The Times* the week before, and which Runciman recommended, must be pressed through at once, *peacefully*. He flew to see Hitler, returned to force the plan on the helpless French. He even succeeded in forcing it on a dismayed and overwhelmed Czechoslovakia.

Then Hitler very nearly spoiled everything, by raising his demands a stiff notch in his typical fashion. He outlined at Godesberg a brutal six-day ultimatum which he was going to *force* on these impudent Czechs. He had invited the Poles and Hungarians—as if that were necessary—to pile on their demands; and he had no intention of guaranteeing the remainder of Czechoslovakia. Here Chamberlain, a wrong-headed man if you

will but no coward, "got his back up." Germany could have practically everything she wanted in this matter by orderly negotiation, but he would not accept a violent solution.

He felt that the time had come to make that great effort of which Lothian spoke, to end violent *coups* in Europe. He went home and mobilized the Fleet, set people to digging air-raid shelters, called over General Gamelin for Staff consultations, even established a tentative contact with Litvinoff in Geneva. Germans still capable of reason were impressed. While gray-helmeted troops poured past the silent crowds of Berlin for the frontier, conservative diplomatic, military, and economic leaders rapidly counted up the odds and found them appalling. The noisy adherence of Poland to the anti-Czech front was the surest thing to arouse Russia. The entrance of half-armed Hungary on their side was all that was needed to bring Yugoslavia and Roumania against them. Experience counseled against counting absolutely on Italy, who was in any case already war-weary and, with her three armies overseas and her almost total lack of vital raw materials, particularly vulnerable to an Anglo-French naval blockade. Neurath, Beck, Schacht all united in pressing on Hitler that Germany lacked the allies, the vital raw materials, and the trained reserves necessary to emerge victorious over the combination shaping up against her.

So it was that Mussolini, in a desperate position himself, with the nation split from top to bottom on the question of going to war "on the wrong side," was able to prevail on Hitler to forego his full mobilization and enter his first international conference. Chamberlain had Hitler and Mussolini with their backs to the wall that time. Did he realize it? Perhaps he did. Then why did he not force them to back down, and preserve peace *and* honor *and* freedom *and* international law? Chamberlain seems never to have accepted the Eden view that a firm stand would halt the dictators. He appears instead to have believed—a belief

sedulously fostered by Ribbentrop—that either they would seek war as a way out or fall through loss of prestige and be replaced by *Communism*.

When things had reached the Godesberg-Munich stage and Europe seemed about to be turned over to the inexorability of the military time-tables, the humanity of the British and French leaders, to whom nothing could be worth the horror and devastation of another war, which they were sure would settle nothing and ruin them all, won over (or was it *lost to*?) the reckless irresponsibility of the power-mad dictators. Anglo-French society recoiled before the challenge of a new barbarism, to which it would not descend. That is the kindest construction which can be put on the Munich Agreement. On the short term—how short we hardly know yet—it was a victory for humanity. The hysterical relief and joy of the crowds in Berlin and Rome, equally with London and Paris, brought that home as the outstanding lesson of the crisis.

Only in one European country was there unmitigated gloom over the Munich Agreement—in Czechoslovakia. Through unbelievable intimidation, terror, and finally betrayal this little country had comported itself with a fortitude which commanded the admiration of the civilized world. The Czechoslovaks dis-

played all the courage, vitality, preparedness, and clear-headed leadership so pitifully lacking in Britain and France before and during the crisis. They were ready to stand as the spearhead and only asked the others to back them up.

Czechoslovakia was of the essence of the new order, of the League of Nations era; and when the League went, it went. In one way it was of an even newer order than the unchecked nationalism which determined the composition of most of the post-War states. It was a little League of Nations in itself, formed as a balanced economic unit in some disregard of the rights of self-determination. Masaryk's idea was that Czechoslovakia could show that the Danubian peoples, too hopelessly jumbled together for all to have the national rule they wished, could live together in peace if tolerance, democracy, and economic well-being were assured them. It was their only alternative to domination by Germany. From Masaryk to Hodza Czechoslovakia was always the "ringleader" of Danubian Federation; that is why Germany is so determined to discredit and crush her.

Masaryk wrought mightily, but twenty years is a short time in which to build a state. Despite many undoubted errors of omission and commission Czechoslovakia was a noble effort. The world will miss her—more than it realizes.





THE ROAD FROM MUNICH

BY ELMER DAVIS

A shrewd victor will, if possible, keep imposing his demands on the conquered by degrees. He can then, in dealing with a nation that has lost its character—and this means every one that submits voluntarily—count on its never finding in any particular act of oppression a sufficient excuse for taking up arms once more. On the contrary; the more the exactions that have been willingly endured, the less justifiable does it seem to resist at last on account of a new and apparently isolated (though to be sure constantly recurring) imposition.—ADOLF HITLER, *Mein Kampf*, p. 759.

THERE, set down twelve years ago, is a preview of the history of Europe after Munich—a Europe which at the end of 1938 stands about where it stood at the end of 1811, with this difference: In 1811 England was not only the implacable but the impregnable enemy of the man who dominated the Continent. The England of 1938 is something else, strategically and morally.

Already as I write, Hitler is applying the policy outlined above to the Czechs; though they can hardly be accused of voluntary submission to an ultimatum not only from an enemy five times their size but from their "friends" as well. The nations that lost their character, in the harsh practical sense that Hitler gives to that word, in the September crisis were the nations that not merely threw the Czechs to the wolves to save themselves but purchased immunity from German air raids by the surrender of their own voice in the affairs of Europe. It is hardly becoming for those who sit in safety overseas to criticize a bargain that suits the peoples involved; but few Englishmen, fewer Frenchmen, seem to realize that what they paid at Munich was only the first installment on the price.

As Charles Merrill says, you can no longer buy peace; you can only rent it on short-term leases. A racketeer selling protection is not content with a single lump sum.

Comment on the ethics of the Munich agreement is irrelevant. We live now in a world of force; the point of importance to Americans is what new facts or new emphases, in a field that might better be called international physics than international politics, emerged from the recent hullabaloo. They seem to me to be the following:

(1) The substance of what half the world achieved by four years of war was undone in three weeks, without war, by the resolution of one man. So long as that man lives he is the principal fact in world politics.

(2) The dominant emotion of the peoples of Europe, Germans and Italians included if we can believe the news dispatches, is antipathy to war—at least to a general war, which our side might lose and in which anybody might get hurt. In other circumstances this would be the happiest omen in human history. As things are, it can act as an effective deterrent only in the democracies; the dictators are still able to use the threat of war as an instrument of policy. It was above all the memory of the last war that made the world safe for Hitler.

(3) The only possible solution of the problem of intermingled races in Central Europe—if there is any solution at all—is that of which Masaryk was the chief proponent and his people, whatever their

mistakes, gave the best example: The living together of different races, with equal rights, in democratic states whose frontiers might gradually lose most of their significance. That solution was deliberately sabotaged, and is now discarded.

(4) Most important for Americans is Hitler's discovery that Germany's biggest asset is London. London, head and heart of England, huge, rich, and appallingly vulnerable. The pressure of a threat against London is enough to swing the immense weight of England in support of German policy. For the September crisis proved that the English will ransom London at any price—so long as the price is paid by others. The Czechs paid it this time. Somebody else will pay it next time.

II

Hitler's mustache is no longer a joke, nor is anything else about Hitler. Only a few months ago, so astute an observer as Winston Churchill could set him down as inferior to Mussolini; which is not possible now. Mussolini may be better balanced, more of a realist in ordinary times; but Hitler has an incomparable instinct for the realities—ugly and distorted perhaps, but still real—of an age of crisis and revolution. Every one of his great strokes was undertaken against the judgment of the best-informed, the supposedly wisest, of his advisers; every one, so far, has succeeded. We had better stop calling that luck.

People have underestimated him because they do not like to believe that things are as he sees them. Certainly it is a bleak and hardboiled Weltanschauung that underlies the doctrines of *Mein Kampf*—a world where race struggles against race for existence under the neutral chairmanship of a God who awards the prize to whatever people has proved its superior fitness by outfighting and outbreeding the rest. (Characteristic is Hitler's hostility to birth control, on the ground that it is better for the race to breed as many children as possible and let the tough ones survive.) But this is

a true picture of what man's condition has been, except as it has been mitigated by certain human sentiments which Hitler despises; because he believes it is a true picture, it will come nearer being true, for our time, than anybody would have thought possible twenty-five years ago.

Major Attlee in the House of Commons debate said that the difference between the behavior of Beneš in the crisis and that of Hitler was the difference between a civilized man and a gangster; which by the canons of what we call civilization is true. But if Hitler keeps on winning, something else may be called civilization in the twenty-first century. Meanwhile it is apparent that much of that violence, the shrieking abuse of Beneš and the Czechs in general, was merely tactics, and successful tactics.

Many who heard those two broadcasts must have thought the man was crazy, especially when he came to that last hysterical passage about the "lonely unknown soldier." But if he feels messianic the evidence bears him out; he was a lonely unknown soldier, and he did conquer a Reich—indeed several Reichs; if anything is crazy it is the world we live in, not Hitler who is so admirably adapted to it. As for the Czechs, it is clear from the early chapters of *Mein Kampf* that he has had a special hatred for them from boyhood. The Czechs, as a rule much more industrious and competent than the Austrian Germans, were getting ahead in the Hapsburg monarchy; Hitler complains of the "Czechizing" tendencies of Franz Ferdinand, of the "rooting out of Germanism"—a phrase that recurred in his fantastic broadcast picture of Czech treatment of the Sudeten Germans. No doubt he relished the opportunity to abuse the Czechs to a listening world; but the abuse was an instrument of policy, calculated to intoxicate the Germans and terrorize the English—as it did. Hitler on the air can use the coarsest violence, for effect; but Hitler in the newsreels, meeting Chamberlain at Berchtesgaden, looked neither coarse nor crazy; he had the gravity and dignity befitting the head

of a great nation in a great crisis. Which also seems to have had its effect.

If sanity be practically defined as the holding of opinions about people and phenomena which are verified by experience, Hitler is the sanest man of our time. Two years ago, when I was last in Europe, there were men in the British Foreign Office who took him seriously only because they thought he was crazy, and hence incalculable. I mentioned this to President Beneš, who rejected it with vigor. Hitler, he said, was anything but crazy; he was a gambler, but every gamble was based on a cool and accurate calculation of realities. Evidently Beneš knew Hitler better than the British did; also, Hitler knew the British better than Beneš did.

The Czechs perhaps never realized how a considerable part of the British governing class despised them as a middle-class nation deficient in landed gentry; nor did they appreciate that peculiarly British reasoning which was eventually exemplified in the Runciman report. What struck most people in that document was the contradiction between its whereases and its be-it-resolved. The grievances of the Sudetens, Lord Runciman found, were grossly exaggerated; if you offered them what they asked they always demanded more; they did not want to reach an agreement—consequently you must give them everything. Very English. An honest but practical man had been sent to do a job; he did it, but he could not bring himself to pretend that there was any nonsense of fair play about it.

And meanwhile by its mere presence and the negotiations it had inspired the Runciman mission had skilfully and subtly undermined Czech morale and will to resistance. If anything like the Munich terms had been handed to the Czechs in June they would probably have fought, even if they had had to fight alone; in which case, almost certainly, other nations would have been drawn in one by one. But the mere presence of the Runciman mission got the Czech people used to the idea that they must make concessions, sacrifices; a little, and then

a little more, so that it never seemed quite worth while to take a stand against what Hitler (whom Runciman may never have read) calls a new and apparently isolated, though constantly recurring, imposition. Steadily and surely, the resolution of the Czech nation was picked to pieces; they were familiarized with the idea of defeat. Whether, as the Czechs believe, this was the deliberate intention of the Runciman mission, I do not know; but like so many things in English history, it worked out to the same end as if it had been deliberately intended.

It is also clear that Hitler, who has seen the French only across No Man's Land, knew them better than the Czechs, who had been dealing with them for twenty years. But for their loyalty to the French alliance the Czechs would have had a better understanding with Germany before Hitler ever came to the top; even a year or two ago, they could have got far better terms by selling out to him than were thrust upon them at Munich. What Hitler wanted then was a repudiation of their alliances with France and Russia, the subservience of Czechoslovakia to German foreign policy. If he could have got that he would have let the Sudeten Germans tell their hard-luck story to somebody else. Only for a while, no doubt; sooner or later Grossdeutschland would have gathered them in—but much less painfully to the Czechs, who would not have been kicked in the face in the process.

But the Czechs gambled on the loyalty of France. Six times within the past year the French government promised the Czechoslovak Minister in Paris to stand by the alliance; but when the pinch came . . . A Czech friend of mine remarked afterward that his people had made one fatal mistake—they built those frontier fortifications that were not only to protect Bohemia, but to take pressure off the French army, with their own money. If they had borrowed the money in Paris the French might have kept their word.

Czechoslovakia, however, was not the principal casualty at Munich.

III

The artificial French hegemony of the Continent set up in 1919 had crumbled away long before Munich; still, to see France suddenly reduced to the status of Belgium is to see something. And to see England reduced to the status of Holland, without a fight . . .

As Hitler said to Chamberlain at Berchtesgaden: for England it was a question at most of imponderables. One of those imponderables, however, has been the major premise of English foreign policy ever since modern nations arose—the Balance of Power, the principle that no one nation can be allowed to dominate the Continent. At Munich Chamberlain gave it away. It is no longer possible to speak, except in retrospect, of the Great Powers of Europe. There is only one great power in Europe.

It can be argued from the examples of Holland and Sweden that a nation is better off if it quits trying to be a great power; possibly England and France would be better off if they frankly accepted the same position as Holland and Belgium, second-rate European states with rich possessions overseas. But that is not what the British government professes to want, nor does it seem that more than a few Englishmen realize that that is what has happened. Furthermore, the peace and prosperity of small nations with rich empires are dependent either on the tolerance of the great powers or on the balance between them. The Swedes had no peace till they had lost their Baltic empire; the Dutch retain their East Indian empire, so far, because the British could not use it and would not let anybody else have it. How far England can protect Java now is doubtful; England has overseas possessions of its own to worry about—territories it has held partly by a navy which is unable to protect London against air raids, partly by a prestige which was one of those imponderables sacrificed at Munich.

Mr. Chamberlain may well have been right, however, in saying that he had

saved peace for our time, so far as Western Europe is concerned. Who would fight now, and what for? If they couldn't stop Hitler last September it is hard to see how they can ever stop him. Whether or not the German air force was then as large as the British and French believed, it will never be any smaller, even relatively; the German aircraft industry seems able to outbuild England and France together. This year too the German army had few trained reserves; every year from now on it will have nearly a million more—and never again will it have to protect its flank against thirty divisions of Czechoslovaks.

And last September there was such a lineup as Europe is never likely to see again. Not merely England, France, and Czechoslovakia against Germany and a far from enthusiastic Italy. There was also Russia, which might not have been able to do much directly but could have kept Poland neutral; there were Rumania and Yugoslavia, which could have kept Hungary neutral, protected the Czech rear, perhaps threatened Vienna. Turkey too had been brought into line, at considerable cost; Greece and Bulgaria wanted only to be let alone; Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland, also anxious to be left alone, were ready and able to defend themselves—and the French flanks.

Also, American feeling was more overwhelmingly against Hitler than it ever was against imperial Germany until after our declaration of war in 1917. The Neutrality Act would have enabled England and France to draw heavily on our resources; and in that state of public opinion there would have been no talk of amending it except to help them more. It seems highly probable that this time Hitler could have been licked, though at the cost of considerable damage to Paris and London. But if not this time, then never. For now Russia, elbowed aside, hopes for no more than to be let alone; and all the little nations down to and including Turkey are climbing on the Hitler band wagon. Significant is the shift in Holland, of late frankly depend-

ent on the support of England, where we now hear that "a certain revision of foreign policy seems desirable." As for America, it is our most zealous advocates of collective security who are most disgusted with what was done to Czechoslovakia, most thoroughly convinced that there could be no security in partnership with the nations that surrendered at Munich.

If British and French policy makes sense at all, it is on the premise that Hitler will let them alone hereafter if they stay in their own yard. Perhaps he will. *Mein Kampf* sizzles with abuse of France, the deadly enemy; there must be a decisive struggle, a final settlement; France must be annihilated. But this was written in the middle twenties, when France overshadowed a disarmed Germany; and Hitler explicitly says that the annihilation of France is "only a means of giving our people the necessary expansion in another place," a safeguarding of Germany's rear for the march of eastward conquest. Now that France has annihilated itself as a great power, a final settlement becomes superfluous.

To be sure there is Alsace-Lorraine. In his September 26th broadcast Hitler insisted that "Alsace-Lorraine does not exist for us any more; we want nothing of France, absolutely nothing." (In 1935 he said he did not want Austria, in 1936 he said he would not attack Czechoslovakia.) But *Mein Kampf*, the apocalypse of the new religion, declares that the frontiers of the Reich must include all Germans; and a man who regards blood as the criterion of race could find plenty of German blood in Alsace-Lorraine (which "France stole from us") if he wanted to. So perhaps Alsace-Lorraine will exist for him again when he gets round to it.

And if he reached out for Alsace-Lorraine, would England fight to save it? Would France, for that matter? Last September showed that the French and English peoples, quite understandably, are for peace at almost any price. The German and Italian peoples do not seem as enthusiastic for war as you might think

from listening to their leaders; but they have nothing to say about it. The British and French governments function pretty autocratically in a crisis and exercise considerable control over the channels of public information; but they are not yet as irresponsible as Hitler and Mussolini. Even the dictators are not wholly irresponsible; they would be overthrown if they lost a war. But the British and French ministries could be unseated much earlier and much more easily if they resisted an overwhelming trend of public sentiment.

Perhaps then a French government confronted with a demand for a plebiscite in Alsace-Lorraine—with a "token occupation" to precede it and make it unnecessary—might consider that this was not a sufficient reason for taking up arms once more. And after Alsace-Lorraine? A shrewd victor will keep imposing his demands on the conquered by degrees. "The frontiers of 1914," Hitler has written, "mean nothing at all for the future." They neither included all Germans nor made sense from the standpoint of military geography. All frontiers, anyway, are accidental and temporary; "they are made by men and changed by men." Since the twelfth century the French-German language frontier has shifted, much to Germany's disadvantage; which carries the implication, in view of what Hitler said earlier about the difference between language and blood, that he could find sufficient German blood in eastern France if he needed an excuse for aggression. (Pp. 736-740, 766, 428 ff.)

All this is speculative; perhaps he really does not want any more territory in the west. Two things only are certain: If and when he does want it, it will be a good deal easier to take than it would have been last September; and the mere fact that he says he does not want it means nothing at all.

For the English *Mein Kampf* is more encouraging—especially the long, acute, and contemptuous critique of pre-war German foreign policy (pp. 144-164). Germany, says Hitler, should have pur-

sued a continental policy, a Bodenpolitik, of annexations at the expense of Russia; this would have necessitated the support of England, which ought to have been purchased at the sacrifice of colonies, sea power, even competition in world trade. What more could any Englishman ask? Now too Germany should pursue this Bodenpolitik—good news for the English; especially the rich and well-born, who are ready to give him three cheers whenever he starts out against Russia, the enemy of God and property. And he has promised, by treaty, never to build a fleet more than a third as large as that of England.

All very fine, except that now he wants colonies too. The German campaign for the return of the colonies they lost (and perhaps the handing over of a few more) is, like all German pressure, turned on and off according to the exigencies of the moment; but Hitler mentioned the issue even at Munich, only observing that it could be settled without war.

Of course it can, now that the Germans have discovered what must be called, however tritely, the Achilles heel of England. Why should they waste money on a big navy when they can get what they want by threatening London from the air?

IV

Bodenpolitik, however, takes precedence of colonial questions in Hitler's mind; and the implications of this "land policy" are by no means clear.

How much land does Germany want? No more after the Sudeten lands, said Hitler to Chamberlain; but in 1936 he had said he wanted no more than he had then; if Chamberlain believed him this time, he was about the only person who did. *Mein Kampf* insists that all Germans must be brought into the Reich, and there are still plenty of them outside. Passing over Alsace-Lorraine, there are some thousands of Germans in Eupen, ceded to Belgium by the Treaty of Versailles; other thousands in North Schleswig where the Danish majority voted to

go back to Denmark in 1919. These "splinters of Germanism" can be recovered whenever he chooses to demand them.

Nearly three million of the four million Swiss are German by speech, perhaps almost as many by blood; they were never a part of Germany—but neither were the Sudeten Germans till last October. And there are more than a million Germans in Poland—some of them in Upper Silesia, which has mines worth recovering; some in that corridor to the sea which cuts off East Prussia from the rest of Germany. Hitler's non-aggression treaty with Poland expires in a little more than five years, but he promised on September 26th that it would be lasting and enduring; a nation of thirty-three million people was entitled to an outlet to the sea. (Or "would always strive for it," which is not quite the same; I do not recall his exact words, and the published translations conflict.) But the Poles must remember his promises to Austria and Czechoslovakia; and the passage in his "political testament of the German nation" (*Mein Kampf*, p. 754) about the need of striking down any military power that rises on the German frontier would fit Poland, now that Czechoslovakia has been disarmed.

The Poles played jackal to the German tiger, gobbling Teschen while Czechoslovakia was helpless. Now that they have what they want they are telling the Czechs (with a curious blindness recurrent in Polish history) that all Slavs must stand together, rallying round great Poland. At the same time they are still playing jackal to the tiger, insisting that if Germany gets a slice of colonial pie, Poland must have some of the crumbs. This policy has succeeded in losing Poland all her friends but Germany—the most important one to keep certainly. But there are still a million Germans in Poland. When Hitler decides that the time has come to "liberate" the Corridor and Upper Silesia, the outcries of dismembered Poland will be received by the world with a positively stupendous apathy.

Then of course there are the Germans

of South Tirol; but Mussolini can keep them so long as Hitler needs him.

Reunion of the race, however, is *only* the prelude to real Bodenpolitik. "We must get the German people the land that is its due" (*den ihm gebührenden*). How much is that? In the first place, enough to guarantee the food supply, which was much on Hitler's mind in those days. "Only when the frontier of the Reich includes the last German, without any longer insuring him a living, will there arise from the need of our own people the moral right to the acquisition of foreign soil." That however is on the first page, written in 1924; by 1926, when Hitler wrote his later chapters, he was looking farther ahead. "Do not consider the Reich secure till it can give every scion of our people his own piece of ground for centuries to come" (p. 754). "To-day we number eighty million Germans in Europe. The rightness of that foreign policy will be recognized only when in barely a century, two hundred and fifty million Germans live on this continent—not squeezed together as factory-coolies for the rest of the world, but farmers and industrial workers whose production reciprocally insures each other's livelihood" (p. 767).

Now that is a pretty large order. Where are you going to put these other Germans? Of the countries surrounding Germany, Czechoslovakia had a population density of 277 to the square mile (before amputation), Poland of 233. Even the Ukraine, to which Hitler's eyes have most often been lifted as the Promised Land, has 186 to the square mile. Not much more than half the density of Germany's population, but double that of Indiana; this is no virgin wilderness of great open spaces. If Europe by the year 2026 must make room for a hundred and seventy million more Germans than it holds now, somebody is going to have to get out—or go under.

But to drive out the inhabitants of enough territory to make room for three times as many Germans as there are now seems a little too much even for Hitler.

Perhaps there is a hint of another solution in his comments on early Aryan cultures (pp. 322–324). A decisive factor in those cultures was the subject races; for before the machine age human labor was needed—and the Aryans, apparently, were too honorable to work. "Without the possibility of making use of the labor of lower human beings the Aryans would never have been able to take the first step toward their later culture." Unfortunately the primitive Aryans let their subjects learn the masters' language, began to interbreed with them, and so at last went down; but Aryans of our time know better. This at least suggests that even in a machine age the Germans might keep the conquered Slavs to do the hard work—speaking their own patois, deprived of the right of intermarriage. Why not? The ancient Aryans "gave their subjects a life that was perhaps better than their earlier so-called freedom." Precisely what Southern moralists, in days now gone with the wind, said about the African slaves.

Here is an alternative solution of the problem of the racial chowder in Central Europe. It does not seem very satisfactory; but it was not intended to be satisfactory to anybody but the Germans. It might suit them very well; for, as is proved by their allowing some Jews to stay alive in Germany, the superior race cannot be sure of its superiority unless it has "lower human beings" within reach, who can safely be kicked about.

But Bodenpolitik means still more. A great nation needs plenty of land, not only on account of the food supply but for military-political reasons, as "a fulcrum for power-politics." Bad news for the small countries between Silesia and the Persian Gulf, which have resigned themselves to taking orders from Berlin, but hope to keep at least the form of independence. They may be allowed to keep it of course; perhaps Hitler will be satisfied with control of their resources, domination of their policy. But if they happen to have anything else he needs he can take that too.

Mr. Chamberlain, however, need not worry about such matters; for Hitler has promised him that he will make no more territorial demands—in Europe.

V

Outside of Europe, however, there are colonies—and also the Germans overseas. *Mein Kampf* is silent about them; in the twenties, too much needed attention nearer home. But now there is an Institute for Germanism Abroad that is busily cultivating them, and missionaries from home spread the gospel in the foreign field. Bodenpolitik, it begins to be clear, is not enough to keep an active nation occupied. Even in 1926 Hitler's vision was not confined within the narrow bounds of Europe. Discussing the pre-war Germans (pp. 437-438), he says that if they had only had "that herd-like unity that other peoples enjoyed" (they have it now, and enjoy it too) "then would the German Reich to-day be mistress of the globe"; and there would be peace, "established by the victorious sword of a master nation, that takes the world into the service of a higher Kultur."

Now, Mr. Hitler, you are talking. Talking to us perhaps.

Hitler is both the leader of a conquering nation and the prophet of a militant religion; and while America may lie beyond the range of his immediate interest, he could be dangerous to us on both counts. Of the various openings for Fascist intrigue on this side of the Atlantic the German population offers, by his principles, the best excuse. I am not suggesting that even his aspirations extend to Milwaukee and St. Louis. But Brazil . . .

There are a good many Germans in Brazil, especially in São Paulo, the richest and most populous state; second-generation Germans mostly, but the holy blood of the master nation flows in their veins. There are a lot of Italians too. Suppose Hitler chooses to discover that the Germans of Brazil are being oppressed, tortured, extirpated, like the Sudetens whom

he lately rescued. That would mean trouble for Brazil; and for us too unless we chose to throw away the Monroe Doctrine as the English threw away the Balance of Power.

It was observed in these pages last year that the United States was in no serious danger from Fascist Europe for a long time to come; but a new factor has come into the situation since then. The Atlantic is still an effective barrier to fleets of air bombers; and the German and Italian navies, however efficient, are too small for serious operations in American waters—especially as they have no bases outside of Europe. In case of a German attack, even a German-Italian attack, our fleet could protect the eastern Pacific against Japan and still appear in the Atlantic in a force sufficient, in all probability, to beat them both.

But the British navy is as large as our own; and it has plenty of bases on this side of the Atlantic, even if they have been allowed to run down. The British navy in the service of Hitler would be something to worry about.

Unthinkable? Try thinking about it anyway. Suppose the Germans start two propaganda campaigns at once, as they have often done—one about the oppression of Germans in Brazil, the other for the return of their lost colonies plus a few more by way of reparation. Suppose Hitler turns the heat on the British, shrieks abuse at them on the air, whips up the crisis to a peak and holds it there—as he did last September—till everybody else finds it unendurable. Again there is the threat of bombers over London; but again London can be ransomed—if England is willing to support Hitler's demands on Brazil as England did Hitler's demands on Czechoslovakia. Does anybody suppose the English would ransom London with their own property so long as they could send the bill to somebody else?

But the English would never become the mercenaries of Hitler against us? A Labor government would not; nor would the remnant of the Liberals, nor a faction of the Conservatives. But study the rec-

ord of the present government for seven and a half years—a continuing institution under successive leaders; consider what it did about Manchuria, about Ethiopia, about Czechoslovakia—and about King Edward too. It is hard to put anything past them. And of course it would not be put before the English people in that light; something like the grievances of British oil companies in Mexico would be set up both as the pretext for intervention in American affairs, and as an extra reward. It would be as easy for the English to persuade themselves that they were not Hitler's mercenaries as to persuade themselves that they did not suffer a diplomatic disaster at Munich. Nor would the English (or the Germans, for that matter) go to war about it if they could get satisfaction without fighting; the United States would be overrun by a horde of Runcimans, suggesting compromises, agreements; undermining in so far as they could the will to resistance with talk of Anglo-Saxon brotherhood.

This is not fantasy. Mr. Winston Churchill, who has a far better sense of the realities of world physics than most of his fellow-countrymen, said in the House of Commons on October 3rd: "What I find unendurable is the sense of our country falling into the power, orbit, and influence of Nazi Germany, and our existence becoming dependent on their good will and pleasure. In a few years, perhaps in a few months, we shall be confronted with demands with which we shall be invited to comply." (A shrewd victor will always impose his demands on the conquered by degrees.) "But these demands may involve the surrender of territory or of liberty." (And the alternative, again, will be Goering's bombers over London.) If Hitler gave them another way out, let them ransom London by helping to force the surrender (as they did last September) of other people's territory and liberty, would they not take it? The business of any government is

to look out for its own people, not others; and the English lost their last chance to say "No" and make it stick when they said, "Oh, very well if you insist" at Munich.

As I write (October 10th) Hitler is already telling the English to "refrain from constantly meddling talk," and warning them that certain men would not be satisfactory to him as heads of the British government.

VI

This is set down with regret, and apologies to my English friends, most of whom feel about Hitler (and perhaps by this time about Chamberlain) as I do. But it is a calculation of realities affecting American interests; the English who lately consulted what they considered, however mistakenly, their own interests, cannot be surprised if we look out for ours.

What to do about all this? That is beyond my competence; my only suggestion is that we had better stop thinking about the evils and ugliness of Hitler's Germany. It is ugly and evil enough; but the important thing for a nation which has to live in the world with Hitler's Germany and wants to go on standing on its own feet is to look at the things that make Germany strong, to see if there are not some of those qualities that we can emulate, without giving up our principles; to see if we cannot once more—as we have done once or twice in great crises of the past—rise to a sense of unity and resolution in the service of democracy and freedom, such as Hitler has created in his people in the service of autocracy and conquest.

And to remember, if, as, and when he bothers us, that the time to stop Hitler is the first time. A shrewd victor will always keep imposing his demands on the conquered by degrees; try to buy peace from Hitler and you find you have only rented it—on short-term leases, at an ever-increasing price.



FORTY-THIRD DIVISION

A STORY IN TWO PARTS. PART I

BY RALPH BATES

THE snow was harder and crunched under their feet above the granite outcrop and they rested, facing the Dome of the Aneto peak, screwing up their eyes against its brightness. The wind rising out of the valley beyond the peak was driving plumes of snowdust up into the intense blue sky. On their side, however, the air flurries were soft and warm from the granite blocks. Agustin, the younger of the two scouts of the 43rd, the "lost" Division, made several attempts to drive his axe shaft into the snow.

"How lovely," he exclaimed, "Pere, do you see? If you make a hole in the snow it seems to fill up with blue light. Oh, lovely; soft light, you can see it pour in like a liquid." He ran about the ridge jabbing holes. The black-bearded Pere laughed, but he was pleased with the boy's delight.

Pere advanced to the edge of the great cliff on their left. In the gloomy amphitheater below the peak were coils of mist, slowly rising. "Eh, Agustin, the Malibierna Pass is just the other side, in the direction of that cairn. Eh, blast you, listen. We must go down the East Ridge."

The boy came running toward him, shielding his eyes; sun-smitten ice glittered on the East Ridge. "Pere, the light in the holes is the same color as the snow lakes, amethysts, dissolved in . . ." A rifle cracked, thin and feeble in the rarefied air. "Oh, Pere," the boy choked, and twisted as he fell. He lay still upon his back.

Pere flung himself down and fired at the cairn. A bee droned by, blown up from the lush spring valley of the Ribagorzana. Quickly he raised himself and dropped as he saw the flicker of movement on the peak. The bullet swished over his head toward the Cursed Glacier. Lying upon the snow, he was out of sight, and he crawled back to the dead boy and turned him over. He had transferred the rations to his own sack when he heard a scrunch on the snow. Standing boldly, tall and slender, silhouetted against the sky, was the Enemy, lifting his rifle.

Both men fired and missed. The Enemy flung himself down behind the hump. Pere was dashing forward when he remembered, without conscious thought, that there were rocks beyond the snow hump. The Enemy would have cover. His own position was determined; on his right the snow plunged down five hundred feet to the blue-green crevasses.

He crawled back to the dead boy and took his ammunition, the binoculars, and the ice axe; and retreated three yards and stood up. Again the Enemy missed. Raging, Pere lifted his rifle, but the Enemy had already begun to drop. Slinging his rifle and lying flat, Pere pushed himself down the steep slope. As he shot down and his hissing snow-wake rose high, he turned on his side and lay upon the axe shaft and drove the point into the snow. As he stopped the axe grated among the nodules of icy snow that preceded the naked ice.

Quickly he cut steps down and across the Dome's north face. He noted that the wind was blowing chill up the Esbarrans Valley. Gaining the foot of the great rock bluff of the Aneto North Ridge, he climbed swiftly to its summit and with the binoculars searched the peak and the knife-edge leading to it, staring past the black mark on the snow hump.

Pere waited four hours. The north wind from France pushed heavy, canvas-hued clouds over the frontier range. Tongues of mist stuck out of the gaps in the frontier crest. The shadows sponged out the glacier's brilliance and the peaks blackened. The Enemy never approached the dead boy.

A burst of hail rattled on the granite as Pere climbed down. His will had frozen round one determination.

He reached the moraines as snow, a few gray flakes, began to drift in the brusque eddies; by the time he had descended the last dirt shoots the snow was falling with a faint hissing sound. At other times this would have caused him to hasten, but now he dawdled along the Esbarrans torrent course—toward the Aygualluts pasture, below the Cursed Peaks, where they had left their blankets—brooding over the boy's death.

Agustin, a young graduate of Barcelona University, had been working with Pere for nearly a year, and latterly had become a kind of assistant to him. One night, during the retreat, the boy had been of inestimable service to Pere, then operating with a rear-guard harassing company. He had suggested a movement which had enabled Pere to withdraw two hundred and twenty men given up for lost, the remains of a bombed battalion. Until recently Agustin had never been happy in the army, having been in constant trouble with the brigade authorities. Pere believed that he had always desired to be with him because Pere himself was something of a problem to the authorities.

For a while, on account of natural combativity, Pere had been a brigade com-

missar, but his explosive temper had undone much of his work, which he disliked. His indiscipline had finally disqualified him and his party had removed him. He had joined that party soon after the outbreak of the rebellion, not because of philosophic conviction, but because he approved its general war policy. Pere, a solitary, violent man of about forty years, had little patience with the problems of morale and adjustment, with which a commissar must occupy himself. Following this, he had done some fine skirmishing with a picked force against the Moors on the Sierra de Alcubierre. Again, he had so resented the strategical control of his work by the Staff that he had been asked by his party to surrender his commission. He had done so after a stormy scene with the Commissar, whom he had threatened.

He had fought magnificently during the retreat, when organization had broken down; leading shock parties back against advanced enemy forces, often working within the enemy offensive itself. For this he had been given the rank of lieutenant by the Division; he affected to ignore the promotion.

During the past fortnight, since they had been driven into the high mountains, Pere had again done splendid work as a scout. His mountaineering skill fitted him for that lonely work. Operating with a small unit, largely self-supporting, he was tireless and full of initiative, and had given first-rate protection to the "lost" Division. In order to be with him Agustin had declared, falsely, that he was a skilled climber, though he had made but one ascent of a rock peak in the Beciberi range.

Pere now reached their last night's resting place, took Agustin's blanket, and was about to set out for the overhanging boulder on the Maladetta pastures where he intended to sleep when an idea struck him.

The Enemy above had been watching the Malibierna pass; what was he doing there? Were the fascists launching an attack on the 43rd from Benasque? It

would be a good route to the Ribagorzana Valley; the southern slopes of the Cursed Mountains, running down into the Malibierna Valley, were already free from snow. He decided to warn the low-level scouts stationed in the valley before the Tonnelé Pass.

From Aygualluts to the pass by the Mulleres Valley was a three hours' journey, and there were three hours of daylight left; he set out at once. During the hour he was passing over the lower pastures of the valley he was thinking of Agustin, lying above on the white Dome, buried already under snow, heaping the snow up in a bank . . . the top of it would blow off into the spirals of falling snow. But he felt no deep sorrow; sorrow had disappeared before the clean danger of the snowstorm. Already, as he passed the last broad flats, speculation died out, for the gusts lifted serpents of snow before him. The ground was made treacherous by its thick, insubstantial covering of snow. There was a noise of wind above on the little Esbarrans peak on his right, like the banging of a vast cathedral door. The rumbling of the Mulleres stream on his left guided him; the snow shut out the view of the valley sides.

And then suddenly the wind sheared through the snow and the hundred peaks boomed into the blind night. Hour after hour Pere fought his way to the pass, where huge sails of snow raced across the gap and broke against the ridge. Again and again the wind beat him down into the heaving snow and at last, near exhaustion, he hacked his way to the shallow crevasse between the cliff base and the snow field and there fell asleep, with the gale storming above him.

When Pere awoke the full moon hung over the peaks he had left. He reached the pass with care and rested behind low rocks, startled by the beauty of the cordillera. Away to the west the sharp, sail-like peaks of the French frontier and the vast cliff of the Perdiguero stood clear but ghostly under the full moon. To the

southwest was the snow desert of the Posets, where no one ever wandered; and nearer, the Cursed Range itself, sharply outlined above the dimly shining glacier. He drew the blanket round him, staring at that solemn loveliness. Range after range stretched away on three sides, now cloaked in nocturnal white; their scribbled crests traced the finest of lines across a background of yet more peaks. The moonlight in the valleys between them seemed to be a faint mist rising out of blackness. On the slab-littered wilderness of the Mulleres, now a white dome, a torrent was flashing brightly; he could see the water twisting in the moonlight, and its black course beyond the beam.

He turned and regarded the valley he must soon descend. It was black, utterly black. Above its black emptiness floated a snow-laced lower peak, like a white suspended island. Beyond, the sprawling Beciberi and the Comolo Forno were like strange countries, suddenly perceived, or white palaces in the sky. He wanted others . . . he wanted Agustin to see the cordillera now. "Pere, Pere," the boy had cried, "the light in the holes is the same color as the snowflakes." Savage hatred momentarily burned in him. How Agustin had delighted in the little snow-field lakes, amethyst-hued, turquoise where the floes had been pressed below the surface by the weight of snow slipping down the banks. Prussian-blue lakes with bergs floating upon them.

"Pere, Pere," the boy's voice had cried, "it's like amethyst dissolved in . . ." What had he been going to say? But that still landscape, so vast and solemn that it was neutral to man, gradually immobilized Pere's emotions. He turned and slid down the first moonlit slopes and was swallowed up in the black depths.

In the first grayness he found his comrades, challenging the sentry with a shout when within ten yards of him.

"That's bad, Carlos," he said, shaking his head and frowning angrily. The scout made no answer, his expression admitting guilt.

After a while the sentry said, "I saw you higher up, then I lost you. I could see it was you." The others, awakening one by one, questioned him about his return. He straightened up from his sack and placed his rifle against the wall.

"Agustin's dead," he said. "One of their scouts shot him yesterday on the Aneto." Everyone kept silence, thinking of Agustin. After a while, Pere said, "Where's the Division? Any report?"

"Same position; yes, there's a report. There's a column of ours going to attack from Seo de Urgell, over the sierras into the Pallaresa Valley."

"Ah, going to relieve us, I suppose."

"Yes, our telegraphers have got the field wireless going again."

"Hope they don't relieve us too soon."

"Why, Pere?" It was the undertone in Pere's voice which had prompted the question.

"I am going back." He nodded toward the pass. Jaime, the Madrid climber, asked, "Are you taking anyone with you?"

"No . . . but you'd better make a visit every other day to the Tonnelé Pass. Get there about ten in the morning. If I'm not there traverse the ridges, by the Mulleres and the Salenques peak to the Salenques Pass. Bring what you can of rations for me and keep your eyes open. They have their scouts; I reckon they're stationed at the Renclusa refuge on the Maladetta. They won't send a force over the Salenques Pass but they might try the Malibierna. You go as far as that valley for the future, Enrique. It'll be tough I know, but you must try."

Pere prepared his bed against the wall, while Jaime, pleased at being given high-level work, warmed soup for the leader. Others, getting ready for their day's patrol, spread their blankets down for him.

"When are you going to be back, Pere?" Carlos asked.

"When . . ." he began, "in a few days, I hope."

Jaime brought a billy can of soup over to Pere's bed, knelt down and placed it on

his leader's lap. "What was it like, Pere, up there?" he said confidentially.

"I was a fool not to think," Pere answered. "I am to blame for it; that peak will be their lookout center if they expect an attack or if they try one on us by that route."

"No, I meant the storm. I wish . . ."

"The storm! Fine . . . you wish for a nice, romantic death in a blizzard while saving the Republic, do you, young fellow?"

"Eh, Pere . . . steady," the young climber exclaimed, crestfallen at the rebuke.

"Soup's good, fetch me some more," Pere continued, knowing this would content the boy. "Who's on guard here?"

"I am," answered the man newly detailed.

"All right, wake me in three hours, and don't let me get shot, as Carlos would."

"I saw you higher up, Pere," grumbled Carlos.

"All right, clean my rifle," grunted Pere.

"But I did . . ." The leader drew the blankets over his head and was silent. "I saw you by the hillock where the ruined cabin is."

Pere sprang up and glared at the man. "Cullon! Clean all the rifles for three days—for three months," he shouted, striking Carlos a light blow. He lay down and covered himself, muttering.

Carlos protested no more but showed resentment at the blow, and more than this, wounded affection. Some belonging to another party violently rebuked Pere. A few of Pere's fellow party members began to murmur, and this restraint was only a sign of their greater hurt. One or two openly said that this behavior ill-befitted Pere, himself ever chafing at discipline.

"But you're to blame, Carlos, as well," Jaime said. "If we take a different view of discipline you shouldn't abuse it."

The boy acknowledged his fault but unwittingly gave fresh life to the controversy by defending Pere. "He hit me because he'll never send a fellow before the Brigade," was his argument.

Two days later Pere traveled from the valley ridge above Benasque—having noted the presence in that town of three enemy battalions, to the Col Tonnelé—to await Jaime. Swiftly moving clouds were streaming over the highest ridges from the southwest; mists hid the valley floor. For a while he was hurrying along a corridor between the puffy grayness of the mist and the rafterlike clouds, from which fronds hung down, emaciated arms grasping through the clouds. Then as he pulled up the ruddle-colored slopes of the Malibierna peak the valley mists suddenly heaved and rose with stealthy speed and enveloped him. Silence settled over the mountain. The shell-like murmur of the air in the valley's huge diapason was filtered out by the mist. The roaring of the water, swelling and diminishing as the gusts blew, no longer rose from the slopes. The click of stones beneath his nailed boots lost the sharpness of impact. The only sound was of a gentle seeping and dripping of moisture. There was little purpose in ascending a peak blind with clouds; yet he made the height.

Nearing the final ramps, he heard the click of stones as if men were approaching. Quickly he lay down and released the safety catch of his rifle, which he always carried cocked. The mists swirled, cold puffs of air ran up the dripping slope. The clicking stopped, but he heard a soft drumming as if the invisible enemy were passing over grass.

Again the clicking began; he wriggled himself into a secure position from which he could both leap and shoot. Silence again. There was a short cough and a sighing, higher up the slope, and a rattle of spilling scree stones behind him. "They're going round me," he muttered. He thought he saw a black form looming through the mist, and his left arm jerked the foresight up, and then the form was gone.

The drumming was below him now, but nothing was visible. Again there was silence except for the whisper of seeping moisture. He allowed five minutes to pass and then took off his boots and

put on *alpargatas*, estimating meanwhile the exact location of the pass.

Pere strode quickly in the direction of the pass and then, looking at the ground, quietly laughed. He slapped the butt of his rifle and put his head back and laughed roundly.

"Of course," he said aloud; "Izard, a herd of izard." The clicking had been caused by a herd of the Pyrenean ibex.

Pere had often seen izards during his summer climbs but never at close quarters. The beasts had been as much puzzled as he, no doubt. They had been forced to leave their lower feeding grounds earlier than usual on account of the war; they were going from the high slopes of Ribagorzana to the upper heights of the Esera Valley, by way of the Malibierna. He pictured them standing in the mists, nostrils distended, heads up, forefeet nervously treading the ground. The whole herd had halted, tense. Then as he had crouched down they had advanced, trembling, suspicious, across the dark slope. What had prompted them to avoid the spot where he crouched, dividing in two files? He himself had experienced such sensations as they must have felt, in approaching the evil area, the malignant spot. . . . Still thinking of the invisible herd he continued his way to the Col Tonnelé.

Well before ten o'clock Jaime, the Castilian, appeared, working sensibly. He threw his arms round the leader and hugged him. "It's good to see you, Pere. Hungry?"

"Cullon! What have you brought?" Pere ejaculated, regarding the great packet of food Jaime was pulling out of his sack.

"The boys took a vote to allow you a part of their rations, Pere . . . my Lieutenant." The boy saluted. "All the boys," he added.

"Cullon," grunted the older man. "But I've got plenty left." He was pleased that resentment of the blow was at an end, yet beneath his pleasure he bridled at the implied censure.

"You have?" Jaime was disappointed

that he could not give pleasure to his chief. The debate among the patrol had ended with the proposal Jaime had related. An anarchist had proposed it, and Pere's party members had agreed.

"Where'd you sleep, Pere. . . . Oh, I forgot to say, your appointment has been confirmed by the war office, Lieutenant."

"Ah, ha," murmured Pere, running his fingers through his beard.

"Here's a letter for you from Esquinazo," continued Jaime. The men of the 43rd spoke thus of their colonel, calling him Antonio, or by his nickname: "Esquinazo," the "Dodger."

Pere opened the letter; it contained thanks for his good work and a request for fuller reports that savored of rebuke.

"Cullon, does he think there are copy-books and lakes of ink up here?" Pere growled. Yet he knew that Colonel Beltrán's request was within reason. The rebuke was limited to the absence of any except verbal reports, but the scout felt that it applied to his present activities also. "But why?" he thought. "I have ascertained that there are enemy in Benasque, I've watched the passes, and they need watching." "Why are you staying up here instead of superintending all the patrol routes?" his conscience asked, and was promptly silenced.

"Christ," he said angrily; "what's he think I am, one of these literary soldiers?" But the remark hurt him, for it brought the image of Agustin into a region of his mind which was sensitive to pain.

Attached to the letter was a request for topographical information. "By what routes in your territory could an enemy force, stationed in the Val de Aran, reach the village of Aneto and its environs?"

"Ha, I hadn't thought much about that!" Pere said, pursing his lips. "Listen, Jaime, I am going to give you this side to do. You'll have to stay up two days at a time."

"Oh, fine! I say, Pere, these hills are better than the Guadarrama."

He gave Jaime explicit directions—told him what passes to watch and where to bring more food in order that he, Pere,

might remain on the heights. He spoke cheerfully but was in a stubborn mood; stubborn against a reproof which only he himself had administered. In his imagination he heard the Commissar's voice saying, "Pere's a good soldier; he'd be better if he'd accept discipline *at once*."

"To hell with it," he muttered, "I'm as good a soldier as any of them." He wished they would give him a hundred men and tell him to bury himself in the hills and make war his own way. With these speculations he whipped himself into anger against authority; and leaving Jaime, he climbed the Unnamed Peak to stare, from just beneath the streaming clouds, at the Cursed Range, whose peaks were hidden from sight by the ceiling of cloud.

Toward three of the afternoon when Jaime returned to their meeting-place, he found Pere writing. "Is that the report?"

Pere imagined that Jaime was commenting on the scantiness of the report and answered, with instantly checked irascibility, "Can't a man sleep sometimes? Did you get a chance to see down the Toro before the rain came on?"

"Yes; nothing there. I shall go up to the ridge to-morrow; there's no need to go to the pass itself."

As soon as Jaime had returned to the patrol with his brief report and the new instructions for the scouts, Pere set out over the Unnamed Peak for the Salenques Pass.

Five days later, still brooding over a message from the Adjutant which Jaime had given him the day preceding, calling him to Divisional Headquarters, Pere was sitting in the shade, legs astride a rock, at the foot of the great Maladetta couloir. He was gazing idly down at the deep Prussian-blue stain of Lake Gregoño. In the midst of that wilderness of blazing stone the solemnity of the lake was startling. It was a black and malignant will, banished here and brooding. Tiny ripples, glittering like fish scales, seemed to lie motionless upon its surface. Not a

tree nor a patch of grass was within sight, the lake lay concentrated and aloof. Above him the organ pipe of the couloir boomed in the wind.

Pere started, his attention jerked to a movement at the far end of the lake. He took out the binoculars and focused them. One, two, three—ah, the enemy—four, five. . . . There were fourteen or fifteen of the enemy filing round the lake. He fancied he heard the click of their boots. Quickly he made his plan; indeed, he saw no alternative.

On the north side of the Cursed Peaks are small crests of rock rising out of the glaciers; crests constantly bombed by thunder and swept by drenching storms, dreaded by the herdsmen of the valleys below. Facing the Midday, on the other side, there is little snow, but the cliffs are much bigger. Almost at their highest point, between the Punta de Astorga and the Eastern Maladetta, these cliffs are split by a vast chimney, a strictly perpendicular grove of fifteen hundred feet, the Maladetta couloir. A severe climb on good granite for anyone wishing to ascend from the quivering heat of Gregoño to the northern glaciers, and so by the sprawling north ridge of the Eastern Maladetta to the Renclusa refuge.

Pere's plan was simple. He would climb the couloir, station himself on the rocks below the Astorga, and wait for the enemy. Sweet Christ, if only the Enemy, Augustin's slayer, is leading! Ah, there was an impossible pitch in the couloir where one is forced to climb out on to the Great Tower wall by minute holds; there, helpless on those fierce rocks, the Enemy would be located above perpendicular death; spread-eagled before well-aimed extinction.

Tying his boot laces tightly and adjusting his rifle, sack, and ice axe, Pere laid his hands on the rock; there was affection in his fondling of the granite. He was bracing himself for the long tense effort ahead of him.

The first pitch was a ten-foot wall where the legs could do little pushing, a mere inelegant armpull. Above it lay an

easy staircase, gaining a hundred feet of height and leading back into the cold depths of the couloir. Rapidly he mounted the staircase and came face to face with the first difficulty.

Before him the back of the chimney bulged outward, cold wet rock swelling outward for at least twenty feet ahead. The way past the obstacle was obvious but uninviting. The right wall was split by a crack which ran out toward the open face, gradually approaching a ledge which gave access to good holds by which he could climb above the bulge.

To start upon the crack was the problem; there were no holds within reach by which he could balance himself and pull over, and the last foothold of the staircase brought him so close to the bulge that he could not stand up without danger of toppling backward. Well, that's the problem, he considered, and without straining his nerve by waiting longer, put his left foot on the highest hold and slowly straightened his body. Gradually he could feel the poise of his stance diminishing as his head pressed against the bulge. Spreading his arm wide on the holdless rock, he strove to regulate his breathing; for the swelling of his chest threatened to throw him down. His left leg began to tremble; he had not dared to place more than the ball of his foot on the hold for fear of being too near the rock. He heard water dropping behind him, and the sound was ominous to his tense mind as slowly, slowly he straightened his body. Just as he felt himself overbalancing he thrust his right hand into the crack on the wall and clenched it within the fissure and rested. Safe now, he commented, and reached above his head with his left hand and found a wet hold.

Then, shifting his left foot toward the corner, he carefully jammed his right foot in the crack. "Hope the Enemy is really a good climber," he thought when well out on the crack.

Now he maneuvered to gain a broad ledge that ran back into the chimney wall above the bulge, and for a moment, groping above his head, his right hand emerged

into the sun. The tiny sensation of warmth was grateful, but it broke his concentration by making him think of the Great Tower far above. The ledge was broad but he was forced to sidle along it; the rifle barrel, colliding with the wall, threatened to fling him down the two hundred feet of echoing well.

Again the mountain threatened to stop him. From the end of the ledge, with extreme difficulty, he balanced himself into a deep pulpitlike niche with a downward sloping floor of smooth ribs of stone. There seemed to be no exit from this niche, and he raged inwardly at his folly in being trapped.

But surely this could not be the classical route! He must have taken a wrong pitch in his haste to be out of the chimney. He hated the echoing couloir and the water dripping with faint noise of whirring wings. A man should climb out in the sun, upon dry rock, not in these threatening glooms.

Below the hold, well to the left, was a waterworn knob of rock, protruding perhaps half an inch from the face. Well, nothing for it. His brain squeezed tight, expelling even consciousness of the mountain as he placed his right hand on the hold, lodged the best nails of his boot on the slippery knob, and lifted his body, left hand running like a swift lizard over the wall. Yes . . . no, it is not deep enough . . . only the first joints of his fingers would rest on the tiny ledge; pulling on it would weaken his grasp on the jughandle.

Sweet Christ, his sweating fingers were slowly pulling off the ledge. No . . . desperately he clutched with his nails and fingerballs, *feeling* the chasm behind him like a black monster. He was doing it . . . yes. . . . He straightened upon the knob, and then as the new hold came in sight, just as his right hand was losing its security he slowly raised his other hand to another jughandle high on the left.

Within twenty seconds he was standing upon safe holds at the foot of a clean arête, with dozens of notched holds all the way up its sharp back. He waited while

his heart ceased to pound and joyfully scaled the arête without a moment's halt for eighty feet of exhilarating climbing. "No nail marks on this pitch," he noted; "can't be the right route."

Taught by his mistake in accepting the invitation of the ledge, he considered a full minute before swarming up the blocklike crags that rested above the arête. There was no deception, however. The line of attack was continuous. Ah, there in the depth of the chimney was the chockstone everyone talked about! "Big enough for a whole party to rest on," he murmured and gained the stone.

Soon the chimney opened out and he climbed with pleasant ease for three hundred feet. He had forgotten the Enemy and was once more the coppersmith of Lérida, on holiday among the peaks to be seen from the tower of his own city.

Pere climbed out of the chimney on to the ample ledge on the left wall and walked out to the base of the Great Tower, in his heart a strange amalgam of elation and fear. Soaring upward for two hundred feet, was the Tower, its rich-hued granite glowing in the sunlight, lovely to his eye. He touched the rock with his fingertips, its hard grains were good to feel; he rapped it with his knuckles, and struck it gently with the metal-shod toe of his boot. Solid, flawless granite, warm and blossoming in the sunlight.

He was before the crux of his climb. All that he had overcome before was but preparation. He was fit now, his body limber, controlled and springy, his mind alight with a keen desire for style and economy in the effort to come. He glanced at his bootlaces, adjusted the rifle and touched the rock again, and his will, content in its daring, quickly closed over the first beautiful problem of the Tower, a classical and austere crack ascent.

Pere slid his hands sideways into the crack, pressed with fingertips and the back of the hand against both sides of the crack, carefully twisted his left boot in the crack and lightly rose the first two feet.

Left hand braced doubly firm while the right hand slid up the crack and expanded, and the left followed. Right foot came over left, felt for the crack, inserted itself and twisted, and his body rose again, not adhering to the vast wall by force of muscle, but by resting with perfection of balance on its minute holds: almost as if floating on that thousand feet of void below him. Right hand slid up the crack, left hand, left foot. . . . Right hand, left hand, right foot . . . his body soared upward lightly, with continuous flowing motions. He was filled with serenity, his mind concentrated, co-ordinating the rippling movement of his muscles, judging precisely when to change his burden from leg to leg and arm to arm.

At fifty feet the crack began to narrow and his will closed more tightly over the new problem, but there was no strain. He measured his fatigue, relaxed a few muscles whose effort was superfluous; and was certain, yes! he had more than enough in hand for the Great Tower. A sensation like the thrill of great music began to germinate within him.

Without haste he laid his left hand upon the edge of the rock leaf and knew from that contact how safely he was climbing. Had he been afraid he would have felt relief at grasping the jughandle hold. He did not; it was a passing feature of this lovely climb and no more. He jammed his foot in the crack and balanced springily upon it. Then, with no special resolution to do so, he leaned forward and looked down between his feet; to the dull-green ice at the foot of the mighty couloir.

Above the leaf was a deep recess in the wall, from which he balanced himself by small but trustworthy holds, and so reached the ledge without holds for his hands, so that he was compelled to move with calculated steps, his feet on the very edge of the shelf. Yes, he was moving easily. He rejoiced in the knowledge, which the climber's censorship of his mind gently prevented from becoming too insistent, that behind him was the enormous whispering void.

There was an interruption to the sensation of music as he moved along the shelf, not because of strain, but because that rare emotion was the product of his clean and economic conquest of height. "Ah," he murmured, as the deep groove-like crack came into sight. His knees and arms raising his body again, the music welled up once more, clean, severe, like the theme of the contemplative "long" steps of a Sardana danced in a village square, overlooking a serene landscape far below. Now, ahead, he saw the crux of the Tower, and without pause gently launched himself upon it.

It was a roof, inclined at an angle of fifty degrees, of roughish granite, but completely without real holds after the first yard. A shallow crack, not half an inch deep, ran up to its sharp upper edge, beyond which rose a steep wall of some twenty feet. He could see no route up this wall, but boot-scratches told him other men had passed here. Arms straight out, almost parallel to his sides, palms downward, fingers turned back toward the abyss, a nail of his right boot biting stealthily at the shallow crack, resting his weight evenly upon the rough, clinging stone, he edged his body up the fearful slab. The music was an undertone now, a light perspiration was on his forehead. Upward, upward, not breathing when for ten seconds he must take his right foot out of that minute fissure. Ah, he saw the hold for his right hand a foot beyond his head, and instantly realized that he dare not lift his palm from the rock, and continued his infinitely cautious movement up the roof. "Ah!" he murmured, five minutes later, as his right palm edged over the hold and the nail of his boot re-bit the rock. Slowly, with a swimmer's stroke, he brought his left hand round and it settled calmly upon the edge of the slab. The roof was conquered.

Pere drew himself up and threw his leg over the edge of the slab, for between the roof and the wall there was a deep fissure. He had won! Sweet Jesus, he had won! The theme in his brain swelled and burst

into exultation, into glory; the blood rushed through his body, refreshing him; he drew deep breaths and lifted his face to the light with closed eyes. Then, advancing along the roof-crest, he rounded a corner by a swing on spikeholds, toed along an easy crack to the gap between the cliff and the Tower, and there sat astride a boulder. Seeing that the bed of the couloir offered no more serious obstacles, he shinned schoolboy fashion, abandoning style, to the top of the Tower and gazed down on the wilderness of Gregoño and its solemn lake.

He could see nothing of the enemy patrol; they would be already engaged on the first pitches of the couloir. He allowed his gaze to wander. Beyond the dazzling hills of the Cinca foreground were the vaporous, petal-crested ranges. Pale-green hills, pale-gray; hills faintly washed in with diluted sienna, ochre, and Venetian red; and on the remote, legendary horizon the Sierra de Guara, a transparent stain of palest violet, almost invisible against the cobalt band of the lower sky.

A cry far below stirred him to action and he moved swiftly into the couloir and climbed up through a draughty amphitheater, into which tumors of green-black ice dripped water, to the brilliance of the glacier. With few precautions he ran along the edge of the *rimaye* to a dip in the ridge, clambered across the easy southern rocks of the Midday Peak, and descended to a ledge behind a red granite spire, in order to get a clear vision of the Great Tower. Lovingly he observed every pitch of that face; it was really one long pitch, the purest of joys.

While he was still contemplating the Tower he heard a sharp ejaculation in the couloir and at once lifted his rifle to the level of his waist. Ah, he could wait till the enemy—Sweet Christ, let it be the Enemy—was at mid-height of the first crack and then he would call to him, and the Enemy would look over and see the rifle barrel lifting slowly, surely, to point motionless, straight at his neck. Sweet Christ, let it be the Enemy. Pere glanced

at his safety catch and leaned against the spire. The voice shouted again in the couloir and then he heard the collision of an axe point against rock, and the voice said clearly, "This is the Tower." He crouched behind the spire as a figure appeared on the ledge leading to the base of the Tower. It was not the Enemy, but a shorter man. His vexation was tempered by the fact that a rope trailed behind the enemy. A roped party!

The leading enemy returned to the couloir and for a while the party held conference; their voices only reached him as a hollow rumbling. Again the leader advanced and this time two others followed him; the rope still trailed back to the couloir. A party of four. Pere watched the leader as he attacked the crack, and without grudging he mentally praised the enemy's technic. Not quite mature, not mellow enough, but good and very daring, he judged, watching the sure though jerky movements of the leader. As the rope slack paid out, Number Two started up the crack. Also good. Now the fourth man advanced diffidently along the ledge, his hands fumbling at the rock. "Ha, ha," murmured Pere, "beginner."

The beginner looked flinchingly down the sickening abyss and shouted in Italian, "*E pericoloso.*"

Pere chuckled, "Oh, yes, it's dangerous, very dangerous to-day." A fierce glee entered him. "Ha!" he exclaimed softly, "there must be Italians in the party below too." All his hatred of the Italian enemy throbbed like a festering wound.

The party's tactical plan was obvious but mistaken. There was no delay in the couloir over which the rear man could pass the rope, thus safeguarding himself, and possibly Number Three. Therefore the party, with sufficient rope to cover the whole length of the Tower, had elected to accept the collective risk. Number One, they had reasoned, would reach the recess at the top of the roof slab and there, as Number Two would be on the ledge below the knee crack, he would be able to hold his Two and Three if the begin-

ner fell. But if Two or Three failed at his problem before the leader reached safety . . .

That was the mistake into which the leader's inexperience had betrayed him. He should have climbed the Tower as far as the last ledge alone, drawing up the whole rope to that point so that its weight should not pull him off the roof; and then from the summit he could have brought up his whole party in absolute security, one at a time. Bad leadership, he commented, bad leadership will ruin everything. But to-day it makes no difference.

Number Three started up the first crack, tense, working desperately. "Tt, Tt," Pere clicked his tongue in surprise, "Well, señor leader, you're risking it anyway." Number One was on the terrible roof! "Now," whispered Pere and stood upright. "*Ascolti, fascisti . . . piacere*," he called in the dog-Italian an exile volunteer had taught him.

Number Three ceased struggling in the crack; the man on the ledge sought the origin of the voice, his face twitching.

"*Buon giorno*," Pere said, lifting his rifle leisurely and aiming it at Number Two. Numbers Three and Four screamed harshly. Number Three stared down the precipice in an agony of terror. Number One was still edging up the roof slab.

Weakly the last man fumbled at his rifle strap. "No . . . *piacere*," Pere commanded, lowering the muzzle toward him, and the man obeyed, standing, with distorted face, staring at the black-bearded, grinning figure across the couloir.

Slowly Pere raised his rifle muzzle and took leisurely aim at the neck of Number Two, who put up a hand against the bullet. Pere lingered with his finger on the trigger, then gently, equally, his right hand squeezed on butt and trigger. The couloir thundered.

Number Two crumpled, his head collided with the cliff, throwing him out-

ward into the air. The rope coil sprang like a serpent, straightened, and Number One was whipped from the slab. He screamed chokingly as he soared out over the precipice. Number Three closed his eyes and crouched in the crack, screaming like a crushed beast. "Tang," sounded the rope softly, and he was hurled from the Tower. Number Four did not scream at all; he had already knelt upon the ledge and had lost consciousness. Whipping and revolving, the enemy plunged down the thousand feet of sunny precipice.

Horrified cries came from the party in the couloir as they saw the leading group hurtle downward. Then silence. After the silence a voice whimpered and then another. The first whimpering voice began to weep and howl; the man's nerve was utterly destroyed. The animal howling agitated the sounding pipe of the couloir and it gave out monstrous wails of fear. Pere crept along the ledge and tried to catch sight of the enemy, but could not.

"Go on, cry, little Italian, cry," he shouted and laughed loudly. The laughter echoed in the couloir, mingling with the wails. "Cry, little Italian. You came to make war."

Pere ran back to the pinnacle and gathered up his rope and tied one end to his waist. Then he returned toward the couloir and, belaying the line, leaned slowly out over the wall. Regaining the perpendicular, he tied the loosed end and again leaned out, ejecting the empty shell from his rifle breach.

"Where are you, little weeper?" he yelled. The rope he could see but an overhang hid the enemy. He fired and the report crashed like the bursting of an Italian bomb; the idiot wails cracked harshly. Round after round he sent crashing into the couloir. "Jump, little weeper, jump," he yelled between peals of laughter. "Jump," the huge echo repeated, between its wails. The abyss crashed and wailed and roared with glee.

(To be continued)



KING OF KINGS

THE SHAH OF IRAN—WHICH USED TO BE PERSIA

BY JOHN GUNTHER

ENTRANCE into Iran, which is the official name of Persia nowadays, is explosive. Here is the real Asia, here is Asia naked. This is the magnificent and impregnable inner fastness of the Moslem world. For two days, three days, your car bounces and slithers, writhes and groans, climbing the terrific passes between Bagdad and Teheran, wallowing in stones and mud, leaping crevasses and landslips, penetrating villages which can have changed very little since the days of Xerxes, and cutting across country the color of Gorgonzola cheese and the consistency of pumice stone.

This country, which killed Alexander the Great and produced the Ardebil carpet, exists in several dimensions. On the horizontal plane it lies between the Caspian Sea and the Persian Gulf, and thus is a buffer between the Soviet Union and British India. Considered vertically, it is a crust of rock, like wax sealing a bottle of paste, on top of some of the richest oil deposits in the world. From the point of view of time, it is one of the most ancient of states—and until recently one of the most dilapidated—brought by the energy and acumen of the present Shah to the threshold of modern times.

Iran is a fastness not only because of its inflexible geography and remoteness, but by reason of the primitive character of its people. There are about fifteen millions of them, living on a plateau three times as big as France. They are villagers and nomads mostly. Iranians are Aryan

by race, not Semitic or Turanian like the other peoples of the middle East; their language, though it is written in roughly the same alphabet as Arabic, differs from Arabic as much, say, as English differs from Portuguese. They are mostly Moslems of the Shi'ite sect, fanatically orthodox and backward. All through his career the Shah has had to fight the *mullahs*, priests. A foreigner will, literally, be torn to pieces should he try to gain entrance to some of the more holy shrines. Recently the Shah introduced a considerable reform: visitors may enter some mosques—provided they have police protection!

The villages, built mostly of mud, haven't changed much since Xerxes, but they do have filling stations. They are desolate with poverty and squalor, but the petrol pump has become the center of the community. The trucks and the camions drink the gasoline, then plunge onward to Ispahan or Shiraz or Teheran. The trucks roar up and down the Iranian roads all day, all night, carrying cargoes of tea and opium, rugs and lubricating oil. The roads are dangerous. On the three-day trip to Teheran I counted five monsters demolished at the bottom of ravines.

As more cars, more trucks lunge through the rocks and mud, as more roads are built, the life of the modern world comes to the villages. I saw children marching neatly to school (the girls wear a gray smock with white cuffs, a sort of

uniform) and one of them proudly showed me her new geography textbook. The old restrictions on travel, which were incredibly onerous—the visitor had to pass a police examination entering *and* leaving every village, even if he were traveling direct from the frontier to Teheran—have been largely eliminated. There are movies in some of the towns. Along the road the gendarmes try to be helpful. They are uniformed in blue; blue being the color of hope.

We slid into a camel caravan just outside Teheran. The road was asphalt at last, incredible and merciful relief.

My chauffeur, who spoke a little French, permitted himself an observation. The Shah, who believes in the modern world, will not admit camels into Teheran itself, the chauffeur said; in fact, he almost refuses to concede that camels still exist. So the caravans have to sleep outside the city gates. The chauffeur chuckled. Then he asked quite seriously: "Have you got rid of the camels yet in Paris and New York?"

Entrance into Teheran is exciting too. The city is one of the most beautiful I have ever seen, dominated by the sixteen thousand feet of snowy Mount Demavend. The new boulevards are spacious, the trees are nicely planted. But between street and sidewalk are the ditches, full of dogs, cats, and the drinking water. Teheran does things by sudden jumps. It is a mixture of primitiveness and sophistication. Splendid boulevards and dial telephones—but no sewage system!

At the end of one imposing, tree-lined street I came across a building that puzzled me. Architecturally it seemed familiar. It was handsomely built, severe in style, a sturdy cube of steel and concrete. Inside I saw what seemed to be a concourse, concrete ramps, broad steps leading somewhere, and oval windows guarded by shining rails. Then it dawned on me. The building was the new railway station. But my guide explained that, although the station was complete, there still were no trains!

A large area near the center of Teheran

has been leveled. This is—if I may use the word "is"—the stock exchange or bourse. Several years ago the Shah decided that Teheran, like other great capitals, must have a bourse. An international architects' competition produced admirable plans. Then someone saw pictures of another stock exchange bigger than the winning blueprints. So the plans were scrapped. The Shah wanted the biggest bourse in the world. But financial stringency came to Iran, the building was never erected, and the site is still an empty ruin.

Recently the new and magnificent opera house was completed. But Iran has no opera!

II

Reza Shah Pahlevi, whose story is one of the greatest Horatio Alger episodes in history, was born in the district of Mazanderan, near the Caspian, about sixty-five years ago. No one knows the exact date or exact circumstances. The man who reached one of the most renowned thrones in the world, who became *Shah-in-Shah* (King of Kings), Shadow of the Almighty, Vicegerent of God, and Center of the Universe is distinctly a man of the people, a kind of modern Cæsar or Cromwell, who lifted himself into history by his own bootstraps, who rose from humble origins by his own inherent qualities of courage and endurance. At forty he was an unknown officer. In his early fifties he was Shah of Persia.

Very little is known of his youth. He was certainly poor, though his family may have been well established in the region. He could have had only the briefest schooling, because when he first became prominent he was nearly illiterate. Probably he tended flocks in Mazanderan, like the other peasant boys; probably he lived in a mud hut and ate bits of sheep for supper; possibly he had heard of Darius and Cyrus whom he was to succeed.

We begin with a fact. As a boy Reza took to soldiering; he enlisted in the Cossack division of the Persian army, a Persian force officered by Russians. Weak

Persia used foreign officers then; the old dynasty was crumbling, and the country was a battleground of mercenaries. In the north the Cossack division exerted a strong Russian influence; the South Persian Rifles, officered by British, dominated the south; a neutral Swedish gendarmerie kept order in Teheran. For twenty years Reza was a trooper in the Cossack division. He finally rose from the ranks to become an officer.

The War came and it seemed for a time that the old hungry enemies, Britain and Russia, might gobble Persia between them. Technically Persia remained neutral; nevertheless British troops occupied a zone in the south, and operated, first against the Turks, then against the Russians, in the north. Once again we wearily cross the trail of Western imperialism and its ambitions. The Bolshevik revolution led to intervention by the Allies, and British and Soviet troops fought along the Caspian. Meantime the old Russian officers fled or were killed, and the Cossack division began to disintegrate.

A British colonel named Smythe was stationed at Kazvin, in northern Persia. This was in 1920, by which time the British had a virtual protectorate over the country. Smythe spotted Reza as an officer of courage and resource and put him in command of the Cossack division, hoping thus to save it. Later General Sir Edmund Ironside came to Kazvin to arrange withdrawal of British troops. Ironside confirmed Reza's appointment. Had it not been for the discerning eyes of these two British officers, Reza Khan (as he was then known) might have lived and died an obscure Cossack officer.

Intervention against the Bolsheviks failed; the British gave up their Persian foothold, and Lord Curzon saw his grandiose dream disappear, that of a roseate British bloc from Dardanelles to the Indus, through Turkey, Persia, and Afghanistan. At about the same time the Russians, for quite different reasons, dropped Persia too; Lenin offered to give up special rights there, and in 1921 a

Russian-Persian treaty freed Persia from its obligations to the Tzar. The Russians gave Persia joint command of the Caspian Sea, canceled about twenty million dollars' indebtedness, and proclaimed the end of Tzarist imperialism. On the other hand, the Russians maintained the right to send troops into Persia in case intervention began again.

It didn't. And an interesting thing happened. Persia had been so long a buffer between Britain and Russia that it had seemingly no will to live alone. Tension between the two great powers supported her; when the tension was withdrawn she collapsed. Corruption ruled Teheran, and banditry all but ruled the country. The foreign troops were gone, and the morale of government and nation sank to an unbelievable level. Everything was toppling. The reigning sovereign, Sultan Ahmed Shah, last of the Kajar dynasty, a fat puppet, lived in Deauville and gave fortunes in rubies to chorus girls. He was called the Grocer-Boy Shah, when he wasn't called something even less complimentary, because he bought the entire grain crop of the country during a famine and then sold it to the starving people at fantastic prices.

In *Asia Magazine* Vincent Shecan has preserved an anecdote of this period. "Corruption was at its height in Teheran in those days, but it is yet to be proved that anyone got anything for his money. Rothstein, the Soviet Ambassador in Teheran at the time, told me long afterward in Moscow that he had come to the conclusion that Persia was 'fundamentally sound.' Asked to give the reasons for this view, he found an almost unanswerable one. 'They will take money from anyone,' he explained, 'from the British to-day and from the Russians to-morrow, or from the French or the Germans or anybody else. But they will never do anything for the money. You may buy their country from them six times over, but you will never get it. Therefore I say Persia can never go under. Persia is fundamentally sound.'"

But then something happened—some-

thing more significant than anything in Persian history since Genghis Khan and Tamerlane. Reza Khan, the veteran Cossack trooper, now in command of his division, advanced into the picture.

A group of young men, led by a journalist named Seyid Zia-ed-Din, decided that the time had come to strike. They determined to abolish the prevalent corruption and decay by a military coup d'état. Their intention was not to change the dynasty but merely to install a reformed government and they chose Reza as their military arm. Reza picked two thousand five hundred men from the Kazvin garrison and entered Teheran on the night of February 20, 1921. The plans were well-made, and the coup was bloodless. Reza's troops simply occupied the government offices and a new cabinet was proclaimed, with Reza as commander-in-chief of the army.

Then events came quickly. Reza was obviously the power behind the government. He got rid of Zia-ed-Din, who retired into exile, and made himself minister of war. In 1923 he took office as prime minister. He spent two years consolidating his position and bringing the remote provinces under his control. He began his reforms by importing an American financial commission, and he liquidated the last powerful semi-autonomous chieftain, the Sheikh of Mohammerah, by a brilliant campaign in the south.

The Grocer-Boy Shah, Sultan Ahmed, returned from the ladies of Biarritz and Deauville to take one quick peek at his transformed country. He looked with approval, and apparently was not interested enough in Reza's growing strength to combat it. He went back to Paris, gave more rubies to chorus girls, and retired to the American hospital there, where he died after a fantastically expensive illness. Reza, meantime, unusually among Oriental figures, did not bother to revenge himself on the old dynasty, members of which still live peaceably in Teheran. But he ended the old dynasty. He did not wait for Sultan Ahmed to die. In October, 1925, he forced a measure

through the Majlis (parliament) unseating Ahmed and the Kajars; a few months later he was declared sovereign of Persia, the founder of the dynasty of Pahlevi, the name which he now adopted. For a time it seems that Reza flirted with the idea—like Kemal in Turkey—of making Persia a republic. But he could not risk further affronting the old *mullahs*, who were shocked enough at the displacement of the former royal line.

On April 25, 1926, Reza Shah Pahlevi was crowned. He had a new crown made and, like Napoleon, put it on his own head.

III

The Shah to-day, in his middle or late sixties—no one knows exactly how old he is—is still a considerable figure of a man. From the earliest days his stature and physique marked him. The beaked nose (which is deeply scarred), the wide pure-white mustaches, the breadth of shoulder—these give him a regal presence. So do his formidable temper and the awe in which his people hold him. One revealing little anecdote is of the jockey who lost a big race in Teheran because he stopped to salute the Shah in the royal box.

His Imperial Majesty likes the races, and other stories seem to link his good hot trooper's temperament with racing. Once an unknown Turcoman tribesman beat a Persian officer, evidently a strong favorite, in a Teheran race. In full view of the diplomatic corps and the élite of Iranian society the unfortunate winner was led to the Shah, who, in the words of the *London Times* (November 28, 1933), "delivered a short lecture and proceeded to kick the tribesman in the stomach."

It is recorded that the Queen, quite by accident, let part of her face be seen while worshipping some years ago in Kum, the burial place of Fatima, daughter of the Prophet. She was rebuked by the priest in charge, and there was a demonstration against her. The Shah sent tanks and armored cars to Kum, walked into the mosque with his shoes on, and with his

own hands administered a severe beating to the priest.

Teheran officialdom is full of nerves every autumn after the annual races on the Turcoman steppe, which the Shah particularly likes, partly because they are in his home province of Mazanderan. The Shah relaxes at the races and returns to Teheran refreshed by his holiday and filled with a zest for reform. For weeks, fur and feathers fly, jobs and careers disappear, the underlings whimper and whisper, until His Majesty's spirits calm down to normal.

His nationalism is violent. For instance only Persian characters may be used in street signs and the like. Nameplates of foreigners in Teheran will be torn from the doors unless they are in Persian. Even the kilometer posts along the roads are painted with Arabic numerals—which are quite different from the English numerals which we call "Arabic." When he is ill—which is seldom—he insists on Persian doctors.

His political sense, his shrewdness, and cunning are highly developed. Once he was suspicious of the loyalty of a minister of war who was representative of the powerful Bakhtiari tribe. So the Shah launched a trial balloon to the effect that he himself was ill. When Bakhtiari chiefs heard that the Shah was ailing, the tribe became restive. Promptly the Shah "recovered," dismissed the treacherous minister of war, and broke the Bakhtiari power.

There is virtually no public debt in Persia, and the Persian budget is always in balance. The finance minister, since he would not conceivably dare face the Shah with a deficit, always *underestimates* the national revenue. The Shah is in effect master of all the revenues of the country, but everything is put back into the state machine. Oil royalties and income from the monopolies and other state enterprises, which Reza controls, go for public works. Recently the Shah donated his private gold to the country, and those crown jewels which have no great historical interest are to be sold.

He works enormously hard, like almost all modern dictators; he rises usually at five, and any cabinet officer or other high official may expect a call at any time of day or night. No matter what the time is the person summoned is supposed to be at the palace within fifteen minutes. At cabinet meetings he scourges his ministers, pumping them with his own vitality, making them work, making them proud to work, making them proud of Iran. He works too hard to have any hobbies—except the precious railroad he is building. He likes French wine and smokes a little opium occasionally. He always carries a short string of amber beads which he fingers while talking.

Rulers of Eastern countries like to keep their ears close to the ground, and it is said that the first person the Shah sees every day is the head of the secret police of the army, second, the head of the civilian secret police, third, the head of the regular police. After these come the regular audiences. He receives a great many people and tends to an infinity of details himself. When he receives the foreign diplomats he is courteous and almost easy-going; he stands instead of sitting on any of his thrones; he usually greets a newcomer by saying that he is merely a "simple soldier," which of course he is not.

He has two palaces in Teheran, one just outside Teheran at Sa'adabad, and several summer residences on the Caspian. The Gulistan (Rose Garden) Palace, traditionally the home of the King, is no longer used except for official functions. Part of it is now a museum, and part houses the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The Peacock Throne, which is incidentally not a throne at all, but a sort of divan, is in the Gulistan Palace. The town palace where the Shah actually lives is a much simpler and more modern building. It lies in the best residential quarter of Teheran, surrounded by heavy trees and a twenty-foot brick wall. No traffic is permitted on the streets surrounding this palace after eight at night.

The Shah is believed to be the largest individual landowner in Asia. He owns

vast properties throughout Iran, largely those confiscated from rebellious former owners. Early in his reign he set out to break the power of the feudal landlords; he did so by the simple and direct method of taking over their property. He has not yet attempted a land reform in the sense of giving property to the peasants, but all the revenues from his land are supposed to be turned into the state budget for the common welfare. His Imperial Majesty is, oddly enough, the only monarch in the world in the hotel business. Travel in Persia is a state monopoly; the Shah personally owns most of the hotels, especially those along the Caspian. His motive is to build up a tourist trade and to be able to see that visitors are treated well.

He never entertains, even officially; this is the prime minister's job. He is not easily accessible. Only one foreign journalist, Eugene Lyons, then of the United Press, has ever interviewed him. He has few confidants, few friends. He rotates people in power, and officials are not apt to be conspicuous for long periods. No one dares to say No to him. Probably he is one of the loneliest men in the world.

When the Shah travels, and he travels incessantly, he puts up an impressive show. He likes to go out and see the country himself, to investigate conditions on the spot, to check up on his local officials with his own eyes. He generally uses a big, very old Rolls-Royce, bullet-proof; his eldest son, the Crown Prince, usually rides with him. The cavalcade, what with guards and advisers, may number sixteen cars; they whip along fairly comfortably because no traffic of any kind is permitted for a day in advance on any road that the Shah is using. The roads are put in order and the whole route refurbished; houses must be whitewashed in the villages where Reza stops and the fences painted green. The school-children get new uniforms and are drilled for days to present themselves. They must stand rigid when he passes, with the exception that they are taught to shift their eyes gradually from left to right or vice

versa, in order to keep him in their vision while remaining motionless. The contrast to procedure before the Emperor of Japan is interesting; the Japanese are not allowed to lift their eyes to see the monarch. When the Shah travels the dogs are killed in any village where he spends the night. This is because he is a light sleeper, easily disturbed by noise. It isn't as heartless as it sounds, because there are thousands of stray dogs in the country, most of them with rabies.

Simple things please him greatly—things simple to us, but perhaps complicated to him. Once he set out to administer wholesale rebukes in a province near Azerbaijan. (He is full of strong localisms, and he happened to have a grudge against this section of his country.) But entering it he saw a jackknife bridge erected by one of his engineers. He had never seen one before, and he was so pleased that he called off the purge.

Reza, the Shah's first name, is common in Persia; it is the name of a well-known Sh'ia saint, the Imam Reza, who is buried in the sacred city of Meshed. Pahlevi, the name he adopted for his dynasty, is an old word for the Persian language. (Incidentally "Pahlevi" was the telegraphic address of the Imperial Bank of Persia until the Shah appropriated it. The bank changed its telegraphic address to "Bactria.") He has renamed towns all over the country; about twenty of them use his name. In Soviet Russia we have Stalinabad, Stalinsk, Stalingrad; in Iran, we have Rezaieh for Urumia, Pahlevi for Enzeli, and so on. And he has, as everyone knows, changed the name of the country itself. "Persia" gave way to "Iran" in 1935 because the word "Persia" derives merely from the province of Fars, a limited area, whereas Iran denotes a wider territory—the whole great plateau from Turkey to Afghanistan.

Very little is known about the Shah's family life. He has had several wives and several children. His first marriage, like Mussolini's, took place long before he became famous; then he married a lady related to the governor of Teheran

who was also a member of the Kajar family and who is now his queen. This shows how strongly Reza is interested in dynasticism; he wanted to link his succession to the previous reign. His eldest son, Mohammed Reza, is being carefully trained in the duties of kingship. The Shah, very fond of him, has paid close attention to his education. This is in striking contrast to other Oriental monarchs, like Feisal of Iraq and Fuad of Egypt who, even though they knew they would have to hand the succession to their sons, neglected their education shamefully. It is a curious thing that many men of the East, caring deeply for both their kingdoms and their families, forget that the two are one. But Reza is an exception. He is doing everything possible to train his boy for the enormous job that faces him. He sent him to an excellent school in Gstaad, Switzerland, then put him through an intensive course of military training, and now takes him everywhere, so that he may see the political wheels turning.

The boy, a handsome lad, is supposed to be very liberal. The future of Iran is very much tied up with this youngster. The chief demerit of dictatorship or personal government is that it starves the roots of the future, and the Shah knows this well. He has perhaps deliberately prevented any of his underlings from becoming too powerful, so that when he dies the way will be clear for his son. But this policy has created resentments, and the boy may find his path crossed by his father's secret enemies.

The Shah has two daughters, each of whom has made a political marriage. One, a twin sister of the Crown Prince, married an important tribal chieftain, who thereupon found good reason to be loyal to the Pahlevi regime. The other married the son of the present prime minister, who has the strange name of Mohammed Jam.

Recently at the autumn maneuvers five young princes are said to have appeared, all approximately the same age. Their existence had hitherto been unknown.

They wore court uniforms, and all were named Reza. The presumption is that they are the sons of His Imperial Majesty by other marriages.

IV

Beyond doubt the greatest personal and political influence on the life of the Shah is Mustapha Kemal Ataturk, the dictator of Turkey, whose career he has closely followed. In 1934 he visited Kemal in Ankara—the only time he has ever been outside Iran. Both Kemal and the Shah are military adventurers, upstarts; but it would be grossly inaccurate to dismiss them as nothing else. Both have brought new life, new dignity to their peoples. And the careers of both are dominated by a tremendous zest to westernize, to modernize, to break the power of the old corrupt regime.

Early in his career the Shah showed that he would accept no nonsense from the *mullahs*. An American consular officer, Robert Imbrie, was beaten to death by a mob, inflamed to fury because he took photographs of a religious ceremony. The leader of the mob was a Sayid, that is, a direct descendant of the Prophet, of whom there are a bewildering number scattered about in the middle East. The Shah had him tried and hanged. This was startling. The new ruler not only dared to execute a Sayid, but a Sayid accused of a crime that normally was considered the merest peccadillo, *i.e.*, murder of a foreign infidel.

The first reforms the Shah undertook were in the realm of public order, public security. Hewiped out brigandage, which had defaced whole provinces for generations; he gave the land the lifeblood of new roads, new ports, and harbors; he reorganized the army, which had been a rabble, on the basis of conscription. He got rid of foreign officers, foreign advisers, and made the army a kind of school, like the Japanese army, for the manpower of the nation. This was a most important reform. Recently he has begun to develop an air force and even a small navy.

He decided early that Persians should have some national badge. So he devised what was called the Pahlevi cap, a peaked cap like a pullman porter's cap, and every male in the kingdom had to wear it. This, like Kemal Ataturk's abolition of the fez, struck at the power of the church, since a good Moslem cannot pray if he is wearing a hat with a brim. A few years later Reza abolished the Pahlevi cap as suddenly as he had introduced it, and decreed simply that every Persian must wear some kind of European headgear. Anything goes in Iran nowadays from a derby to a sailor straw.

Many of the reforms he copied from Turkey. He abolished the regime of capitulations (foreign consular and judicial rights, like extraterritoriality in the Far East), and ended foreign control of the customs. He introduced coeducation in the schools, built more and more schools, and inaugurated a program for adult education. He introduced modern commercial and criminal law codes, thus depriving the religious courts of their former competence. He abolished titles and broke up the big estates. He permitted courses in human anatomy in the medical colleges, the first in the history of Persia, and decreed that marriage and divorce were civil as well as religious ceremonies. The *mullahs* fought these reforms furiously. They were beaten.

Women in the old Persia had about as many rights as cattle, and early in his reign Reza set about emancipating them. First, women were permitted to go to restaurants and other public places, something previously unheard of in Persia, and to accompany men in public. The minimum legal age for women to marry was raised from nine (the age authorized by the Koran) to fifteen, and women were given the right to divorce their husbands. The question of the veil was difficult. Not even the Shah dared outlaw the veil by decree. So, very cautiously, he set about discouraging its use. For instance the Queen appeared in public without a veil, and school girls began to wear mod-

ern costumes. Then the Shah—subtle fellow!—set apart the most fashionable streets of Teheran, including the shopping center, and suggested that here, at least, women might dispense with the veil. Then came an officially inspired whispering campaign that only prostitutes still really cared to wear their veils!

There are no political parties in Iran; the Majlis, founded after a revolution in 1906, is not even a debating society, and the Constitution means very little. Here too Reza follows Kemal. There are no issues except to obey the Shah; there are no Ins, no Outs except by the criterion of his royal favor. The chief domestic problem, as in Turkey, is money—money especially for the army, which absorbs forty-four per cent of the budget—and the pinch of hard times.

Next to that of Turkey, the influence of the Soviet Union is most marked in Iran. As in the U.S.S.R., a considerable number of enterprises are state monopolies: tourism for instance, sugar, tea, salt, opium, foreign trade, transport, petroleum. There is much Russian local color: people eat caviare (if they can afford it), call tea "*chai*," count on an abacus, wear belted blouses, and fear the secret police. Russia is by far Iran's chief provider of imports, and her third best customer. The best customer is Britain.

The foreign policy of Reza Shah is simple and traditional: to play Russia and Britain against each other, to prevent the Russians from being too influential in the north, and the British in the south. He has been eminently successful in both courses. Nor has he had much difficulty lately, since both the Russians and the British want a reasonably strong buffer state in Persia, and Reza gives it to them. Far better an autocratic and occasionally idiosyncratic Shah than Iran in chaos. Relations between the U.S.S.R. and Iran are, at the moment, particularly good.

The other object of Reza's policy is peace, good relations with his smaller neighbors. He envisages a sort of middle-Asian community of border states—Afghanistan, Iraq, and Turkey, com-

bined with Iran, to hold off the great powers and work for their common good. To this end his government signed the pact of Sa'adabad in July, 1937, linking the border states in an important non-aggression treaty. He is very careful to keep the prestige of his small neighbors high. For instance both Turkey and Afghanistan, as well as the U.S.S.R., have ambassadors in Iran, whereas even Great Britain has only a minister, though the compound of the British Legation still maintains the glamour of former days.

V

The new railway, just completed, is Reza's *chef d'œuvre*, his masterpiece. Already it is his precious toy. Persia has never had a railway before, and the difficulties of construction were judged to be insuperable. The line traverses the plateau for a thousand miles from northeast to southwest, and crosses two mountain masses one of which is 120 miles wide, the other 60, as well as a desert where communications have hitherto been impossible. The railway cost \$150,000,000, not including two new towns being built as termini. Every cent came from within Persia, out of taxes or other revenue. No foreign loans for Reza Shah!

Linking Teheran with both the Caspian Sea and the Persian Gulf, the railway has great strategic and political as well as commercial importance. The British wanted Persia to build an east-to-west railway, thus linking Bagdad and the borders of India. The Russians wanted a railway up to their end of the Caspian. Very carefully the Shah arranged his plans to defeat both British and Russian interests. His line is exclusively Persian, linking the two Persian coasts. The northern port, Bandar Shah (King's Harbor) is at the extreme other end from European Russia, and the egress at the south is not Mahammerah, which would have been the nearest and most convenient spot, but Bandar Shahpur (Harbor of the King's Son) which is farther from the Iraqi frontier. Bandar Shahpur is

not ideal from one point of view; not only has an entirely new city had to be built, but it lies at a point where the tide rises twenty feet a day, making unloading of cargo difficult. But to the Shah strategy is more important than easy engineering.

VI

The Shah takes a certain pleasure in playing cat-and-mouse with foreigners. For a time he allowed the German Lufthansa company to run a domestic air service; then he canceled the arrangement. He refuses to let Imperial Airways, a British company, fly over Persian territory; therefore Imperial has to use the longer alternative route along the western shore of the Persian Gulf. The Dutch K.L.M. Line, on the other hand, is permitted to fly along the eastern coast, over actual Persian soil, with a landing at Jask; but the Dutch are said to have to ask for an extension of this privilege every two months!

Persia is the third oil-producing country in the world, and its oil—50 to 60 million barrels per year—is produced and marketed by the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company (more familiarly known as the Anglo-Persian), the controlling interest of which is owned by the British government. The concession dates from 1901, when an Englishman named William Knox D'Arcy paid a reputed \$20,000 for the right to exploit 500,000 square miles of Persia (four-fifths of the country) for oil until 1961. In 1909 the Burma Oil Company bought the D'Arcy concession and formed Anglo-Persian Company. The Persian government agreed to accept a royalty of 16 per cent of the net profits. In 1914, in order to assure supply of oil for the navy, the British government bought control of the Anglo-Persian.

Things went along fairly smoothly until 1932. The Anglo-Persian drilled wells, explored territory, paid Persia a sum running to £11,000,000 in royalties, spent another £22,000,000 inside Persia on wages and so on, employed thousands of Persian workmen, built the great plant

at Amadan near the Persian Gulf, and was by far the largest enterprise in the country. On November 27, 1932, with hardly a hint of warning, the Shah suddenly canceled the concession.

What he wanted was of course a bigger share of the profits. He got it handily. For six months the British piously protested at the Shah's "confiscatory" tactics, denounced him vigorously, and put the case before the League of Nations. The Shah stood firm and issued a long list of complaints, for instance that the original concession was obtained under pressure, that the amount of royalty had been unfairly calculated, that the company had refused to pay income tax, and that the cost of oil in Persia was prohibitive. The company, backed by the British government, denied these charges. Finally a compromise was worked out. It was called a compromise, but in reality the Shah won hands down, by holding to his implied threat to close down the whole Anglo-Persian establishment. The British had to give in.

The new agreement, dated April 28, 1933, cut the area of the concession in half, with the proviso that it would be further limited to 100,000 square miles after 1938; it withdrew from the company the exclusive right to lay pipelines and made other arrangements beneficial to Iran; above all, it changed the royalty system from a share of net profits to a specific rate per ton of oil, with the proviso that it never fall below a certain figure (£750,000) per year. Also, it was agreed that the Iranian government should get a further 20 per cent of the profits of the company after the shareholders received a preliminary sum, and that after 60 years all the company's property shall revert to Iran. The new agreement greatly increased Iran's income from the company.

This achievement may seem less exciting than the railroad, but it is spectacular just the same. The Shah has done something almost unique. It isn't everybody who so successfully grabs Britain by the throat and shakes until the sterling flows.

VII

People who dare to dislike the Shah say that he is cruel, secretive, domineering, and inordinately sensitive. Iran, they complain, is a vast prison ruled only by fear. No man knows how long he will stay in favor; no man knows when he may be disposed of. A man may simply disappear, as did Khan Timurtash, who for some years was Minister of Court and the second most powerful man in the realm. The Shah is a despot, and his personal word rules all.

A less drastic criticism of the Shah is that he is capricious and lacks sense of balance. He builds a railway station before the tracks are laid; he spends 2,000,000 tamans (\$1,200,000) on the new officers' club in Teheran, a sum which might give the city a sewage system. He, a dictator, says in effect, "Let there be light," and then expects the light to shine, whereas no technicians are on hand to turn the switch or push the button. He has to do it all himself. And he is inclined to defy the laws of nature. For instance, impatient recently that his medical service was progressing slowly, he decreed simply that nurses should finish their training in two years instead of three, quite refusing to recognize that three years were necessary if the nurses were to be competent.

But most fair-minded people think that the Shah's merits of character far outweigh his defects, which are mostly the product of lack of education and Eastern environment. The Shah has courage, he has vitality, he has vision. He ended the terrible debility of the old regime, he brought the breath of new life to a decaying country. Every day of the week, every week of the year, he struggles manfully to make the people cognizant of themselves, proud of their history. He is a patriot, completely unselfish, and considerably in advance of his own people. His only ambition is to put the country in working order, advance it to modern times, and then turn it over to his son.



\$230,000,000 FOR TOYS

BY WELDON MELICK

EVERY year now the American toy industry takes in from the parents of the land the huge sum of \$230,000,000—a large part of it during the month before Christmas. There are as many as five hundred established toy manufacturers—with fifty or so newcomers popping up each year—and their struggles to get a share of that \$230,000,000 make the toy business the most cockeyed, unpredictable, and deceptively angelic-looking of American industries.

It isn't easy to make a success of a toy, for all that children are uncritical. Adult misconceptions and prejudices hamper the trade at every turn, exploding the delusion that toys are made for children. The success of a toy does not depend on its effect on the child's development, but on its effect on the parent's pocketbook and on his or her eye for "cuteness." The successful toy is the one carefully designed to appeal to the ripened sense of parents—and the toy that fails is often the one that best meets the needs of growing children.

There has come into existence in the past ten years a whole new category of toys for the pre-school child, based on psychological research and nursery-school experiments. Scientifically tested for power to sustain interest and for age-appeal, versatility, durability, etc., they do an efficient job of stimulating mental and physical activity at the age when children can benefit most from the right kind of playthings. But the greater problem is not to produce toys to educate children—it is to educate parents to buy that kind.

It cost one manufacturer several hundred dollars to find out that people are not yet ready to buy enough educational toys, or pay enough for them, to support a company catering exclusively to that trade. Not having experienced such toys in their own childhood, parents are totally unfamiliar with their greater advantages.

For example, nursery schools recognize that building blocks are basic pre-school material and that a young child has a definite need for larger blocks than any that can be obtained from commercial sources. Before he has finger control he can't build, and he gets his satisfaction from picking things up and carrying them from one end of the room to the other. Large, hollow blocks—12 by 12 by 6 inches, or even 12 by 24 by 6 inches—which he has to struggle to lift, are ideal at this stage, when he should be developing his back and arm muscles, and co-ordinating balance with locomotion. At the next stage of growth his smaller muscles call for exercise, and the child by instinct begins to pile things. Brick-sized blocks are easily placed and stay placed without delicate adjustment, and therefore do not discourage him. Not until he is beginning to be capable of the eye-hand co-ordination required for precise balancing should he have to contend with smaller blocks or any of the construction sets.

Nevertheless you'll look in vain for those larger blocks in the toy marts. They're not there because adults can't understand them. Wooden boxes and bricks don't look like toys to them. Only a two-year-old child can understand them,

and his vocabulary is too limited to explain them to his parents. So he has to be content with a clockwork hula-hula dancer which he can't wind up himself and which gives him only a momentary sensation of color and motion when someone else is kind enough to play with it for him. And nursery schools who want blocks big enough to do the younger children some good have to have them made to order by local carpenters.

Even to sell the smaller construction blocks the makers must daub them with bright colors for the sole benefit of the parents. Small children will play with colored and uncolored blocks indiscriminately, but usually they get more pleasure from the uncolored kind, because color sometimes confuses their design forms and limits their constructive imagination. Nursery schools use natural-wood blocks for this reason. But the toy-giving relatives buy twice as many colored blocks as plain ones, even though they cost half again as much!

Before going into the business H. G. Fisher consulted child psychologists to learn what toys are the surest aids to mind and muscle development at various stages of a child's growth, and proceeded to put out some of the best play material the nursery schools had ever seen. It may have helped the children a great deal, but it didn't contribute largely to Fisher's own welfare. Then he turned to such items as his Pop-Up Kritters, small wooden animals activated by strings which course through their multiple-jointed bodies and attach them to a handle base. Their sole educational value consists of mild exercise for two fingers. Children aren't particularly wild about them. But adults are—they have bought 2,500,000 of them in the past seven years!

Many instances might be cited to demonstrate that the profitable toy is the one that delights adults. F. A. O. Schwarz, New York toy retailer, has half a dozen men customers who have bought more than one thousand dollars' worth of toy soldiers and equipment apiece for their own amusement. Many women

doll-collectors have standing orders for every new character doll they can lay their hands on—and that may mean seventy-five a year from one firm alone. And as for toy trains, manufacturers find that these must be even more tempting to fathers than to sons.

If parents don't consciously or unconsciously pick toys they want to play with themselves, they unconsciously select those that recall happy memories of their own childhood. The demand controls the supply, and therefore ninety-five per cent of the toys on the market are reincarnations of the playthings that were popular a generation ago—modernized to look new and up-to-date.

II

Not only must a toy please the parents to succeed, but even after it is in the money it isn't sure of staying there. For the toy-buying public is fickle to the last degree. It quickly tires of new toys, demanding still newer ones, as well as a constant change in the appearance of those that are able to survive more than one season. This means much factory expense for new dies, molds, and boxes—and also it means losses on outmoded stock or raw materials. But change there must be.

Donald Duck plays a seven-note xylophone as Junior drags it over the floor this year, whereas a five-note one sufficed last year. (Not that Junior can tell the difference; the change is made to keep ahead of imitators.) A skate-manufacturer achieved novelty by canning his product like a gallon of oil, with the brand name emblazoned on the sides. There isn't much you can do about streamlining a checker; but if the 1937 model had the China Clipper on the back, you can put Snow White on the 1938 edition. You can change the color of domino dots or make the box a different shape. The leading domino maker may "revolutionize" the business this year by packing his product nine pieces long and three high with one on edge, instead of seven long and

four high as of last year. By giving more spread to his sets, and the appearance of more for the money, he hopes the innovation will prove a brilliant stroke of merchandising.

There are few toys which cannot be imitated in spite of patents. The result is that business ethics are a luxury in the industry, and some of the most reputable toy firms have been built on a stringently pursued policy of pirating ideas from rivals. With everyone grabbing shares in a new idea, it is likely to be exploited into oblivion in the course of two or three seasons, during which time frenzied price competition has left little profit for anyone. The larger companies are said to have an agreement among themselves not to copy an original item of another company for two years; but if the toy is still a good seller after its normal span, the lid is off, and everyone jumps in. At one time there were one hundred and ten different ring-toss games on the market. The chiseler's penalty is certain knowledge that any good idea he may have will likewise be appropriated, and that representatives of Japanese factories will be waiting for the stores to open in order to buy the first samples of his creation. In the Tinkertoy factory in Evanston, Illinois, I was shown a Japanese imitation of the construction set, faithful even to the trademark drawing and two typographical errors in the instruction sheet. The only difference, as merchants who stocked it soon learned, was that the rods didn't fit the holes and the hubs were bored by hand instead of machine, so inaccurately that you couldn't possibly build anything with it. The twenty-four American infringers at least offered more than a package of nerve.

The unusual success of Erector is said to be due in large measure to the competitors who followed in its wake. The inventor won suits against everyone who handled infringing construction sets; but instead of collecting damages, as he could have done, he forced the guilty stores to stock up with Erector sets to the value of the judgments, punishing them with

profits, and whipping up goodwill for himself. With such a powerful stimulus to distribution, the sets were sensational sellers, opening the way for the immense line of later Gilbert toys.

This mad competition at least gives the parent the utmost dollar value. It used to be enough for a toy sailboat to look something like a boat, though its proportions might be out of joint, and its paint and glue soluble in water. Now of course a boat must be seaworthy, with resultant benefit to the child, since there's more play value in a pond race than in looking at a toy boat in drydock. And competition has brought us realistic dolls which don't stop at eating graham crackers, crying real tears, or spitting in your eye.

The ultimate gesture to satisfy the modern frenzy for toys of mechanical perfection is the production, by a Detroit firm, of 12-ounce and 4-ounce streamlined miniature gasoline engines, and variable pitch propellers, for model planes and boats. Both motors use piston rings, pigmy spark plugs made for the purpose by Champion, and special fuel put up by the Sinclair Oil Company. The motors cost \$12.50 to \$15, and the larger handful of precision-made power plant will fly a model plane 20 minutes on $1\frac{3}{4}$ ounces of gas.

Another paradox of this hectic, fascinating business is that the manufacturers who are able to beat the price-cutters at their own game, and remain profitably in the field, are almost invariably not toy specialists at all, but makers of anything else from brush handles to tombstones—companies to whom toys are just cake, and not a whole meal. The gamble is too hazardous for a new firm or one with limited finances. It costs plenty to manufacture any toy, even a poor one. And not even a successful toy, except in unusual circumstances, can carry the financial load of operating a factory and sales force by itself, at the mercy of a lopsided market that may or may not make prodigious demands one month of the year and is sure to coast the other eleven. But a factory already in operation is in a posi-

tion to add a toy department with a minimum of expense and risk.

What is more natural then than for the American Electric Company to make a toy telephone (as well as supply the Bell Corporation with standard size parts), or for Brunswick-Balke-Collender to make small billiard tables, or for the Esty people to manufacture 2,000 children's reed organs a year? A producer of chain-store aluminum ware uses up the ends of sheets, and the small pieces that would otherwise be scrap, for stunted kitchen utensils which constitute 40 per cent of his total business. The plastics division of the Bryant Electric Company makes the only beetleware toy tea-sets as a sort of monumental afterthought. General Foods paid them \$565,000 for 4,000,000 Mickey Mouse tumblers during a premium offer. O-Cedar puts out about 100,000 dust mop sets for the moppets each year, at \$1 apiece, including a genuine Bissell diminutive carpet sweeper. (Real furniture polish used to go with the sets, but there were so many complaints about its getting on the furniture that the midget bottles are now empty, to be filled only at mother's discretion.) And several tire factories find the current vogue for rubber toys assuming more and more importance in their scheme of things.

Many successful toys, furthermore, have utilized the inventive talents of men who are qualified specialists in the adult provinces they seek to interpret for youth. The best-known airplane kit designer is a former Army aviation instructor. The inventors of the two outstanding wooden construction toys were architects of note. And the leading mechanical construction toys were not the ideas of laymen or even

toy designers, but of professional engineers. Stanlo came from the Stanley works, one of the largest firms of hinge-makers; Modern Moorecraft was worked out by an engineer from his own patented principle designed for eventual use in knock-down garages, scaffolding, etc.

Indeed, one of the dominating factors in the toy industry is a rank outsider who, without even entering the toy business, has affected its physiognomy and prosperity more than any other one man. Perhaps you have already guessed his name: Walt Disney. Figments of Disney's imagination sold more than \$3,000,000 worth of toys in the first third of this year. Not more than one manufacturer is licensed to use a Disney character or group for each type of toy. But the fact that 117 toy manufacturers have been licensed to use Snow White characters gives an idea of the hair-splitting that goes on in the name of exclusive licenses. And there's Disney's whole animal menagerie for another profitable subdivision. It is said, incidentally, that a Disney license is regarded as a better protection against infringers than a United States patent, which is considered in the trade as little more than a down payment on a lawsuit.

A strange and paradoxical business this. But there are plenty of good toys on the market, and the manufacturers are ready to give us even better ones when we indicate that we want them. The only thing that can hold the toy industry back is parents who don't know what a toy should do. One of them, by the way, returned a seventy-nine cent Charlie McCarthy dummy the other day, complaining that there was something wrong with it—it wouldn't talk!



THE DEFENSE OF AMERICA

BY GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

This article is based upon Major Eliot's book, *The Ramparts We Watch*, which has just been published by Reynal & Hitchcock, but includes additions and revisions made in the light of recent events in Europe.—*The Editors*.

THE terrible and tragic crisis through which the peoples of Europe have just passed, and from which they have emerged with a peace bought at a price not yet, we may be certain, fully paid, has left its mark upon America as well as upon those nations more directly concerned. The first wave of relief at escape from the immediately threatened holocaust was swiftly past; what remains is an uneasy feeling of strain, of apprehension. What next? That the last chapter in the unhappy post-war history of the rise of mailed-fist dictatorships has not been written, that the last demands of the war lords have not been uttered, no man can doubt. That "peace in our time" has been really achieved no man can truly believe; even if we compel our minds to accept the hopeful thought, our hearts misgive us, our instinct warns us.

What has really been reaffirmed by the outcome of the European crisis is the truth which the sad fates of Manchuria, of Ethiopia, of Austria, of Spain, of China have already successively illustrated: that for the time being, at least, the hope of peace by international agreement, by a reign of law and "collective security," is dead; that a nation which, disclaiming all thought of attacking others, is yet determined to protect its own rights, liberties, institutions, and economic welfare against aggression must depend on its own armed strength, and on that alone,

for its security—must, in the trenchant phrase of Guibert, "make its arms to be feared, though never its ambition." The maxim of Mahan still holds true—that force and the means of applying force are fundamental in international relations, the final arbiters among the peoples of this unhappy planet.

Inevitably, therefore, the thought of Americans who observe these sad but inescapable facts turns to the defense of their own country, to her safety against foreign attack; and when they think of this they must think not only of the United States and its various possessions, but of the Western Hemisphere as a whole; since our security is definitely bound up with the security of our neighbors. There would be no safety for us were the integrated systems, political and economic and military, of the totalitarian states of Europe or Asia to gain a firm foothold in any part of the New World.

The problem of our defense is, therefore, political and economic as well as military; and the political and economic measures to be adopted in the defense of the Western Hemisphere against the aggressive forces which are so rapidly gaining ground beyond the seas hardly lie within the scope of this paper. But military considerations underlie and control the others, and in the military sense the fundamental fact to be pointed out is that any aggression directed against the Amer-

ican continents by any great European or Asiatic power is primarily a matter of sea communications. Therefore the question of military defense against such aggression is first of all a naval question. Our situation in this respect is strikingly like that of Great Britain prior to the invention of the airplane.

The policy which served Britain so well for two centuries was based upon the maintenance of a navy superior to the combined naval forces of any powers with which she was likely to come into conflict, a navy which, acting with concentrated force as to its main fighting elements, and with calculated dispersion as to its cruising vessels, was able to protect the vital sea communications of the Empire, to assure the safety of the base upon which the whole vast worldwide system depended—the British Isles—and to keep flowing along the Imperial trade routes the supplies of food and raw materials upon which the British people depended for their livelihood and prosperity. The possession of such a navy dispensed Britain from the tremendous burden of a great conscript army, such as the Continental nations were compelled to create; she required only a small, highly trained regular army, raised by voluntary enlistment, sufficient to garrison the various outlying bases which gave strategical mobility to the fleet, to maintain order among the native populations, and to provide a certain reserve at home either for the defense of the British Isles against raids or to undertake small expeditionary operations of limited extent and objective (such as the Peninsular and Crimean campaigns) of which the communications were assured by the navy. So protected, the people of the British Isles were able to continue their commercial and domestic concerns with little or no interference from without; and from the close of the Napoleonic Wars to the outbreak of the World War, enjoyed a century of all but unbroken peace.

To-day, however, because the coming of the airplane has made the base of their imperial system insecure by reason of the

proximity of the British Isles to the continent of Europe, the British people can no longer feel themselves safe from direct attack, and must accept far heavier burdens in the interest of security. The United States, alone among the great nations of the world, still possesses that priceless privilege which so long was Britain's, of first defending herself upon the sea: because our homeland is, as yet, secure from any form of direct attack save that which may be borne in ships. In the correct appreciation of this fact and its implications by the American people, lies our hope of remaining aloof; of remaining, if not untouched by, at least uninvolved in the struggles for power which are even now torturing so great a part of the world by war or the imminent peril of war.

II

But there is another and no less important bearing which our situation has upon our military policy.

War takes its character from the age in which it exists. Modern war is a war of men and a war of machines. Without the men the machines are useless. Without the machines the men are helpless.

Modern fighting forces use in war vast numbers of machines, consume enormous quantities of the munitions which feed the machines. The machines and the munitions must be fabricated by industry. The extent to which the national industry will be absorbed in discharging its military obligations depends therefore upon the number of the war machines and the rate of their consumption of munitions, in proportion to the normal or peacetime capacity of that industry.

But there is this to be noted—that even a very great navy has far fewer machines and, therefore, requires far less industrial support, than a great army. For example, all the fighting ships of our present fleet possess together only some 1,700-odd pieces of artillery of various calibers. At the close of the World War the French army alone had 11,638

pieces of artillery in organized batteries. Naval guns fire only intermittently, on those comparatively rare occasions when an enemy is within sight and range; army artillery may be called upon for continuous efforts lasting many days.

The potential antagonists of Europe lie side by side on a crowded continent. There can be little doubt that, as in the last war, the whole industrial effort of any European nation at war will be taken up with the furnishing of machines and munitions to its fighting forces. In a war of any duration that industrial effort will have to be greatly expanded. Such a struggle is not only a struggle between the fighting forces; it is a struggle between whole nations.

Survival becomes the paramount object of all. Victory must be attained. The whole energies of a people, whatever their original state of political freedom, must be ordered, regimented, directed by a single authority to a common end. Of this there can be no smallest doubt. Everything—man-power, industrial power, wealth, production, transportation, liberty itself—must be at the service of the Government. It makes no difference by what name such a Government is called: in war it must assume absolute power over the life and property of every citizen. It must do this or perish.

This is so true, can be so clearly demonstrated to be true, that it has come to affect American thought on the subject of American effort in war. The experience of the World War, in which this nation created an army of four million men and sent more than half of it across the Atlantic Ocean, while creating also a transport fleet of more than three million tons to carry and supply it and providing naval escort for it as well as other forms of naval effort, has in sum total reaffirmed the idea that in any future war America must adopt even more stringent controls than she used in the last; indeed, that her industry, her commerce, her citizens must be subject to the same sort of centralized command that those of any European nation at war must endure.

Plans to accomplish that end are already well in hand. Laws have been drawn up, laws which require only the insertion of a date and a few details, to be presented to a Congress fired with the war spirit, perhaps blinded by war hysteria; laws which would take away the rights and liberties of every American citizen and convert this country in a single day into a totalitarian dictatorship, under the sole control of the President, for the duration of the "emergency."

Let us consider some of these laws a little more carefully.

First, there are the laws which are printed as appendices to the Industrial Mobilization Plan. This plan has been prepared by the office of the Assistant Secretary of War, who is charged with the duties of procurement and supply by the National Defense Act, to enable the industrial effort of the nation to be aligned behind the fighting forces in war. In time of peace the work of industrial mobilization consists in a continuing survey of the possible needs of war and of the industrial resources of the country, and an attempt to keep the two in harmony. The nation is divided into "procurement districts," and in each of these districts the industrial facilities are carefully checked over to determine how far they could be used as—or converted into—war-supply agencies. In this work the War Department, with the assistance of the Navy Department, has accomplished a remarkable achievement, and in so doing has had the hearty co-operation of industrial management. The last Congress made a great advance when it permitted certain funds to be used by the War and Navy Departments in giving what are called "educational orders" to selected plants to enable the latter to acquire experience in the production of certain critical items of munitionment. Formerly this was not possible, as every Government contract had to be let, on the basis of advertised bids, to the lowest bidder, which was naturally a firm already equipped for turning out the desired product. These parts of the Industrial

Mobilization Plan are necessary and will make a great contribution to our effectiveness in war.

But to secure compliance with the requirements of the fighting forces the Industrial Mobilization Plan goes further. Directing itself to the ends of "procurement planning, control of economic resources, and mobilization of industry," it asserts that war will require the extension of the "war powers of the President" to the control of prices, foreign trade, manufacturing facilities, raw materials, labor, financial resources, power, and transportation: in a word, to the regimentation under dictatorial power of the daily life of every citizen and his work and property.

To this end, the Industrial Mobilization Plan presents drafts of certain bills "deemed necessary to carry into effect this plan," bills which are to be presented to a war Congress as essential ingredients of victory.

The first is entitled: "A Bill making available to the President the man power of the Nation." It is a selective-service law, calling for the registration for military service of various age-classes of our young men. It is based on the sound principle of the universal liability of every citizen to defend the Republic in war.

The second is entitled: "A Bill making available to the President the material resources of the Nation."

It authorizes the President to fix the prices of any commodity or service (*i.e.*, wages), to regulate, limit, or prohibit the purchase, sale, use, transportation, manufacture, or distribution of any commodity or service, to buy and sell any commodity or service on such terms as he may deem desirable, to requisition any commodity on such terms as he may deem desirable, to license any sort of business or commercial enterprise and forbid engaging in it without such license, to prescribe the accounting methods of and reports to be rendered by the licensees, to have the right of entry and inspection of all such licensed businesses by means of his duly

authorized agents, to promulgate rules against waste, destruction, hoarding, speculation, and profiteering in any commodity or service, and to delegate any authority or power conferred by the act to any person or agency he may think proper.

Another section of this law contains the following provision: "That whenever the President shall find it necessary for the national security and defense in the prosecution of the war, he is authorized to suspend in whole or in part the operation of the following listed laws of the United States insofar as in his opinion they restrict or impede the procurement activities of the Government or the successful prosecution of the war."

Blank spaces are then provided for the insertion of the titles of the various statutes thus to be placed at the executive mercy.

The law concludes with the usual provisions of fine and imprisonment (amount and term left blank) for violators, and with a clause providing that if any part of the act be held unconstitutional the rest shall not be affected.

Other laws provide for the commandeering of property, the control of capital issues, the control of foreign trade, the creation of a War Finance Corporation, and a system of marine insurance.

So much for the bills printed in the official Industrial Mobilization Plan, which doubtless represent the policies which are considered necessary and desirable by the Government agencies which co-operated in drawing them up.

There are certain other measures which have been introduced in Congress looking toward the same ends. The motive behind most of these bills is "to take the profit out of war." One such bill, called the May bill after its sponsor, the present Chairman of the Military Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives, has already been favorably reported by that Committee and will doubtless come before the next Congress for consideration. It includes wage- and price-fixing, the regimentation of all labor, the regis-

tration of all engaged in industrial management, the licensing of all business—in short, it goes even further than the Industrial Mobilization Plan's legislation. The bill sponsored by Senator Nye is principally concerned with taxation and profit-elimination, though it contains most of the May bill's provisions for the control of economic resources. It also goes a little further in the way of giving the President power to spend the public moneys without accounting until after the war.

All these bills and plans are based on one idea, or rather one memory: that of the last war. All of them assume that the next war will be just like it—one in which we shall build up a huge army of millions, in which there shall be demanded of us an effort which will strain every national resource to the utmost.

All of them, therefore, stand on a false foundation.

For this is exactly the sort of war in which the United States should never again engage, and need not, at least in our time, again engage if her citizens have the wisdom and the vision now, in time of peace, to make such a war as impossible as anything can be in this uncertain world.

III

All this vast machinery of control, all these dictatorial powers, will be unnecessary in a war fought mainly at sea, a war in which our effort is directed toward maintaining the control of maritime communications by means of a navy, and in which we do not propose and are not required to send millions of men overseas or to enlist millions of men to defend our soil.

If we Americans go to war again we shall be fighting to preserve our free democratic institutions, our right to live and govern ourselves as we see fit and to be secure in our own home against aggression from without.

Why should we go to war to defend freedom if we must begin by destroying it with our own hands?

We need not do this. There is no earthly reason why the war effort of our Navy, supplemented by that of an army of the size and missions already mentioned, should require of us any such sacrifice. Our Navy, when at full strength, will require 135,000 men. An Organized Naval Reserve of 35,000, backed by a Volunteer Reserve of say equal strength and a proper Merchant Marine Reserve, can immediately fill all mobilization requirements. The Navy can begin functioning at once. Additional men will be needed, of course; but they will not be needed in great numbers. It is doubtful whether—if the Navy be maintained at a level which will permit those vigorous offensive measures necessary to assure victory—it would ever require more than another hundred thousand all told.

The Regular Army, in order to provide proper garrisons for our overseas possessions (excluding the Philippines, whose future status is uncertain), to give us suitable harbor and anti-aircraft defense, a strong and well-balanced air force, and a sufficient number of mobile troops for the defense of the continental United States against raids, or to provide small expeditionary forces for seizing and holding advance bases for the fleet and undertaking other responsibilities connected with the operations of amphibious power, ought to have a total strength of something over 230,000 officers and men. Behind this should be a National Guard of about the same strength. Both these forces should be fully armed and equipped, thoroughly trained, and, as to the Regular Army, ready to take the field on a few hours' notice. Such land forces are ample for our defense, for the protection of the bases, from which our offensive striking force, the Navy, must operate.

If we are so armed few will challenge our power, for the risk will be too great; and all contemplation of war is based on the weighing of risk against advantage. If any does take the risk we shall be the deliverer and not the recipient of the terrible hammer-blows of conflict.

The forces enumerated are well within the power of this nation to create and to maintain at full strength in war, without regimenting all our vast resources under a single control, without wiping out our democracy, without abandoning our American ways of life and government.

If, however, we are going again to send an army of millions to fight on distant continents, or if we are going to deprive ourselves of the instruments of offensive war on the sea, and thus make it possible for war to be brought to our shores and our country to be forced into a frightful defensive struggle for existence, then we shall need all the controls and centralization of authority envisaged by the laws above noted, and more into the bargain. It is this sort of war that those who wish us to depend only on defensive measures are in fact demanding.

Certain measures of control we shall need anyway. No one need suppose that a nation can engage in war without inconvenience to its citizens. The obligation of every citizen to defend his country in war is asserted in the Constitution. To this obligation, the Selective Service Act gives expression; the principle is sound. But there is another principle which is also sound, and that is the principle of making full use of the moral value of volunteer service in war. That we could easily obtain sufficient volunteers for the comparatively modest establishments needed by a war of the character made possible to us by our geographical position there can be little doubt. It would be better to use such volunteers rather than impose selective service as long as the number of men needed was not a large one. Care should be taken of course to prevent the enlistment of men occupying key positions in essential war industries.

Taking the profits out of war deserves consideration. No one has a right to amass a vast fortune at the expense of the blood of his fellow-countrymen. An excess-profits tax will take care of this; price-fixing may also prove to be necessary, but probably will not because of the fact that

our war-effort will be limited, and will, therefore, not disturb the normal economic life of the country to the extent that the last war did. The "mobilization" of the country's industry, the due apportionment of effort are right and proper; but a sufficient degree of efficiency can be attained through the voluntary co-operation of industry and the pressure of public opinion. It is childish to assume that every industrial manager, every business man is lacking in patriotism and even in common honesty. The majority of them will be just as anxious to do their part in the common cause as all the rest of us; there are means of dealing with a recalcitrant minority without taking away the rights of others.

Nor is there any assurance that the creation of the vast bureaucratic machine needed to operate this whole country and all its enterprises under Government control would conduce to efficiency. The chances are that the reverse would be the case. Our war supplies must come from our industrial machine; the needs of war cannot possibly be met by Government-owned agencies created in time of peace. This being true, will it not be safer and wiser to allow industry to produce what is required of it by its own means—the means which have made American industrial management the model for a wondering world—than to attempt to superimpose upon it a system of Government control, a maze of red-tape, and a horde of more or less competent inspectors, agents, administrators, and committees?

Certainly there must be plans, very careful, precise, and detailed plans as to the requirements of our fighting forces under the various conditions of war which may confront them, and as to the sources which are to supply these requirements. There must be peace-time arrangements between the procurement agencies of the Government and the various industries. There must be a clear understanding of what each industry, each plant is to contribute. There must in wartime be firm dealing with those who fail or haggle or hang back. In extreme

cases there must be commandeering. Profiteering cannot and should not be tolerated.

But why must we assume that the last war is the pattern for the next? Why must we suppose that it will find us with our industry already clogged with foreign contracts, ourselves required to make a great overseas military effort, no plans laid, no Army ready, our Navy inadequate, our air force all but non-existent? These things need never happen again. We can make reasonable preparations. We can do those things which we ought to do and leave undone those things which we ought not to do.

It is unnecessary, and it is dangerous, to make up our minds in advance that at the outbreak of any war we must immediately convert our government into a complete dictatorship. We ought rather to divide our planning into sections: to make one plan which we might call an Industrial Protective Plan, and which would go hand in glove with the Protective Mobilization Plan which would include the use of the Navy, the Regular Army, and such National Guard troops as might be needed. This Industrial Protective Plan would include only such degree of centralized control as might be absolutely essential to the supply of these fighting forces, and no more. It should be designed with the idea of disturbing the normal life of the country, so essential to our well-being and so contributory to national morale, as little as possible. The readjustments after the war, in which there are such perilous possibilities, will thereby be greatly ameliorated. The Industrial Mobilization Plan should be the second installment and should accompany a General Mobilization Plan for the production of our full military effort, if and when that ever becomes necessary. This is the sensible, American way of doing things. There is no occasion for hysteria. There is no occasion for destroying ourselves because others seek to destroy us.

Nor is there reason for assuming that if a general European war occurs we shall necessarily be drawn into it. We were

involved in the last war through a variety of causes, which it is needless to review here. Infinite controversy has raged about this subject and will continue to do so. Our present need is for less speculation about the past and more of clear vision as to the possibilities of the future. A war in Europe to-day would almost certainly include Britain and France on the one side, Germany and Italy on the other. The disparity in naval power is so enormous that there would be little peril to our shipping whatever trade we might engage in with the Western powers. Means for controlling the operation of submarines have vastly improved since the last war; they will not roam the seas unchallenged and unhindered. Nor are airplanes operated from Italy and Germany across hostile land and sea any great peril to the Atlantic shipping lanes. The amount of war-trade we shall have with the Western powers will be seriously affected by their inability to obtain credits here under the Johnson Act. To this wise and just law we should rigidly adhere, whatever our sympathies. It is worth a dozen Neutrality Acts for keeping us from being too deeply involved, our industries too greatly compromised by foreign orders. But there is no necessity for otherwise confining our future policy within rigid limits. The necessity is that we shall make up our minds that, whatever betide, we send no more great armies to fight in a European war. This resolve once deeply imbedded in American hearts, and with it the determination to command the sea-approaches to our own country against all comers, we may view, if not with serenity at least with security, the struggle for power which has through all recorded history made of the continent of Europe a battlefield and a shambles.

Certainly we may have to shut off some avenues of trade: our trade into the Mediterranean, for example, under certain circumstances; our trade into the Baltic under others. It may be advisable for us to curtail sharply even our trade with the Western Powers. These are matters of policy to be decided under the

conditions which may in future confront us. Certainly we may assume that our neutral rights will be little respected by belligerent powers except insofar as we are prepared to defend them. The degree to which we should defend our right to unrestricted trade with other nations, and the degree to which we should temporarily abandon that trade, will become matters for grave consideration. Our safety probably lies in not becoming too deeply committed—becoming the economic partners of one side or the other. This is controllable in part by policy, in part by the purchasing power of those nations which have free access to our ports by sea. Again it is this vital matter of sea communications upon which our security rests. It is for us to say what ships and what goods may pass safely in our waters. It is for us to say to what degree we shall supply the needs of belligerent nations, whoever they may be. There is no reason to assume that we shall blindly repeat all our errors of the past. We are not a nation of fools. If it is to our advantage that certain powers shall be victorious, we may help them—to a degree. If it is to our advantage to remain completely aloof, that too we may do—while the command of our waters is securely in our hands.

If war comes to us unbidden we can and should meet it on the sea, far from our cities and our firesides; we can and should be able to direct such immediate and vigorous offensive measures against the sea communications of our enemy and against his naval forces, with which and only with which he may initiate an attack against us, that he will find himself far too occupied with immediate and pressing concerns of the moment to dream of attempting any serious assault on our homeland.

The most serious effort which it seems at the moment can possibly be demanded of us, is a war with Japan. If we do have to extend our seapower so far to the westward that we can bring the pressure of blockade to bear on Japan, we may have to undertake certain control measures beyond those normally to be envisaged

in a sea-war. Even then we probably should not need to regiment everything and everyone. But the requirements might be severe before we were through. For this reason we should avoid such a war if we possibly can do so. For this reason we should dispose of the Philippine problem as soon as we can honorably accomplish that end. For this reason we should make our Pacific armaments sufficiently formidable to give pause to the most militaristic of Japanese. For this reason we should give up any idea of interfering in the present or any future struggle in the Far East, between Far Eastern nations. These things are not our concern, they do not involve any of our vital interests, they are Asian affairs in an Asian theater, too far away for our military power to reach save at an effort beyond any possible compensatory reward of victory.

IV

Providence, in its infinite mercy and wisdom, has been very good to this nation. We have been given a geographical position far removed from dangerous neighbors. The genius of man has not yet created instruments of aggressive warfare which can span the oceans which protect us on either hand, save as those instruments may move upon the surface of those oceans. But the sea, while it is in this sense a protection, is in another sense a highway, free to all, by which navies and armies may travel. Fortunately the laws which affect its control in war, and the instruments by which that control is maintained, are limited by the capacity of man to construct fighting ships, and by the very nature of such ships themselves. As they become constantly more complicated and more costly the building of them is thereby more restricted. They become available in any numbers only to the greater nations: and ours is happily so great in wealth and resources as to be able to maintain a naval superiority ample for our defense.

Given this, with all that it implies—not only a navy but a sufficient army and

air force to make that navy free to act—we are secure. It makes no difference what vast armies may march beyond the seas at the command of some dictator or emperor. It makes no difference with what vast armadas of airplanes he may darken the skies. If he have not a navy superior to our own in fighting power upon the sea all the rest is nothing we need regard.

An army of a million men, complete with every instrument of aggressive land warfare, is, on the sea in transports, helpless before a single cruiser—unless it have a naval escort. Ten thousand fighting planes, securely packed in the holds of cargo-vessels, but unguarded by warships, may be sent to rest forever in the ooze of the ocean's bottom by a destroyer manned by a hundred seamen. War on the sea can be successfully prosecuted only with instruments precisely adapted to the purpose. The fighting ship is now so vastly more formidable than any other ship can possibly be made even by the addition of armament that there is no comparison whatever between the conditions of today and those of a century ago in this respect.

Of course conditions may change, and of course our military policy must change with them. For the present the conditions are as stated. For the present America need not in peace stagger under the burdens of vast armaments, nor suffer in war the horrors of invasion and the perils to liberty which war must bring to less fortunate peoples: if only she make sure of this—that she commands the seas which divide her from all possible sources of attack.

Nor is this all; for the sea being the great highway of nations, every great Power with which we might be involved in conflict is in greater or less degree dependent on the sea for its supplies and for its trade. While we possess in sufficient number the instruments of offensive seawar, we can inflict upon any such Power injury differing in degree in proportion to its dependence on sea-communications; injury, in the case of any Power with

which we are at all likely to come into conflict, of so serious and distressing a nature as to enable us to compel our enemy to sue for peace. And this is our true war-policy: this is the key to our security, that we be able to do this, and that we be ready to do it if we must, and that all shall know in advance that we have not only the power, but the will to use the power.

Why, then, in Heaven's name, should we plan for any other sort of war? Why should we blindly assume that we must make war according to the plans, and laboring under the necessities of others who have not our advantages? Why should we deliberately prepare in advance to destroy the freedom which we would, if we fought, be fighting to protect?

Let us not deceive ourselves. Let us not say, these powers that we propose to grant to a single man will be politely handed back when the war is over, as a matter of course. They may be, and they may not be. The risk that they may not, or that the reclaiming of them might plunge this nation into the horrors of a civil strife to which foreign war would seem but a pleasant dream, is far too great to be taken if it need not be taken.

It need not—if the American people understand the principles on which their security rests. It need not if they will implement those principles with the necessary military policy and establishments. The financial sacrifices they will be called on to bear for this purpose are not great. They are as nothing to the cost of a war fought on our own shores, or on those of other continents. They are as nothing to the cost, not only to our treasury, but to our national way of life, our institutions of democratic government, our personal and precious liberties, of war in the European sense of that terrible word.

To all the familiar arguments that have been made in favor of reasonable military preparation in times gone by, arguments which Americans have often heard and as often disregarded, there is now added this: that modern war bears so heavily

upon an unready people that they must subject themselves to iron-fisted dictatorial rule if they are to have any hope of victory.

The degree of readiness demanded of us is far less in degree than is demanded of others less securely emplaced upon this planet. It is a price which we should gladly pay in defense of freedom. But it is a price which must be paid if we are to escape the necessity of beginning our next war not as a free people but as a people under the yoke of arbitrary power. It is no matter that we may assume that yoke voluntarily. Assume it we must; a yoke is a yoke, and such yokes have this eternal quality, that they are not to be cast off as lightly as they may be assumed. We are accustomed to talk of our inalienable rights as free men; we do not as often think of the responsibilities which those rights impose upon us. "No man is free," said Epictetus, "who is not master of himself." To retain our freedom it is not enough that we assert our rights, our privileges, that we lean upon the accomplishments of past generations and make no sacrifices of our own. The degree and nature of the sacrifices which we must make, that war may be avoided or that it may be quickly followed by victory if it comes, will be exactly conditioned upon the degree of instant readiness for action of the means we possess of offensive operations upon the sea, and of the defensive

measures securing the base from which those operations must proceed. If we compromise with these minimum military necessities we are compromising with disaster. By such a policy, the people of Great Britain kept themselves at peace for a century, made themselves secure in their homes and means of livelihood for two centuries. To-day we alone may pursue such a policy; but only if we provide ourselves with its essential instruments.

We alone may so arm ourselves as to be able—if compelled to do so—to inflict grievous hurt on others while taking little hurt ourselves. In this is all our safety. In this is all our hope of being left in peace, to pursue our own way untroubled by the sound of distant war-drums. In this is all our hope, if war does come to us, of being able swiftly and certainly to bring it to a victorious conclusion.

We cannot bring peace to a warring world, but we can keep the peace of our own part of that world. We cannot settle the troubles of distant continents, but we can prevent the peoples of those continents from transporting their wars to the Western Hemisphere. We cannot shut ourselves off from every contact with other nations, but we can make sure that we command the seas which are the medium of those contacts—the seas which are our ramparts, and upon which we must stand our watch.





JUST HOW STUPID ARE JURIES?

BY A JURYMAN

IF YOU are unfortunate enough not to belong to the legal profession you may be sure that your intelligence is that of a backward schoolboy of twelve, and there is absolutely nothing you can do about it except to get on a jury and have it verified by both attorneys. The jury, my lawyer friends tell me, is dumb. All juries are dumb. The average juror is a sap who will invariably believe anything you tell him if you can present it in the proper dramatic way.

"Take the case I had in White Plains last week," says my good friend Harold X. "After hearing all the evidence and attentively listening to my long and forceful summation which proved beyond all doubt that my client was entitled to at least thirty thousand dollars' damages, those dumb clucks brought in a verdict for the defendant!"

"Don't tell me about juries," says my dear friend Jesse Y. "I never yet saw one that didn't deliberate with an eye on the clock. They all hold out until it's time to go home and then anything goes."

"The jury system is all wrong!" says Aaron Z, who teaches law and ought to know. "It's ridiculous to trust an important case to twelve laymen picked from the average citizens. You are sure to get stupid and ignorant people who are thoroughly incapable of judging anything."

And so it goes. Each wise and learned lawyer will tell you how stupid and ignorant the layman is. To quote from section 180 of Underhill's *Criminal Evidence*, 4th edition: ". . . the large major-

ity of persons of average intelligence are untrained in logical methods of thinking and are therefore prone to draw illogical and incorrect inferences and conclusions without adequate foundation."

Now all this is very nice and undoubtedly is well meant. But how can any attorney judge a juror or a jury when he has never sat on a jury? How can lawyers call juries dumb when they have no idea what goes on behind the locked doors of the jury room? How can the average attorney, in his infinite sagacity and wisdom, hope to appeal to a jury when he insists on treating the jurors as though they were inmates of a home for the feeble-minded? Isn't it possible that our great men of law and learning might conceivably be—well, not wrong, but mistaken?

Every two years for the past twenty years I have done jury-service—not on the Grand Jury but the "dumb" jury. According to all standards of legal reasoning, I am a seasoned sap, a thoroughly qualified ignoramus whose weak and dwindling intellect becomes and remains less than any pre-assigned constant however small. I am the fellow attorneys play to the gallery to—I am the gallery! It is for my benefit that they rave and rant and do a John Barrymore one minute and a Harpo Marx the next. I realize this and am not amused because I like to think that I have more intelligence than a newborn moron. Perhaps my experience over the years on various juries in New York City has been unique. Maybe I am the only man in the eight million who

live in this great city who has actually sat on intelligent juries and deliberated with intelligent jurymen. But I hardly think so. There must be others who have had similar experiences. However, here are a few of the experiences that I have had which I am delighted to present to the learned legal profession without charge.

I began my career as a juror back in 1919. The very first thing I did was to testify in the very case on which I was a juror. I took the witness stand and gave testimony to the other eleven jurors as well as to myself and there was no mistrial although the judge had to smile at this unusual proceeding. (I was a surveyor at the time who had made a survey of the accident for *both* sides in the case. The survey was admitted and testimony about it was required.) From then on I became interested in jury duty and every time it came along, instead of getting an influential friend to get me off, I served willingly.

Most of the cases on which I have served have been negligence cases. In all my experience in locked jury rooms I have come across only one man who had the "It's-getting-late-and-I-want-to-go-home-so-settle-it-for-anything" attitude. Every jury has acted contrary to the way our legal friends say juries act, and, without a single exception, these juries have arrived at their verdicts through careful deliberation and consideration of the *evidence alone!* On one particular occasion—a case of manslaughter in the first degree—we not only sent down for all the various exhibits, photographs, and notes, but *we acted the entire scene out* with chairs as our scenery, in order to be thoroughly convinced that certain testimony was impossible and other testimony was true!

I can safely say that in all my experience with fellow-jurors in locked jury rooms I have never found a single juror who didn't do his darndest to see that true justice was done. In fully ninety per cent of the cases legal fireworks, technicalities, and long-winded summations only made jurors angry and helped

to confuse the issue. The most vital and important consideration with all the jurors on every case I have been on is "who lied and who told the truth?" I cannot recall a single instance where this was not so. Our learned and brilliant lawyer friends would be amazed to know how a jury can sense a real liar from a witness who is nervous and who makes misstatements for the cross-examining attorney to magnify to infinite proportions.

One of the negligence cases I was on a few years ago was defended by a large insurance company. Of course we were not supposed to know this because we should all have been immediately prejudiced against the company. But we all knew it the instant we were examined. The defense lawyer asked each of us if we held stock in any insurance company. He dwelt a great deal upon stock and holding companies, and it didn't take long for our dull and stupid minds to grasp that he represented the insurance company. Everybody on that jury knew it as soon as the trial opened. Nobody gave a damn! The trial went through four days of wrangling and ranting and dull repetitious testimony, and the word "insurance" was guarded more carefully than a mid-Victorian woman's virtue. Just as the trial was about to end the last witness let the cat out of the bag! At the mention of "the man from the insurance company" both lawyers flew up at the judge, the sleeping court attendants burst into action, everyone's face became tense with shame, and his honor turned to us and boomed "*mistrial!*" Everything happened so quickly that we were all dazed. In less than a minute we were outside on our way back to the jurors' room. Of course we discussed the case and I found that ten of the jurors would have awarded the plaintiff a few hundred dollars and that two didn't want to give him a cent! All this time and money wasted because the law says that the jury will be prejudiced at the words "insurance company." The facts proved differently, but law is law!

This very same experience was repeated

this year in another negligence case—but this time the judge put it squarely up to us. He told us to disregard anything to do with an insurance company and act on the evidence. He was a sensible judge who knew his human nature.

We were in the jury room from 3 P.M. until 10:30 P.M., arguing back and forth as though our lives depended on it. The good-looking plaintiff had sustained damages from a fall on the sidewalk. She admitted that three weeks after the accident she had attended a wild party and had had a good time. Her wise attorney, after going through the usual heart-string-pulling contortions in his summation, asked us to bring in a verdict for \$25,000 damages. We gave her \$400 and not a cent more—and this sum was arrived at by careful computation from her own testimony that she earned \$25 per week and had lost seven weeks' work. She had received accident insurance and hospitalization and still she asked for \$25,000 additional. Undoubtedly the brilliant legal minds in this case thought we should soak the insurance company—but if they had listened at the door for those seven and one-half hours they would not have heard the word "insurance" mentioned once. Not one of us gave it a second thought!

If any attorney has lowered his dignity enough to read this article let me tell him right from the shoulder that his jury is just as intelligent as he is. Believe it or not, *the truth from the witness stand is the only thing that makes a real impression on the jury.* All specious and legally technical arguments, fireworks, hair-splitting, and long-winded and dramatic summations only serve to get the poor patient jury angry. Here is one of the most blatant examples of the law's hair-splitting that was ever handed to a jury:

One of the negligence cases involved an ignorant cook who was injured by an automobile. Being a foreigner, he could neither speak nor write the English language well. He was put on the witness stand and was asked, "How far from you was the car when you heard the horn or klaxon?"

Now this is a simple question for any of us to answer but it was not so easy for Mr. Zyzxski. He seemed completely bewildered and made a motion with his hands that he "no understand." Five times more he was asked the same question with such helpful additions as "Was it 5 feet?" "Was it 25 feet?" "Was it 100?" The poor fellow simply didn't know what it was all about but he bore up under the ordeal. Finally, after both lawyers and the judge got after him he said "yeasir" to the question: "Was it as far as from where you are sitting to the end of his honor's desk?" At the magic word intended to be "yes" both attorneys took their seats, the judge relaxed, and a court attendant sprang from nowhere in particular and started carefully measuring the distance with a foot rule! We all held our breaths, for here was the true and accurate measurement of the exact distance the car was from the witness when he heard the horn or klaxon! It turned out to be 16 feet 3 and a half inches—closer to 3 and three-fourths inches. It went into the record for us to consider. Needless to say all this nonsense was thrown out in the jury room.

Here is a fine legal adventure that nobody will believe. This case, by the way, was tried by one of the most brilliant legal minds in America—a man whose reputation and eminence fell over the jury like a magic cloak and made all of us appear to be donkeys. On that particular jury there happened to be two authors, two engineers, three school-teachers, one lecturer, three salesmen, and one retired business man. The case centered in a moldy piece of bread bought in 1934—four years ago. The plaintiff, a sensitive and sheltered woman, claimed damages to the tune of \$25,000. Now \$25,000 is a lot of money to get for eating one moldy slice of bread, and the claim was all the more amazing in that no analysis had been made of the bread to show that it was harmful. But this woman retained a nationally known attorney and that is what she asked—and so

help the twelve of us, God, if her attorney didn't try to offer the very same loaf of bread, bought four years ago and kept in the bottom of a trunk ever since, in evidence! But that wasn't the worst by a long shot. The defense objected on the grounds that *it would prejudice the jury!*

As the case progressed it became clear that the plaintiff had no claim whatever. The only thing she had in her favor was the name and reputation of her lawyer. The defense, on the other hand, had a perfect case but they were frightened because of the dazzling brilliance of the opposing attorney, the fact that the plaintiff was a woman, and the idea that the jury must be dumb.

It took the twelve of us just two minutes to arrive at a unanimous verdict for the defendant. There was no argument from anyone, the case was so clean-cut. We waited in the jury room for about ten minutes (just for the looks of the thing) and then filed back into the court-room. The plaintiff and her eminent attorney greeted us with smiles of confidence while the poor whipped counsel for the defense had his head buried in his hands and didn't dare look up. What a blow was coming to him! Twenty-five thousand dollars of his client's money gone with the wind! Maybe we would be lenient and award only ten thousand dollars.

When the verdict was given the defendant's attorney couldn't believe his ears. He asked for a repetition and then, looking straight at us, he gasped, "For the

defendant?" I am sure he doesn't believe it yet.

I cite these few examples taken from the many cases on which I have served as juror merely to show how attorneys treat jurymen. It is high time that they realized it. I don't mean to imply that juries are infallible. I don't claim that the verdict of a jury is always the right one. I don't intend to minimize the importance of the presentation of a case by a competent counsel nor the possible effect upon a jury of a biased judge. What I do say from my own personal experience on the jury is:

1 The average jury is not composed of ignorant and uneducated men and women, at least in New York City.

2 The average jury will deliberate on a case as though it were a matter of life or death no matter what the case is about.

3 The average jury is not interested in the ego of the attorneys. The function of lawyers, as far as the jury goes, is the same as that of a lecturer who remains in the dark and displays stereopticon pictures on a large screen.

4 The average jury can soon tell whether a witness is telling the truth or whether he or she is rattled and mixed up.

5 The average jury in deliberating is never prejudiced through outside influences like race, morals, large corporations, etc. The only thing that it considers is the evidence.

6 The average jury is just as intelligent as—and in some cases more intelligent than—the average lawyer.

Now that I have got all this off my chest I want to make just one final statement: Some of my best friends are lawyers!



GRANDMOTHER SMITH'S PLANTATION

PART II

BY JOHN A. RICE

UNCLE CHARLIE had an only son just my age. When the two of us were very young, I have been told, our parents compared us point by point and I came off the loser, for Pinckney's head was much larger than mine. His father gloated, but as the child grew older his head became huge, out of all proportion to his thin body. Then they found that he could not walk, could barely move his spindling legs. He was paralyzed from the waist down, a hopeless cripple with an enormous head, brilliant and useless. I think my uncle felt the wound most deeply when he went hunting and had to leave his son behind, alienated from him in this his fullest joy, a son whose genius of mind had already put a gulf between them.

Pinckney was the first to lead me into the world of recorded imagination. Since he could not move about as the rest of us did, he had a huge pile of books on the floor—we had to live on the floor because it was difficult for him to get into his wheelchair. We read them all, Henty, Alger, Scott, Marryat, weird books of travel, almanacs, an occasional catalogue, Stevenson, McGuffey's readers, all of them, Dickens, even the Bible, reverently. In later years I did not feel free to ruin my eyes by reading twelve glorious hours on end, lying propped against the wall in a bad light.

The children's room was just off the runway, a few steps from the back door, insuring the hall against too much

tracked-in mud, and our elders, in some measure, against noises peculiar to the young. In the room was one piece of furniture, a big four-poster bed, but it was full, of us and the animals and the things we brought in. There were cats and kittens in peril of being squeezed to death in loving hands; small turtles and snails, marking their glistening pattern on the floor; frogs in all stages of life, from strings of eggs to tadpoles and on to mighty monsters, a terror to the very young and a danger to us all, for we knew it was of their nature to cause warts. June bugs tied to strings zoomed about, bashing themselves against the wall and landing in the hair of little girls, accidentally. There were home-made cages for squirrels, and an occasional young wild rabbit, but these always got away.

Usually we played out of doors. Then, if the adventure was very important and its scene was near enough the house, we took our crippled cousin Pinckney along, bumping him down the steps and hauling him up into his wheelchair, all the while receiving from him directions and admonitions delivered in erudite circumlocution, a gift we all admired and none envied; for even I couldn't go big words. The only person on the place who emulated him was a young Negro given to language and, probably therefore, with a leaning toward the saving of souls. Evidently he was not uniformly successful, to judge from the peals of laughter that came from my cousin as he rocked the

wheelchair in his mirth, rolling his great head from side to side. But wherein the errors lay we did not know and did not care, for we had taken no learning as our province.

One of the favorite places to play on a rainy day was the shed in which the cotton seed was stored, in the hope that then seemed vain that it might some day be useful. This was before the most remarkable feat of the imagination in the nineteenth century, the invention of invention, had taken complete hold in this country, and no one knew what to do with the surplus cotton seed.

The shed where we played was huge, filled with valleys and mighty mountains of seed. We climbed and slid and fought battles, and got cotton seeds up our noses and in our ears and breathed lint and were generally and severally uncomfortable, but in a world of our own. This was forty-five years ago and Progressive Education had not yet reared its benignant head. Children were still allowed, and encouraged, to keep to themselves and mind their own business, to be "seen and not heard," and preferably not even seen, provided they kept out of mischief—regarded as amiable nuisances, in fact. We ate at a separate table except on special occasions, and had, therefore, a polity of our own, governed by and governing ourselves. Except when the fight got too hot, we never appealed to our elders, and even then the plaintiff lost caste; for he was convicted thereby of seeking justice. I was later to see that here began in me the conflict between human and personal relations, the deep suspicion of ulterior motive in the imposition of "rules" for the conduct of life, resentment of the pattern that was slowly but firmly being pressed down on me.

And yet I had already accepted without question—doubt was to come much later—some of the figures in the pattern. I can remember clearly one that I recognized first among the cotton seed. The cousin whom I was to marry—I have not seen her since I was thirteen, I think her name was Isabel—was leaning over, dig-

ging a hole, exposing to view her precious bottom—"boony" was the family name for it. Another cousin, male and brutal, saw, not what I saw, but a target and, picking up a shingle, gave it a resounding wham. From this moment dates my acceptance of the belief that was once enclosed in the words, "sanctity of womanhood." Try as I will, and I have tried very hard, I have never been able to rid myself of the belief, of a something deeper than belief, that women are superior to men, that men are pretty common and cheap stuff compared to them. I am unable to argue the matter. When I am exposed and attacked, more often by women than men, I am helpless. I sit dumb and angry beneath the shower of scorn, dumb because I cannot explain, angry at being made an outcast from decent society; but I emerge unwashed of my sin.

I know as well as anyone what a shoddy thing Southern chivalry is, what an insult to women; how it has been used by politician and ecclesiastic to keep the world in the hands of men, and by women to sneak from men some of their power, coiling and slithering round with their perpetual charm; to what rotten ends it can be put in the war between black and white. But all the same, I believe that these are perversions of something that is basically good, just as Southern Methodism, and not only Methodism, is a perversion of Christianity. It is a strange mixture, this chivalry. Within it men live not only bigamous lives, but actually two separate and distinct lives. And yet some decent Southern women have been able, within the pattern of chivalry, to find for themselves a wider expression for their lives than Northern women have got out of their sham equality. Its very vocabulary betrays its inner discord, partly biblical, partly sheer poetic license, partly imitation Sir Walter Scott. To this day in the low country you can hear heralds in jousting tournaments mouthing about queens and kings, fair ladies and gallant knights, love and beauty, doughty deeds, and all the rest.

We boys were all the glorious heroes of chivalry, and the girls played their parts too, but with increasing reluctance, for they were already beginning to see that their hope of survival lay in keeping their intellects clear. (Let no one suppose that Southern women, when they are being feminine, are unaware of what they are doing. They can turn the juice on and off with perfect control.) But we children knew—and herein we differed from the men—that we were play-acting; yet all the time we were unconsciously tempering and testing and perfecting a weapon that we were later to use in defending ourselves against reality.

II

In another area of our life, our relation with the Negro children, we were learning to live in two worlds. As playmates they were our equals, and it is for this reason, I think, that I find it difficult to distinguish in memory between them and my cousins. And not only our equals, but growing up as we were, always never being but becoming, they changed so rapidly that they will not stay put in time. But when night came and we went to the house and they to their cabins, we drew apart into different and incompatible worlds.

Sometimes these two worlds came into sharp and painful conflict, and all that I was cried out against the separation. At one time there was much talk of migration back to Africa, a scheme hatched by some rascal to mulct the Negroes, and the debate between the children and Sophie the cook raged violently. But we were always defeated, not by her words, for we were her match in speech, but by her fierce longing for a place that she could call home, which reduced us to hurt and angry silence, hurt because she was willing to leave us, angry because deep inside we knew that she was right.

Another time we drew apart was on late summer afternoons, but on these occasions with anticipations of pleasure such as to draw the sting. We raced one

another to the tables under the great oak at the back of the house, but here we divided, the Negro children to sit at the table by the smoke-house, we at the longer table in the yard. A mighty battle ensued, greater than the one we had just abandoned, as we pushed and shoved to get a place near the head of the table, for it was here that Uncle Ellie cut the melons.

We sat and rocked on our haunches with impatience while our elders with maddening leisure strolled to the benches farther down. At last the first melon was brought and we craned over the tables as the knife touched its wet glistening skin, waiting and hoping for the sharp splitting sound that would tell us it was ripe. This, however, was only a minor ordeal, for after the two halves were exposed my uncle had to decide whether it was good enough for us to eat, and he worked us up to a frenzy of hunger and exasperation as he turned it this way and that, hemmed and hawed and hesitated, completely unaware of our presence and greatly surprised when we finally broke out in a roar.

To this day anyone who sat at that table can tell a good watermelon at a glance and a thump. If the melon did not pass his scrutiny, it was passed on to the Negro table. If they were able to wait, they in turn passed it back to the wagon to be fed to the hogs; for they knew that by and by the good ones would begin to come their way when we had filled our stomachs to complete distention (sometimes a whole wagon load of melons would be cut in one afternoon) and sat belching at ease.

III

My cousin Gaston was an alien in the boisterous world of my grandmother's, one of the three orphans left by Aunt Fanny. Outside the circle of our life he swung in an orbit all his own, detached and dreaming, wandering from the piano and back to the piano, to strike a single chord or sit hours on end playing to himself, snatches of this and that recognizable

piece interspersed between long intervals of strange personal music. When the fit was on him I would slip behind the piano and let the music flow through me until I no longer knew where or what I was. Here was another language, and when he had finally stopped and walked away without looking at me, I drifted about the place trying to accustom myself again to the harshness of speech and other meaningless noise; for, compared to music, all other noises were trivial and thin, tied forever to things and pictures of things, seldom breaking away into the realm of pure meaning. At the time of course I did not put it to myself this way, I did not put it to myself in any way at all; I simply lived in the music, whole and complete, and comfortably alone. Even now I feel guilty of paradox, and only the old habit of putting everything into words is my excuse for trying to reduce this first experience of music to their brittle cacophony.

This feeling of music must have been going on in Gaston all the time, and sensitizing him not only to itself but to the world outside; for he visibly shrank when he knew that others were thinking about him.

Not that they did very often, but once a year he and his two sisters became the subject of loud and insistent debate. They were orphans. My mother's sister had been caught in the tide of missionary evangelism that swept over a guilty world toward the end of the nineteenth century and had followed a futile young husband out to Brazil, where he was shortly afterward to find in death final release from responsibility and leave her with three tokens a year apart in age. She had returned to her mother's home, lived a few years, and died. Her three children were the family's charge and, while any member of the family would cheerfully have assumed the burden if there had been no one else to do so, no one would be put upon by the rest, not even the Bishop, under the vicarious eye of his wife. By unspoken agreement, consideration of "what to do with Fanny's chil-

dren" was put off until after Christmas day. It began in a slow tempo, with quiet observations as to how the children looked since they had last been seen, how they were getting on in their school work, whether they seemed happy, what they were going to do when they grew up. But, although they really meant their interest, this was merely tuning up. The real thing was yet to come, the debating, the scoring of points, the introduction of feminine irrelevancies, the complete forgetting of the children as human beings. And it was a public debate, carried on any time, anywhere, at meals and between meals, with an occasional yawning silence as they realized that the subjects of their wrangling were listening. I used to wonder why my grandmother sat long without speaking, patient and slightly bored; for it came up every year and nothing new was ever said, nor did I ever cease to be surprised at the way it came to an end. But as I look back on it now, I see her wisdom in letting her passionate family talk themselves out.

Uncle Ellie was characteristically the first to tire of philanthropy and bring matters down to earth with a query: who was to pay, and how much? At this the Bishop and Uncle Charlie shifted uneasily in their chairs, as did my father, who sat an unwilling participant, averse to being drawn in, for several reasons. He never allowed himself or them to forget that he was an outsider from the low country, where, if you were not the best you were nothing. He was afraid of my mother's sharp tongue and Uncle Ellie's violence, and—I record with reluctance—alarmed at the prospect of having to help with money.

The principal expressed antagonism was between my mother and Uncle Ellie, although underneath it all they were allies, secretly gunning for the Bishop. But he always acted as the peacemaker, blandly unaware. His wife knew they were after him, and why. He was as yet the only brilliant success in the family, an offense hardly to be endured.

Uncle Charlie was miserable, for he was

wretchedly poor and his crippled son was burden enough for any man to bear. So tethered, he tried to keep silent, but he dearly loved a fight and sometimes he threw discretion away and plunged in, with dread and foreknowledge of the blow that was to knock him out.

Finally, when even the small children began to feel they could not stand any more of the row, my grandmother spoke, and all was peace. Sometimes, usually, it was a single sentence, but it contained all justice; it was, in fact, what everyone had known all the time it would be. The sun came out, the birds sang, and all of us went happily about our business. All except Gaston. He wandered about like a stranger, completely cut off and alone, for the debate had been more than words to him. Even I, who loved him best, stayed away from him. I was learning to avoid the bitter.

And there was bitter on its way, sometimes coming very close. Meaningless death came. Uncle Ellie's wife died in childbirth at the end of her first year of marriage. One day a favorite cousin, the eldest son of Uncle Coke, was brought home with half his face shot away. He had left an hour before in a buckboard to hunt with some neighbor relatives, the gun had slipped down between the slats and the exposed trigger had been pulled. I can remember now how strange and unreal he looked lying on his side in the coffin with flowers round his head. I could not believe that he could not come to life and play with us again.

There were some things worse and more lasting than death, which soon recedes into the past. A young Negro was found on a neighboring plantation tied to a tree and burned to death. A child was born in a Negro cabin with light brown velvety skin to a mother black as night, and for miles around white men looked at one another with a furtive question in their eyes. "Rape" and "mulatto" seared their meaning into me. A girl in the family of poor people who lived across the road was driven from her home followed by the curses of an angry

father, and I had to be told what a bastard was. Later I heard she had entered a profession in Sumter. My vocabulary was growing. In this area my Negro playmates were my teachers.

IV

If Sophie the cook had known of heraldry, she might have demanded as her crest a double-headed eagle, like that of another monarch whom she has followed into oblivion, for she ruled two kingdoms, one of them not easy to define and harder still to justify. She was head of the house Negroes, the aristocracy of her race and, therefore, strange as it may sound, also the chief social arbiter of our world. From her and those under her immediate sway I got my feeling of superiority, the tentative approach to aristocracy. She and they saw to it that we children should be and remain uncontaminated by contact with "po' white trash."

Among the dependents on the plantation, a small world, but large enough to inculcate its prejudices everywhere in the South, were the landless whites, descendants of landless whites, tenants and farmhands, who called for the nicest discrimination in their handling. They lived in a half-world between the landowners, the gentle and almost gentle, and the Negroes, by whose side they were often obliged to work in the fields. Between them and the Negroes burned mutual hatred and contempt. The Negroes hated the poor whites because of their mean cowardly cruelty and despised them for their social inferiority in the white world. The poor whites hated the Negroes because they were a constant menace in the struggle for a living and despised them because they were black. Many a white man in the South fights off consciousness of his spiritual degradation, holds on to some little sense of superiority, by reminding himself that, after all, his skin is white.

In the middle and upper classes—I never learned to use these handy and mis-

leading importations until later; "quality" was inclusive—every child acquired from the Negro servants an inner sense, a touchstone, a delicate instrument of measurement, an added faculty that was to plague and bless him all his life. I did not need, never needed to be told; there was direct, immediate knowledge of another's social status. I learned to see people, not as compounds, the bane of the psychologist, as I was afterward to discover, but as fusions, wholes, complete entities. The removal of a single blemish would not change the result. In fact, the aristocrat could do exactly the same thing as his opposite and remain the aristocrat. The distinction lay deeper than the world of action, somewhere in the world of being. But I had to learn for the most part from my elders the responsibility that went with one's status in this confused world.

Irresponsibility, easeful death-in-life, made its lazy bid. All the Negroes on the place, field-hands, who sat contented at the bottom of the social scale, and house servants, were descendants of slaves. A few, like Uncle Melt, still lived who had moved from one world to another when they were already old and accustomed to their lot. Slow of speech and action, they, and their children, and their children's children, clung to the rights and privileges of slavery and shunned the burden imposed by their newfound freedom. They stumbled about laughing in the half-darkness, slyly choosing whatever was to their advantage in their old life or their new. If treated as slaves, they became instantly, sometimes aggressively, free; if as free, they retreated into slavery. The question was, where they could find the greater comfort, more ease in Zion. Not all of them of course, not Sophie and her kind; but this was the pattern.

The sanctions of slavery were gone—no one on the plantation was allowed to punish them, however great the provocation—and no effective new sanctions had come to take their place; for they did not want much money, the white man's

sanction. I can remember the time when if they were paid at the rate of fifty cents a day they worked six days; if a dollar a day, they worked three. All they wanted was three dollars a week. (I record this without disapprobation. On the contrary, I think they showed sense.) They were sometimes dismissed, but that was no great hardship, because most of their wants were satisfied much as they had been under slavery. They had shelter—eviction was unknown on my grandmother's place—and if food got scarce they could beg or borrow (the same thing) corn from their more opulent fellows, and there were rabbits and 'coons and 'possum—they all had dogs. They might resort to theft—chickens were a real temptation—but this more obscure form of borrowing was rare, not exactly within the code. (With firewood it was different. The morning after the first cold snap of the winter the pile of wood in the backyard had invariably disappeared. Sometimes Uncle Ellie was exasperated to the point of outburst even against the venerable: "In the name of all that's good and holy, Uncle Melt, why don't you cut your own wood while the weather's warm?" "Providence will provide," replied the tolerant old man.) They might even go so far as to take a job on another plantation, an extreme expression of disapproval of the treatment they had received; but this was frowned upon by their families and neighbors, as being a breach of loyalty. After all, if the white folks didn't know any better, they at least did.

Living close-packed in their cabins, one family in a single room, knowledge was transmitted easily from generation to generation. There was little that my Negro playmates did not know in certain areas of life, and willingly impart to me and my cousins, employing good Anglo-Saxon monosyllables. (At that time I knew no word that covered all these matters, except sin. Twenty-five years later, when I was teaching in the University of Nebraska, nice people had a different word. The Dean of Students used to say,

"We have no immorality here," by which he meant that, in so far as he could avoid knowing, there was no possibility of illegitimate babies.) The Negro children were not sniggering, but rather matter-of-fact, and sometimes sly. Once when we were playing in the carriage house a little Negro girl almost eight or nine years old slipped into the front of her gingham dress two large apples and snickered at us over the bulging bumps. But this was when we were very young. Older white boys found it hard to hold themselves in check—sometimes didn't succeed, didn't even try.

Their whole life was an easy community. A Negro was seldom seen alone. If he was, he was asleep. They swarmed in and out of one another's cabins, went to church in groups, worked when they could together, at corn-shucking, cane-grinding, cotton-chopping, hoeing, hog-killing, whenever they were paid by the day. Even during cotton-picking time, when each was paid according to the amount he brought in at night, they bunched together in the late afternoon in one part of the field and sang.

V

One evening at supper uncle Ellie said, "Cotton-picking to-morrow," and instant excitement spread among the children, for this meant wealth for all. Furious argument and calculation went on about the table. So many pounds a day at half a cent a pound (we were paid at the same rate as the Negroes). So many more days until school began and we had to go home, so much for a bicycle, so much for a pony, so much for anything a boy or girl longed for—wild spending. I alone sat in troubled silence. Finally I had the courage to ask, raising my voice above the clamor, "What field are you going to start in?" "What'd you say?" said my uncle. "What field?" I shouted. He knew from the look on my face that the question was important. "What'd you say?" he asked again, cupping his hand to his ear. "What field?" I screamed, si-

lencing the others into curiosity. "Oh," he said, scratching his chin, "What field? Now let me see—" He was at it again. "He wants to know what field. Now let me see if I can remember. I think, yes, I think (drawing it out), I think we will begin with the—er—Upper Patch." I could have slain him in spite of my relief.

My watermelon lay in the middle of the House Patch. It sometimes happened that a stray watermelon seed found itself in a row of cotton, and, escaping the chopping hoe of a Negro or the scrape of the passing plow, sent out its vines after the cotton had been laid by and grew in safety but with little sun under the broad gray-green dusty leaves of the cotton plants. I had discovered this one in my wanderings and every day, sometimes several times a day, I went to look at it and feel and thump it, the single melon, small and undernourished, but my own. I breathed again. It was safe for a while.

The next morning after breakfast—the Negroes had been in the field since day-break, but we "needed our sleep"—each of us gathered together the equipment used by a professional cotton-picker: a straw hat, to avoid sunstroke, for it would get very hot in mid-afternoon of this long and arduous day; a crokus-sack, called elsewhere a gunny-sack, with a strap fastened to the open end, broad and flat so as not to cut into the shoulder when the weight became excessive; and a sheet about five feet square made of sacking, to be laid at the edge of the patch and filled from the picking sacks as the day drew toward its close. This was all, but it took some time to get it together, for our elders were not as eager as we, betraying an annoying scepticism.

When we finally got to the Upper Patch, the broad leaves of the cotton plants were already beginning to wilt with the heat, for it was now about nine o'clock. The Negroes were scattered about picking alone or in pairs, each following an individual rhythm, which would be kept up until late afternoon, about an hour before sundown, when all of them would gather in one part of the

field and pick together, and something new and strange would happen.

Meanwhile we children attended to the important business of choosing our rows, with bickering, each of us looking for one where the open bolls grew thick. It requires care to pick cotton with young and tender fingers, for each section of the boll, when it is open, has a sharp spine. (The Negroes did not have to worry. Their hands were as calloused and tough as their heels, about the consistency of a mule's hoof. When they were gathered round a fire on a cold night one would call to another, "Git off dat coal, nigger, your heel's aburnin'," and snort with glee.)

Each section of the boll yields a drift of snowy cotton about the length and thickness of a forefinger, and there are four or five sections to a boll. A skilful hand takes the cluster at one pull, but a child must work more slowly. Even so, at the end of fifteen minutes we all had pricked our fingers, within half an hour the heat of the sun was unendurable and the weight of the sack with its two or three pounds of cotton began to drag on our shoulders, and it was time to empty. The meager yield was almost lost in the wide expanse of the sheet. It was time to go to the house and get a drink of water. Then, after several drinks, we began to think of neglected tasks, things we had solemnly promised our mothers to do, resolutions suddenly remembered, to feed the cats, to help water the stock, to make our own beds (the words we used were, "to spread the bed"), tidy the room, any room, do a bit of reading every day and become learned like our crippled cousin, a thousand things more important than picking cotton and amassing wealth.

The disintegration of character had begun, and within an hour was complete. And yet, although character was gone and with it hope of pony, bicycle, and all other unattainables, there was something left, some compensation for the loss. Imagination put forth new shoots. It was not enough to sit and dream of what might have been if something else had

only been. I had to do something. I could not remain unconscious of my plight, and was driven, in my flight from duty, to new explorations, to things so serious and absorbing that they could make me forget, a habit that I did not lose in later years.

All that day I stayed where I could not see the cotton field, but toward evening when the sun had gone down I crept out to the shed to see the first weighing in of the year, to watch the hands coming in with their mountainous bundles on their shoulders and to hear their raucous laughter of delight or chagrin as the bundles were swung up on the clanking scales and their weights called out by my uncle. And also to watch the weighing of my own eight or ten pounds, and receive my pay.

A week later the pickers were getting near the House Patch and the time had come to gather my melon, ripe or not; but it was ripe—of that I was persuaded; it thumped with a deep enough thud, I said to myself, and the stem was twisted and brown, as it should be. I went to the kitchen and, engaging Sophie in a lively conversation as to the origin of her race, whether she was descended in fact from Ham, the son of Noah, or from some later strain, I slipped a large knife out of the kitchen drawer and hid it in my trouser leg, a slight hindrance to walking and a danger to limb and life, but safe from sight. I went with it to where I had put the melon that morning, in the deep ditch that ran from the spring; for this day I would not eat melon with the rest but would gorge alone. The dark-green skin was beady wet and cool to the touch, darker against the grass on which it lay. I pressed the knife edge firmly into the rind and listened for the sharp crack, which did not come, and, as I cut deeper into the flesh, tears came to my eyes, for I knew what I should find, what I did find when the two halves lay exposed. Inside was a sickly yellow-green.

I hid the knife under an alder bush and climbed out of the ditch, on the far side from the house, for I did not want to see

my cousins now. As I stood there, uncertain what to do, from out of the west, where the setting sun was touching with its lower rim the flowering tops of the cotton plants, there came, as if from the sun itself, the sound of the field hands singing. I hurried toward them and as I got near I found them working close together, part of the day's ritual, and saw their bodies moving within the song, feet and shoulders marking the beat, while each pair of hands darted in and out weaving their individual patterns of intricate rhythm. It was as though the hands matched in their

motion the soaring voices of the women, voices that moved free as birds above the song of the men, like wilful violins, and yet returned again and again to the central theme, free and unfree, caught within the net of sound.

I stood listening and felt myself being drawn into communion with the singers, but not complete, for somehow something of me stayed outside. I was a white child; and I was beginning to think; and, beginning to think, I was being drawn, so slowly that I did not see it then, outside of the whole plantation world.

(*The End*)

ASK FOR IT NOT AGAIN

BY ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

NO, *not again,*
Ask for it not again.
Once see the leaping deer,
The sudden wing,
Once see the deep night burst,
Shedding its stars like seeds,
Ask not again
To witness the same thing.
Turn from the sound renewed
That haunted once,
Keep sweet the fragrance
Of that former flower;
For dawn without dawn's dew
Is less than dawn;
The clock strikes jangling
That strikes not the hour.



THESE PUBLIC-OPINION POLLS

HOW THEY WORK AND WHAT THEY SIGNIFY

BY JEROME H. SPINGARN

THERE is something terrifying about the uncanny accuracy with which public-opinion surveys are able to predict the outcome of elections and, ostensibly, to tell just how the American public feels about the issues of the day. Perhaps it is a symbol of our lost individualism that one can to-day look at a crowd of people at a ball park and feel sure not only that most of them carry in their pockets cigarettes of three leading brands, but that 62 per cent of them think that government regulation of the stock market has helped investors and 76 per cent are against Philippine independence. The "man in the street" may wear a poker face, but we have learned to feel that he can't fool us. We know what he is thinking to the third decimal place.

Actually, however, there is nothing very revolutionary or mysterious about the conduct of the surveys which now attempt to reflect public opinion. Both George Gallup's American Institute of Public Opinion poll and the *Fortune* survey are conducted in accordance with fairly well-settled rules of statistics, familiar in outline to all who are versed in that science. While the two differ from each other in certain details, neither makes a secret of its procedure. Far from being occult, both systems are freely described, or rather championed, and both are conducted by persons of recognized scholarship.

The idea of polling the electorate has had a considerable history. Before 1900 the New York *Herald* made predictions

as to the outcome of national campaigns by taking samples of public opinion in various parts of the country. In 1909 it conducted a straw vote among 30,000 New Yorkers as part of its national survey, and in later years it broadened the scope of its activity by co-operation with other newspapers in other parts of the country. Other newspapers lay claim to straw-polling tradition of even greater antiquity. In more recent years numerous newspapers, magazines, and even chain drug-stores have conducted polls, using the "ballot-in-the-paper," mail, and personal canvass methods.

Of the three, the "ballot-in-the-paper" method has been found to be the least reliable because of its susceptibility to "stuffing." The mail method has been found deficient (although the mail polls of the *Baltimore Sun* and *Columbus Dispatch* have been exceptions) because of the difficulty of reaching the poorer classes through mailing lists, and the even greater difficulty of getting them to respond. This method is also subject to bias because some groups of voters may respond more readily than others. Prohibitionists, for example, boycotted all straw polls. The personal canvass eliminates many of these sources of error.

Virtually all of the earlier straw polls were conducted on the basis of random sampling, on the assumption that all interested segments of the population would, through good luck, be reached in a proportion just about equal to their vot-

ing strength. The new sampling methods differ from the old only in that they try to leave as little as possible to luck.

In 1932 Dr. Claude E. Robinson of Columbia University conducted an exhaustive research in the course of which he studied every American straw poll that had been conducted up to that time, comparing the methods of successful and unsuccessful ones. His conclusions, presented in *Straw Votes*, were partly responsible for the development of a more exact science of public-opinion measurement. Dr. Robinson is now associate director of the Gallup poll.

But before the three decades of newspaper experience had thus been sifted there had developed a technic of market research. Advertising agencies had begun to send people out to ring doorbells and ask housewives what they bought and why. Unlike the straw vote, these market surveys had a definite business value, and there was plenty of money available for research and development. Great care was taken to insure that the people who were being questioned would be a real cross section of the market as a whole; for these sampling methods were used to ascertain such important matters as whether housewives liked their vermifuge in boxes or jars or whether people were taking seriously the hair-restorative pretensions of a certain mouth wash.

Both George Gallup, who runs the American Institute of Public Opinion, and Elmo Roper, whose staff does the field work for *Fortune's* survey, were trained in the school of market research, and both are still primarily engaged in market analysis.

II

Personable George Gallup is one of the most energetic men in the advertising business. He gives a full working day to his lucrative job as vice-president and director of research of Young & Rubicam, top-flight advertising agency, dropping in occasionally at the neighboring New York editorial office of the Institute. Since the Institute's main office, with its statisti-

cians, tabulating machines, and staff of twelve men and six girls, is located in Princeton, New Jersey, where Gallup lives, it is in the evening that he does most of his work on the surveys. In addition to this heavy schedule, he manages to devote time to his family, his home (an old remodeled farmhouse), and his academic neighbors. He has two young sons, whose chief stake in the American Institute of Public Opinion consists in preëemptive rights to the funnies from the hundreds of newspapers that come into the office daily.

Gallup never signs a newspaper article without the "Dr."—a habit which has disturbed many sophisticated readers to whom this is reminiscent of patent medicine salesmen and violin-playing "professors." For their benefit it should be recorded that Gallup is a Ph.D. from the State University of Iowa, and that he has taught at Drake University and the Columbia School of Journalism. But when he writes for the scholarly *Public Opinion Quarterly* he is careful to observe the current conventions and modestly to drop the title.

Some persons complain of what they regard as the subtle deception involved in applying the term "Institute" to a non-eleemosynary enterprise. In one of its recent letters *Propaganda Analysis* points out that this is a practice frequently indulged in by public-relations counsels who wish to transfer the prestige of organizations devoted to public service (like the Rockefeller or Carnegie Foundations) to those formed for private advantage. Though this particular Institute is a private partnership, the criticism loses some of its force because if it works honestly and well it performs a quasi-public service.

Questions for the polls are planned by Gallup at informal meetings with Dr. Robinson and the two editors, William A. Lydgate and John Tibby, at which recent news events are discussed. Magazines and newspapers are the chief sources of material. When a question is decided upon it is tentatively worded, but almost

invariably the wording will be improved before the ballots are printed. Two sets of ballots are used for each poll because the Institute is now using a "split ballot" technic: the same fundamental question is worded two different ways on alternate ballots, in order to detect whether a particular phrasing is colored or not, and also to minimize the effect of slight colorings.

The ballots are mailed from Princeton to field workers throughout the country, who will use them to report the attitude of people in their vicinity, as they find it in a series of oral interviews.

The Institute sounds out opinion on many more issues than it reports. Fully a third of the questions are doomed to oblivion because the topics are no longer lively after the returns have been tabulated. Frequently topics are chosen on "hunches" that in the future they will emerge as big news items, and naturally all of these do not materialize. Immediately after the President's speech suggesting a disarmament conference last summer the Institute was able to report that public sentiment would support such a move. The poll had been taken many months before, but was dusted off when the subject reached the front pages.

Generally when a ballot is mailed to interviewers on Monday, it reaches the most distant one by Wednesday morning, field work is completed by Saturday night, and on Monday morning the bulk of the returns come in, with the last returns following on Tuesday and Wednesday. The tabulation is done by machine, and can be completed within a few days after the last ballots come in. In emergencies a "rush" poll on a question can be made in seventy-two hours.

The completed results, together with interpretive comment and charts, are sent out to the subscribing newspapers on a large printed page. They are not permitted to change any of the copy in a manner that will reflect on the poll's impartiality, although some of them, like the *New York Times*, omit the charts or Dr. Gallup's photograph.

There are about 640 part-time field-workers on the Gallup staff, strategically located in cities and rural areas throughout the country. They keep in contact with the office by mail, receiving blank ballots, obtaining answers by reaching voters in the home, on the street, in offices and on farms, and returning marked ballots. Public Opinion, Inc., employs them, shielding the Institute from various liabilities, and pays them at the rate of sixty-five cents per hour (plus travel, in rural districts). These field-workers put in, on the average, five or six hours a week on the job. Most of them are college graduates; all have had references from prominent local citizens attesting to their honesty and freedom from bias. A large number are young married women. Their work is closely watched, and if an interviewer consistently sends in results which contrast with the results sent in by others his territory may be checked by mail or by another field-worker to determine whether he is cheating.

Interviewers work on their own time—some in the morning, others in the afternoon, and still others at night. In industrial towns, like Detroit, it is practically impossible to find men at home during the day, and all interviewing must be done at night or over the week-end. People are very willing to express their views, and as the surveys become better known they feel a certain pride in being represented in the nation's cross section. In January, 1937, *Fortune* was surprised to find that the average citizen and his wife were even willing to discuss prostitution with a stranger who rings their doorbell. Incidentally, that survey found that a majority of the nation would approve of legalized prostitution in order to combat venereal disease. In a subsequent poll on the desirability of virginal marriages, however, a large percentage of "don't knows" showed up, especially in higher-income groups. This the *Fortune* editors attributed to respectable middle-class inhibitions, since they felt it was inconceivable that so many people had failed to form an opinion on the subject.

The names of respondents are not taken, but the name of the street in which they live is noted. Unless the subject is unusually garrulous an interview takes about ten minutes.

The conduct of the *Fortune* survey differs very little from that of the Gallup poll. Subjects are decided upon at conferences in the white-enameled offices of Eric Hodgins, publisher of *Fortune*, at which Mr. Roper and a group of *Fortune* writers are present. Mr. Roper then sends a special testing staff out on the road to determine the most felicitous and neutral phrasing of questions. (He is very proud of his inability to frame questions at his desk and his consequent reliance upon the more objective method of field testers.) The questionnaires are then printed and sent out to Roper's forty-eight interviewers in various parts of the country.

A free-lance market analyst, Mr. Roper undertakes special work for advertising agencies, corporations, and trade associations as well as for *Fortune*, and employs the same field staff in all his researches. While they too are part-time workers, they devote more time to their survey jobs than does the Gallup worker and keep in closer touch with their office. Many are teachers, and there is an important manufacturing executive who undertakes the work because it enables him to meet different classes of people, and a successful character actor who finds the work useful in broadening his repertoire of types.

Mr. Roper spends little time in his luxuriously furnished office high in Rockefeller Center, for he prefers the more energetic life of railroad cars and airplanes in order to supervise his staff personally, and sometimes even to ring doorbells with them.

Most of the differences between the two organizations center in the fact that Gallup uses 640 field-workers while Roper uses forty-eight. *Fortune* cannot, therefore, send out a rush questionnaire and get a complete sample in three days. But neither can *Fortune* go to press in three days, while the Gallup service goes out to newspapers three times a week.

Mr. Roper has the advantage of a closely integrated field force whose judgments are uniform. His Maine and Texas interviewers both know their boss's ideas intimately, have the same conception of what a "B" income is, and how emphatically an opinion must be expressed to rate a "feels strongly." This of course is important. But Gallup can count on a certain amount of "leveling off" within his large staff, while slovenly work by one Roper assistant can throw the final results off as much as two per cent.

III

Scientific random sampling, the method of both surveys, simply boils down to taking the opinion of a given number of residents of Park Avenue (let us say), selected at random, as a composite of what Park Avenue people are thinking; then doing the same thing in a factory district, with a much larger number of people because there are many more factory workers; and having another interviewer visit farmhouses in Wisconsin. If all groupings of people are sounded out, and each is represented (or mathematically "weighted") in proportion to its voting strength at elections, a representative cross section of the electorate is obtained.

The size of sample used is important. If we question only one New England farmer we may get the village atheist, whose ideas are unique in the community. If we question twenty we counteract any such errors. The statisticians who have made exhaustive studies of the laws of chance say that "a sample is adequate in size when an increase in the number of cases fails to produce significant differences in results."

On the basis of their own experience, the *Fortune* staff believe this point is reached when 5,000 persons, properly distributed, have been questioned. The Gallup people are noncommittal—they say that their figure is between 3,000 and 50,000. For general surveys of the attitude of the country as a whole, however, it is probable that their figure is close to

Fortune's. When a detailed State-by-State breakdown is required a much larger number is needed. The American Institute estimates that in many cases a sample of 50,000 will be only about 2 per cent more accurate than one of 3,000. The *Digest's* two-million-ballot poll ran afoul in 1936, while the newer referenda, with much smaller samplings, predicted the outcome with notable accuracy.

In the Gallup survey the effort is made to sound out the opinion of the electorate rather than the general population. Minors are not usually questioned, nor are Negroes in the South, where they may not vote. Results from States are weighted in accordance with their proportionate voting population. Thus while Iowa has roughly the same population as Georgia, her opinions are given five times as much weight as Georgia's, because approximately 50 per cent of Iowans vote, while only 10 per cent of Georgians do.

Various checks are used to insure a representative cross section in each of the polls. The Institute uses six statistical keys or "controls" to insure that a sample is representative. It must contain the proper number of (1) voters from each State; (2) men and women; (3) farm voters and voters in towns of 2,500 population or less, 2,500 to 10,000, 10,000 to 100,000, 100,000 to 500,000, and 500,000 and over; (4) voters of all age groups; (5) members of the following income groups: wealthy, above average, average, poor plus, poor, WPA relief, home relief; (6) Democrats, Republicans, and members of all political parties. In every survey persons interviewed are asked to state for whom they voted in 1936. There should be a close correlation between the entire group's 1936 preferences and the actual 1936 election results, just as there should be a correlation between the proportion of people questioned who are "above average" in income and the proportion of "above average" voters in the country as a whole. The surveys of the past three years have shown that economic class is more important than any of the other

factors in determining the political alignments of voters.

Both organizations prefer home interviews to street interviews, because the field-worker is better able to judge the financial circumstances of the respondent in his home. General impressions will often determine the economic class in which a person should be placed, although the interviewer may ask what make of car, radio, or refrigerator he owns. A certain amount of familiarity with the neighborhood is necessary to such a decision, however; for an Iowa farmer with an income of \$1,500 per year has been found to have a social status and political point of view comparable to that of a New York physician earning \$7,500.

The control questions make it possible to introduce some degree of stability into a straw electorate that changes from survey to survey, and to furnish preliminary checks which enable the statisticians to know whether a given poll has tapped a true cross section of the country or not. One-third of all of the polls made by the Institute are discarded because the tabulation of the control questions shows that the respondents do not represent a true cross section of the electorate. A poll in which 60 per cent of the respondents were for Landon in 1936, for example, would be rejected.

No particular effort was made by the *Literary Digest* to achieve a cross section in its mailing lists, which were made up largely of prospective subscribers selected from telephone directories and automobile registers. As far back as 1932, when the poll was at the height of its popularity, Dr. Robinson pointed out in *Straw Votes*: "This imparts . . . an economic class bias which may impair to a certain extent the representativeness of the sample." A sex bias and an age bias were also present in that magazine's lists, since telephones and cars are generally registered in the names of older males, the heads of families. Dr. Robinson also found that the list contained an excessive proportion of Republicans. This familiarity with *Digest* methodology made it possible for

many to predict the disastrous humiliation which this poll was to receive in 1936.

Election forecasts are not the chief business of the surveys; the election is a device which democracy has already provided for determining the will of its citizenry. Election forecasts do, however, afford a valuable opportunity to check the accuracy of sampling procedures; and so it is to be expected that while in the future both *Fortune* and Gallup will be more interested in taking polls on political issues and other public questions on which there is no existing machinery for getting a full and definite vote, they will continue also to take occasional polls on candidates, both as *tours de force* to attract new readers and in a spirit of self-examination.

In the 1936 presidential election, Roosevelt received 60.7 per cent of the popular vote. The polls had predicted for him the following percentages: *Fortune Quarterly Survey*, 61.7; Gallup poll, 53.8; *Literary Digest*, 40.9.

Since then the Institute has improved its technic and has been able to predict several recent elections with greater accuracy. It gave Barkley 59 per cent against an official 56.8 per cent in the Kentucky primaries. In the Maine Republican primaries it gave Barrows 78 per cent as against an official 75 per cent. In all three senatorial "purge" primaries the poll predicted the results within 2 per cent; but the Institute claims the ability only to come within 4 per cent of absolute accuracy.

IV

Even before the surveys were begun, their organizers anticipated the difficulty they would encounter in steering a neutral course and in avoiding charges of bias, especially from people who are disappointed in their findings. Jim Farley attacked the Gallup poll early in the 1936 campaign when it showed that Landon was gaining, but dropped his criticism when the poll showed a swing toward Roosevelt. The Drys never failed to at-

tack any sort of straw votes on the prohibition question. The enthusiasts of any movement want it to seem powerful, so that it will attract "bandwagon" support.

No one has proved any charges against Gallup or *Fortune*. Probably no one could. Both organizations are anxious to gain acceptance as accurate indicators of what the country is thinking. One must not forget too that the very groups who would be most likely to want to bribe the managers of any poll to "fix" the results would, over a period of time, directly or indirectly, pay much more money in subscriptions to an accurate service. *Fortune's* monthly survey is the most widely perused item in the magazine. The Gallup articles are sent to over seventy subscribing newspapers, which pay a high rate for the feature—although not as much as they pay for non-scientific prognosticator Walter Winchell. Even without taking ethical scruples into account, therefore, one might expect that the proprietors of such valuable enterprises would content themselves, from sheer long-range self-interest, with their periodic golden egg.

Dr. Gallup's personal preference in 1936 was for Landon. In a magazine article he expressed the "hunch" that the results would be very close. He did not, however, allow these factors to color the objective information which was brought in from the field.

The best of intentions and the highest integrity, however, can be thwarted by questions which fail to elicit from respondents an answer indicative of their real and considered attitude toward a problem, rather than a mere superficial reaction to a given word formula. Two difficulties have thus far prevented the surveys from achieving consistently reliable results: poorly framed questions and the confusion of issues in the public mind.

Practically all the words descriptive of controversial subjects have been so colored by constant use in the press that framers of interview questions find it well nigh impossible to select a neutral phrase. Both organizations in fact employ some

sort of field test to assure themselves that words chosen are not "loaded."

Nevertheless, while a phrase like "court packing" would be eschewed, the Gallup staff will submit a question like this: "In your opinion, which will do more to get us out of the depression—increased government expenses for relief and public works, or *helping business* by reducing taxes?" [Italics mine.] By implication, the alternative to "helping business" is "hurting business," or keeping us in the depression. Naturally this would be rejected. If by "helping business" we mean bringing about increased production and distribution of goods and services—which is what we may fairly assume it means to most people—why imply by such a framing of the question that this will be better accomplished by alternative two than alternative one?

In July, 1937, *Fortune Quarterly Survey IX* submitted the question: "Do you approve of the proposal that all labor unions be incorporated in order that they may be held legally liable for the contracts they make?" The answer was preponderantly "yes." In the accompanying interpretive comment the editors admitted that the present unincorporated unions are legally liable for their contracts, that the actual merits of the incorporation idea "are still in doubt," and that countervailing arguments had it that "the rigid form of a corporation would hamstring unions in running their own affairs without hostile interference, and that it would expose their funds to major damage suits resulting from actions for which they are not responsible." None of these statements was made to the people who answered the question. The questions, as asked, contained, in a subordinate clause, the chief argument of proponents of incorporation, but ignored opposition arguments.

In March, 1937, Gallup asked: "Should sit-down strikes be made illegal?" Although this form of strike pressure had been used in only a few instances, a concerted attempt was being made at that time to make the public feel that labor

had abandoned all other forms of pressure in its favor. Reams of publicity were sent to newspaper offices daily by organized employers, demanding a curb on labor's activities.

During this period I spoke to a half-dozen competent labor attorneys, all of whom agreed that the sit-down strike involved acts which might subject the strikers to civil and criminal liability under existing law. These attorneys justified its use entirely on non-legal grounds: that it was a means of averting bloodshed, riots, and espionage.

Whether or not the public agreed that these were ample justifications would be a valid question. As framed, however, the question misrepresented the existing state of the law, and therefore indicated a need for legislation which, in so far as it was new, would of necessity go beyond "illegalizing" the sit-down strike. The question would seem also to have been unduly vague, in that the word "illegal" in this connection could mean little to lawyers and less to laymen. The only charitable explanation for the submission of this question would be that the Gallup organization was innocently misled into participating in a propaganda campaign.

For two years the Gallup organization has asked the question: "Which type of union do you favor: craft (AFL) or industrial (CIO)?" Here again, an error in fact appears on the face of the question. The AFL would certainly deny that it chartered only craft unions. In the past the majority of its members were affiliated with industrial unions, and it still includes many such organizations, some of which are newly chartered. Besides, some persons might conceivably favor the vertical set-up but object to the aggressiveness of the CIO; others might favor the horizontal but disapprove of the bureaucracy of the AFL. Surely the inclusion of those two names in the question has brought about, in some degree at least, a confusion of two diverse issues, and thus has reduced the value of the answers as a guide to sentiment on either issue.

V

Even when errors of fact and colored phraseology are eliminated, however, it is difficult to frame neutral and evocative questions because of a certain confusion in the popular mind. Seemingly inconsistent concepts often exist side by side in people's heads. Voters, for example, may favor strict government economy—and also favor a generous program of relief. They may favor complete neutrality—and also approve of the proposal to quarantine aggressor nations. If a question is considered on its own isolated merits, without any consideration of the larger issue of which it may be only a part, the answer may not mean much—particularly if the specific question selected is one on which the newspapers have been creating propaganda stereotypes. It may make a big difference, then, whether a survey question takes up the head or tail side of a current social problem. A tabulation of the answers given to some of the questions posed by the two survey organizations over the past few years reminds one of the Senator who, throughout his service, never voted for a tax bill or against an appropriation bill.

Opposing factions to-day do not discuss the same issues. This fall the New Dealers discussed the Wages-Hours law, the expansion of social security, relief, public works, and the extension of TVA. Anti-New Dealers discussed the dangers of dictatorship, the independence of Congress, radicalism in unions, and the evils of the Wagner Act. In extremely few cases was there a clear-cut joinder of issues. As a result, poll questions must almost inevitably show favoritism. If asked whether they approve of presidential intervention in primaries, people are likely to say "no," * and if asked whether they approve of legislation like the Wages-Hours law, they are equally likely to say "yes." † They do not consider that to achieve the latter it may be necessary to

accept the former, and that the advantages of one may need to be weighed against the disadvantages of the other before an intelligent solution can be had.

It is easy to say, then, that polling organizations should strive for absolute neutrality in presenting questions to the electorate but not so easy for them to achieve it. What could be fairer, one might think (and Dr. Gallup perhaps thinks), than to pick up a newspaper, note its headlines, and frame to-day's question round them? This of course is the quintessence of objectivity, and the fact that the newspaper happens to be the *Chicago Tribune* or the *New York Sun* shouldn't matter much. But a blind acceptance of any newspaper's estimate of what is the important news of the day leads almost inevitably to contraction of its biases. Somewhere along the line value judgments must be made, and it would seem careless, to say the least, to delegate this function to the press. If surveys are to be real indices of American opinion, their directors must be careful to re-examine news emphasis independently.

The numerous weaknesses, both intrinsic and extrinsic, which the polls have thus far shown, should warn against too complete an acceptance of the results of the surveys by editors, commentators, or legislators. It would be unwise, in a representative democracy, and particularly in an age of specialization in which citizens are disinclined to be troubled with the minutiae of governmental affairs, for members of legislatures to place too great weight on snap answers given to a private corps of interviewers, or to abdicate the use of their own discretion in favor of this new *vox populi*. And it might be well to remember that as surveys of public opinion grow in prestige and influence the incentive to corrupt them will grow correspondingly. No intelligent person can afford to ignore what the Gallup and *Fortune* polls reveal. But even the best polls have their limitations and the poll, as an institution, will bear very careful and skeptical watching.

* Gallup poll, Sept. 11: approve, 39 per cent, disapprove, 61 per cent. (Democrats only.)

† Gallup poll, May 11: yes, 59 per cent, no, 41 per cent.



One Man's Meat

By E. B. WHITE



"**Y**ou take it after a rain," said Henry . . .

Henry and I were sunning on the steps of the store. I was waiting for my wife to come along in the car and pick me up; Henry, being without attachments, was waiting for the end of time. For a brief spell we were as sensible as two cats, on the warm boards.

"You take it after a rain," said Henry, "a fox hasn't fed all night, because it's been rainin', and he'll be lookin' to feed in the morning. That's the time you got to be there with your gun."

I nodded wisely, wondering what the Meadow Brook Hunt would make of this kind of goings-on.

"I killed five foxes one fall, just half a mile from here, still-huntin'. No dog nor nuthin'. I outwitted 'em. You know where McKee's shop is, well right there, where the woods comes clean to the road in a point. I knew that's where he'd have to cross the road, to git to where the rabbits were thick. I just set there behind the wall and waited. Only you got to be mighty quiet and nice. A fox has awful good eyes."

It was the first chance Henry had ever had to tell me confidentially about himself, and it seemed significant that he had plunged without preliminaries into his triumphant chapter. From his dull galaxy of days he had picked out these five bright mornings. Every man has his memory of achievement. It is something to have known where a fox was going to cross the road.



THE burning question around here now is what I am going to do about my deer. They always speak of it as "my" deer, and it has come to seem just that.

I often think of this not impossible animal, walking statelily through the forest paths and wearing a studded collar with "E. B. White, 'phone Waterlot 40 Ring 3" engraved on it.

"You goin' to get your deer?" I am asked by every man I meet—and they all wait for an answer. My deerslaying program is a matter of considerable local import, much to my surprise. It is plain that I now reside in a friendly community of killers, and that until I open fire myself they cannot call me brother.

The truth is I have never given serious thought to the question of gunning. My exploits have been few. Once I shot a woodchuck which my dog had already begun to take apart; and once, in the interests of science, I erased a domestic turkey—crouching silently on a log six feet from the bird's head, as cool as though I were aiming at my own grandmother. But by and large my hunting has been with a .22 rifle and a mechanical duck, with dusk falling in gold and purple splendor in the penny arcades along Sixth Avenue. I imagine I would feel mighty awkward discharging a gun that wasn't fastened to a counter by a small chain.

This business of going after some deer meat is a solemn matter hereabouts. My noncommittal attitude has marked me as a person of doubtful character, who will bear watching. There seems to be some question of masculinity involved: until I slay my dragon I am still in short pants, as far as my fellow-countrymen are concerned. As for my own feelings in the matter, it's not that I fear buck fever, it's more that I can't seem to work up a decent feeling of enmity toward a deer. Toward *my* deer, I mean. I think I'd rather catch it alive and break it to harness.

Besides, I don't really trust myself alone in the woods with a gun. The woods are changing. I see by the papers that our Eastern forests this season are full of artists engaged*in making pencil sketches of suitable backgrounds for Walt Disney's proposed picture "Bambi"—which is about a deer. My eyesight isn't anything exceptional; it is quite within the bounds of probability that I would march into the woods after my deer and come home with a free-hand artist draped across my running board, a tiny crimson drop trickling from one nostril.



TEN years ago this fall the jewelry firm of Black, Starr & Frost were advertising, in the slick-paper magazines, a perfectly matched pearl necklace. The price was \$685,000. The occasion sticks in one's memory, though I confess I had to look up the exact amount. Thinking about it to-night, I am reminded that as 1938 draws to a close we are winding up ten years of penance. The Dismal Decade is almost over.

Ten years ago this Christmas the United States were still innocent of catastrophe, still unaware that just around the corner lay hard times and bad news. Nineteen twenty-eight, like the pearls of great price, was in a class by itself. There had never been anything quite like it before; God willing, there never will be again. In that wondrous year America came perilously close to realizing the *Saturday Evening Post* ideal: every family a two-car family, a bathtub in every room, and a radio in every bathtub. It was a year when the country was still riding on the wing of Lindbergh's *Spirit of St. Louis*. The blue sky was the limit of Man's financial and emotional life. In New York the riveting guns and air drills were going full blast, drumming a loud assurance of ever greater structural achievement. The Chanin Building was the current marvel; Rockefeller Center was still a dream, and the West Forties were the home for agreeable and dimly lighted speakeasies, swarming with colle-

gians home for the holidays, drinking cut rye and eating Bel Paese cheese. Hoover had just been elected and was preparing to sail on a battleship for a good-will tour of South America. Automobiles still looked like automobiles; there was still a high-priced car market; and the rumble seat was just coming into vogue, with special jackets designed by style experts for daring rumble-seat riders. Tickets for Mae West in "Diamond Lil" were selling two months in advance, and Broadway offered a paying public such meaty items as "The Front Page" and "The Royal Family." It was Jed Harris's year. (In 1928 Orson Welles was thirteen years old.) Blindfold tests were proving that Old Gold didn't make you cough, Dr. Cadman was broadcasting his weekly sermons, and Mayor James J. Walker was having seven new suits built. Stirring days, those.

Skirts were knee length. Waists were a few inches higher than knees. Hats were shaped like Canterbury bells, and were drawn tightly around the face. Money was as plentiful as daisies in June, and every shipping clerk and steamfitter was a close student of the delicious daily rise and fall of General Motors and American Can. The very rich grew quite a lot richer, and the poor made a first payment on a sedan. Bootleggers became persons of considerable substance and prestige; they took vacations abroad and sent back from European spas appropriate greetings to their clients. The word on everybody's tongue was "whoopee"; and everything was a "wow." It was a banner year for smuggling. Skiing was the pastime of a few warmblooded eccentrics in St. Moritz. *Life* was a magazine devoted to levity and jest. Hoboken teemed with Christopher Morley and slummers in boiled shirts drinking beer. All kinds of startling and courageous new ideas were abroad, and Mrs. Joseph Hariman was photographed in a Melachrino ad, saying: "There is not a modern hostess in New York or in America who does not have cigarettes served at dinner to the ladies as well as the men." People talked furiously of companionate marriage, and

read *The Doctor Looks at Something or Other*. Everyone was hurrying to get psychoanalyzed. ("Have I ever told you about my aberration?") A cadet named Red Cagle was playing football for Army. Thornton Wilder and Gene Tunney were planning a walking tour through Europe. Alfred Loewenstein had disappeared from an airplane. Barney's was on West Third Street under the El. And practically everybody you met was assembling his Vuitton luggage in preparation for a trip around the world—the same world that an unknown ex-corporal was quietly getting ready to make his own.

It is instructive to think back ten years and reflect that nobody then had ever heard of a trylon, a Works Progress Administration, a Sudetenland, an upswept hairdo, or a downswept line on a graph. If the decade just ending can see such changes, what will the next ten years bring on? We pause for an answer, and Echo, we don't mean you!



LONG before the coming of the cold I was on the barn roof, laying clear cedar shingles, five inches to the weather. My neighbors' roofs all showed signs of activity, so I built some staging and mounted my own beanstalk to see what I could see. It seems a long while ago that I was up there, hanging on by the seat of my pants: those clear days at the edge of frost, with a view of pasture, woods, sea, hills, and my pumpkin patch stretched out below in serene abundance. I stayed on the barn, steadily laying shingles, all during the days when Mr. Chamberlain, M. Daladier, the Duce, and the Führer were arranging their horse trade. It seemed a queer place to be during a world crisis, an odd thing to be doing—there was no particular reason for making my roof tight, as the barn contained nothing but a croquet set, some swallows' nests, and a stuffed moosehead. In my trancelike condition, waiting for the negotiations to end, I added a cupola to the roof, to hold a vane which would show which way the wind blew.

In some respects though a barn is the best place anybody could pick for sitting out a dance with a prime minister and a demigod. There is a certain clarity on a high roof, a singleness of design in the orderly work of laying shingles: snapping the chalk line, laying the butts to the line, picking the proper width shingle to give an adequate lap. One's perspective, at that altitude, is unusually good. Who has the longer view of things, anyway, a prime minister in a closet or a man on a barn roof?

I'm down now; the barn is tight, and the peace is preserved. It is the ugliest peace the earth has ever received for a Christmas present. Old England, eating swastika for breakfast instead of kipper, is a sight I had as lief not lived to see. And though I'm no warrior, I would gladly fight for the things which Naziism seeks to destroy. (Living in a sanitary age, we are getting so we place too high a value on human life—which rightfully must always come second to human ideas.)

The sacrifice which Mr. Chamberlain made to preserve the Ideal of Peace reminded me of the strange case of Ada Leonard, the strip artist of superb proportion. Miss Leonard, if you remember, took sick of a ruptured appendix; but rather than have it out she risked her life in order to preserve, in unbroken loveliness, the smooth white groin the men of Chicago loved so well. Her suffering was great, and her courage admirable. But there comes a point beyond which you can't push Beauty, on account of the lines it leaves in the face. Peace is the same. The peace we have with us to-day is as precarious and unsatisfactory as the form of a strip artist with peritonitis.



IT is not likely that a person who changes his pursuits will ever succeed in taking on the character or the appearance of the new man, however much he would like to. I am farming, to a small degree and for my own amusement, but it is a cheap imitation of the original. I have fitted myself out with standard equipment, dun-

garees and a cap; but I would think twice before I dared stand still in a field of new corn. In the minds of my friends and neighbors who really know what they are about and whose clothes really fit them, much of my activity has the quality of a little girl playing house. My routine is that of a husbandman, but my demeanor is that of a high-school boy in a soft-drink parlor. This morning, carrying grain to my birds, I noticed that I was unconsciously imitating the young roosters—making a noise in my throat like a cock learning to crow. No farmer has the time or the temperament for vaudeville of this sort. He feeds his flock silently, sometimes attentively, sometimes absent-mindedly, but never bantering. He doesn't go round his place making noises in his throat.

Another time I caught myself carrying a paper napkin in my hand, as I wandered here and there. I have never seen a farmer carrying a paper napkin around his barnyard.

For all its implausibility, however, my farming has the excitement, the calamities, and sometimes the nobility of the real thing. For sheer surprise there is nothing to beat this life. For example, I had read widely on the subject of lice and mites, had treated my flock diligently. The specter of infestation was with me constantly. Yet when trouble finally came to my farm, it was not my hens that developed lice, but my Victrola. The old machine, I discovered the other day, is fairly alive with parasites—in the seams where the old needles lodge, and running in and out the little cup where old and new needles mingle in democratic equality. I use Black Leaf 40 (nicotine sulphate) for my hens, smearing it on the roosts according to directions on the bot-


tle. But I'm damned if I know how to apply nicotine sulphate to a Victrola, and there is nothing in my agricultural bulletins which covers the subject. I suppose I could rub the stuff on a Benny Goodman record and let him swing it, but it sounds like a mess. It is this sort of thing that makes the land so richly exciting: you never know where the enemy is going to strike.




SPEAKING of agricultural bulletins, when you live in the country they easily come first on your reading list, winning top place by sheer merit. I have spent hours with No. 1652, which covers the diseases and parasites of poultry and which is an encyclopedia of disaster almost without parallel. And apparently the government, good as it is, is just getting into its stride. I've just been reading Miscellaneous Publication No. 321, called *To Hold This Soil*, a handbook of conservation by Russell Lord. Here in booklet form is evidence of a nation's coming of age, evidence that a government can look beyond the blind caecum of a hen, toward horizons. A bulletin on erosion becomes a prophetic poem; a lesson in strip cropping becomes an urgent appreciation of earth itself.

The bulletin contains a warning and a promise. The warning I leave for you to read yourself. But I quote from the promise, as a Christmas greeting to young men and women who are wondering what to do with their lives, young people so bogged down in unemployment that they often have to use a souvenir ash tray for the Holy Grail:

"There is work here for you, if you will get the training. It will never make you rich, but it will support you; and it is a decent, vital, and absorbing work."



The Easy Chair



PARADOX ON BETELGEUSE

BY BERNARD DeVOTO

SEVERAL days before the twenty-first of September the Easy Chair, oppressed by the thousand uncertainties that preceded the writing of a long-thought-over novel, sat down and tried to write a scene that would be useful some months later. The scene dealt with a great wind storm and, like most scenes, utilized some memories from childhood. It went badly; all scenes do before you get started in earnest. So the Easy Chair swore and tore it up.

This was in a little New Hampshire town in the Connecticut Valley, from which we were scheduled to move to Cambridge, Massachusetts, on Wednesday the twenty-first. Rain had been falling for a week, and about the time that scene went into the wastebasket the papers said that a hurricane was approaching the Florida coast. On Wednesday morning we started south but learned that the rain had brought the rivers up over their banks and closed the roads. There was nothing to do but go back, reoccupy the summer place, unpack the car, and curse the weather, which was only being true to the year's average. We spent the afternoon inspecting the Connecticut which was booming but had not reached flood stage, taking pictures of it in unfavorable light, and fretting about the crisis in Europe, which grew more desperate hour by hour.

It had stopped raining at about eleven but started again toward four in the afternoon. At five o'clock the rain became torrential and by six the wind was savage. It was exactly six-ten when a shrill squeal-

ing got into that wind. The lights went out, the water system and the kitchen range were disabled with them, and we found that the telephone was dead. We were not alarmed, however: gales are common in New England and the only novelty about this one was that it was coming from the south. We decided that the disturbance must have been set up by the hurricane which had missed Florida, and kept busy lashing down doors and shutters, searching out candles, and enjoying the noise of the wind. From an upstairs window we could see down the hill road to the village for the first time since we had moved into the place; but that seemed to mean only that a few trees had lost some branches and, besides, it was too dark to see much. The most startling moment was the discovery that a forty-foot creek was flowing across the rear lawn, but that was obviously run-off from the already saturated hills, and the house was too high for it to reach. Clearly this was a big storm, but at our place there was no reason to suspect that it was anything more, no hint of the death and agony to the southward and the destruction everywhere around us. I remarked to my young son that he had seen a sixty-mile gale. What he had seen was something more than twice that strong but we didn't know that. Before eight o'clock it was clearly diminishing and when we went to bed we were more gratified than not by a stimulating experience at a time when we had anticipated only boredom.

Waking on Thursday morning to a quiet and bright blue world, one began to understand—slowly. Trees were down everywhere, so many of them that miles of the Connecticut Valley could be seen below us. The Connecticut itself was everywhere: it looked, from a mile away, like Long Island Sound. All four of the roads outside our house were blocked by scores of tree trunks; and, picking our way slowly downhill to the village, we could see unroofed barns, blown-over sheds, hundreds of fallen trees, electric wires hanging from shredded poles. And the first really appalling discovery was the number of magnificent old elms along the main street that had been uprooted.

Comprehension of our town's plight was slow enough but realization that most of New England had been devastated took much longer. No one in the immediate vicinity had been killed; few had more than trivial injuries; though one saw trees down by the thousand, it took time to think of them as forest and orchard crops destroyed. All roads everywhere were blocked by trees, all except hill roads were under water in places, and most of the hill roads had gaping washouts in them. At first there was no communication outside except by such radio sets as were powered by batteries, which in the village meant automobile radios. The telephone company soon had a line working for a short distance and added to it all day long so that the radius of the attainable steadily lengthened. But, quite properly, the company had turned over its facilities to the telegraph company so that they could be used privately only at rare moments. It brought in little from the outside world. We were isolated by water and debris, a town pushed back into the eighteenth century by the severance of the twentieth-century's nervous system, without communications, without transportation, without electric power, with only the smallest reserves of gasoline and oil. And, islanded and impotent in an area known to be frightfully devastated, we were ignorant and anxious.

It was reminiscent of war. All old

army men knew that an indeterminable percentage of the news that came in by radio was pure rumor. We learned now of the tidal waves that had ravaged the lower coastline of New England. But we heard that Martha's Vineyard had been entirely obliterated, that Boston was in ruins and was being patrolled by militiamen, that many thousands had been killed. The only mention of Cambridge all day long was a wholly false story that the great Agassiz Museum had been destroyed. Many such stories came through for which a minute subsequent search can find not the slightest cause—famous schools destroyed, cities in ashes, a hyperbole even worse and more chaotic than the reality. They could not be differentiated from the sufficiently horrible accounts of what had actually happened. We were an outpost cut off from the army while a battle of unascertainable but gigantic size was going on.

And it was prophetic of war. Wind and water had done only what a bombing raid would do. Even in this uncomplex agricultural community the loss of electric power was paralyzing, no trains could run, and it would take only a few days to immobilize all automobiles, trucks, and tractors. There was no lack of food and one knew that transportation would be restored long before there could be; but the holes made in roads by the fall of trees might easily have been made by shellfire. There were no fires, but the same shellholes made plain what would happen if there should be. And now the broadcasts were talking about pneumonia and typhoid fever: why, yes, every war begets a pestilence. They were talking also about refugees, a shocking word to be hearing in New England. Worst of all was the lack of news, of information, the terrible questions terribly unanswerable: *Where else? How badly? How many killed? What cities fallen? How great suffering? Who?* Beyond that black wall of ignorance, how had the familiar and accustomed been changed, what had been lost from one's own life, what friends were dead? The edge was whetted by one's

anxiety over the war that had not quite reached gunfire when the wires went out. Was there any sign of its abatement so that we might hope to endure a month or so, a year or so longer? Or, while we hauled trees off our roads, were the bombs falling that would begin the already universally accepted termination of what we had called civilization? Planes now began to go by overhead; one knew that they were taking pictures for the press or making surveys for efforts at rehabilitation; but he would not have been immoderately timorous who thought of a different kind of mission and glanced at culverts while his ear strained for the whine of falling steel.

Yet the civilization that passively consents to perish in war was reacting magnificently against natural disaster. The villagers had begun to clear away debris at daybreak, our hill road was open by noon, the trees came off the other roads faster than the waters receded from them. (Going up a back road to see about a friend, the Easy Chair was bidden by a road crew "Get an axe"—and got one.) The guards who had been watching the flood were combating it now, having had no sleep; electricians and telephone linemen were everywhere; the whole township was noisy with labor. It was noisy also with fellowship; a complete neighborly co-operation had been set up automatically and those who most needed help got it first. More ponderously, the energies of government came to the support of individual and corporate endeavor. State and national officials were extemporizing plans of action and getting them started. By Thursday evening, twenty-four hours after the storm struck, even in this little town one had a vivid, an unforgettable appreciation of a stubborn, powerful, and courageous people fighting back.

We sat in a dark automobile and listened to a dozen radio stations telling the larger story—reports at last accurate of the devastation, instructions going out to the Army and Navy and Coast Guard and Militia, instructions to the emergency

crews of municipalities and corporations, an endless succession of messages reporting the safety of individuals. Departments of public health broadcasting directions to sterilize drinking water and explaining the efforts being made to prevent disease. The Red Cross mobilizing food and clothing. The Army providing planes and trucks. The States providing food. The towns and cities providing food, clothing, shelter, assistance of every kind. The Governors to meet to-morrow, the national relief officials on their way by plane, trainloads of supplies and materials rushing toward New England. The chaos of reports one tuned in on adequately represented the chaos of catastrophe, but what held one spellbound, the picture that formed in one's mind, was not chaos but heroic human endeavor, prompt, undaunted, and certain to succeed.

Next morning we drove to Cambridge without difficulty. It was a tragic drive. The face of New England had been changed forever. It takes two hundred years to grow an elm, the characteristic New England tree, and the elms were down everywhere. But it was not this ended loveliness that one mourned most. All pine groves looked as if a gigantic lawn-mower had gone over them, the maples that had produced the section's second largest crop were decimated, the orchards were uprooted or, where some still leaned or even stood, were stripped of fruit. With timber, sugar, syrup, and fruit gone, what would the farmers do, how could they survive? Well, one had seen them intending to survive, and the farms fell away behind and we came to increasingly industrialized districts with their more terrible wreckage. It was at last clear that this had been the most destructive storm that had ever struck a wide industrial area. How would these mills and factories ever be rebuilt? How many of them would not open again? How many would reopen in the South or the Middle West? What would happen to their employees, to their stockholders, to the financial and economic and social sys-

tems of which they had been a part? . . . What happens after bombardment?

But one had seen, had listened in darkness, had realized the community rallying. The storm had struck and at once all the implements and resources of civilization had acted to repair catastrophe. Why, yes, as the picture rounded out, there had been looting and pillage, there had been and would be hideous graft, the conversion of suffering and loss to private profit and political expediency. But also there had been, there remained, the energies of a people polarized to restore the stricken section. They would suffice. The damage was immeasurable, the suffering beyond comprehension, the loss incalculable—but the end was sure. For the human will had been awakened and concentrated on human need.

There were newspapers now and in their back pages one found reports from abroad. The bombs were not yet falling; not to-day, not to-morrow, and finally not this year. But eventually they would fall and nothing could be done about that, nothing whatever. Victory over hurricane and flood had been assured in the midst of a world helplessness which would make the victory mere irony. The human will had repulsed destruction by fire and wind and water but it acquiesced in world war; though it might mourn it could not act, it had only sadness and a little folding of the hands to sleep.

And as the days passed the hurricane stories moved to the back pages, the front pages resumed their familiar aspect. Under stress of hurricane one had forgotten the less spectacular destruction of America, the millions made homeless by other causes than storm, who had lived for

nine years and would live their lives out on emergency rations which had been imposed by no tempest blowing in. A sudden natural violence had made one forget the gradual settling of the nation toward entropy; effective response to a limited disaster had made one forget the erosion of the national will by universal disaster. Here for a moment the people had been fused together by sudden peril and effective action was being taken toward an end unquestionably successful. But the people's will had long since ceased to act on the slower violence, and against the nine years' peril, the future's, nothing was being done—or would be done.

Doubtless this would look like pure and limpid comedy if one could get far enough from it, as far, say, as Betelgeuse. From intergalactic space one could read those dissonant headlines—victory over disaster, acquiescence in war, courteous acceptance of the nation's deterioration—with no feeling except a dispassionate admiration for the ingenuity of Almighty God, who made man as he is. But here on this inconsiderable planet the irony was intolerable, the paradox too painful to be borne. On this planet it was a shattering shock to perceive at one time an aroused determination to defeat catastrophe and a universal acceptance of extinction. From Betelgeuse all lines would run the same way and look alike and nothing would matter either way. But even on Betelgeuse there must still be, beyond the air and ice, some appreciation of the wild, the paradoxical knowledge that one carried over for a moment from the hurricane to the greater death: the knowledge that this proved it need not be.

For information concerning the contributors in this issue, see PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE on the following pages



Harpers *Magazine*

ENGLAND MOVES TOWARD FASCISM

THE NEW ECONOMIC PATTERN

BY ELIOT JANEWAY

*If England was what England seems,
And not the England of our dreams,
But only putty, brass and paint,
'Ow quick we'd drop her!—*

BUT she ain't," Kipling ended; and all those of us who have loved England and English culture have taken comfort from that strong affirmation at those times when the denial of what England's actions seem to mean has been the only way to keep alive our affection and respect for her. But lately—lately we have been forced to invoke the magic spell so often that its power has begun to disappear. If England is what England seems, then it is true that Czechoslovakia, the last fortress guarding the frontier of Democracy in Europe, has been mined and blown sky-high in the interest of encroaching Fascism—by England. It is true that this Fascism has been encouraged again and again, overtly as in the Anglo-German naval treaty of 1935, covertly by the surreptitious strangling of Republican Spain

—by England. The front of France and Russia against Hitler, the only force in Europe which could effectively oppose him, has been blasted open, to the immense detriment of both agreeing parties, but to the comfort of Hitler—by England.

So much is true if we can believe the evidence of our senses, and forget for a while the England we used to know, whose traditions of democracy, honor, and strength we have spent so many weary hours trying to reconcile with the deeds of Mr. Neville Chamberlain and his Cabinet. Let us give up this thankless task of trying to judge and explain a new England on the basis of the traditions of the country we knew and loved. Let us agree to look at England with new eyes, accepting the facts of change of which we have all grown conscious, and trying to trace where these changes will lead. For out of the hideous panic of those days of September, 1938, when gas masks were being issued to babies and trenches dug in Hyde Park; out of the ever-increasing

armament factories; out of the war industries being established in the derelict areas, a new England is being born—an England whose chief victory, in September, was over the principles of democracy and the honor of its own people, whose method of fighting was to bring unbearable pressure, not on Hitler, but on its allies, the Czechs, for acceptance of their own execution.

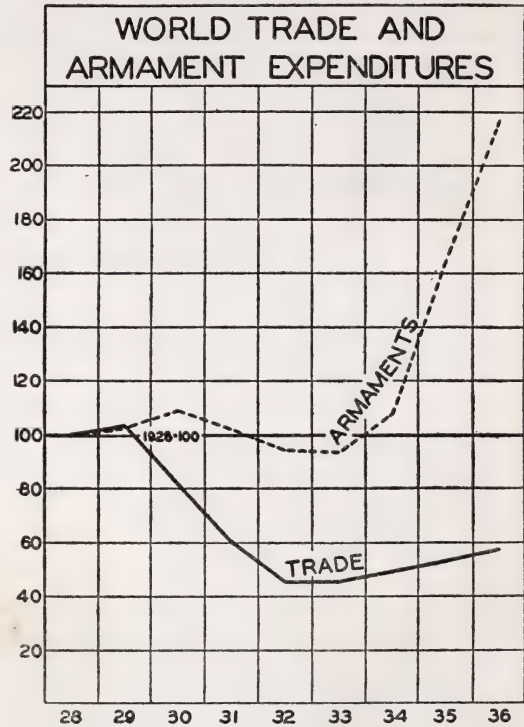
What forces are building this new England? Whence has it come? These questions can be answered in political terms or in economic terms. This article proposes to tell the economic story.

Several years ago England began to arm. Stanley Baldwin had told his country that England's frontier lay on the Rhine. Londoners already knew how easy it would be for German bombers to drop their loads on the city. And so England began to build new armaments. It is these armaments which are building a new England.

It is not war-profiteering that is making this period of armament different from earlier ones, although such profiteering certainly exists. According to the circumstantial story of one Labor Member of Parliament, himself a Lieutenant Commander, inferior machine guns are being issued to the Army and the introduction of superior guns sabotaged, apparently by those with a vested interest in the use of the inferior gun; a gun, incidentally, which has been rejected by the German Army. A typical "war baby" stock, Handley Page Aircraft, last year paid a 50 per cent dividend plus a 100 per cent stock dividend as a bonus, although the low rate of plane production would hardly seem to justify any such return to capital.

But there is no great significance in the fact that Britain's armaments are bringing exorbitant profits to some manufacturers. That is to be expected. What is significant is the fact that for the past two years Britain has done practically nothing else but arm. And now, after peace has supposedly been consolidated by concessions to Hitler, we learn from Mr. Cham-

berlain that England is to arm even more furiously than before. Here in the United States our relatively small armament expenditures are regarded by many people as wasting money which could better be spent on housing, on railroad reconstruction, or on some other long-term program of public works. But England has no program for housing or anything else that is being hindered because of the sums spent for armament, despite the scandal of the "special areas," despite the slums. England has indeed no program



FROM THE CLEVELAND TRUST COMPANY BULLETIN, FEB. 15, 1937
1928 = 100 (IN CURRENCY VALUES)

at all except to arm, and the English economy is fast becoming as dependent on the armament program as it once was upon the state of the world market. This was true last summer. It is immensely more evident to-day. England has begun to arm on a scale and at a pace that will, she intends, rival the German armament plan. But is there any way for England to arm on the German scale without following the German method?

The only way to answer that question

is to look back at what has been happening in England. The chart opposite presents a picture of the state of the world market, compared with expenditures on armaments, up to the time two years ago when England began seriously to arm. The black line suggests what happened to England; for it was world trade that had made her the first power in the world, and for centuries her fortunes had depended upon the ability of the world market to expand steadily. Even in the nineteen-twenties, which were not particularly prosperous for her, her profits from world trade, capital investment in the Empire and elsewhere, shipping, and other forms of commercial intercourse with the outside world, brought her an annual £87,000,000 to be added to her capital. But this came to an end with the decade, and the catastrophic year of 1931 which saw the collapse of the pound brought a net deficit of £104,000,000.

No recovery in England's profits from world trade has occurred since then. Despite really prosperous years at home in 1936-7, foreign trade, investments, and the like resulted in a net deficit of £96,000,000 from 1932 to 1937. The highest yearly deficit from foreign commerce in this period coincided with the peak of prosperity. For the first time in the history of modern England her well-being was divorced from that of the world market. Expansion of the world market—*i.e.*, a rising standard of living the world over—had stopped. With it came a new crisis for the England we used to know as the world's greatest and oldest democracy.

This is clearly reflected in the unemployment figures, which show a remarkable disproportion between the total percentage of unemployed, and those out of work in the industries producing largely for export. 13.3 per cent of all insured workers were unemployed in the typical month of July, 1938, an increase of 3.5 per cent over prosperous July, 1937. But meanwhile in such export industries as cotton textiles, 27.7 per cent of the workers were unemployed (an increase of 17.8 per cent over the previous year); in tin

plate manufacture, 41 per cent were unemployed, a 30 per cent increase; in linen, the 51 per cent unemployed represented an increase of 35 per cent from the past year. Unemployment in the export industries, then, is two to four times as great as throughout the country as a whole.

In the recession of 1937-8 the already shrunken world market was reduced even farther. But, more than this, England has not even been able to hold her formerly preëminent position in such trade as has continued. Her coal exports have suffered much more than have those of Germany. Her textile exports have been unable to compete with the products of newer industries. Her shipyards book fewer and fewer orders for craft for export.

For, reversing the position she held a hundred years ago when she was creating and conquering the world market by new technics and low prices, England to-day is hampered by prices that run far above those of her competitors. In spite of the present recession, her prices are as high as or higher than they were in the summer of 1937 when things were going comparatively well.

The prices asked by England's export industries are high because the cost of production is high. Her obsolescent and inefficient textile industry has not been able to cut prices competitively to meet the newer mechanized Japanese producers. Even now, with Japan's textile manufacturers hamstrung by their inability to obtain sufficient raw materials because of war needs, England has not been able to regain the great Indian market. She has lost this to India herself. Again, her coal industry, with half its mines unmechanized, is unable to compete with Germany. The cost structure of antiquated steel plants, shipyards, and machine shops has lost her, to her rivals, much of what remains of world trade.

When England monopolized world trade her cost structure mattered little. High as it was, there were no competing foreign industries to challenge it. Her manufacturers did not have to cut prices

continually. Her textile and coal industries, notably, supported elaborate capital structures. With the disappearance of the world market these have become impossibly burdensome. To take one example, last June when the English market was higher than it is to-day, the stock of four leading textile companies was quoted at 20 per cent of its par value, while the bonds had lost a third in value. Vanishing exports, for industries which cannot live on domestic markets alone, are cutting off the formerly steady flow of dividend and interest income to England's middle and rentier classes. This shrinkage not only prevents the accumulation of savings for investment in prosperous industries in the future: it represents also the wiping out of savings invested in the past as capital in these industries. Not only, therefore, are England's savings being depleted by unprofitable commerce with the outside world, but huge sums of capital—the usufruct of Empire—are being wiped off the books by the industrial bankruptcies.

England has, in other words, for years been living on her savings, on the power and success of the Empire in the past, as far as her traditional source of income—foreign trade in its broadest sense—is concerned. This was true even before her expenditures on armaments began, before she began to steepen still farther the incredible curve of world armaments expenditures by her own entrance into the arms race. The enormous arms budget can be financed only by an even more drastic drain on accumulated savings.

What England is doing to-day is simple. She is trying to switch her economy from dependence on the stagnating curve of world trade to the soaring line of armaments expenditures. She is finding in armaments the solution to her chronic post-war economic troubles.

Here, stated simply, is the kernel of the profound change that is taking place in England. England was a prospering democracy so long as she could profit from the trade, especially inside the Empire, which accompanied a rising level of pro-

ductivity the world over. That trade has gone. England is becoming a state centered in an arms economy.

II

It would not be, one would think, a change to be made easily. Habits of a century reinforced not only free trade but the way of thinking that had made free trade a hallowed fetish. Almost as sacred was the convertibility of the pound sterling to gold, a convertibility that had been revived prematurely after the War, as if to invoke by necromancy the return of normal conditions. Yet the two years of 1931 and 1932 were enough to see free trade and the gold standard swept into oblivion. The old habits of thought, however, remained—for a time at any rate. The pound was devalued in 1931, and this reduced the price of British goods to buyers abroad; foreign competitors, quoting prices in their own depreciated currencies, had been underselling British exporters in all markets. But when the pound was cheapened England's competitors simply followed suit, wiping out her temporary advantage. And barter trade, soon introduced by Germany and practiced now by all countries to some extent, has divorced trade from any price level dictated purely by internal currency values. The introduction of protection too was an indication of England's continuing faith in the world market. For it was merely a reversal of previous policy, not an attempt to engineer a fundamental change by the introduction of alternatives for foreign trade.

Both devaluation and protection failed to revive prosperity in England for any sustained period, for the world trade upon which both depended remained fundamentally sick. Each, however, did give a fillip to business activity. By 1934 these factors, combined with a slightly higher volume of world trade, had stimulated the beginning of an upturn in Britain which, however, quickly became dependent upon something quite different and actually divorced from external mar-

kets. A building boom had begun. The boom, financed by building societies, continued to grow throughout 1935 and for the next two years, and was chiefly responsible for the prosperity which the country enjoyed. A measure of the achievement as well as of the limitations of the boom is the fact that over a million and a quarter private homes were built within this period. But by the beginning of 1938 the boom had run its course; it had provided homes for all those who could afford them; the saturation point had been reached.

Like the remedies which were based on manipulation of a vanishing world market, this normal internal solution for England's economic problem had failed. The standard of living the world over would not support sufficient commerce to allow England to live as she had during the 19th century—on a constantly higher level. The standard of living within Britain itself was not high enough to maintain a boom in the building of private homes.

With the slackening of building came recession and, on top of recession, further loss by England's export trades. Despite recovery, coal exports in 1937 were only two-thirds of what they had been in 1929; last year they fell still lower. Cotton textiles, England's other great export staple, are in a still more desperate position. Exports for the first seven months of 1938 were the smallest in fifty years. But it is not only exports that have been hit. The normally healthy railroads have skipped preferred dividends. Steel activity has fallen. The newer industries which thrive on the last brief boomlet—automobiles, electrical appliances, home furnishings, rayon, typical consumer goods—have, like building, apparently reached their saturation points. It is not possible in England for enough people to own these luxuries to enable them to support a peaceful economy. From exports to steel to radios, all the conventional signs of depression are evident in England, down to the two billion dollars of frightened money in private gold hoards.

It is the armament program that is now providing an answer to Britain's economic problem. What world trade was unable to achieve, what building failed to maintain, the piling up of armaments is to insure. So far has England come in the seven years since she last profited from the world market.

III

Concretely, what she has come to is the spending of \$5,000,000 a day on arms: a total of £343,250,000 for the current fiscal year, three times what she spent in 1934-35. True, this is only about a quarter of what Germany is spending to-day, but Germany's plants are already in operation, while England's are still mostly under construction; as these plants go into production, England's bill will rise rapidly. The peak of expenditures will certainly not come till 1941—probably much later. Each year, then, England will pay out more for sterile, unproductive munitions; more money will be invested in plant capacity designed solely for armament production; more will be diverted from normal investment in the industries which produce goods for everyday life. Already this is having its effect. During the first six months of 1938, over half—56 per cent—of all capital investment in England was made directly by the British Government for rearmament. New business opened during 1937 and 1938 showed a spectacular trend toward metal-working and away from building supplies, textiles, clothing, and other goods for the individual consumer. Here is an indication of how private investment has already been redirected by the armament boom. Meanwhile the Government itself is spending £65,000,000 more in the current year than last year on the arms program—or much more than enough to offset the present drop in building activity.

Britain's budget for the current year calls for £1,035,000,000 to be spent (including debt charges and civil service as well as armament expenditures) out of a national income estimated at slightly less

than £5,000,000,000. But it is not this proportion which is so menacing to England's future. The United States is spending nearly as much as the British Government, proportionately, if we reckon in our State and local administrative and tax-gathering units. The difference lies in the fact that our expenditures tend to be genuinely productive. The TVA, to take an obvious example, is designed to raise living standards and encourage capital investment in the South. In general, our pump-priming and relief are intended to maintain purchasing power and thus to revive investment for the production of normal needs.

But 7 per cent of England's national income last year—and without doubt an increasing proportion as the production of munitions rises and national income recedes from the high point of prosperous 1937—is being spent on nonproductive armaments and armament-producing plant. These expenditures are not conducive to increased normal business activity; rather, they are a dam in the way of such activity's reviving in the future. This 7 per cent expenditure, remember, was enough to dominate the capital investment market so thoroughly that 56 per cent of new investment in the first half of 1938, as we have seen, was made by the Government itself for armament production; 44 per cent was left for local Governmental bodies and private investment—much of the latter of course in businesses directly and indirectly related to the arms program; only a trickle of the new money raised was invested in industries producing goods for the people instead of for the Government. Capital investment is the economic gage of what business expects of the future, at any given time. Business in England expects armaments, not normal living.

Over a hundred years ago, after Napoleon had at last been defeated, the England of that day faced a national debt which was larger, compared to the population and the national income then, than was the post-World-War debt. But during a hundred years of peace the popula-

tion grew, productivity increased, and the national income multiplied again and again. Accordingly, by 1900 the cost of the Napoleonic Wars had come to seem infinitesimal. After the Great War, people hoped the same thing would happen. Yet here is England now, after twenty peaceful years have passed, with the costs of Government, due largely to payments for past wars and commitments for future ones, still sucking as much out of the national income as they did when the War ended. And here are a solemn group of experts agreeing in a special supplement to the London *Economist*, that most authoritative of all economic journals, that the next thirty years, at any rate, hold out no hope of appeasement even if unbroken peace should miraculously be maintained. Even without a war a decline in population will have become evident by 1970. Unless productivity increases at least as fast as it did during the years of the great industrial revolution, the total national income will fall slightly below its present level, taking the population estimate at its lowest. At its most cheerful, the increase cannot be more than 25 per cent—and tax collections at the present rate on such an income would be just about enough to cover, without further borrowing, to-day's budget!

Far from hoping for anything like the growth of the past century, England will be lucky if she manages to maintain her national income at its present level. The problem of the National Debt will, like the poor, be always with her—or at least as far ahead as these experts can see. She will be living not on the present, or on an ever-brightening future as she did in the 19th century, but on the accumulation of the past, with spending—and spending for destruction—playing an ever more, not less, important role in her economy. How long will a nation, how long will its industrialists be willing to accept the gloomy outlook of contraction, heavy taxation, and national decline?

Here lies a danger that the *Economist's* experts recognize too. "We are bound to admit the possibility," they say, "that a

time may come when some people will begin to consider the only practicable method to increase the national income (*i.e.* productivity) and at the same time to divert a substantially larger proportion of it into the coffers of the State, is the method of the totalitarian States."

IV

Cautiously then, these experts recognize the possibility that totalitarianism, that is, Fascism, may now begin to appeal to "some people." We ourselves need not be quite so cautious. For Fascism comes to a country not because "some people" begin to consider it a good idea; but because economic tendencies are already drifting toward the kind of control and the kind of economic arrangements that we identify as Fascism.

The economic institutions of Fascism may be briefly summarized. First, the Government becomes the chief customer of industry. Second, because the orders it places are for specialized and ever more efficient equipment and materials, they soon outrun industry's capacity. The Government becomes the financier for this expansion. Then, as is the way of most financiers, it begins to share control and actual ownership of industry with the industrialists.

So far this might well be a description of State Socialism instead of Fascism. But Socialism is essentially oriented toward providing a better living for the masses who make up society. Now the purchases and the investments of a frankly Fascist government, or of one unconsciously tending toward what in the absence of a better term might be called economic Fascism, do not result in any increase of consumption by the people; that is, a rising standard of living. Instead, Fascism's inevitable end for the people is less consumption of everyday articles, less power to buy such articles, less saving to invest in businesses producing these consumer goods.

The Government of course is interested in maintaining business activity, for ob-

vious reasons. But its concern is not with goods for its subjects to use in their daily lives, beyond an irreducible minimum of rations, but with continuing and increasing the output of the heavy industries from which it buys and which it increasingly owns. There are two things that heavy industry can produce. The first is new machinery for producing consumer goods; steel and metal for use in such goods (as in our automobile industry), and for the construction of homes and productive factories, and so on; that is, all the things that come with a rising national income and standard of living. The second thing is the ultimate in waste, the perfection of the economics of scarcity—armaments. Thus, quite apart from the political utility of armaments, their incessant heaping up until society is totalitarianized on an armament basis offers an answer to the Government's need for an outlet for heavy industry. When an industrialized democracy fails because its national income is stagnating (as Britain's is), because its standard of living is slowly sinking, armaments provide the answer.

Under totalitarianism, then, demand, supply, and financing for industry are all provided and co-ordinated by the Government. So much for the domestic functions of a Fascist economy. But these functions necessarily involve the Government in foreign commercial relations as well, which it must monopolize. Chronologically, we might say that the first problem of a Government tending toward economic Fascism is that of private capital which, fearing the stringent regulation and taxation that it sees ahead, leaves the country. But this capital the Government wishes to use and dominate. Therefore it refuses to permit such capital flight. An embargo is clapped on. Then import restrictions are clapped on too, for the Government must preserve its resources for the purchase abroad of such necessities as metals, rubber, oil, and so on. Food becomes rations. Substitutes for imported raw materials are sought. Marginal deposits of such mate-

rials are worked. And, in order to apply export revenue to obtain necessary imports, the Foreign Trade Authority of such a Government takes over the handling of all exports.

Already in England the drift toward the establishment of such institutions appears. Hitherto incipient Fascism has heralded its approach by political programs, parties, and ideologies—by shirts and violence. Nothing of the sort has happened in England. Sir Oswald Mosley's rantings have been singularly unsuccessful, and no other candidate for Führership has appeared to challenge him. It is by an economic path that Britain seems to be heading toward a totalitarian armament system. The characteristic features have begun to emerge.

The economics of Fascism mean that spending on new plant, which is necessary to all industrial societies, is concentrated by the Government in the production of sterile goods—munitions, fortifications, military roads, and the like. This is the German program. Admittedly it is not—not yet—the British program. The British Government, to be sure, is spending dangerously large sums on such goods—seven per cent of the national income. It will spend larger sums in the future. But it is far from admitting that this spending is the mainspring of Britain's economy. On the contrary, Britain still holds to the belief that private savings are desirable, and must indeed be conserved, in order that one day they may again take up their traditional function of supplying investment for peaceful prosperity. Therefore Britain, living on her savings as she is, must still slow down their depletion as much as possible. She must, in other words, make her savings go as far as possible in buying the means of war. She must simultaneously spend and "economize."

And this brings us to the second reason why England is caught in a current that is already carrying her toward the economic institutions of Fascism. For she can economize on the armaments she buys only by driving the hardest bargain she

can with her people for the money she spends on armaments. And this means wage cuts or attempts at them all along the line. The Engineers' Union, one of those most directly concerned in armament work, has had steadily to fight off attempts on the part of the Government to lower its standards. For as the Government becomes industry's chief customer it can no longer aspire to be an impartial mediator between capital and labor. Organized labor is strong in England, and wages to-day are generally higher than they were ten years ago. It will not be easy for the Government to drive them down, and so to see that less of the money paid out for armaments is "wasted" on providing an acceptable living for the British people. If the Government is to do this, an offensive—distinctly reminiscent of that undertaken by German Fascism—against the civil rights of the Unions will be unavoidable.

Again, England can stave off savings depletion for a while by raising as much as she can toward the Budget by taxation. The income-tax schedule this year is higher than it has been at any time since the War, being based on a rate of 5s. 6d. in the pound—a basic rate of more than 25 per cent. Even so, the increase will probably add little to the general revenue, for as the *Economist's* experts pointed out, England's taxable capacity has just about been reached. New taxes in England, as is generally recognized, fall hardest on the poor. The increased revenue for new armaments in 1938 had to be made by further levies on the poor, like the tax on tea.

The tax on tea is more than just another burden imposed upon the over-taxed low-income groups in Britain. For taxes on such basic foodstuffs—and tea is a foodstuff for the English poor—eat into the surplus available for such luxuries as houses and house furnishings, electrical good, automobiles, and so on. But it is precisely in such industries that England's last hope has resided of generating a peaceful consumer-goods recovery. It was the surplus left over from necessities

which enabled a million and a quarter families to buy new homes during the building boom and which made possible the purchase of "standard of living" goods like automobiles, radios, and so on; and it was the lack of such a surplus among other less prosperous strata of the country which ended the boom. Now taxes on food are further reducing this surplus.

Even before the new tax on tea, other taxes on various foods had forced retail prices up; for example, the self-sufficiency wheat program, which has admittedly brought England no closer to self-sufficiency, had forced the price of bread up from 16s. per hundredweight in June 1932 to 20s. in July 1937, a rise of 25 per cent. Altogether the various taxes on food have already raised half a billion dollars in revenue, and the program has barely begun. A second method of raising food prices has been by various import restrictions. To take but one example, direct restrictions lowered Danish imports of bacon into Britain by 42 per cent in the booming first part of 1937; since Denmark had been England's principal source, the effect of this was not only to create scarcity and reduce consumption in England, but to cause hardship to Denmark, which has always depended for a good deal of revenue upon the British market.

As further restrictions upon human consumption become necessary, reduced food imports will undoubtedly offer the authorities the widest margin of "savings" on imports: for let it not be forgotten that food bulks largest in England's import bill—43 per cent to 53 per cent—and is clearly the place where foreign exchange expenditures can be most radically pared. If England's population finally comes to face the Fascist dilemma of guns or butter the problem will be familiar.

Such restrictions, however, cannot avoid continued depletion of the national fund of savings. Armament expenditures, and particularly expenditures abroad which must be paid for in foreign exchange, will be too great. The exhaustion of private savings, the British Government is doubtless prepared to

agree, will involve the nation in Fascism. This, if for no other reason, because big business, heavy industry business, will consider the end of such exhaustion as bankruptcy for itself. But meanwhile, as the trend toward the economic institutions of Fascism becomes clearer in England, the Government (as we shall see), by financing and sharing control of such business, becomes more and more a part of it; in the typical Fascist economy this continues until at last the interpenetration of Government and the original controllers of heavy industry is so complete that it is impossible to see where one begins and the other leaves off (as it is in Germany); and any difference of opinion between the two takes on the aspect of an internecine palace revolt. Big business then, seeing bankruptcy approach, will force through restrictions on the rest of the nation by the aid of the Government, which is its organ—or whose organ it is; will demand subsidies for itself, and a halt to the process of savings depletion before this process reaches its own coffers.

Dreading the exhaustion of private savings, the Government is doing its best by "economy" to conserve them. But its economies necessarily bring with them certain other aspects of Fascism—the attempt to break the power of the unions, concentration of taxation on the poor, import restrictions, and limitations which result in underfeeding. These economies, intended to avert Fascism, are bringing it nearer.

V

We have hitherto spoken of England's armaments in general. But armament does not take place in a vacuum. It presents numerous, vital technological problems. Since the end of the Great War, it has been maintained by England's military strategists—notably Liddell-Hart and T. E. Lawrence—that the technic of war has changed again. War is being mechanized.

The problem of armaments to-day, the problem that England faces, is mechanization. The efficiency of her Army de-

depends upon the efficiency of her technic for producing automobiles, trucks, tanks, firing pieces, and the like—more basically, upon the efficiency of her metal-working machinery; most basically of all, upon her ability to produce the kind of metal that will make these machines, and to produce this metal at a speed that will make real mechanization a thing not of the laboratory but of the battlefield.

Steel of course is the major problem. House-building, shipbuilding, and the construction of armament plants created a tremendous demand in England in the past two years—a demand, indeed, that the English industry was unable to meet. Supplies were supplemented by panic purchases in the United States. The result has been the construction of much new plant in England, £30 millions of it in 1936–37 and '38, compared to an expenditure for new plant of only £2.3 millions in 1929. Supplies are sufficient to meet the demand to-day only because, as we have pointed out, the armament industry is still mostly concerned with the construction of factories and machinery; when these plants are in full production, another steel famine, with resultant purchases in this country, is not unlikely.

In 1937, when non-armament production was still booming, the Vickers engineering group reported that armaments were already taking 25 per cent of their steel output. Throughout the industry the proportion was then about 20 per cent. Since that time the rate of steel production has fallen because of the recession, and the volume of armament orders to steel plants has risen. The proportion of steel output that goes for armament manufacture at present is probably close to 50 per cent.

But this is barely the beginning. Over and above the obvious need for steel in artillery, ships, and transport, there is for example the huge new source of steel demand in the construction of shelters from air raids. The need will be particularly for light steel strips, sheets and plates for walls and floors, and special door frames and other construction items for bomb-

proof, gas-proof factories and shelters—and this in a country where construction still means brick and wood.

This specialized light building steel, be it noted, must also come from the new plants which produce other light steel products for mechanization and motorization, thus greatly increasing outlets open to them. It is too soon to tell how far the Air Raid Precaution program can be expected to go, but from speculation in informed circles at present, it seems to call for a complete new building job, if not on the homes of the people, at any rate on strategic factories, storage places, and so forth. In short, direct armament and Air Raid Precaution are well on the way to becoming not just the largest single factor in steel production, but actually *the* market for the majority of its products (and thus naturally for the majority of the products of other allied industries), pushing normal business back into an unimportant second place.

These factors are certainly not leaving England's steel industry unchanged. The plants of the British steel industry are definitely not adapted to turning out millions of tons of light, durable strips and sheets of identical specifications at a rapid rate. The needs point to only one thing, and that is American methods of steel production. Already leading American makers of specialty-tool steels have licensed various firms for production. Moreover, and more important, the American firms that monopolize the making of the continuous strip mills which are uniquely adapted to England's armament and building needs have also licensed English interests for the operation of such mills. The American firm of Brasserts, which has installed blast furnaces at the Goering Steel Works in Germany for the smelting of low-grade iron ore, is co-operating with Imperial Chemicals to achieve greater efficiency by these methods for England's obsolescent pig iron industry.

It is the Richard Thomas combine, however, which has introduced these American methods on the largest scale.

At the end of 1935 the company, one of the biggest English steel makers, decided to spend £8,500,000 for expansion and modernization along American lines; a 650,000-ton-a-year rolling mill, to be built by the Pittsburgh firm of United Engineering and Foundry, was the most important item on its program. Much obsolescent capacity was to be scrapped. But as its construction proceeded it became evident that the company's estimate of the cost was inadequate. Finally, in April, 1938, with the expansion program still unfinished, Richard Thomas reached the end of its resources.

But it did not enter the bankruptcy courts. Instead, the Bank of England intervened with a novel reorganization plan. The Bank formed a syndicate to advance Richard Thomas £6,000,000. For this £6,000,000 the Bank's group acquired first of all a first mortgage on the company's receipts, and, second, control over the entire organization from the present common stockholders. Present bondholders are deprived of their right to take over the company, as well as of their prior claim on receipts. Preferred stockholders lose both their tax-free status and their rights to cumulative dividends for the next five years in the event that they are not paid.

The most important provision, however, of this unusual reorganization is the assumption of control by a Special Committee of four, all well-known financiers, under the chairmanship of the Governor of the Bank of England, for an arbitrary period which will last at least seven years, and which may continue until the Committee has chosen to repay itself the £6,000,000 which it lent the company. What the Bank of England—and thus the Government and associated bankers—has done is thus to get for itself control over the most modern and economical steel producer in the country. It may now treat with the managers of the more obsolete companies, and lay down the terms upon which they too will be required to modernize in order to keep their competitive status. Meanwhile the Govern-

ment has become not only the chief customer of, but the controlling agent in Richard Thomas. And here too is something that may be the beginning of a parallel to the German experience; for as other companies attempt to find the huge sums necessary for modernization it may well become necessary for them to accept Government aid, and with it, Government control of the Fascist type.

Perhaps the best known, however, of the economic institutions of Fascism is the use of *ersatz*—substitutes, and uneconomic ones, for expensive imports, produced at high but heedless cost by a war-minded nation. Here too Britain is following the lead of Germany, despite the enormous resources of the Empire. A Parliamentary Committee recently turned in a most discouraging report on the economic and strategic possibilities of various processes for making oil from coal. The Committee said, Our present tanker capacity, even if we build no new ones, is sufficient to see us through at least eight years of war, including submarine warfare. Imported natural petroleum is much cheaper than processed synthetic oil. Factories for the processing would involve immense capitalization, make very little employment, and be superb targets for bombing planes.

None the less, such factories are being erected in Britain. Already 8 per cent of oil consumption is supplied by domestic synthetic plants, and more are to be put up. The Government is providing a subsidy to such companies of approximately £5 a week for each man employed. It is offered in defense of these projects that they are to be undertaken in South Wales and other derelict areas, offering employment and rehabilitation for the inhabitants, and a new use for the coal of these regions. But inasmuch as an investment of more than \$16,500 must be made for every man employed, and the Government subsidy amounts to \$1,250 or more a year for each worker, this seems to be a most extravagant way of making work. Nor is England's coal by any means as well suited to processing for oil

as is Germany's cheap brown coal. But England persists in turning her back, at last, upon the world trade which has so long been her means of livelihood.

So far there has been no British embargo against capital exports, to prevent the flight from the pound which is bringing so much money here; but British investors seem to fear that one may be clamped down, to judge from the way in which they have been hurrying their funds into New York while they can.

VI

Britain has not gone on with her arming completely without aid. For though she would not accept, last summer and autumn, the military co-operation offered her by the opponents of Fascism in Europe, preferring instead to play a lone hand and force a capitulation to Hitler, she turns to the United States for aid whenever her armament program appears to be bogging down. The English were the largest buyers of machine tools here last year, and they are increasing their purchases this year. American automotive engineering and engineers are being drawn intimately into the work of infantry motorization. When there was a threat of a shipyard shortage in 1937 American companies were approached. Oil refineries of the latest American design are being constructed (despite the recommendation of the Parliamentary Committee on oil processing and production, mentioned above, against more refining at home). And most important of all is what the *Economist* calls "the sudden emergence of the North American Continent, immune from aerial attack, as the safest and greatest potential aeroplane factory and air base in the world"—available to England, who recently placed an order for 400 planes valued at \$25,000,000 with two American manufacturers. We may be sure that this is not the end, since we are reminded in the same article that Canadian firms, even if owned outright by American capital, "are not subject to the neutrality legislation or

embargoes as long as Canada herself is not at war." Many American aircraft, automobile, steel, and engineering firms have such Canadian subsidiaries.

We are to be called in to help the British aircraft program, moreover, while England herself continues to export her own planes to other countries. Her 1937 exports totaled considerably more than the 400 planes she ordered here. But her purchases will be worth it if they involve key industrialists, and businesses in backing her policies and if they cement her entente with the United States—the one democratic power whose pernicious preference for democracy will not, she may be sure, bring about reforms in Central Europe.

If the scandalous inefficiency with which the aircraft plan is being carried on were wiped out, England would, aircraft authorities there agree, soon be able to fill her own needs. Last May, shortly after the British delegation which purchased 400 planes here had left England, a conservative estimate placed the unemployment among skilled workers of the Engineering Union, qualified for employment on aircraft production, at 10,000 men. Red tape, repeated minor and unnecessary changes in plans and specifications, calling for official approval often slow in coming, inefficient inspection and delay in placing orders are all factors cutting down the aircraft industry's output by 40 to 50 per cent. With more than four times as much plant and personnel employed in building military airplanes as the United States, Britain has been able to turn out only half the output, and this while working under pressure. And factual discussion of these scandalous difficulties is prevented, in Parliament and in the press, by the Official Secrets Act. This is the Act which was invoked not long ago against Captain Sandys, Member of Parliament, who wrote to the Secretary of State for War about the scandal on the basis of information he had received which was officially "secret," and was threatened with court martial. Newspaper after newspaper has protested

strongly not only against the national aircraft scandal but also against the policy which muzzles manufacturers, the press, and Members of Parliament alike.

But the scandal continues and Britain continues her purchases here. The recklessness with which she undertakes them despite her budgetary difficulties is easily explained. We support the world price of gold by virtue of being the only country that takes gold and pays a fixed price of \$35 an ounce for it. Britain has unlimited gold supplies in Africa, whence gold is mined, shipped over here, buried again in Kentucky, and regarded as payment for the goods we send her. As long as Britain's gold supplies are limitless, and our willingness to accept the metal continues, she will need no credits such as were given her in the World War.

If the shibboleths of American isolationism were to be invoked to hamstring an effective stand on the part of the democracies of Europe against encroaching Fascist dictatorships we should be playing a shabby part indeed. But the British policy, on which such a democratic stand would depend, is consciously and systematically one of delay and complaisance while Fascism grows in power

abroad, and slowly, by devious ways, at home in England as well; and the sanctioning by this country of British armament purchases here is in effect underwriting this Fascist growth.

Meanwhile the Fascist economics of purchasing-power contraction, of import restriction and control, of concentration of investment upon sterile armaments continue to encroach upon the industrial life of Britain. Let the English gentlemen who have set this course ask themselves two questions: First, if economic Fascism really wins in England, can the political trappings of Fascism fail to follow? And second, can the present holders of political power hope to control such an England without going under themselves before the gangsters and fanatics who would spring up in such a setting? Whatever the best people may think and say at their week-end parties, Fascism is not an affair of the best people.

In the early twenties, Norman Angell wrote a book in which he asked "Must Britain Travel the Moscow Road?" He said no, and he was right. But to-day we must ask, indeed cannot keep from asking a question as unsettling: Will Britain travel the Berlin road?





WHAT HAVE I?

A STORY

BY RUTH SUCKOW

TO-DAY the Club met. It was called just that, The Club, needed no other name. Of all the women's organizations in Battle Bluff—and they were innumerable—this was the most desirable. Membership was a passport to the center of the center of social life in this old Mid-western river town. Except in a few special instances, it was passed on down from mother to daughter, or from grandmother, or grandmother-in-law; people were just coming to realize that The Club was an old institution. And by tradition The Club had a literary and artistic flavor along with its charming social intimacy.

Even The Club had not been immune from the troubles of the times. The Frank Hood affair, that had upset the whole city, had struck right into The Club and shaken its long-established security. Some of Lenora Hood's old friends had felt they could never bear to meet again without her. The affair had left bitterness behind it. People—even people like the Richmonds, the Kitchens, the Butterfields, the Beardsleys—hadn't known for a while where they stood or what they had. During the worst period of all The Club had suspended meetings, a thing that had never happened since its founding just after the Civil War. But of course for The Club to disband was unthinkable. The meeting this afternoon would be a gala occasion, held at the old Bliss home on the river bluffs, a mile or so from town: one of the most delightful old places in the whole region.

Winifred Serles—Mrs. Alton Serles—came rightly by her place in The Club. Her mother, Mrs. Dr. Wallingford, had been one of its most dearly loved members; and her grandmother was one of the founders. It seemed a very long time though since Winifred had gone to a meeting; not since before the break. She had been ill and forced to drop out of things. This past winter she had spent in Florida. Now as she dressed for The Club she felt excited and happy, much as she used to feel, eager to show the girls her new outfit and the improvement in her looks generally. She had stopped in Chicago with her married daughter Nancy, and the two of them had shopped wide and handsomely. This gown was a sheer, of dusty pink, with hat and accessories of iris purple. Pink had been Winifred's color in her girlhood, and it was as becoming now as then, together with the purple shade that went so marvelously with her dark eyes and wavy silver-streaked hair. In the oval-shaped glass above the dressing-table she and her costume were mirrored at their best. The new draperies, in white and deep red, made a rosy light all through the large room.

Winifred called, "I'm going to The Club now, Mrs. Bjornson." The house-keeper came to the door. "I needn't leave you any instructions though." Mrs. Bjornson gave a slight, kindly, professional smile. "Has Mrs. Bolton come?"

"Yes, she's in the den, Mrs. Serles."

The den was an odd little room just off the lower landing. Winifred looked in on her way downstairs. Edna Bolton sat there mending. Winifred nodded at her brightly.

"How are you?"

"All right, I guess." Edna stared with a slowly gathering, subtle contempt, as if daring her to follow up that question. Winifred caught the satiric undertone in Edna's voice.

Saying hastily, "I'm on my way to a meeting. But Mrs. Bjornson knows about everything—more than I do now!" Winifred went on downstairs. In that last admission she had been asking for a little acknowledgment of her own troubles, her illness and all; but she had felt rather than seen how Edna's slight grimace in response turned into a contemptuous twist of the lip.

Her heart was beating very fast, and she had to stand a moment in the cool paneled hall, waiting for it to calm down.

She felt how lightly and quickly she had spoken, with what a false smile. She could hear herself go tripping downstairs, the high heels of her new slippers shining and unmarred.

She couldn't meet Edna's challenge. She *hadn't* dared go farther and ask about Don. She had to skirt round mention of Don's name as if blandly unaware that he still existed—and after she'd been so sympathetic. She had been glad to try to find work for Don Bolton when he had come over, saying somewhat defiantly that he was out of a job and the whole family almost down to rock bottom. It was the natural thing. Don's father used to do all the fixing and tinkering for their old neighborhood, and Winifred had known Don since he was a little bit of a fellow. Her mother had got all the Bolton kids to go to Sunday School—"gathered them in" was Mrs. Wallingford's phrase.

Winifred hadn't dreamed she was running into anything! Now it turned out that Don Bolton had been fired from the Richmond Plow Works and was bringing some kind of suit against Hal Richmond.

The government was mixed up in it somehow, but seemingly on *Don's* side. Alton was Hal Richmond's lawyer, as he had been Grover Hurd's.

There were no explanations this time. Both of them remembered too well. But Alton wouldn't let Winifred employ Don even to mow the lawn. He would give no encouragement to that element. Winifred just couldn't think of Don Bolton as a part of a horrifying "element."

But she could when it came to Edna. It was awful having Edna in the house.

Winifred felt she would like to go straight back up to the den and have a real set-to with that woman! Because Edna was *mean*, Winifred felt she really was, and she found herself almost crying with resentment. She had kept her promise the best she could, had given her household odd jobs to Don's wife, since she couldn't help Don directly—paying Edna out of her own money too. She had done everything for the Boltons that *she* could. The little bit she paid wouldn't keep them, but that wasn't her fault. Winifred had learned her ways from her father and mother, "some of the very best people who ever lived"—those who remembered Dr. and Mrs. Wallingford still spoke of them in just such terms: the kindest people, the most conscientious. She had always been on good terms with her help. There hadn't been any barrier except what she thought of as just the natural one. Winifred Serles had never in her life—no, not even under the scrutiny of a surgeon—been forced to meet anything like this hostile, cold, implacable stare. It judged and classified her according to some rule she had never learned. It opened an unknown dimension.

What was she afraid of? What could Edna Bolton do, poor thing? She ought to be pitied, Winifred thought, trying to find her way back to what should be her natural attitude.

The clock sounded a mellow chime. Yellow iris glowed in the old stone jar. These were her own surroundings, what she thought of as simple and real and

down-to-earth after the rackety gaieties of a winter playground. She was going to The Club, into the midst of her own old friends, to have a delightful afternoon, to be welcomed back to the pleasant, natural ways of existence.

Marlin was waiting out in front with the car.

"Hello, Marlin. How are you?"

"Fine. Hello, Mrs. Serles. Swell day, isn't it?"

Alton took the small car downtown nowadays and left Winifred the Packard. Dr. Barnes said she oughtn't to have the strain of driving, and so Alton was hiring this boy to be on call for her every afternoon. He was a nice youngster, amusing company as well as a good driver—played seven musical instruments and said he was "studying" to be an orchestra leader. Having Marlin was an extravagance, but oh, what a pleasure! Winifred sank back into the soft retirement of the back seat with luxurious relief.

But even now, as they swung round the curves under the scattered shade of oak trees out in the semi-rural wooded addition where the Serleses lived, Winifred had not come out from under the cold spell of Edna's stare. Suppose, she couldn't help thinking, *I* had to go out, if something happened to Alton, and grab what little I could from someone I hated, should I have the bitter resolution just to put it through? She felt chilled, pampered, feeble, and distraught. There was no reason for thinking about anything of that kind. It was morbid and she must stop.

"What's that, Marlin?"

"I said, they've sure got swell gardens out this way."

They were driving along the southwest road. It was a highway now and the old farms had been cut up into semi-suburban places, with small trim houses, and landscaped gardens—white gates guarded by wooden bulldogs, stony pools watched over by wooden birds.

"Don't miss the turn, Marlin!"

Marlin leaned forward and peered, putting out his hand with a sweeping gesture

as he turned into the narrow side-road.

"Gol-lee. This is sure some road."

"Oh, I've driven out here, Marlin, when it was lots worse."

"Sure enough?"

She had driven out in all sorts of conveyances and in all seasons—in the family surrey, in long-ago autumns, come to pick wild grapes; in hayricks, through the deep green summer; in bobsleds, on winter nights; in carriages, by moonlight, going to dances. The old Bliss place used to be the gathering spot.

The road didn't look much different now—lonelier, if anything; for people kept to the highway. There were deep mud holes that Marlin approached with elaborate care. Sometimes the car had to scrape through branches that whipped back and hit the glass. An old frame house some distance from the road seemed to be deserted. It stood dark and forlorn among its flowering lilacs.

Winifred began almost to dread seeing the old Bliss place. Flora Belle and Kerwin had been so hard up for a while that their friends hadn't wanted to come out and impose any extra burden. The two of them, brother and sister, had been living here together ever since the old General had died.

But the place when she came to it looked almost the same—except that Winifred hadn't remembered how beautiful it was. She used to take it for granted. The four-storey brick house, one of the few surviving pioneer mansions, was built on a lofty spot overlooking the river. The weathered white cupola rose embowered in great trees. On the sloping grounds, each under his own tree, stood the statues of the Civil War leaders—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, McPherson under whom General Bliss himself had fought. "The greatest loss the Union cause ever suffered was in the death of McPherson. Do you realize that, young lady?" The girls used to think they would perish if they ever had to hear about McPherson again! The lilacs were blooming, a lofty hedge. Out at the back stood the windmill, which Ker-

win had kept, since this was too far out for city water. The gasoline engine was pumping. At this distance, in this rural stillness, it had a romantic sound.

"Thanks, Marlin." She let him help her out with great *éclat*. "You did awfully well over that road."

"Oh, I like to drive something like that once in a while. Gosh." He stared about him frankly. "I didn't know there was any place like this."

"Why, Marlin!" Winifred was shocked. "This is one of the oldest places near Battle Bluff. The most historic."

"Is that right? It sure looks historical. Boy, look at the statues. Are they of anybody? Civil War! Gee, 'way back then?"

The great front door of carved walnut stood open. Mr. Hawley was holding open the screen.

"Why, Mr. Hawley, how are you? I'm so glad—" you're still here, she was going to say; but thought she'd better not. "You know me, don't you? Mrs. Serles?"

"Mrs. Serles. Oh, yes! Miss Wallingford."

Before Winifred had time to ask after Mrs. Hawley—and maybe it wouldn't have been safe anyway; who knew whether she was still alive?—Flora Belle came hurrying. "Winifred!" They kissed. "I'm so glad. We've missed you terribly. You know where to leave your wrap, don't you? Darling outfit. You look so nice, you sweet thing."

Winifred went on upstairs to the guest-room. The great rosewood bed was strewn with brightly colored spring coats and scarves; and in the cool, leafy, spring-time light, in the large north room, women were moving about, crowding round the dressers, examining themselves in the wardrobe mirror, picking up and putting down some of the odd old knickknacks.

"Winifred!" How wonderful to have you back!"

Others kept coming in, all with the same enthusiastic greetings. Just as in old times, when they had driven out for

a dance, a group went out laughing and chattering together, down the broad walnut stairway toward the green-gold light from the open door.

Winifred went into the front parlor with Dorothy Kitchen. The new spring hats were all she could see at first! Then the girls crowded round, saying how joyful they were to have her back, how perfectly grand and absolutely stunning she looked. Mrs. Burnham smilingly rescued her and led her over to the old Victorian chair with the footstool.

"Girls, do let her get her breath. There, my dear. You have the place of honor."

Winifred could sit back and enjoy it. She could enjoy being in this house. During the worst period Flora Belle and Kerwin had closed off most of the rooms. But now all the great doors stood open. The hand-carved cornices, the mantels, the beautiful faded furnishings—all were visible in the afternoon light; and with flowers massed everywhere. People had urged Flora Belle at various times to have the two parlors thrown into one. But in holding devoutly to things as they had been in her father's time she had really preserved the character of the place. This arrangement was more interesting, more in keeping.

The girls began coming up to Winifred, telling her she looked marvelous, they didn't believe she'd ever been sick. She'd just wanted a winter in Florida.

"Yes," Stella Beardsley croaked, "and get out of serving on our renowned Civic Board."

"Is that so awful, Stel?"

"Is it awful?"

Stella launched into the tale, using gestures freely. The dramatic play of her features and the hoarse animation of her voice did more than justice to her mild story. The cerise of her hat was really too brilliant for her fallow skin. Her thin face was withering. The others laughed with the old indulgence, and Winifred smiled. But her glance wandered uneasily seeking relief among the other groups.

The whole scene gave her at first a sense of joyous reassurance. The break had been only temporary. The Club seemed just the same—except for the new clothes, and they were part of the pleasure. The organization took in all ages of course. There were still a few of the old ladies, her mother's friends, although these were becoming almost as rare as Civil War veterans. Winifred smiled across to Carol Mann, a chum of Nancy's, who had come in lately. Winifred's own crowd, those she called "the girls," were the matrons now and predominated. But all were of the inmost group where the associations were oldest and the ties strongest in the end; although one might actually *like* someone better who didn't fit or belong. Now she was back in her own atmosphere. Here she was accepted at the natural value and needed to make no assertion.

But the program was about to begin. The women round Winifred's chair finally stopped talking, Stella giving the last of her recital in hoarse whispers . . . then Stella too scurried for a seat.

Mrs. Burnham was presiding. She took the chair that Flora Belle had placed beside the mahogany table near the long front windows. A sweet-faced, broad-faced, silver-haired, ample-bosomed woman of a generation older than Winifred's, she smiled with maternal complacency upon all. She called the meeting together by playfully tapping on the shining table top with the silver thimble she had reached over to borrow from the *petit-point* in Lucille Countryman's lap. The Club had none of the official atmosphere of the Federation meetings in the Civic Center. Members sewed or not as they pleased.

"Girls—most of you *are* girls to me," Mrs. Burnham began. "We hoped Mari-
anne would give us the account of her visit to the Scandinavian countries. We're all so interested in the Scandinavian countries these days as offering really a *middle* way. Not that I don't believe the American way is best. As all of us do. But as I suppose you know, Mari-

anne left this morning for the East. So I'm going to suggest—if our hostess agrees—that we take advantage of the day and spend most of our time in these beautiful grounds we all love so well and don't see half often enough."

"Then I'm let out!" a dark-haired girl cried, springing up.

"Oh, no, you aren't!" Mrs. Burnham waved her back. "Fellow-members, I was about to add that first of all Gail Salisbury has promised to play for us. And we all know what a musical treat *that* means."

The dark-haired young woman, shaking her fist lightly at Mrs. Burnham, made her way between chairs to the grand piano in the back parlor, where she was invisible to at least half of her audience. "Little girls should be heard and not seen," a voice cried mockingly. Winifred had thought at first, why, are there people in The Club I don't know? But now she could place them both. That rather distinguished-looking girl was Gail Salisbury, young Glenn Salisbury's wife, and the unfamiliar voice belonged to Mrs. Billy Butterfield: two young matrons, fully eligible for The Club, although both had entered by the mother-in-law route.

The members seemed to wait in their usual complacent, half-attentive hush. There was a slight tension of expectancy however. Gail Salisbury had studied in the East and abroad. If she hadn't married Glenn she might have gone on the concert stage. So people said.

Winifred sat softly and brightly smiling, thinking of all the times she had listened to music in these rooms. Then this music suddenly sounded, hard and expertly careless, in sharp dissonance. Winifred gave a slight gasp. It wasn't at all what she'd been waiting for or wanted to hear. It was like a rude assault. The discords struck against her tender flesh.

All at once without warning she was brought back to the edge of that hour when the ground had opened—the solid midland ground her own parents had cul-

tivated for her benefit—and she had looked down in and seen the foundations of her established life. She could smell the secret earthy rot, here in the spring-time air of the cool old parlors.

Winifred took hold of the smooth walnut arms of her chair. She closed her eyes—not for long; but in that tiny space of darkness she relived at a distance the hour that had been covered up and forgotten, because it was unnatural and couldn't have been.

Now it was clear how she had come up to it step by step but blindly, and every one of the steps incredible in itself. First there was the shocking news about Frank Hood. She couldn't believe it of *Frank*. But he didn't deny it. Rumors spread that others were implicated. Frank Hood was by no means the worst. Grover Hurd was the big boy who was actually behind the whole thing. It was partly because Frank didn't know so well what he was doing that he had got out in front. The others were better covered. It looked as if Frank would have to take the blow. But then, Winifred had very earnestly asked Alton and Phil Gibbons, who happened to be at the house, oughtn't people to *tell* what they knew—those who did know—and do what they could to help Frank? Both the men had looked very strange. Finally Phil (who had always admired her, always said Winnie Serles was his ideal of a lovely woman) had told her gently:

"Well, Winnie, I'm afraid it's more complicated than that."

Winifred couldn't be satisfied though—not this time. She couldn't bear to see what Lenora was suffering. Frank, it seemed, couldn't speak—couldn't, wouldn't, she didn't know what. There was something peculiar about it. Winifred had never dreamed of meddling in Alton's affairs. She was proud of the position he had reached. She confided in him absolutely. But she was driven to go to Alton at last and put it to him outright: if the other men knew anything to Frank's advantage why didn't they

tell what they knew? Frank was their friend. Why should they all back up a dreadful person like Grover Hurd? It seemed to her they were being almost cowardly.

Winifred kept her eyes closed but she was conscious again of the flower-filled rooms. Could the girls ever have dreamed there had been such a scene between her and Alton?

She wasn't good at discussing business matters, and the details of this awful affair were still vague to her. All that had clear import was the point they finally came to, the point between Alton and herself. She ought to have been warned by what led up to it, by the glint in Alton's eyes, by his too carefully explaining tone; but she wasn't.

"Win dear," he had finally said, "you *must* understand what an attorney's relation with his client is! We've gone over that so often, and you've always seemed to understand."

She thought she *did* understand! She had said, "I know that, Alton! And of course that's all you have to do with that terrible man. You had to defend him of course." And then she had gone on, never dreaming she was driving him into a corner. "But you've always been Frank's attorney too! Why couldn't you have defended him at the same time if they were both on the same spot? Why, I should think it would have been good *business* as well as common decency to defend Frank Hood while you were defending Grover Hurd!"

She had felt righteous saying this, and hadn't noticed how Alton's look had changed. Only afterward she realized that he had got up, taken one or two nervous steps, and then had faced her with a harassed yet grimly determined look, like someone unwillingly turning after being forced against a wall.

"Frank Hood," he said in a biting, deliberate way, "is a fairly decent fellow, if not too bright. I haven't anything against him. But that's beside the point. The point is, and you've asked for it, all this"—his arm had taken in the room

in a sweeping gesture and he had actually glared at her as if she were only part of the surroundings—"this didn't come from playing ball with Frank Hood! Not in a town like this, with a man like Grover Hurd where he is in this town."

That was all, but it was the moment that had stood like something unreal and at the same time too acutely real. The look in Alton's eyes for that moment had seemed to open the very ground under her.

Alton's whole attitude had quickly changed then, and he was sitting beside her, his voice sounding husky, but still with an undertone of warning. "When I married you, and promised to love and cherish you, and told your dad that was going to be the main object of my life, I meant just what I said. I meant to do the most I could for my family and myself. For you first. All right. I have. And I will. You can depend on that. But you can take it that way or not at all."

No more was said. It had all been covered over, never referred to by either of them. Alton did everything he could to obliterate those words except to speak others. Winifred had somehow recovered herself without showing much hurt. The times were unnatural. Alton wasn't his normal self, or perhaps she hadn't been; she hardly knew which. But things would right themselves. All would be as before.

That was how it seemed and must be. No catastrophe had struck. She had been ill but she was recovering. Alton was better to her than ever. Their two children were happily married. Their marriage was the most successful in their crowd. They hadn't lost their money. All had turned out as in her happy girlhood dreams, when she was waiting in the warm confidence of the old home nest to be married to the grandest man she knew. No one had a suspicion of that one lurid hour . . . which perhaps after all couldn't have been real.

Winifred became conscious again of hearing the music which had passed into

a quieter interval. She realized that she was sitting with her eyes closed, and that people might notice and think she was ill. She opened her eyes and glanced round very brightly.

But she had a curious feeling of being a looker-on returned from some strange planetary distance. She was seeing everything from a changed refraction of light, in this uncertain flowery springtime. The air was warm and then suddenly chilled in the lofty rooms. The faces under the new hats had become remote.

Gail Salisbury's first selection had ended, and an encore was of course demanded and given. Winifred changed her position slightly. She couldn't see the performer, away off in the back parlor, but Mrs. Billy Butterfield was seated not far from her. The two girls didn't look alike—Jean Butterfield freckled and fair, while the other was the dark kind always described as "sophisticated." But Winifred put them together. Both were of a type that seemed to have grown up while she wasn't keeping count; and something about them daunted her. They took things for granted, but not the same things she did.

They brought an alien element into The Club. But The Club itself had changed. At first it had seemed to her the same, but now she could see the difference. New members had entered, old ones had dropped out. Old Mrs. Kearns, "Aunt Katie," The Club's veteran member, had died just after New Year's. How was it possible not to have missed Aunt Katie sooner? Ida Lauermann, Carol's mother, had moved to California. Lenora Hood had dropped her membership. She was gone.

Winifred felt her heart beating rapidly and disturbingly again. For a long while she had tried not to think about Lenora. She tried to think of her now as she would of anyone else. Things happened to people. Women in The Club had not been immune. Think of Mary Wilkerson, the terrible thing that had happened to *her*, husband, son, and son's wife and

baby, all blotted out in an instant when another car had struck theirs. Mary's friends seldom heard from her now. Not that they didn't care! It was her own desire. Unhappy things must be dismissed as far as possible. It had been reassuring to know that Lenora wouldn't be at The Club. But Lenora's absence only made her more vivid. Lenora's friends couldn't get round her predicament just by not looking at her. It touched them anyway. They were all mixed up in it. Was that what Edna's contemptuous look had meant?

The program ended and now they could go outside. Ava Gibbons came up to Winifred and said confidentially, "Do you want to go, Winnie? I noticed you while Gail was playing and I was afraid you were tired. I do think she plays difficult stuff—it's over *my* poor head. Well, you and I can go slowly."

"I don't want to make you go slowly, Ava dear."

"Oh, Winnie, I'm not so young and spry. I don't want to admit it, but I'm getting rheumatics. We'll both lag back and pretend we're studying the birds and flowers."

Flora Belle of course was leading, with Mrs. Burnham beside her, panting a trifle but smiling and resolute. Groups wandered off and lingered here and there, running to catch up again. Jean Butterfield cried that she must see the Generals. She'd heard about them ever since she'd been living in Battle Bluff. She dragged the younger women after her, Gail Salisbury and Carol Mann, running from General to General and staring in rapture; while the older women, following more slowly, laughed indulgently. They had gone through a period of thinking these statues were perfectly frightful, of saying Flora Belle ought to cart them out of sight. Some thought so still. And now hear these girls raving about them!

"Iron things are all back," Alma Kite was earnestly insisting. "People in the East have been collecting for a *long* time. They're getting terribly valuable."

"Oh," Stella groaned, "I can't keep up

with old things getting valuable! *I'm* not getting more valuable, I know that."

"Now my dear, don't be so sure," Mrs. Burnham chided.

Dorothy Kitchen was crying that she wanted to see the grove. She hadn't been out there since they all used to go nutting.

"There isn't much to see," Flora Belle said sighing. "But then one can't keep up *every*-thing."

Ava and Winifred followed the others slowly. The larger group was moving on again when they came to stand at the edge of the grove. It looked denuded and scanty. Ava whispered, asking if she knew they'd burned this wood during the depression?—Kerwin and Flora Belle? It was actually their only source of fuel.

But after all, even this remnant of the grove was lovely, situated so beautifully here at the head of the slope. The sun made aisles of light between lofty trees. Winifred began to wish she could look at what she pleased without this running murmur of explanation. When they went over to the iris Ava said, "You know for a while Flora Belle sold these flowers on the highway. She tried to have a stand." And as they went down the slope of the great front lawn again, round which the Generals stood in a silent, broken ring, their bronze faces darkly inscrutable under their campaign hats—Ava murmured: "She would have taken tourists. But this place is too far from the road. They simply wouldn't come out here. They'd rather stay in some little dump. Well, if she and Kerwin can just keep going . . . The place ought to be bought for a museum." Now and then Winifred caught Flora Belle's voice. "Oh, we don't try to do anything new. It's all Mr. Hawley can keep up, and, girls, you don't know all *I* do. I suppose there are possibilities, but—" Mrs. Burnham interrupted warmly:

"This is just what we want. To have the old Bliss place remain as it is. Girls, isn't that true?"

Now the women in their fresh spring costumes began trailing, by twos and

threes, up the slope to the house. Winifred and Ava were about the last. Candles were lighted and there was a fire of pine in the beautiful old fireplace in the front parlor. Carol ran to get Winifred's oval-backed chair. She said quickly, "I'm going to sit near you," and took the footstool for herself.

They always had such marvelous teas at Flora Belle's. "Does Mrs. Hawley still make all these grand cakes and things herself?" "Oh, yes. She has to. My dear, we don't have anyone but the Hawleys." "But to think you still have both of them. And to think of being honored with sherry from the General's old stock!"

"Why shouldn't The Club be honored?" Mrs. Burnham smilingly asked. "Such a band of queenly ladies."

"This is in Winifred's honor!"

They lifted the glittering small glasses. Stella shouted for a speech, but Dorothy quickly said Winnie needn't do a thing. All they asked was that she should once more grace their meetings with her charming presence. Winifred, sitting smiling, with a worshipping younger woman at her feet—adoring her because she was adored by her husband—was back in her own world. For a little while she had what she had come to find. The fire crackled with delightful incongruity in this flower-filled room with the deep-green May foliage outside.

But Winifred, even while she was having her close little chat with Mrs. Burnham, so soothing and bright—"How are you, dear? You do remind me so of your darling mother, more and more"—had begun to realize that Katherine Burchard was talking about something she wanted to hear. She wanted terribly to know just what it was, but she hadn't the courage to ask directly. There was a private, secretive air about the group. Helen Redding kept glancing over her shoulder. Katherine spoke with sober earnestness, in lowered tones. Winifred dropped Carol's soft little hand, murmured something about the fire, and moved her chair.

". . . Well of course I didn't see much

of her. But I was de-ter-mined . . ." The narrative was lost while Ava told one of her stories about Dick, her young son. Then Winifred, sitting very still in the oval-backed chair, caught it up again. "She has that terrible creature to look after. Oh, I can't describe her—I don't want to. Lenora has to be with her night and day. . . . I know my dear, but jobs aren't so easy these days, and Lenora hasn't had any training, people have to have *training*. . . . Oh, I admire her too. I admire her ter-ri-fically. . . . We didn't talk about things here. I don't know whether Lenora wanted to hear or not—or was even glad to see me. But girls I just *had* to . . ."

Mrs. Burnham had turned back. "Excuse me, Winifred." Winifred felt the comfortable plump pressure of her elderly hand. "You do have good help, don't you? It's so hard these days. But I needn't ask whether Alton has everything arranged!"

"I have marvelous help," Winifred said hastily. "She's had *training*." Her face flushed, but she went on with tales of Mrs. Bjornson's efficiency. She heard with wonder the self-satisfied sound of her own voice. The girls were impressed. All repeated how lovely she was looking. Those colors were grand for her.

"You never got that outfit here!" Ava said enviously.

"Well, Nancy simply forced me to shop."

"Oh, Winnie, tell us about Nancy!"

This she did joyously—but still with a nervous attention on Katherine's group. Stella broke in, and Winifred let her. ". . . Oh, yes she shows it. Girls, I was shocked. She looks really old. Oh, and you know, it was a shame because it did more than anything else to spoil her looks—but that front tooth of Lenora's, you remember it was knocked out when she was just a kid—well, the peg tooth is gone and there's that awful gap. . . ."

Winifred turned away.

She heard Mabel Richmond going on now. "It's the government. Our own government! That's the real enemy."

Ava shrieked, "For heaven's sake! *Don't* let's talk politics, economics, labor troubles, or war, or *mention* the President or the W.P.A. Let's not bring such things into The Club. I make it a motion!"

"Second! Second!"

Mabel looked both hard and hurt. "We know how we feel about these things," Mrs. Burnham told her soothingly. "It's just that we don't want to arouse any differences, dear—if there *are* any." Jean Butterfield stared with big solemn blue eyes. Mrs. Burnham felt annoyed however. She too had caught some of Katherine's words—and she didn't feel it was quite right to bring such matters up just now; it was out of place.

She hastened to say to Gail Salisbury, "How do you keep it up, you wonderful child, with your beautiful house, and everything else? And you and Glenn never miss out on any good times. I think that's *so* wonderful."

Gail answered drily, "I don't keep it up."

"My dear, why say that?" Ava Gibbons demanded. "Now don't set your standards impossibly high! We don't ask you to be absolutely *pro-fes-sional*."

"I know you don't," Gail answered even more drily.

Winifred felt she couldn't listen to anything more. She was back in the midst. Her friends were her friends again, close, and not remote. But, whether they knew and admitted it or not, all were in a sense survivors. All must have experienced, in some degree, the same shaking of their own solid ground.

But were things really much different? Some had gone through bankruptcy but apparently weren't much the worse; where formerly they had kept two maids they now kept one. Stella's animation had worn thin, but even Stel couldn't keep it up forever. Flora Belle looked exactly as she had for years, wearing the same type of printed chiffon dress for afternoon, with her gray hair marcelled, and the marcel flattened down by a net. Mabel Richmond, the girls complained,

howled constantly about how frightful conditions were, as if she were standing in her custom-made sandals on the edge of doom, bitterly resentful, and trying to point to the personal enemy who had pushed her there. Here Mabel was sitting though on the Victorian sofa beside a bouquet of white lilacs, ostentatiously youthful, her hair blacker than black, in her red-and-white costume and lacquered red hat. It seemed to Winifred she must have dreamed that awful time.

But she kept having a strange feeling among her group here, her own rightful desirable circle, in the beautiful old house in its romantic seclusion, as if a gulf had widened between these bluffs and the smoky town, and they were set off here by themselves with the candlelight, firelight, and flowers.

"Winnie, haven't you your car?"

"Yes, it's here, Marlin's driving up now."

"Oh, I forgot you're bumming round with a chauffeur these days! You're as grand as Mabel, aren't you?"

Winifred laughed. Mabel, in her brilliant red-and-white, was standing at a little distance. She was taking this chance to tell her troubles. Winifred heard the hard, aggrieved voice, caught the glance of the wandering, resentful eyes. But she didn't go over although she realized that she had scarcely spoken to Mabel to-day. Guilt was heavy on her, because she was employing Don Bolton's wife. Mabel would regard that as a traitor's act. And it was perhaps according to some strict division of loyalty. The knowledge hurt Winifred, and she felt sickeningly that she didn't like Mabel Richmond, never had—no better than she liked Edna Bolton. She really did like Don. She felt as if she were a tiny, soft, tame animal that had got helplessly into some gigantic trap.

"You have room, haven't you, Winnie?"

Flora Belle had come up with Gail and Jean Butterfield. These two reckless girls had driven out without a spare and here was their car with a flat. Winnie

quickly and generously offered to drive them home. *Please*. She was ashamed to have this big car all to herself.

"Where do you both live? Of course I know where Gail lives, but—"

"I should think you wouldn't know where we live," Jean said, laughing, and gave the address. Winifred was really taken back. She hadn't been through that district for ages, but she had always supposed it was the jumping-off place. Billy Butterfield—Sherman Butterfield's son? Would he live in such a part of town, bring his bride there?

The bride seemed to feel no shame. She was still talking about the Generals. "Yes, he was stunning. But I want the little man. He would be sweet under our big oak tree." Now she turned to explain to Winifred how she and Billy had bought an old house out in the slums. "I want to prepare you for entering our depressed area. Gail's never recovered from the first shock. She thinks it's slumming to come to see *me*."

"It is," Gail said coldly. "You're W.P.A. people and I'm an old royalist. So is Mrs. Serles."

"Oh, I'm not anything," Winifred protested. "I don't know enough."

The girls both laughed, and Winifred felt all at once that they approved of her. On close view Gail Salisbury didn't look so formidable. Her color was bad—as so often with these pared-down girls who smoked too much and nourished themselves on green salads and black coffee. The dissatisfaction in her face was familiar. Jean's healthy good looks were reassuring in a different way, making it plain to Winifred's practiced maternal eye that—no matter how unorthodox her views—she had had the right things to eat during childhood. But it did give Winifred Serles a shock to learn that Sherman Butterfield's son was working for the government.

The shock was worse when they drove over ancient railroad tracks, sunk in deep grass, and on into the outlying river section. Then Winifred could scarcely hide her astonished distaste. Jean spoke with

enthusiasm. This was the oldest part of town, older than the bluffs—as if that made it the best. A few of the original buildings were left. Of course there were the railroad tracks and some factories, but the district had kept a rural wildness.

"We can walk right down to the river to the old landings."

"And smell the nice little muddy-water fishes!" Gail said.

The houses, the shacks, the muddy yards, and weedy lots—they made Winifred shudder. And she was afraid to look at them for she wondered if Edna and Don might not be living somewhere out here, maybe in some place like that awful trailer. . . . Don had said they were going to lose their house. Jean told now, her eyes big and excited, how interesting it was in this neighborhood. They lived with people on the real bottom level, right among these people, so they got the chance to know them.

"What a chance," Gail drawled. "No wonder I can't compete."

Winifred was too courteous to make any comment. And to her relief, she was able to admire the Butterfields' house, to agree with the girls that it had good lines. She could say, with her own responsive charm, how interesting it must be to make an old house over—reserving her suspicions of what it must cost, sure that the plumbing could never be right. The large white house, still needing its second coat of paint, stood in forlorn seedy dignity in a big flat yard that had kept one magnificent tree. Winifred *could* admire the tree.

As Jean stepped from the car she cried, "Look over there in the lot! That old woman. She's getting dandelion greens. *I'm* going to dig some. There isn't any reason why Bill and I should buy our vitamins. Gail, I invite you to the mess. Greens are a mess, aren't they?"

"Thanks. Yours will be."

Winifred laughed. She felt with tender relief that Jean was a romantic child—as much a child as Carol Mann, more than Nancy. Yet there was something

daunting and disturbing in her eager freshness. Gail looked jaded by comparison.

The old woman stood up just then and turned to stare. Winifred looked straight at the sunken old face. The mouth was open showing a few hideous tusks. Winifred shuddered again.

She felt homesick for the comforts of her own lovely room. She was glad to get rid of both the girls, and to reach there.

"Gosh that sure smells, down there by the river," Marlin observed with gusto as he helped her out of the car.

Winifred said good-night gaily—she'd call about to-morrow—and walked slowly up the flagstone path between the purple and yellow iris in the cool sweet air of early evening. The front door was open, but no one seemed to be about. Alton was probably in the garden surveying his peonies. Thank heaven Edna Bolton was gone.

Winifred stood a few moments in the panelled hall looking into the mirror as she took off her purple hat. She saw the lovely faded image of herself that had changed little throughout the years. She recalled the approbation of her friends; she had always lived and moved in its warmth, and she hadn't lost it. A cold memory touched her. What was herself in this image, with its charming colors, against the dim background? Would that self still have sustenance if she were like the old woman out picking greens—if her streaked gray hair was cut raggedly with the scissors and a gap in her front teeth gave everyone a shock who saw it? How much of the "sweetness" and the "dignity" that had always belonged to her, as Winifred Wallingford, and Mrs. Alton Serles, was fed by her pleasure in her own physical loveliness? Could she live without that—if, instead of being

pleasing, so that Marlin felt set up to be driving her . . . She didn't finish it. But her delight in her new clothes was dimmed. She couldn't bear the faint, expensive scent of Nancy's perfume, that Nancy had given her because it went with the costume.

The question rose clear that for all this long while had been aching in her mind beneath the shifting confusions: suppose Alton *had* come out and told all he knew, paid whatever it would have cost to get clear of Grover Hurd—suppose we'd lost everything—could I have stood it?

Lenora had. What gave her the power? If she had any particular religion, nobody knew about it. Lenora was like the rest of them in that respect; went sometimes to the church where her parents used to go. Love of Frank? But Frank Hood was—oh a nice fellow, they all liked him; but if his wife felt any great devotion nobody knew about that either. The Hoods' one child had died years ago.

Once Winifred would have said—as Alton had said—that their happiness together was the main object of her life. It had included even her devotion to her children. But her love had been her trust in Alton—in his splendid competence and his worshipping care. It had been her security. The smitten ground had closed again but that one vision of old roots and rotted foundations had stayed with her.

It might be just that Frank and Lenora had been the ones hit while the others had all escaped. If they hadn't escaped—or if it should happen to them still—something might stand clear, if only for an instant. She might learn what she really had. Whether—though having dwelt, with becoming grace, in the pleasant places ordained for her—she really had anything.



“WOULD MISS TARBELL SEE MR. ROGERS?”

BY IDA M. TARBELL

I HAD been at work a year gathering and sifting materials for my “History of the Standard Oil Company”—which was to appear in *McClure’s Magazine*—before the series was announced. Very soon after that, Mr. McClure dashed into the office one day to tell me he had just been talking with Mark Twain who said his friend, Henry Rogers, at that time the most conspicuous man in the Standard Oil group, had asked him to find out what kind of a history of the concern *McClure’s* proposed to publish.

“You will have to ask Miss Tarbell,” Mr. McClure told him.

“Would Miss Tarbell see Mr. Rogers?” Mark Twain asked.

Mr. McClure was sure I would not ask anything better, which was quite true. And so an interview was arranged for one day early in January of 1902 at Mr. Rogers’ home, then at 26 East 57th Street.

I was a bit scared at the idea. I had met many kinds of people, but this was my first high-ranking Captain of Industry. Was I putting my head into a lion’s mouth? I did not think so. It had become more and more evident to me that any attempt to bite our heads off would be the stupidest thing the Standard Oil Company could do, their reputation being what it was. They were not that stupid, I told myself. However, it was one thing to tackle the Standard Oil Company in documents, as I had been doing (studying the records of all the investigations and law cases in which the Company had been involved), quite another

thing to meet it face to face. And then would Mr. Rogers “come across”? Could I talk with him? So far my attempts to talk with members of the organization had been failures. I had been met with that formulated chatter which is used by those who have accepted a creed, a situation, a system, to baffle the investigator trying to find out what it all means.

My nervousness and my skepticism fell away when Mr. Rogers stepped forward in his library to greet me. He was frank and hearty. Plainly he wanted me to be at ease. In that way he knew that he could soon tell whether it was worth his while to spend further time on me or not.

Henry Rogers was a man of about sixty at this time, a striking person, by all odds the handsomest and most distinguished figure in Wall Street. He was tall, muscular, lithe as an Indian. There was a trace of the early oil adventurer in his bearing in spite of his air of authority, his excellent grooming, his manner of the quick-witted naturally adaptable man who has seen much of people. His big head with its high forehead was set off by a heavy shock of beautiful gray hair; his nose was aquiline, sensitive. The mouth, which I fancy must have been flexible, capable both of firm decision and gay laughter, was concealed by a white drooping mustache. His eyes were large and dark, narrowed a little by caution, capable of blazing as I was to find out, shaded by heavy gray eyebrows giving distinction and force to his face.

I remember thinking as I tried to get

my bearings, "Now I understand why Mark Twain likes him so much. They are alike even in appearance. They have the bond of early similar experiences—Mark Twain in Nevada, Henry Rogers in the early oil regions."

"When and where did your interest in oil begin?" Mr. Rogers asked as he seated me—a full light on my face, I noticed.

"On the flats and hills of Rouseville," I told him.

"Of course," he cried, "of course. Tarbell's Tank Shops. I knew your father. I could put my finger on the spot where those shops stood."

We were off. We forgot our serious business and talked of our early days on the Creek. Mr. Rogers told me how the news of the oil excitement had drawn him from his boyhood home in New England, how he had found his way into Rouseville, gone into refining. He had married and put his first thousand dollars into a home on the hillside adjoining ours.

"It was a little white house," he said, "with a high-peaked roof."

"Oh, I remember it," I cried, "the prettiest house in the world I thought it." It was my first approach to the Gothic arch.

We reconstructed the geography of our neighborhood, lingering over the charm of the narrow ravine which separated our hillsides, a path on each side.

"Up that path," Mr. Rogers told me, "I used to carry our washing every Monday morning and go for it every Saturday night. Probably I've seen you hunting flowers on your side of the ravine. How beautiful it was; I was never happier."

Could two strangers, each a little wary of the other, have had a more auspicious beginning for a serious talk?—for what followed was serious with moments of strain.

"What are you basing your story on?" he asked finally.

"On documents. I am beginning with the South Improvement Company."

He broke in to say, "Well, that of course was an outrageous business. That

is where the Rockefellers made their big mistake."

I knew of course that Mr. Rogers had fought that early raid tooth and nail, but I knew also that later he had joined "the conspirators," as the Oil Regions called them, in carrying out point by point the initial program. But I did not throw it up to him.

"Why did you not come to us at the start?" Mr. Rogers asked.

"It was unnecessary, you have written your history; besides it would have been quite useless," I told him.

"We've changed our policy," he said. "We are giving out information." As a matter of fact Mr. Rogers may be regarded I think as the first Public Relations Counsel of the Standard Oil Company—the forerunner of Ivy Lee, as I, so far as I knew, was the first subject on which the new policy was tried.

In the close to two hours I spent that afternoon with Henry Rogers we went over the history of the oil business. We talked of rebates and pipes lines, independent struggles and failures, the absorption of everything that touched their ambition. He put their side to me, the mightiness of their achievement, the perfection of their service. Also he talked of their trials, their persecution, as he called it, by their rivals, the attack on the Standard Oil Company by Henry Demarest Lloyd in *Wealth Against Commonwealt*h. "I never understood how Harper could have published that book. Why I knew Harry Harper socially."

"There has always been something," he said a little ruthfully. "Look at things now—Russia and Texas. There seems to be no end of the oil they have there. How can we control it? It looks as if something had the Standard Oil Company by the neck, something bigger than we are."

The more we talked the more at home I felt with him and the more I liked him. It was almost like talking to Mr. McClure and Mr. Phillips.

Finally we made a compact. I was to take up with him each case in their his-

tory as I came to it. He was to give me documents, figures, explanations, and justifications—anything and everything which would enlarge my understanding and judgment. I realized how big a contribution he would make if he continued to be as frank as he was in this preliminary talk. I made it quite clear to him, however, that while I should welcome anything in the way of information and explanation that he could give, it must be my judgment, not his, which prevailed.

"Of course, Mr. Rogers," I told him, "I realize that my judgments may not stand in the long run, but I shall have to stand or fall by them."

"Well," he said as I rose to go, "I suppose we'll have to stand it. Would you be willing to come to my office for these talks? It might be a little more convenient."

"Certainly," I replied.

He looked a bit surprised.

"Will you talk with Mr. Rockefeller?"

"Certainly," I said.

"Well," he said a little doubtfully, "I'll try to arrange it."

II

For two years our bargain was faithfully kept, I going usually to his office at 26 Broadway. That in itself at the start, for one as unfamiliar as I was with the scene and customs of big business, was an adventure. My entrance and exit to Mr. Rogers' office were carried on with a secrecy which never failed to amuse me. The alert, handsome, businesslike little chaps who received me at the entrance to the Rogers' suite piloted me unerringly by a route where nobody saw me and I saw nobody, into the same small room opening on to a court, and it never seemed the same route. I was not slow in discovering that across the court in the window directly opposite there was always stationed a gentleman whose head seemed to be turned my way whenever I looked across. It may have meant nothing at all. I only record the fact.

The only person besides Mr. Rogers I ever met in those offices was his private secretary, Miss Harrison, a woman spoken of with awe at that date as having a ten thousand dollar salary, one of those women who know their employer's business from A to Z and whom they can trust absolutely. She radiated efficiency—business competency. Along with her competency went that gleam of hardness which efficient business women rarely escape. Miss Harrison never appeared except on rare occasions when an extra document was needed. She was as impersonal as the chairs in the room.

We discussed in these interviews with entire frankness the laws which they had flouted. I could not shock Mr. Rogers with records, not even when I confronted him one day with the testimony he had given on a certain point which he admitted was not according to the facts. He curtly dismissed the subject. "They had no business prying into my private affairs." As for rebates, "somebody would have taken them if we had not."

"But with your strength, Mr. Rogers," I argued, "you could have forced fair play on the railroads and on your competitors."

"Ah," he said, "but there was always somebody without scruples in competition, however small that somebody might be. He might grow."

There it was, the obsession of the Standard Oil Company that danger lurked in small as well as great things, that nothing however trivial must live outside of its control.

These talks made me understand as I could not from the documents themselves the personal point of view of independents like Mr. Rogers who had been gathered into the organization in the first decade of monopoly making. For instance there was Mr. Rogers' reason for desiring the trust agreement which created the Standard Oil Trust in 1882:

"By 1880," said Mr. Rogers, "I had stock in nearly all of the seventy or so companies which we had absorbed. But the real status of these companies was not

known to the public. In case of my death there would have been practically no buyer except Mr. Flagler, Mr. Rockefeller, and a few others on the inside. My heirs would not have reaped the benefit of my holdings. The formation of the trust changed this. The public at once realized the value of the trust certificate. That is, my estate was guarded in case of my death."

He often emphasized the part economies had played in building up not only the concern but their individual fortunes—economies and putting their money back into the business. "We lived in rented houses and saved money to buy stock in the company," he told me once.

Only one who remembers as I do the important place that owning your own home took in the personal economy of the self-respecting individual of that day can feel the force of this explanation.

I was curious about how he had been able to adjust his well-known passion for speculation with Mr. Rockefeller's well-known antagonism to all forms of gambling.

"Didn't he ever object?" I asked.

"Oh," he said a little ruthfully, "I was never a favorite. I suppose I was born a gambler. In the early days of the Charles Pratt Company, the Company of which I was a member, I always carried on the speculations for the concern. Mr. Pratt said, 'Henry, I haven't got the nerve to speculate. I kicked all the clothes off last night worrying about the market.' 'Give me the money,' I told him, 'and I will furnish the nerve.' We simply raked in the money," making a gesture with both hands. "And of course it came out of the producer."

"That is what my father always said," I told him. "One of the severest lectures he ever gave me came from one of those booms in the market which sent everybody in the Oil Regions crazy, for which I suppose you were responsible. I remember a day when the schools were practically closed because all the teachers in Titusville were on the street or in the Oil Exchange—everybody speculat-

ing. I was in High School, the fever caught me, and I asked father for one hundred dollars to try my luck in the market. He was as angry with me as I ever saw him. 'No daughter of mine,' he said, etc., etc."

"Wise man," Mr. Rogers commented.

"But it was not because he was so cautious," I said. "It was because he thought it was morally wrong. He would no more have speculated in the stock market than he would have played poker for money."

"I always play poker when the market is closed," said Mr. Rogers. "I can't help it. Saturday afternoons I almost always make up a poker party and every now and then John Gates and I rig up something. He'll come around and say, 'Henry, isn't it about time we started something?' We usually do."

All of these talks were informal, natural. We even argued with entire friendliness the debatable question, "What is the worst thing the Standard Oil Company ever did?" Only now and then did one of us flare and then the other generally changed the subject.

"He's a liar and a hypocrite and you know it," I exploded one day when we were talking of a man who had led in what to me was a particularly odious operation.

"I think it is going to rain," said Mr. Rogers, looking out of the window with ostentatious detachment.

Mr. Rogers not only produced documents and arguments; he produced people with whom I wanted to talk. The most important was Henry Flagler, who had been in on the South Improvement Company, that early deal with the railroads which had started the Standard Oil Company off on the road to monopoly. There had always been a controversy as to who had suggested that scheme. Mr. Flagler was in it. What did he know? Mr. Rogers arranged that I talk with him.

Henry Flagler was not an acceptable figure even to Wall Street in those days. There were scandals in his private life which, true or not, his fellow-financiers

did not like. Bad for business. I found him a very different type from Henry Rogers. He, for instance, did not conceal his distrust of John Rockefeller. "He would do me out of a dollar to-day," he cried off his guard and with an excited smash of his fist on the table and then, catching himself and with a remarkable change of tone—"that is, if he could do it honestly, Miss Tarbell, if he could do it honestly."

Mr. Flagler knew what I had come for but instead of answering my direct questions he began to tell me with some show of emotion of his own early life, how he had left home because his father was a poor clergyman—four hundred dollars a year, a large family of children. He had not succeeded until he went into the commission business with Mr. Rockefeller in Cleveland. "And from that time we were prospered," he said piously. In the long story he told me, the phrase, "We were prospered," came in again and again. That was not what I was after. Their prosperity was obvious enough. Finally I returned with some irritation to the object of my visit.

"I see you do not know or are unwilling to say, Mr. Flagler, who originated the South Improvement Company, but this is certain: Mr. Rockefeller had the credit of it in the Oil Regions. You know, yourself, how bitter the feeling was there."

"But, ah, Miss Tarbell," he said, "how often the reputation of a man in his lifetime differs from his real character. Take the greatest character in our history, how different was our Lord and Saviour regarded when he was alive from what we now know him to have been."

After that, further questioning was of course hopeless and I sat listening to the story of how the Lord had prospered him until Mr. Rogers returned. I never was happier to leave a room, but I was no happier than Mr. Flagler was to have me go.

Mr. Rogers produced Mr. Flagler and others of lesser importance. But although I referred to his semi-promise in

our first interview to produce Mr. Rockefeller I found after a few months there was no hope of this. If I hinted at it he parried.

III

Nearly a year went by after my first interview with Mr. Rogers before the articles began to appear. I rather expected him to cut me off when he realized that I was trying to prove that the Standard Oil Company was only an enlarged South Improvement Company. But to my surprise my arguments did not seem to disturb him. They had won, had they not? He sometimes complained that I had been unnecessarily blunt or a bit vindictive, but he continued to receive me in friendly fashion and to give me perhaps not all the help he might but always something to make me think twice, frequently to modify a view.

But if he was not himself disturbed by what I was doing why did he continue the interviews? Gradually I became convinced it was because of his interest in my presentation of a particular episode in their history. It was a case in which Mr. Rogers and John Archibald, along with all of the members of the Board of a subsidiary company, the Vacuum Oil Company of Rochester, New York, had been indicted for conspiring to destroy an independent refinery in Buffalo, New York.

In my opening interview with Mr. Rogers he had told me with some show of feeling that he wanted me to get a correct and impartial version of this Buffalo case, as he always called it. There had been a break in his voice when with hesitation he said, "That case is a sore point with Mr. Archibald and me. I want you to go into it thoroughly. I have the reports of the testimony before the Grand Jury; it took me months to secure them. Of course in a sense I have no right to them. But I told my children that if their father's memory is ever attacked this will serve to vindicate him. He must stand or fall in their estimation by that testimony."

At our second interview he produced the testimony before the Grand Jury, repeating again that of course he had no business with it but that he had to have it. He would not allow me to take it away, and at his request I read the sixty or more pages in his presence. It seemed quite clear to me, as I told Mr. Rogers on finishing the reading, that his connection with the affair had been so indirect that I could see no reason for his indictment, although it seemed equally clear to me that there was ample reason for the indictment of certain members of the Vacuum Board. The Judge was of that opinion, for he dismissed the indictment against Mr. Rogers and two of his fellow-directors while sustaining that against the responsible operating heads of the concern.

I soon discovered that what Mr. Rogers wanted me to make out was that the three men who had founded the independent enterprise, all of them former employees of the Vacuum Oil Company, had done so for the sole purpose of forcing the Standard to buy them out at a high price; that is, that it was a case of planned blackmail. But the testimony certainly showed little evidence of that while it did show clearly enough that the managers of the Vacuum Oil Company from the hour they had learned of the undertaking had made deliberate and open attempts to prevent the Buffalo Refinery from doing business.

The more thoroughly I went into the matter—and I worked hard over it—the more convinced I was that while there had been bad faith and various questionable practices on the part of members of the independent firm, they had started out to build up a business of their own. Also it was clear they had had hardly a shadow of success under the grilling opposition of the Standard concern. This included various suits for infringement of patents all of which the Standard had lost. In course of the years of litigation four juries, two Grand Juries, and two Petit Juries gave verdicts against the Standard Oil Company.

Finally the independent concern was so shot to pieces by the continuous bombardment that it had to be put into the hands of a receiver. The Standard offered to settle for eighty-five thousand dollars and the Judge ordered the acceptance. This made them the owners of the bone of contention.

I had a feeling that my final conclusion in the matter would probably end my relations with Mr. Rogers. I did not want to spring that conclusion on him; that is, I wanted him to know ahead of publication where I had come out. Although I had never allowed him to read an article before its appearance, that being part of the original compact, I broke my rule in this case. Promptly I received a letter asking me to call at 26 Broadway. He received me in his usual cordial way and told me he had gone over my article carefully, compared it with certain papers in his possession, and had written me a letter in which he stated his criticisms.

Handing me the letter he said, "I think it will be a good plan for you to read that out loud, so that we can talk it over here."

I began to read, but broke off with the first sentence. Mr. Rogers had written that he appreciated my request that he should make the story correspond with his knowledge and opinion of the case.

"Mr. Rogers," I said, "if you will look at my letter you will see that I did not suggest that you make the article correspond with your opinion of this case. I am convinced that I cannot do that. I asked you to examine the article and see if I had made any errors in statement or had omitted any essential testimony on either side."

He smiled. "Never mind, go ahead," he said.

The letter was admirable, almost every point well taken. There was nothing which it was not proper for me to consider at least, and with certain of his points I said at once that I was willing to comply. I inwardly breathed a sigh of satisfaction. We were going to part on friendly terms with neither of us having yielded our convictions.

But I had not counted on the resources of Henry Rogers in a matter in which he was deeply concerned, particularly one which touched his personal pride and aroused his fighting spirit. For as I was about to go he sprang on me an entirely new interpretation of the case. Not only was the suit of the independent refinery in which he had been indicted a continuation of the original blackmailing scheme, but the lawyers in the case had themselves been in the conspiracy. He laid before me a number of documents which he claimed proved it. The chief of these was the itemized report of the receiver. This report, he said, showed that the lawyers had taken the case knowing that if the Buffalo concern did not win there would be no fees, that when the matter had finally been settled they had made what the receiver considered exorbitant claims for their services. There were five of them and finally they were allowed some thirty thousand dollars.

"You can see," Mr. Rogers said as he pointed out these facts, "why they were so eager to convict us. They were making a raid on the Standard and the Bench was with them."

That the Bench was with them he based on the fact that two of the lawyers originally in the case had later been elevated to the Bench. They had not of course heard the case but they had put their information and conclusions at the disposal of their successors.

I was startled by this sudden and sinister accusation and sat for some time with my head bent over the documents, forgetting his presence, trying to get at their meaning. Was there any other explanation than that which Mr. Rogers had given me with such conviction? Looking up, suddenly for the first time in my experience with Mr. Rogers, I caught him looking at me with narrowed and cunning eyes. I took alarm on the instant.

"We are not the only ones, you see, Miss Tarbell."

"If this means what it seems to mean you are not, but I shall have to study

these documents, Mr. Rogers; I shall have to consult a lawyer about the practice common in such cases."

"That will be all right," he said.

He was more exultant than I had ever found him. "I knew that paper would come in well some day. To get it I consented to our people's buying the Buffalo refinery—we did not want it, but I wanted to get the receiver's reports and know just what had been done with the money we had paid them."

On the whole I had never seen him better pleased with himself than he was at that moment. His satisfaction was so great that for the first time in our acquaintance he gave me a little lecture for a caustic remark I had made. "That is not a Christian remark," he said. I contended that it was a perfect expression of my notion of a Christian.

"You ought to go to Church more frequently," he said. "Why don't you come and hear my pastor, Dr. Savage?"

We parted on good terms after a discussion of our religious views and church-going practices and he gave me a cordial invitation to come back which I agreed to do as soon as I had studied the new angle in the Buffalo case.

Aided by a disinterested and fair-minded lawyer I gave a thorough study to the documents, but I could not convince myself that Mr. Rogers' contention was sound. It is not an unusual thing for lawyers to take cases they believe in, knowing that their compensation depends on their winning. Many clients with just cases would be deprived of counsel if they had to insure a fixed compensation; for not infrequently, as in the Buffalo case, all that a client has is involved in a suit. The practice is so common among reputable lawyers that it certainly cannot be regarded as a proof of a conspiracy unless there is a reason to suppose that they have taken a case of whose merits they themselves are suspicious. There was no evidence that the counsel of the independent concern was not convinced from the first that they had a strong case. Their claims were large,

but lawyers are not proverbial for the modesty of their charges and besides, exorbitant charges can hardly be construed as a proof of conspiracy.

When I had finally written out my conclusion I sent a copy of it to Mr. Rogers, saying I should be glad to talk it over with him if he wished. He did wish—wrote me that he had new material to present. But before the date set for the meeting an article in our series was published which broke off our friendly relations.

IV

In studying the testimony of independents over a period of some thirty years I had found repeated complaints that their oil shipments were interfered with, their cars sidetracked en route, while pressure was brought on buyers to cancel orders. There were frequent charges that freight clerks were reporting independent shipments.

I did not take the matter seriously at first. The general suspicion by independents of Standard dealings had to be taken into consideration, I told myself. Then too I was willing to admit that a certain amount of attention to what your competitor is doing is considered legitimate business practice. I knew that in the office of *McClure's Magazine* we were very keen to know what other publishers were doing. And there is also the overzealous and unscrupulous employee who in the name of competition recognizes no rules for his game.

But the charges continued to multiply. I met them in testimony and I met them in interviews. There was no escaping espionage, men told me. "They know where we send every barrel of oil. Half the time our oil never reaches its destination." I could scarcely believe it. And then unexpectedly there came to my desk a mass of incontrovertible proofs that what I had been hearing was true and more. As a matter of fact this system of following up independent oil shipments was letter perfect, so perfect that it was made a matter of office bookkeeping.

"It looks sometimes," Mr. Rogers had said to me, "as if something had the Standard Oil Company by the neck, something bigger than we are."

In this case the something bigger was a boy's conscience. A lad of sixteen or seventeen in the office of a Standard plant had as one of his regular monthly duties the burning of large quantities of records. He had carried out his orders for many months without attention to the content. Then suddenly his eyes fell one night on the name of a man who had been his friend since childhood, had even been his Sunday School teacher, an independent oil refiner in the city, a Standard competitor. The boy began to take notice; he discovered that the name appeared repeatedly on different forms and in the letters which he was destroying. It made him uneasy and he began to piece the records together. It was not long before he saw to his distress that the concern for which he was working was getting from the railroad offices of the town full information about every shipment that his friend was making. Moreover, that the office was writing to its representative in the territory to which the independent oil was going, "Stop that shipment—Get that trade." And the correspondence showed how both were done.

What was a youth to do under such circumstances? He didn't do anything at first but finally when he could not sleep for thinking about it he gathered up a full set of documents and secretly took them to his friend.

Now this particular oil refiner had been reading the *McClure's* articles. He had become convinced that I was trying to deal fairly with the matter. He had also convinced himself in some way that I was to be trusted. So one night he brought me the full set of incriminating documents. There was no doubt about their genuineness. The most interesting thing to me was the way they fitted in with the testimony scattered through the investigations and law suits. Here were bookkeeping records explain-

ing every accusation that had been made. But how could I use them? Together we worked out a plan by which the various forms and blanks could be reproduced with fictitious names and persons and places substituted for the originals.

It was after this material had come to my hands that I took the subject up with Mr. Rogers. "The original South Improvement Company formula, Mr. Rogers, provided for reports of independent shipments from the railroads. I have come on repeated charges that the practice continues. What about it? Do you follow independent shipments? Do you stop them? Do you have the help of railroad shipping clerks in the operation?"

"Of course we do everything we legally and fairly can to find out what our competitors are doing, just as you do in *McClure's Magazine*," Mr. Rogers answered. "But as for any such system of tracking and stopping, as you suggest, that is nonsense. How could we do it even if we would?"

"Well," I said, "give me everything you have on this point."

He said he had nothing more than what he had already told me.

As I have said, the article came out just before I was to see Mr. Rogers on what I hoped would be the last of the Buffalo case. The only time in all my relations with him when I saw his face white with rage was when I met the appointment he had made. Our interview was short. "Where did you get that stuff?" he said angrily, pointing to the magazine on the table.

And all I could say was in substance, "Mr. Rogers, you can't for a moment think that I would tell you where I got it. You will recall my efforts to get from you anything more than a general denial that these practices of espionage so long complained of were true, could be explained by legitimate competition. You know this bookkeeping record is true."

There were a few curt exchanges about other points in the material but nothing as I now recall on the Buffalo case. The article ended my visits to 26 Broadway.

V

Nearly four years passed before I again saw Henry Rogers and in that period exciting and tragic events had come his way.

There was the copper war. He and his friends had attempted to build up a monopoly in copper to match that of the Standard Oil Company in petroleum, the Amalgamated Copper Company. A youngster, F. Augustus Heinze, had come into Montana and by bold and ruthless operation put together a copper company of his own. The two organizations were soon at each other's throats. It was a business war without a vestige of decency, one in which every devious device of the law and of politics was resorted to by both sides.

But Mr. Rogers had other troubles. He and his friends had been engaged in organizing the gas interests of the East. They had engineered stock raids which had been as disastrous to Wall Street as to gambling Main Street. Such operations in the past had never cost him more than a passing angry comment by the public press. Now, however, came something damaging to his reputation and his pride. It was a series of lurid articles by a bold and very-much-on-the-inside broker and speculator—Thomas Lawson of Boston. For nearly two years Lawson published monthly in *Everybody's Magazine*, under the admirable title "Frenzied Finance," circumstantial accounts of the speculation of the Rogers group and what they had cost their dupes. That story cut Mr. Rogers' pride to the quick. He is said to have threatened the American News Company with destruction if it circulated the magazine.

Taken all together, the excitement and anger was too much for even his iron frame and indomitable spirit, and in the summer of 1907 he suffered a stroke which put him out of the fight for many weeks. When he came back it was at once to collide with the Government suit against the Standard Oil Company, and soon after that with the Panic of 1907, a

panic for which his old enemy in copper, A. Augustus Heinze, was largely responsible.

Early in November when the panic was still raiding the banks and the millionaires of the country I stood one day at a corner on Fifth Avenue waiting for the traffic to clear. Suddenly I saw an arm waving to me from a slowly passing open automobile and there was H. H. Rogers smiling at me in the friendliest way.

When I reported the encounter at the office Mr. Phillips at once said, "Why not try to see him? If he'll talk about what is going on what a story he could tell."

But would he see me? I was a little dubious about trying. Still the greeting and the smile seemed to mean that at least he harbored no ill will. Supposing, I said, he is sufficiently subdued to go over with me his exciting life. What a document of big business in the '80's and '90's he could produce if he would put down his recollections with the frankness with which he had sometimes talked to me. It seemed worth trying for and I asked for an appointment. I had not made a mistake. Mr. Rogers was harboring no ill will. I was promptly invited to come to his house. He greeted me heartily. I found him physically changed, stouter, less sinewy, but quite as frank as ever. He told me of his stroke; he spoke bitterly of what he called the Roosevelt panic as well as of Roosevelt's interference with the business of the Standard Oil Company. He gave me my cue when he began to talk about the early days of the Oil Regions. "There is a whole chapter," he said, "that has not been written, that from '59 to '72."

We were getting on swimmingly when our interview was cut short by a card handed him—Joseph Seep, the head of the Standard Oil Purchasing Agency. It amused him greatly that Mr. Seep should have come in while I was there.

"Now you'll have to go," he said, and he put me out by a circuitous route. As at 26 Broadway, callers were not to see each other.

As we came into a dark hall he turned

on the light. "You see we have to economize now," he said laughingly. Our good-by was cordial. "We'll talk about this again," he said. "Call up Miss Harrison in a week or ten days and we'll make an appointment."

The appointment was never made. The coming months were too difficult for Mr. Rogers. His vast business affairs continued complicated; the legend of his invincibility in the market was weakened. Moreover, such was the bitterness of the Standard Oil Company over the Government suit that I doubt if he or his associates would have considered it wise for him to talk to me. They probably thought he had talked already too much to too little purpose. They—and he probably—never understood how much he had done to make me realize the legitimate greatness of the Standard Oil Company, how much he had done to make me understand better the vastness and complications of its problems and the amazing grasp with which it dealt with them.

Mr. Rogers' complaint against me was that I had never been able to submerge my contempt for their illegitimate practices in my admiration for their genius in organization, the boldness of their imagination, and execution. But my contempt had increased rather than diminished as I worked.

I never had an animus against their size and wealth, never objected to their corporate form. I was willing that they should combine and grow as big and rich as they could, but only by legitimate means. But they had never played fair and that ruined their greatness for me. I am convinced that their brilliant example has contributed not only to a weakening of the country's moral standards but to its economic unsoundness. The experience of the past decade particularly seems to me to amply justify my conviction.

I was never to see Mr. Rogers again, for in May of 1909 he suddenly died—two years before the Supreme Court dissolved the Standard Oil Company.



CAN GERMANY WIN THE BALKANS?

BY PETER F. DRUCKER

THE success or failure of Germany's *Drang nach dem Osten* depends upon her ability to convert the Balkan peasants to the Nazi creed. Otherwise her "Southeastern Empire" will be nothing but a fatal self-deception, a liability and a source of weakness rather than a political and economic asset.

Outside of Germany—even in the Balkans themselves—this is hardly understood. The very existence of the Balkan peasants is ignored in the customary interpretation of Nazi policy in terms of traditional imperialism and power-politics. German overlordship over the Balkans is, therefore, accepted as accomplished fact. Has not Southeast Europe been forced into a state of financial and economic dependence on Germany which borders on vassalage and beside which the pre-War dominance of Imperial Vienna appears insignificant? Has not Germany gained a measure of control over the Balkan armies and their equipment almost exceeding the military influence wielded by the French in the heyday of the Little Entente? And cannot Nazi Germany threaten every boundary line and every established authority on the Lower Danube, and destroy every government that dares oppose her by raising the battle cry of "national self-determination"? But the economic and military imperialism which is demanded by the exigencies of *Wehrwirtschaft* is by necessity as different from traditional imperialism as the Nazi totalitarian economic system itself differs from free capitalism. Totalitarian imperialism can work only

if ideological is added to economic and military domination; and that makes the ideological conquest of the Balkan peasant Germany's most important task.

The German military and economic command has never made the mistake of regarding its present achievements as sufficient. Even the "Conservatives" in the Nazi ranks, to whom *Wehrwirtschaft* is but a hated emergency measure, not a new social philosophy, have too vivid a recollection of the reasons for the downfall of the Austro-Hungarian southeastern empire and of its effects upon Germany in the last war ever to regard military and economic predominance and control of foreign policy as sufficient for their purposes. For the Nazis do not seek domination of the countries of the Lower Danube for exploitation in ordinary peace-times, for which their present hold over them would be amply sufficient. They want it because it is the only way to make German *Wehrwirtschaft* work in time of war or severe internal stress, by insuring an adequate and dependable supply of foodstuffs and raw materials when all other sources of supply are blocked. Yet, under present conditions of "ordinary" imperialist control of the Balkans, a minor setback in Germany's fortune or a moderate revival of the strength of the Western democracies—let alone a war or a crisis—would quickly induce the Danubian countries to try to shake off the German yoke. The very means by which Germany has been establishing her influence tend to strengthen the tendencies which threaten

to deprive the German victory of all its meaning.

That a true boundary line by which the various nationalities would be neatly divided cannot be drawn in Southeast Europe has again been amply demonstrated in the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia; it is even more impossible in the Balkan countries proper, where there is almost no district that has not its full share of linguistic, racial, or religious minorities—often forty per cent, rarely less than twenty-five per cent of the population. And since national consciousness in the Southeast exhausts itself mainly in the hatred of everyone who is the least bit different—the peasants in the neighboring valley who wear a different Sunday costume, the merchant in the country town who uses another alphabet to write the same language, or the lawyer who uses a different calendar to calculate the movable feasts of the same Church—any organization of the Balkans along nationalist lines must lead to ruthless suppression of countless minorities and to their bitter opposition against their masters. The fresh injection of the slogan of national self-determination into the witches' cauldron of Balkan nationalism threatens therefore to disrupt German rule in times of stress as it disrupted the Austro-Hungarian monarchy.

Though the dangers inherent in the stirring-up of nationalism are more profound in the long run, the threat to German domination arising out of the very success of her trade drive is more imminent. It is true that under the guidance of Germany's new Minister of Economics, Dr. Funk, a serious attempt is being made to avoid the glaring mistakes of his predecessor, Dr. Schacht, who caused so much bad blood and ill-feeling. While Dr. Schacht regarded every deal as the occasion for driving a hard bargain, Dr. Funk tries to offer the Balkans goods and services which they need, and at a reasonable price. He has promised that Germany will never again resort to such trickery as that which cheated a very poor agricultural Balkan country out of

her tobacco crop, when she was forced to accept several millions of cheap artificial-leather cameras in payment, was charged an outrageous price, and then was refused the lenses and photographic paper without which the cameras were entirely worthless. Dr. Funk has even promised that a large part of the raw materials accumulated as a war reserve during the spring and summer of 1938 shall be used for the manufacture of goods for the Balkans. But even if all these promises are kept the Danubian countries will prefer to sell their goods on the world markets and against free exchange as long as they retain the last vestige of a free economy. And the more they become dependent upon Germany economically the greater will be their desire to reduce this dependence. Of course so long as the world market remains as unwilling to take their goods as it is now this desire will remain theoretical. But even if a revival of international trade should be regarded as remote by Nazi economists it is obvious that this desire would constitute a serious threat to Germany's supplies in case of war.

The reality of these dangers was strikingly brought home to Germany during the Czech crisis. Hungary, her closest ally, with whom Hitler had just concluded a sweeping military and economic alliance, did not only declare that she would remain neutral but tried at once to use the slogan of national self-determination in order to obtain Slovakia and Carpatho-Ruthenia—which would have blocked Germany's drive to the East. Bulgaria—by virtue of her history and her social conditions a natural vassal of a militant Germany—used the crisis to accept the offer of an Anglo-French loan which would have freed her from economic dependence upon Germany.

To "make the Balkans safe for German *Wehrwirtschaft*," their economic system must be replaced by economic totalitarianism, so that it will be impossible for them to go back to selling to the world markets. Their political system must be converted into a totalitarian dictator-

ship, supported by the masses, but ideologically and politically entirely dependent upon Berlin. "Totalitarianism from within" is therefore necessarily the aim of Germany's Southeastern policy.

That this involves the destruction of the present ruling classes of the Balkans has always been as clear to the Germans as it has been to such shrewd Balkan rulers as King Carol of Rumania, the late King Alexander of Yugoslavia, Horthy of Hungary, or Count Bethlen, who as spokesman of the Hungarian feudal landowners warned his Prussian Junker friends as early as 1929 that "Nazism is but a shortcut to land-reform." The big landowners, the industrialists, the officers might welcome German help in their attempt to hold down and exploit the masses; but they would never subordinate their interests to the exigencies of German autarchy. As early as 1933 German propaganda in the Southeast began therefore to organize the opposition against the ruling classes in Fascist, German-inspired movements.

But until recently all these efforts to convert the Balkans to the Fascist creed have been concentrated upon winning the middle class for totalitarianism, in the expectation that this would work in the same way in which it worked in Germany herself. This, however, turned out to be a very expensive mistake. Not that the middle classes in the Balkan countries did not succumb to Nazi propaganda. The impoverished small nobility which fulfills the social function of a middle class in Hungary, the unemployed academic and white-collar proletariat in Rumania, the professional officer class and the artisans in Bulgaria, the civil servants and officers in Serbia, they all have been completely converted to the ideology of the Fascist totalitarian state and are ready to take their orders from Berlin. In some cases the Germans even succeeded in the next and—according to their expectations—final step in the "totalitarian revolution": the appointment of German-approved local Fascist leaders to important key-positions

in the cabinet of the country on the basis of a "united anti-Communist front" of the ruling classes with the Fascist middle class. This, the Germans thought, should have led to the emergence of a Fascist dictatorship. But in spite of all the German money poured out to these Fascist movements, the Balkan middle classes proved too weak numerically and too impotent economically and politically to snatch the power.

In Hungary a cabinet of anti-Nazi large landowners and anti-Nazi Catholics put down an incipient Nazi revolt last April without the slightest trouble. In Rumania King Carol in one of the most astute and most unscrupulous maneuvers in the whole machiavellian history of Balkan politics first divided the Fascist movement against itself by appointing the minority leader, Goga, to be Prime Minister in December, 1937; then by forcing Goga to "Nazify" the country in haste, he managed to destroy all popular support for Nazism, so that he could finally jail the powerful leader of the Fascist majority and dismiss Goga without having to call out the police. The Bulgarian government succeeded similarly in suppressing a Fascist middle-class movement without trouble; and in Yugoslavia the Regent, Prince Paul, has demonstrated repeatedly to the pro-Nazi members in his cabinet that their tenure of office is at his pleasure.

As long as conservative former German Nationalists like Dr. Schacht, Herr von Papen, and Marshal Blomberg were in charge of Germany's Southeastern policy, the necessary conclusions from these failures were not drawn; even now the Fascist middle-class movements have not been dropped, if only for reasons of prestige. But upon the conquest of Austria the entire personnel of Germany's Balkan staff was changed last spring. Confirmed "totalitarians" like Funk, Buerckel, and von Reichenau are now in command, and German propaganda in the Danubian countries has begun to concentrate upon the only class which can snatch the power in the Balkans and

hold it—the peasants. In Czechoslovakia this new policy stood the first test: by winning over a large part of the Slovak peasant movement to the Nazi creed it contributed substantially to the collapse of Czech resistance. The precipitate granting of a land reform in Hungary in order to allay the grievances capitalized by Nazi propaganda, and King Carol's drive to win the peasants for his own "Rumano-fascism" before the Nazis get hold of them attest to the efficacy of the new policy farther east. The fight for control of the Balkans is no longer being fought on the nationalist battlefield, as during the twenty years since Versailles, but on the social one.

II

The people of Southeast Europe never tire of pointing out that climatic, political, even social conditions in the Danubian countries differ so much that the term "Balkans" appears to be just a vague geographical concept. Yet one fundamental fact unites the whole region: everywhere the peasants are in a large majority, sometimes accounting for 90 per cent; never for less than 70 per cent of the population. And everywhere the peasants are without any political or economic power, without land, debt-ridden, ruthlessly exploited, in dire poverty and misery, and at the mercy of a very small ruling class. In Hungary 40 per cent of the peasants have no land at all and have to earn their living as casual laborers on the big estates; only 20 per cent of the peasants have sufficient land to support themselves. In Rumania conditions are probably even worse, as the great majority of the peasants who are officially counted as independent owner-farmers are really landless tenant-sharecroppers. Semi-official figures in Yugoslavia indicate that 25–30 per cent of the peasants have either no soil at all or no implements with which to farm; and these figures are probably far too low.

The misery of the Balkan peasant is,

however, much greater than even these figures suggest. In 1932 and again in 1938, for example, the cash income of farm laborers in Yugoslavia fell to 2 cents per day—and even so they were better off than many of the small independent farmers who have to pay taxes and interest. Credit is practically unobtainable for the farmer, and interest rates run up to 120 per cent annually.

As explanation and excuse for these conditions the Balkan ruling classes always use two arguments: agricultural over-population and poor soil. It is true that outside of a relatively narrow strip along the Danube there is little good soil in the Balkans. Much of it is heavily eroded with the topsoil blown off; there is either no water (as in the whole of Southern Yugoslavia) or there is too much of it (as in the bayous of the lower Danube). It is also correct that the Balkans are over-populated almost beyond belief, with Yugoslavia having a population density of 114 persons per each 250 acres of arable land as compared to 84 for France and 52 for Germany. Yet, these two causes account for only a fraction of the misery of the Balkan peasant.

Far more important is the fact that the peasant has to support an over-sized, very expensive, and completely parasitical ruling caste. There is no proper economic function for a class of this size in countries without industry and without commerce; the ruling class in the Balkans cannot even justify its existence under the title of "capitalist" or "entrepreneur" as all the capital and most of whatever industrial initiative there is comes from the outside. But in addition to being useless, the ruling class demands a "Western" standard of living in countries where everything that is not an absolute necessity of life costs ten times what it costs in the West. All this has to be provided by the peasants; if this toll were abolished their standard of living could easily be doubled.

In two countries, Hungary and Rumania, a genuine land-reform would be the first and a very substantial step

toward this goal. Thirty per cent of Hungary's soil—the best—is owned by the hundred families of the high nobility. The Rumanian big landowners—less than a hundred families—own officially no land at all; all their holdings, which amounted to about one-third of the total land, were distributed to small farmers in the "land reform" after the War. These small farmers could not, however, obtain any credit, therefore they had to seek financial assistance from their former landlords, to whom they gradually pledged their land, their homes, their crops, and their cattle; so that now not more than one-twentieth of the owner-farmers installed by the land reform are still in real control of their land.

Even in Hungary and Rumania the toll exacted in the form of feudal estates is only part of the total. As in Bulgaria and Yugoslavia, where there are no big estates at all, Hungary and Rumania maintain the economic position of their ruling class mainly through employment in government service and in the army. There are five times as many government officials in Croatia as before the War in the topheavy administration of the Hapsburgs. Rumania is reputed to have a higher ratio of officers than any of the other larger European armies. Hungary set out intentionally and successfully to create an "army of colonels and generals." Consequently the Balkan peasant—the only productive part of the economy—pays up to 35 per cent of his cash income in taxes which go toward paying the salaries of all these "servants of the people." Another 20 per cent is taken from him in the form of tariffs and excise duties on the few industrial goods which he can still afford to buy. The tax burden of the Yugoslav peasant is two and one-half times larger than before the War; the burden of duties three to four times as high. The services which he receives in the form of schools, agricultural education, subsidized railroad rates, highways, and health services have on the other hand fallen to less than half of what they were.

But the real villain of the social tragedy in the Balkans is industrialization. In itself the industrialization of the Southeast should have been the biggest help to the farmer. It should have made industrial products cheaper, created a domestic market for his products, and taken care of the agricultural surplus population. How it really works is graphically illustrated in the calculation made by a leading Rumanian corporation lawyer for a German refugee industrialist—a personal acquaintance of mine—who wanted to open a plant in Rumania to manufacture cheap tools, indispensable for every farmer, which he had hitherto exported from his German company. According to this calculation his costs (including overhead, depreciation, and taxes) would have left him a profit of about 20 per cent compared to the prices at which he had sold hitherto. But he would have had to pay more than twice his total costs in bribes and "extraordinary" fees of all sorts; and finally he would have had to pay 60 per cent of the remaining profit as premium on the "black bourse" to obtain foreign exchange. In order to obtain a net return of 7 per cent on the turnover—15 per cent on his capital—the gross manufacturing profit had to be 225 per cent; and the duty had to be increased from 20 to 250 per cent, which the lawyer promised to accomplish "within a few weeks."

This is by no means an isolated case. One writer on Bulgaria who is anything but hostile to the present regime cites three new industries which were started on the same principle: Cement with an import duty of 160 per cent and a profit before "non-operating expenditure" of 100 per cent; nails with a duty of 150 per cent and a gross profit of 120 per cent; and sheet glass with a duty of 225 per cent.

Industrialization has thus increased the prices of industrial goods by 100 to 250 per cent, with the paradoxical result that farm consumption of industrial goods declines as domestic production increases. Already now such things as

matches are an unknown luxury on a Balkan farm—as a result of the building of huge match factories by Ivar Kreuger. Wire went out of use in Rumania as soon as an ultra-modern wire-mill had been installed; it is cheaper to lose a few sheep from straying, I was told by an old shepherd. Well-meaning ignorance usually blames “corruption” for these conditions; the disappointment is therefore always very great when, after the installation of a “reform government” following a particularly malodorous scandal, there is no change at all. Of course corruption is only the morally reprehensible form in which the socially necessary subsidy to the ruling class is exacted. Accordingly, though Bulgaria is almost free of bribery, whereas the Rumanian system of government is practically built upon it, the burden on the Bulgarian peasant is heavier as the ruling class is relatively larger and economically even less productive, and the soil is poorer than in Rumania. Hungary and the formerly Austro-Hungarian parts of Yugoslavia owe their slightly better social conditions not to higher ethics but to the more efficient and more productive financial and industrial system which they inherited from the old monarchy and which even twenty years of post-war government could not completely destroy.

As long as the Balkans have to support an economically unproductive ruling class in style the peasant will have to pay the price whatever the form or the morals of the government. Undoubtedly this price will continue to become heavier every year unless the trend of the past twenty years is completely reversed. The elevation of the small, subjected Balkan countries to the rank of “great powers” has been leading to a frantic effort at “Westernization.” None of these countries is happy unless it has the same percentage of university graduates as France or Germany, the same number of bankers as pre-war Vienna, the same comfort in the country homes of its new aristocracy as in the old manor houses of England. Yet, while new universities are be-

ing built, the rural districts have to reduce the number of primary-school teachers; new streamlined trains run over the main railroads but there are not enough freight cars to move the crops; new perfectly equipped metropolitan hospitals proudly display the newest German gadgets but the rural rate of infant mortality is rising. Belgrade, Bucharest, and Sofia have become hectic ultra-modern “Western” capitals with skyscrapers, Rolls-Royces, and apartment houses—but still with unpaved streets, leaky sewers, and appalling slums.

Political life faithfully mirrors these economic and social conditions. There is a continuous struggle for power between two factions of the ruling class, whose only real purpose is to hold down the peasant masses.

The first and obvious means to this end has been the whipping up of other issues in the hope of detracting the peasants’ attention from the social question. The feverish revision-campaign in Hungary and Bulgaria, the official anti-semitism in Rumania and Hungary, and the raising of the Hapsburg bogey in Yugoslavia—whatever their inherent merit—are primarily intended as red herrings. But although these attempts to sidetrack the peasant movement have been partially successful, the social issue remains paramount for the peasants; their movements have been increasing in strength, in social consciousness, and in bitterness.

The ruling classes have therefore more and more taken recourse to brute force in order to suppress the peasant opposition. The Balkan peasant has been deprived of his vote either by terror or by open falsification of the returns. Most of his leaders have been killed or imprisoned. Secret police exercise closest control of his organizations, his schools, his religious beliefs, even his thoughts. Such absolutely unpolitical associations as the Slovenian credit-co-operatives have been practically paralyzed by police action; newspapers and letters are heavily censored, adult education, farm classes, and political meetings are forbidden.

Everywhere there are police spies, and the prisons are full of peasants accused of "communism" because they have complained about high prices. Deprived of all opportunities for peaceful political activity, the peasant can only vent his opposition in armed revolts.

III

The German drive to win the peasant is based upon this latent class conflict. Of course Nazi propaganda does not hesitate to use other ways to attract the peasant if they are readily available. The issues raised by the ruling class as "red herrings" to divert the peasant's attention from social affairs come in especially handy as means of propaganda against this very ruling class. This was shown in Hungary, for example, when the Nazi's use of the slogan of "full restitution of the historic frontiers" seriously endangered the government of Regent Horthy, who had invented the slogan but could no longer use it on account of German resistance to the annexation of Slovakia and Carpatho-Ruthenia. But the main emphasis of German propaganda in the Southeast is upon the social issue.

The Hungarian and the Rumanian peasants are promised a complete and sweeping land reform with ample, cheap credit for the new owner-farmers. The recent German law which provides for the splitting up of the Prussian Junker estates was expressly enacted to convince the Balkan peasants. Whether it will ever be enforced in Germany is highly doubtful; but millions of copies were distributed on the Lower Danube where they created an enormous stir. In Yugoslavia the Croats and Slovenes are promised deliverance from the "debt slavery" of their Serbian masters. All Balkan peasants are promised cheap industrial goods once Nazism has wiped out the parasitical upper class; cheap and plentiful credits from Germany where money costs only 6 per cent; cheap fertilizers, cheap railroad freight rates, a reduction of taxes with tax exemption for

the small farmers, a stable market with the same protected, high prices which the German farmer enjoys, and the security of tenure of the German inalienable "hereditary" farmstead.

The importance of this drive does not exhaust itself in the statement that, if successful, it will give Germany the "Southeastern Empire" which she wants. Its real significance lies in the effect upon the future of European democracy in general which these ideas and theories may have. This effect might well exceed in seriousness the effects of most of the preceding Nazi successes. For, although Europe is hardly aware of it, the Balkans are the last frontier of European democracy, the last virgin ground which it could still hope to conquer; the movements of the Balkan peasants are the youngest, strongest, and most promising force of democracy in Europe.

Economically, it is obvious that the Lower Danube with its enormous reserves of industrial raw materials, its cheap and well-trained labor, its large, untapped market, is the only part of Europe where economic exploitation on a large scale, rapid industrialization, and all the optimism, exuberance, and profits of early pioneer-capitalism are still possible. But politically and ideologically the importance of the Balkans for European democracy should have been even greater. Everywhere else, even in democratic Scandinavia, the high hopes and enthusiasm which greeted democracy in its youth have faded. Not so in the Balkans. There the peasants who have never had democracy and civil liberties still believe in them with all the fervor of the early 19th century. To them free education is still the first step toward the ideal free state. And their movements represent a conscious effort to realize these dreams and to find a working democracy that is neither finance capitalism nor communism but the free and equal society of the small man.

They have seen enough of finance capitalism to understand that it introduces only new and worse masters. And, after

being attracted strongly to communism in the first post-war years, they have found out that its collective farms would make state-slaves of a few, but unemployed paupers of the many who would be crowded out of the mechanized grain factories. Because they themselves have a centuries-old tradition of collective farming in their communal family farms, they resent the Russian solution all the more bitterly as mocking perversion of the best in Slavonic tradition. Their programs and policies are, therefore, equally opposed to the perversion of democracy which they see in the West and to that which they see in the East. They are the European "populists."

The most remarkable expression of this effort to formulate a true democracy is the program of the Croat party under Stepan Radic, who has exercised the most profound influence upon the whole Balkans—even upon the Hungarians, traditional foes of Croatia. Radic recognized the existence of class war; but he set out to eliminate it by giving everybody a stake in the land. He saw class war as created by finance capitalism and by the installation of the profit motive as master of the world in the hated "Roman Law" which treated men and soil as freely disposable chattels. He wanted to make the soil personal but inalienable property of the collectives formed by the family. There would only be one bank owned by the government; and this bank in turn would own all industries, which were to be run on a non-profit basis for the benefit of the consumers while the workers would remain members of the family-collective, to which they would return after a few years. This grand conception was to be topped by a peasant international for peace, democracy, and freedom—the "green international"—which would install peaceful democratic co-operation instead of the scourge of nationalism as the basic conception of Danubian Europe. Radic was assassinated by Serbian officers in open session of the Yugoslav parliament and his followers are ruthlessly persecuted by the Belgrade

government. Yet thousands of young men have been educated in his ideas.

None of the other Balkan people has produced such a comprehensive social theory; but their thoughts run along similar lines. They are partly based upon ancient Slavonic tradition such as that of the communal farm. They are of course also largely conditioned by local problems such as that of over-population. An important influence has been the German of Herder and of the romantic movement, which made the Slavonic people aware of their own tradition and their own language. But the decisive influence has been that of American populism.

Altgeld (of Illinois) and the elder La Follette were—with the obvious exception of Washington, Franklin, and Wilson—the only Americans of whom a Slovenian village school teacher of my acquaintance had ever heard. The average Balkan peasant hardly knows these names; but the influence of their thought upon him is none the smaller. For a long time past there has been no Balkan family which has not had a relative over here writing them once in a while about the legendary country across the Atlantic. Almost all the original leaders of the peasant movements were returned emigrants; and in the villages it is still the "Amerikanski" who heads the co-operatives, organizes farm courses or farm strikes, and guides the political philosophy of the peasants. This influence of America upon the Balkans was greatly increased during their struggle for independence when the headquarters of all the national movements of the suppressed people of Austro-Hungary were in the United States, where there were thousands of compatriots working in the steel mills or on farms far away from political police and censorship.

These compatriots across the sea learned that their struggle was not just a national one as they had imagined at home, but that similar problems existed as purely social problems where no foreign nation was the master. They saw, for examples, that the railroads were ene-

mies not because they were Austrian-owned but because they were monopolies; that banks charged too high an interest rate not because their owners hated and despised the Croats or the Rumanians, but because the money was diverted to speculative industrial purposes. They sought the American populist solution—which sometimes fitted Balkan conditions and sometimes did not.

At first sight it might be supposed that their populism should make the Balkan peasants immune to the poison of Nazi propaganda. But the contrary is the case. Like all populists, the Balkan farmers do not understand power; politically they are as hopelessly romantic as they are realist and clear-sighted on localized social issues. That is also the real reason why the Balkan peasants never succeeded in gaining or holding power; no amount of persecution could have held them down had they known what to do with power. They do not, therefore, even understand the real difference between the Nazi creed and theirs, because this difference lies in the elevation of power to divine rank in the Nazi ideology. All they see is that, as far as localized social issues go, the Nazis appear to think along similar lines, and that the Nazi phraseology, which hides the real substance of their creed, uses the same romantic catchwords: against the banks and against "interest slavery," "common weal goes before private profit," "soil cannot be a commodity as it is the foundation of society," "the peasant is the backbone of the nation." This—combined with the realization that the Western democracies who could have helped them only supported their suppressors and masters during the past twenty years, and with the hope that Germany will at least fulfill some of her promises whereas the West failed in all of them—gives the German propaganda an ideological power of persuasion the like of which has not been seen in the Balkans since Wilson's Fourteen Points.

Will the Balkan peasants succumb? The answer depends largely upon unpredictable factors. The old and trusted leaders who have learned not to be romantic in the hard school of power-politics recognize the danger and fight against it with all their might; men like Maniu in Rumania and Dr. Macek, who succeeded Radic in Croatia, might have enough personal authority to prevent the spread of Nazism as long as they live. Another unknown factor might be the Catholic Church in Slovenia, which as the people's chief support against its suppressors in Vienna, Belgrade, and Rome, has always been democratic and anti-authoritarian to the point of radicalism.

But altogether it appears likely that only Germany can prevent her propaganda from becoming ultimately successful. For if the Nazis, after having stirred up the peasants, do not fulfill what they promised they will incur hatred more than any former master. And it will be almost impossible for Germany to fulfill what she promised without abandoning the purposes for which she conquered the Balkans.

If the peasants are given what they demand, Balkan exports both of foodstuffs and of industrial raw materials will be cut sharply and will probably even disappear for a long time, as the masses of the Southeast will first have to increase their own consumption. Since the stirring-up of the latent peasant revolution in the Danube basin must also have violent and unpredictable repercussions upon Germany's own social structure, the eventual yield which Germany will reap from her conquest of the Southeast is as uncertain as it has been in any of the preceding conquests of the region.

But for the present Germany will be successful. Her play upon the class war and upon the social issues of the Balkans promises to give her a Southeastern Empire the like of which both in extension and in internal strength neither the Turks nor the Hapsburgs ever enjoyed.



TRÄUMEREI

A STORY

BY CHARLES COOKE

MARJORIE was a hundred yards from the hill, but she saw him. Her heart seemed to stop beating. It was the final excitement, climaxing all the other things that made this an incredible day. Walking deeper into Central Park along the snowy path in the bright afternoon sunshine, she was so happy that she was solemn. She was a little frightened too; for didn't every step bring her nearer that unmistakable green-leather helmet? She knew that by every rule of feminine behavior she ought to turn and walk in any direction but the one she was taking.

But all their other encounters had been mere glimpses while going up or down the brownstone steps. And always he had been with his parents or she had been with hers. He wasn't alone even now. But this time his companion was another boy, so small that he was negligible. This was her first real chance and she intended to take it. At least she could truthfully tell herself that she hadn't come into the Park specifically to look for him. After Mummie called up the Steinway office and they told her the piano would be delivered "sometime this afternoon," Marjorie had needed to get out of the apartment, to kill time. And perhaps it would be there when she got back! Perhaps that wonder of wonders would be there and she could reverently touch its case and sit before it and play, in its celestial tones, the opening measures which she had so laboriously mastered of Schumann's "Träumerei." So she had asked Mum-

mie if she could take a walk and Mummie had said she could, since it was such a lovely Christmas Day. She had started up Central Park West, but when she saw the children sliding down the hill on their sleds she had turned into the glittering, snow-mantled Park itself. And then she saw him.

She was thankful from her soul that she looked her best in her patent-leather pumps, plaid knee-length stockings, pleated plaid skirt, scarlet jacket, and black hat with its impertinent little garnet feather. Not to mention her black muff into which her fists were smartly dug as she walked through the icy air, pigtailed tossing, the color high in her brunette cheeks. Though she had never seen him until she moved to New York with Mummie and Daddy two weeks ago, he had filled her waking hours and her dreams ever since. She knew real love when it entered her heart—love that was deathless, that was too marvellous even to think about without catching your breath. Not that she wore her heart on her sleeve or was easily carried away: twice before, back home in Utica, she had thought briefly that she was in love. But this boy with walnut hair, blue eyes, chin dimple, and placid, mature face, always wearing a green-leather windbreaker and a green-leather aviator's helmet—this boy was a young god. At last it was the real thing; it was forever. . . . Marjorie was eleven years old.

She was quite near the hill now and she

forgot, in a delicious panic, that the Steinway was on its way, that Mr. Tirtoff was coming to call to-night, and that her music lessons were soon to begin—her first real lessons, because Professor Spiker didn't count beside the great Mr. Tirtoff. She forgot everything.

It was a festive hill. Children of all sizes on sleds of all kinds were sliding down it, gleeful with the exhilaration of speed, Christmas afternoon, sunshine, and that rare phenomenon in New York—a perfect snowfall. When Marjorie reached the top of the hill he was at the bottom. She leaned against a black tree-trunk and her tension relaxed as she realized that she unquestionably made a very pretty picture. She stamped the snow-caps off her shoes and looked casually round as the green windbreaker and helmet started back up.

Her studied unconcern became elaborate, for he was nearly all the way up now, his little companion running beside him. They halted at the crest. They were only a few feet from her, but he did not see her. He expertly set the sled's runners and waited for his friend to sit down and place his feet on the center of the steering-bar. Then he sat down behind him, spreading his legs to put a snow-wet shoe on each end of the bar. Marjorie had been watching with shameless directness, ready to turn her eyes away. But he did not look. As he dug a mittened hand into the snow and turned his head toward her, she deliberately shifted her position against the tree. The movement caught his eye and he looked.

She did not turn away. She returned his gaze helplessly, her great emotion justifying what, but for their past of wordless fleeting glances, would have been inexcusable boldness. Her whole soul shone in her timid half-smile that widened as the shattering second passed; her heart sang with the answering hint of a smile that subtly transfigured his mouth. As he shot down the hill she raised her muff and pressed it against her mouth and nose, with dancing eyes watching him diminish.

She was still looking at him over her muff as he ran back up. For a moment it seemed as though he was not going to do what she was praying for.

"Want to go down?" he said.

"Yes . . . I'd love to."

Marjorie sat down as she had seen the little boy do and the young god sat behind her and they flew down the snow, his green-leather arms steadying her in unbelievable intimacy.

As they turned to walk up she waited for him to look at her. He didn't.

"Thank you," she said at last. "That was lots of fun."

"What's your name?" he said.

"Marjorie Bannerman."

"I knew it was Bannerman. I saw it on the mail-box. But I didn't know what your first name was."

"It's Marjorie."

More than ever, Marjorie wanted him to look at her; she wanted to show him how much it meant to her that he had looked at the mail-box. He trudged along absorbed.

"How old are you?" she said.

"Twelve."

That was just right, since she was eleven. And he was a little taller. And he had blond hair, while hers was black. Everything about them, as a couple, was right.

"What's your name?" she said.

"Peter Horn."

They were more than half-way up and suddenly she knew why she felt so drained. He was not really interested, for all her finery and her open worship. He had responded to her look, but now he was detached—cold as the December air. He was preoccupied with a hero's thoughts and she had no part in them. She tumbled into despair. The Park mocked her with its glory.

"What are you thinking about?" she said.

"Nothing."

His brow was furrowed. He was obviously thinking about something that was very important to him. She climbed in hurt silence.

He relented. "I'm thinking about my new model airplane Pops gave me," he said. "It's hard to put together because it's very complex."

He warmed to his subject. "It's thirty inches long. Got a varnished propeller and wooden wheels and a nose plug and struts and ailerons and longerons and templates and an instrument-board and cellophane windows. A big blueprint and two jars of liquid cement came with it." His eyes were at last turned on her, but they glowed with the self-centered zeal of the fanatic.

"Myl!" she said. "Can you put all that together?"

"Sure. I'm going to be an aviator."

So that was why he always wore the helmet. It was symbolic of the noble destiny that awaited him.

"On a big transport plane? Daddy says those pilots are marvellous. They study seven years to . . ."

"That's sissy work. I'm going to be a test pilot."

She sighed. Her love was hopeless. How could she dream of attracting him when his spirit scaled such heights? She wanted only to get to the top of the hill, part from him somehow, and slink home.

As they reached the top he spoke again. "What did you get for Christmas?" His tone was impersonal, his question obviously designed only to ease the embarrassment of leave-taking. But she brightened.

"I got a *Steinway piano*! That is, I'm going to. It's coming this afternoon."

The change in his expression was astonishing. He was almost as interested as he had been in his plane.

"Piano?" he said. "Do you play the piano?" His eyes were wonderfully blue.

"Yes. I'm going to play in concerts when I'm old enough." She colored, for that was a lie, though Professor Spiker had often said she would certainly play very well by the time she was grown up. His changed manner had betrayed her into saying that; and she let it stand.

"I never heard you play," he said.

"Well, we haven't had a piano down

here in New York. But how could you hear me anyway?"

"You're right above us, aren't you? We hear everything that's any loud at all."

She raised her muff in alarm. "Do you hear when . . . I mean when Mummie and Daddy . . . ?"

He laughed. "'I will *not* be dominated by a woman!'" he mimicked.

She could feel herself blushing again. This was too awful! Apparently in New York brownstone houses you could hear the people above you but not the people below you. They'd never heard a sound from the Horns. She'd have to tell Mummie and Daddy about this and maybe they'd keep their voices down.

Peter's little companion was eager for another ride, but Peter, still looking at her with undiminished interest, said: "How much do you play?"

"I've studied two whole years. I can play the 'Träumerei.'"

She avoided his eyes as she said it. It was another lie. She hadn't meant to say it that way—as though she could play all of "Träumerei" and play it well. But, after all, she *could* play the first eight measures of it without a single wrong note.

"I like that piece," he said. He whistled a few notes of it and she nodded. "I like music," he said. "Pops got us a new radio with a victrola in it for Christmas, but it needs a transformer to change D.C. current into A.C. and it hasn't come yet."

Her brain reeled with D.C., A.C., transformers, and his feeling for music which seemed to be as intense as her own. He was indeed a god.

"Can you really play it?" he said.

"Of course or I wouldn't say so." She tossed her head, pursing her lips at him for doubting her. The ground she had gained was too precious to lose; she was already less meek and submissive. She implied even more strongly now that she was minimizing, not exaggerating, her musical accomplishments. She knew the only bond by which she held him was music.

"Well," he said. "The piano is coming to-day?"

"It may be there when I get back."

"Are you going to play on it to-day?"

"Possibly. I'll see how I feel. I'd better go along now and see if it's come. Thanks again for the ride."

"Wait a minute. Are you coming out to-morrow morning?"

"Possibly."

"I might be out front on the steps. I'm going to work all evening to-night on my model. If it's done I might show it to you."

"Oh, would you? About . . . what time?"

"Maybe around half-past ten."

She walked sedately until she was out of sight of the hill. Then she ran all the way home.

The Bannerman living room that evening was warm and bright. With Mumie and Daddy she sat feasting her eyes on the piano, waiting for the doorbell to ring. An iridescent happiness, from a source deeper than the Steinway or Mr. Tirtoff's impending visit, filled her brain. It seemed to her that though she was sitting here she was really downstairs in the glamorous unknown apartment, watching Peter with adoring eyes as his fingers masterfully assembled his plane. She had a "date" with him! It was unbelievable, but true, true, *true!*

The bell rang and their guest came up the stairs. The door closed behind Anton Tirtoff, who brought with him, in the folds of his expensive, fur-collared coat, the snowy smell of the winter night.

"There! There it is!" he cried. "I am so glad when you tell me on the 'phone you have ordered new Steinway, Dr. Bannerman! I am so glad it already comes!" He rubbed his hands with uncontrollable anticipation. "It calls me. But my fingers are solid. Let us talk while they thaw." He sat down. "Ah, the noble instrument, the beloved shape of it! The pedals peep out of their velvet casings like little brass feet, no?"

He was looking at Marjorie.

"So our young lady here is musician, yes?" He beamed. "New piano then is to her the event of the lifetime?"

"Ye-e-s," Mrs. Bannerman said, doubtfully. "We thought she'd run to it the minute it came, but she hasn't touched it."

"You ought to be the first to play it," Dr. Bannerman said, "to get it off to a good start. Marjorie isn't very far along with her piano work, but she eats, drinks, and sleeps music." He looked at his daughter. "She's in a fog to-day," he said, affectionately.

"Too much Christmas, I guess," Mrs. Bannerman said.

Marjorie smiled tolerantly. It was rather pleasant baffling your parents. How could they, down in their humdrum valley, understand her, who dwelt on the heights? She was a puzzle to herself though, to be honest about it. What had happened to her urge to play the beginning of "Träumerei" in the Steinway's tones of unearthly beauty?

"So you want our young lady to take with me some lessons? I do not often teach children, but friends of Professor Spiker are friends of mine. I am only too glad to try it and see how we progress. What can she . . . ?"

"She had just begun 'Träumerei' with Professor Spiker when we left Utica," Mrs. Bannerman said, "and it was coming along very nicely."

"So? 'Träumerei'? Ah, yes." Anton Tirtoff turned to Marjorie. "Did you know that is in a suite? Only one fine piece in a collection of thirteen fine pieces? No?" He wiggled all his fingers with astonishing rapidity, smiled, and got up. "I function once more. I will play you entire 'Kinderscenen.' The opus fifteen. 'Childhood Scenes,' you call in English. You like to hear?"

He seated himself with relish on the bench and with both hands played a flowing, silvery chromatic run in double-thirds from deep bass to high treble.

Marjorie jumped out of her chair and ran to the piano. "Please, *please* do that again!"

"Let Mr. Tirtoff play what he wants to," Mrs. Bannerman said, reprovingly, but the pianist delightedly played the run from the treble down to the bass, then in contrary motion, and finally the way he had first played it, but *fortissimo*. He played trills with his right hand, his fingers machine-perfect, like swift little alternating hammers. Then he crashed out a series of bravura arpeggios and octaves that made the windows rattle. He paused and, still smiling, mopped his forehead with his handkerchief. He had been working hard. He had been showing off—and Marjorie knew it.

She didn't care. The massive, tremendous sounds still filled her ears, a paean of heaven-storming music. She had never dreamed that fingers could be so agile and so strong. The whole subject of piano-playing was fifty-fold more exciting and important than it had been before. She leaned on the piano, speechless, looking at this superman, her eyes filled with amazement and with overwhelming gratitude. She loved him for what he had just done. She could almost see Peter, in the room below, set down his airplane and, looking up in awe toward this stupendous music, listen, visualizing *her*, not Mr. Tirtoff, at the keyboard, marveling at *her* miraculous hands.

"Sit down, Mudge," Dr. Bannerman said. "Mr. Tirtoff doesn't want you gawking at him while he plays."

"Let her stay. She has music in the blood, one can see. A first-water Steinway you have here, young lady—such liquid tone! You will want to practice all day, yes?" His face sobered as he deliberately changed his mood. "Now the 'Kinderscenen'—complete. It is delicate, fragile music, but the best—oh, among the very best of Schumann."

He began. At first Marjorie was disappointed. It sounded so childish after that harmonious thunder. It improved suddenly however. He shouted "*Hasche-Mann!*" screwing up his mouth and eyes as he plunged into a rushing, rollicking passage. She could just see children

running in mad circles; it was exhilarating and, best of all, loud. It was over all too soon. He played on. Then he paused.

"Now your 'Träumerei,' young friend. We will make it our first piece, yes? And we will learn it right. Must be slow, mind—real *lento*. And pretend you never heard it murdered in a 'cello arrangement. Is hackneyed now, yes. But is immortal music just the same. Schumann meant it when he called it 'Träumerei,' so make like a true dream, like a wonderful reverie."

"I never saw Mudge so absorbed," Mrs. Bannerman whispered.

The mellow piano notes sang out round and full.

An hour later Marjorie lay in bed. Her mother opened the window wide and went out, closing the door. Music had torn Marjorie away from her secret, but it was back with her now, more precious than ever. She held *to-morrow at ten-thirty* tightly in her arms. What a day it had been! Her first lesson with Mr. Tirtoff was to be next week. Oh, how she was going to work! He had said that in three or four years she would be able to play the whole suite, including "*Hasche-Mann*." Think of that! And what a day to-morrow was going to be! Life was all magic as she burrowed her cheek into the pillow.

She opened the vestibule door and stepped out into the frosty, sunny morning. He was waiting at the bottom of the steps, holding a model of an airplane. She descended slowly, with complete composure and regal bearing, toward her great moment. He was wearing his green-leather windbreaker and helmet as usual; she wore her new winter clothes again and carried her smart black muff.

She leaned easily against the brown-stone railing, accepting the tribute of his round-eyed gaze. The Steinway's music was an even greater glory now than it had been last night. He was looking at her as though he had never seen her before. He had lost so much self-assurance that

he seemed to her like a different person—as different from his yesterday's self as she was from hers. His pale face and chin-dimple and blue eyes did not master her to-day; she was master of them, and it was the headiest sensation she had ever known.

"I worked till after ten last night to get it done so I could show you," he said, holding the model out. "Isn't it the best airplane you ever *saw*?" he said.

"It's very nice," Marjorie said.

"It'll fly a *thousand feet*! After I fix this wing strut, I mean. I'd fly it for you right now but I dropped it and broke a wing strut. See—there."

He was beside her and she was looking where he pointed.

"Oh, yes," she said. He was trying to impress her with his model, as though he needed to show her, who was prodigiously and excitingly skilled, that he too was prodigiously and excitingly skilled. She soared on her new sense of power. She had taken one hand out of her muff to hold a wing-tip politely. Unhurriedly, she put her hand back in her muff, because she saw that he had been looking with curiosity and respect at her fingers.

But apparently he was not going to come all the way down from his mountain-peak to kneel at her feet; apparently he was going to retain some remnant of his lost superiority; apparently he was not going to say anything about last night.

She watched an automobile speed silently past them on the dazzling, snow-matted street. Suddenly she said:

"Did you know 'Träumerei' is in a suite?"

"In a what?"

"In a *suite*, called 'Childhood Scenes.' There are thirteen pieces in the suite and it's only one of them."

She smiled at him. She knew that, though a test pilot's colossal career was to be his, he was proud to know her now. She was enveloped in a golden haze of flawless happiness.

A window flew up.

"Mudge dear," her mother's voice called. "Time for your practice."

"All right, Mummie," Marjorie answered.

She turned to Peter. "See you later," she said, starting up the steps.

He started up too.

"You're going to practice?" he said. "Well, I've got to go in and fix this wing."

Her hands instantly went cold in her muff. The present had been so overwhelming that there had been no future. And now, just as she had to begin her practicing, he was going in too, and would hear it all. She hadn't prepared any defense for an emergency like this. Her glorious, iridescent dream was collapsing. But maybe they'd have their radio on and—no, she remembered he'd told her that it wasn't working until some piece of machinery came. In her consternation she clutched at a straw—if he didn't come in he wouldn't hear.

"Why don't you fly it anyway?"

"Oh, no. It would break all to pieces. I've got to fix it first."

"How . . . how long will it take you?"

"Probably a couple of hours. I don't mind. I like to work on my plane better than anything."

They parted in the hall. Marjorie walked slowly up the stairs, dread walking with her.

"Now then," Mrs. Bannerman said, spreading out on the ebony music-rack Marjorie's well-thumbed little copy of "Träumerei." "Now for an hour of work on Mudge's *own* piano."

Marjorie looked at the keys that were so shinily white, so richly black, so unlike the worn, familiar keys of the old upright they had left in Utica. This keyboard looked to her like a row of fierce teeth.

"Why not do what you know of it, then we'll go on to a little of the new part?" Mrs. Bannerman said.

Marjorie obediently began. The piano's booming voice made her flinch; the stiff, slippery keys were hostile. Could this be the same piano that Mr. Tirtoff had played so easily? A lump began to grow in her throat. But habit carried her through the first eight measures with

only a smudged note here and there. She stopped.

"That was quite nice," Mrs. Bannerman said. "Don't you just love your new piano?"

Marjorie looked down at her hands.

"I declare, Mudge, you've acted so strangely about the piano! You didn't want to play it last night, but we thought you were all right later when you were so thrilled about Mr. Tirtoff and your lessons. And here for the first time in your life, you don't seem to want to practice. To-day, of all times!" Mrs. Bannerman was more hurt than she wanted her daughter to see.

"Well, let's go on," she said after a pause. "We'll only take two measures." She waited.

"Come on, Mudge! What's the matter with you to-day?"

Marjorie looked at her mother, who had always understood everything, who had always welcomed outpourings of any real troubles, who had always loved to comfort you by untangling the snarls in your life. But Mummie, for once, wouldn't know what on earth you were talking about. It was impossible, just impossible, to transfer the complicated situation intact from your mind to hers.

"Let's do the first part again," Marjorie said, miserably.

Mrs. Bannerman was on the verge of anger. "For heaven's sake, why?" she said. "That won't get us anywhere. I have a lot of housework to do, Mudge. I shouldn't be giving up this hour at all, but I want to help you get ready for Mr. Tirtoff. Just the two measures, very slowly."

Marjorie placed her trembling fingers on the keys. The first measure went well because it was just like the opening of the piece. But the next one was a maze of those awful flats and sharps. She tried with all her brain to comprehend them, but they made only partial sense. Her cold, stumbling fingers played softly, touching some keys so lightly that they did not sound.

"Marjorie, are you *afraid* of this piano? We have to hear the notes, don't we?"

Marjorie tried again, but in the second measure she again played softly, her halting child's touch dissipating the last vestige of the golden haze that had enveloped her ten minutes before and was now a cloud of black despair.

To her mother's absolute bewilderment, she stopped and, dropping her face into her hands, burst into tears.





THE TVA AND THE UTILITIES

BY RICHARD HELLMAN

AT ABOUT the time when these words appear in print—perhaps even before they appear—the most litigated battle in the most litigated industry in the world will have reached its climax. The United States Supreme Court will have handed down a decision in the case of the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation versus the Tennessee Valley Authority. The time seems appropriate to analyze the many-sided problem thus brought to issue; for the case offers, in microcosm, an incomparable economic and social history of the modern corporation in its relation to the American public.

In New York City sits the registrar of a great university. Occasionally through the day his mind wanders from aptitude tests and freshmen to the 20 shares of preferred stock which he owns in Commonwealth and Southern. He paid \$100 apiece for them nine years ago, and now they are down to about \$50. He wonders about the TVA and his investment.

Down by Bear Creek, between Tusculumbia and Tupelo, in the corn and cotton belt of the South, Cliff Jenkins these days often comes in from the fields and meditates upon his fortunes. Eight years ago he had 40 acres of eroded gullies and hard lands—and little hope. To-day he grows triple superphosphate lespedeza on which he pastures cows, and by virtue of having electric lights and operating an electric brooder and using a number of other economically useful electric devices, he is known as an "electro-development farmer." Cliff Jenkins wonders about his investment in TVA.

Between these two very real men stand Main Street and Wall Street. Opinion in Wall Street is reasonably united: it holds that a government intent on socialistic adventure and on the harassing of privately-owned utilities has gone into destructive competition with these utilities; and that, if not checked by the high court, it will embark on new power projects and in effect ruin investment values in the utilities wherever it may choose to compete with them.

In Main Street the people are less certain. They recall vaguely that the Wilson Dam on the Tennessee River was built by the Government as a wartime measure; that after the War Henry Ford wanted to buy the Dam for a song, but that Norris, the old war horse, fulminated successfully; that two Presidents told Congress that the Government couldn't operate the Dam because this wouldn't be American; but that then Roosevelt came and the Norris Bill was passed; other dams were built and operated by the Tennessee Valley Authority, while the neighboring private utilities made a great outcry and started lawsuit after lawsuit; and that this Authority not only produces electricity from the dams and sells it at low rates, but is also engaged in many other activities which it claims will benefit the people of the Valley. But the issues in the conflict are puzzling to people to whom electricity from water is a mystery and valuations of utility properties are remote abstractions. Whom shall they believe, they wonder: the Government with its interest in TVA, or the

Commonwealth and Southern with its great Southern properties?

II

To begin with, it must be borne in mind that the TVA represents the third phase in the struggle to control the power industry. In the first phase, the only sort of regulation came through competition. Electric light and power companies had free rein to do as they pleased and charge as they pleased. Had they devoted themselves to supplying power as efficiently as possible at the cheapest rates there would have been little complaint and little pressure for regulation. Service was uneven, however, and rates were high. There was some competition between electric companies, but in each area this usually ended as competition ended in the oil industry in the early Rockefeller era: after a battle to the death, a victor emerged who was free to operate at whatever rates the traffic would bear. Thomas Edison counseled the industry to keep its investment "by keeping prices so low that there is no inducement to others to come in and ruin it"; but the temptations of unrestricted monopoly were too great.

When free competition failed to protect the consumer the electric industry was declared to be pervaded with a public interest and was thus officially recognized as a monopoly by State legislatures. State public utility commissions were set up, beginning with the New York and Wisconsin commissions of 1907, to regulate these legal private monopolies. In scattered cities and towns, to be sure—J. D. Ross's Seattle, Los Angeles, and many smaller places—public ownership was tried; but these efforts were localized, limited to city or town limits, and of slight influence in the industry as a whole.

The job which the State commissions confronted was difficult at best; it was rendered far more difficult by judicial decisions. One of the paradoxes of the issue which has been before the Supreme Court this year has been the fact that this

issue would scarcely have arisen had it not been for the Court's own previous rulings—rulings which permitted appeals from commission decisions on the grounds of confiscation without due process, which allowed the introduction of new evidence in these appeals, which gave the Court itself legislative power to modify the commission decisions, and which thus effectively hobbled the commissions. And the Court did something else. By a series of confused and contradictory decisions, it established "reproduction cost" as an element to be taken into account in determining what rates could be charged.

If we are to understand why the present Administration holds the regulation of utilities by State commissions to have failed we must go into this difficult and technical business of valuation.

The theory on which the State commissions operated was that utility companies might charge for the services they sold enough money to give them a "fair return on the fair value" of their property, and no more. But what was the "fair value" of their property? The amount of money which had actually been put into it? Or the amount of money which would be needed to reproduce the property if it had to be built again from the ground up? The Court specified that *both* must be taken into account: not only the original cost, but the probable cost of reproducing it at the time of the decision.

Now reproduction cost is usually a matter of guesswork, as in the classical New York telephone case. Highly paid experts for both sides guessed at the cost of reproducing a given piece of property at the moment. They were so wide apart that the telephone company appealed from the commission's decision. The court appointed a master who heard the evidence anew and rendered a decision different from the first two guesses. The court then rejected all the valuations and submitted its own version. Up to this point the lowest guess was \$367,000,000 and the highest was \$615,000,000! The case went on to the Federal Courts; by the time it was decided eleven years had

elapsed and the cost of litigation to the company alone was over \$5,000,000.

A maddening feature of reproduction cost is that one month after a valuation has been adjudicated it may no longer apply, since price-levels, wages, and other factors are subject to frequent fluctuations. If the case is taken to the courts one may be pretty sure that by the time it is decided the figures used in it will no longer be current.

Furthermore, a State commission needs money and an adequate staff to be able to keep valuations up to date and to prosecute a vigorous rate-making policy. The commissions were usually understaffed and underfinanced. As an independent Southern engineer testified at the congressional hearings on the TVA bill of 1933, "It is just a debating society between experts; and on the one hand you have the consumers and on the other a preponderance of numbers, skill, and interest in support of the claims of the power companies which uphold the high rates."

In 1933, then, this was the situation. The industry was a legal monopoly protected from competition from other private utilities by legislative enactment. State commissions were supposed to regulate it, but, if not crooked, were at least operating under grave handicaps. In the main, extravagant rate structures were retained and the courts tolerated them.

Two new courses were open to consideration: first, the government could insist upon ownership of all properties; or, second, it could, on a large enough scale to be effective, compete or threaten to compete with the industry in certain areas. This second method may be termed *regulation by protective competition*.

When President Roosevelt was five years out of Columbia Law School, in the year of the Bull Moose split he was elected at the age of twenty-eight a State senator as a Democrat from Dutchess County, where "the chief industry had always been the raising of Republicans." Immediately he was catapulted into a violent fight with the rising alliance of power companies, and from then on he was

aligned against it. Two months after he took office in his first national Administration the TVA was authorized by Congress. It represented the second of the two alternatives. Private utilities were protected from competition by other private utilities by franchise. This, the Roosevelt Administration contended, did not mean that the government could not compete with the utilities, or—as has been truer of the Authority so far—that the government could not operate side by side with them, potentially able to compete.

The Authority thus is a public corporation planned and executed on a half-billion-dollar scale. It is powerful enough to withstand the cut-throat competition of the private utilities which has strangled hundreds of small municipally-owned electric systems. It is powerful enough to act as a corrective merely by threat.

III

To grasp fully the history to which the Supreme Court is adding a decisive line, one must examine the impact of the Commonwealth and Southern upon the people of the South prior to 1933.

"Men of Alabama, let us arouse ourselves!" the *Sheffield Standard* trumpeted in August, 1914. "Let us have more James Mitchells, of London, bringing British gold for Alabama's development. Let us have more J. W. Worthingtons and Frank S. Washburns." These three names belonged to the Alabama Power Company; and the quotation reminds us that in the early days that Company represented in large degree a British investment. However, the month of August, 1914, belonged to Mars, and during the next few years it was the United States which sent "gold" to London. By 1922 the Alabama Power Company could report that less than two-fifths of its securities were held outside the country. The age of large-scale British investment in Southern public utilities was passing.

But the golden age of railroad speculation had by this time definitely passed, and the American financiers were turning

to the electric industry. By the fall of 1926 the Alabama Power Company—together with its sister companies, Mississippi Power, Gulf Power, and Georgia Power, to which group was later to be added Tennessee Electric Power—had come under the spell of Southeastern Power and Light Company, a holding firm. And, big as it was, even Southeastern Power and Light was too small for the panoramic sweep of the great men of the 1920's. Sidney Z. Mitchell's Electric Bond and Share was spreading an empire from the Caribbean to the China Sea. Insull was buying power companies right and left. The elusive Hopson, with a little of his own money and a lot of the public's money, was building the Associated Gas and Electric system. So persuasive was the new evangelism that it was open talk on the Street that Morgan and Company had set out to get control of everything in electricity east of the Mississippi. The stage was set.

At the climax of the mad rush of promiscuous corporate copulation—in mid-spring of the fateful year 1929—the Commonwealth and Southern was born. At that time Southeastern Power and Light controlled its group of Southern utilities. Consumers Power Company controlled a closely knit system in the Michigan area. Penn-Ohio Edison Company controlled a constellation of Ohio and Pennsylvania units. It was to unite these three separate groups that Commonwealth and Southern was formed. In February, 1930—a few months after the crash—it exchanged its new stock for stock of these companies and the merger was completed.

Among holding companies the Commonwealth and Southern has been managed with an unusual degree of respectability, although doubtless the fact that it was created as late as 1929–30 is partly responsible for its virtue. Several of its officials, notably President Wendell Willkie, have shown a degree of finesse in their relations with the public which is unusual in the industry. For example, the creation by Commonwealth and

Southern in 1931 of a mutual servicing company whose stock is wholly owned by the operating companies of the system was a strategic stroke at a time when servicing companies were under general attack for "milking" operating companies by doing work for them at padded prices. When the National Power Policy Commission, a Federal agency, recently recommended that "all service, sales, and construction contracts should be performed by companies or associations on a strictly mutual basis to insure the performance of their work at cost," the Commission was by implication paying tribute to the management of the Commonwealth and Southern, which had made such an arrangement in 1931.

This great system of power companies has a book worth of 1.2 billion dollars. Ultimately, who is master? Obviously with a \$359,000,000 interest the Commonwealth and Southern itself, the holding company, gives the answers for the remaining \$715,000,000 owned by the public. But who controls the Commonwealth and Southern? In January, 1934, it had 195,484 stockholders; and of these a mere 13, under the suzerainty of Morgan, owned 31.5 per cent of the voting stock. This interest, mainly in common stock carried on the books at \$5 a share, comes to about \$55,000,000; or, as quoted at the current market price of about \$2, something like \$22,000,000. As to the 1.2 billion dollars of book capitalization, therefore, 4.8 per cent at book value or 1.9 per cent at market prices controls it entirely.

This 1.2 billion of book capitalization, however, should be looked upon as an expensive euphemism. For it contains some write-ups; and the write-up is one of the most interesting phenomena of public-utility financing. If you own Commonwealth and Southern stock, to see what lies behind it, at least in part, consider the affair of scarcely known Company "A," wholly owned and controlled by Southeastern Power and Light in the 1920's. "A" bought about 5 million dollars' worth of securities and sold

them to company "B," created solely for this purpose, which then recorded them as being worth 32 million dollars. "B" was now quickly pulled back into the womb by Southeastern Power and Light—which now, through this bit of jugglery of a month's duration, had 27 million dollars more on its books than it had had before. Known write-ups on the books of the Southeastern, brought to light by the Federal Trade Commission, aggregate 42.6 million out of a total book capital of 200 million.

The artfulness of such write-ups may be illustrated in terms of a city water system. Suppose that in 1908 the city of Okagee had invested, without waste, 10 million dollars in a water system. This amount would be known as the "prudent original investment." Suppose now that in 1938 the city managers decided that if the system had to be reproduced under the higher prices of to-day, the cost would be, not 10 millions, but 16. This would be the "Reproduction cost." Since interest on the investment is the largest single item in water rates, it is obvious that if the system were to pay interest on 16 millions, instead of 10, the water rates would have to be raised greatly. (Hence the significance of the Supreme Court decisions referred to in the preceding section of this article.) And it should also be obvious that if the system were privately owned, and could substitute bonds and stock to the book value of 16 millions for bonds and stock to the book value of 10 millions, thus writing up its book value, it could pay a much larger return to its investors on its stock without a penny of new money having been invested, and still appear to be paying only a reasonable return on its "investment."

The prize write-up in the entire history of the public utility industry was made by the Commonwealth and Southern itself—and subsequently very wisely expunged. Having acquired stock to which the subsidiary companies had assigned a book value of 341 million dollars, the Corporation blithely recorded them as being worth 872 million dollars.

Had this write-up been fabricated in the 1920's, portions of it might well have found their way to the public in the form of stock. By the time it was effected, however, the market was declining and write-ups were beginning to look less plausible. So this write-up was "sterilized"; in the words of Wendell Willkie, "we saw that it did not have any place in the picture." While the stands were being nailed together in Washington for the inauguration of a noted critic of the utilities, the minutes of a meeting of the Board of the Corporation on February 28, 1933, recorded that, the write-up having been expunged, "the stocks and bonds of the operating subsidiaries are now carried on the books of the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation at a cost which substantially represented their value at the time of acquisition."

There remain, however, previous write-ups. And the dilemma of Commonwealth and Southern is obvious. It may wish very much to sell its Southern operating companies to the Federal government or to local governments. Presumably it would sell at reproduction cost as estimated by the extremely generous practices of courts and commissions. Though its preferred stock is now selling for about \$50, originally it was issued for \$100. The \$5 common is now selling at about \$2. The corporation would like to receive enough to cover the necessary preferred stock at \$100 and a large part of the common, not only in the subsidiary companies but also—as a result—in itself. The TVA has refused, however, to consider payments except upon prudent original cost as a starting point. When the TVA is charged with destroying "values" this is what is meant. These are values in the sense that they represent what many investors have paid for their stock; but they are not values built into the dams and dynamos nor into technical excellence. They are values created in part by jugglery—rabbits taken out of financial hats a thousand miles north of the Tennessee Valley.

Here are a few samples of what the

Alabama Power Company has already been paid by the TVA. For a substation and power lines given a book value of \$1,700,000 the TVA paid \$1,200,000. The site for Joe Wheeler Dam, carried at \$349,000, brought just \$49,000. The distribution system of Florence, held at \$569,000, went for \$221,000.

How are these large "book losses" being offset? First, preferred stock dividends in the Commonwealth and Southern have been halved to stockholders, although earned entirely. Second, depreciation and retirement expenses have been increased a third (1937 over 1936). This gives rise to a peculiarly paradoxical plea from Mr. Willkie: "Business has been good in 1937 and we have had \$12,000,000 increased revenues over 1936," he says in effect; "but wait!—net income has fallen almost \$2,000,000." Had the retirement reserve not been increased so sharply, however, net income would have risen over \$2,000,000. Disinterested observers can see how it comes about that Mr. Willkie talks "good business, poor profit."

From the point of view of the general public, the business of an electric company is to produce the best service at the lowest rates consistent with the investment. By these criteria the role of the Commonwealth and Southern companies in the South presents one of the most amazing paradoxes in the history of the electric industry.

The Tennessee Electric Power Company has been awarded the Charles A. Coffin medal for an increase in residential consumption unique in the industry's history. With Georgia Power and Alabama Power, it has the highest consumption per residential meter east of the Rockies, 1,000 kilowatt-hours a year. Yet it is a fact that TVA has come into the Valley charging the Commonwealth and Southern with excessive rates and lack of aggressiveness in promoting the use of electricity. How can the two square?

The explanation is that until recently the Southern units of the Commonwealth

and Southern had been cultivating only the most prosperous strata in their area. There was plenty of room for increase.

Alabama is a good example. Chiefly rural, its power supply is dominated by the Alabama Power Company. In 1933 this company submitted to the public utility industry a paper titled "Accomplishments in Rural Electrification" which won the Thomas W. Martin Rural Electrification Prize. What were the achievements? In all the homes of rural Alabama served by the company in December, 1932, there were run on electricity only 645 iceboxes, 85 sewing machines, 185 vacuum cleaners, 700 radios. In all the thousands of square miles controlled by the Alabama Power Company the use of electric power in rural homes and farms was equivalent, the year before TVA, to no more than can be found in a good city block.

These statistics applied to Christmas month of 1932. Roosevelt had already been elected and within six months the TVA was a reality. The Southern units of the Commonwealth and Southern, "scared stiff," were quickly galvanized into action. As an officer of the Georgia Power Company put it, "All of this TVA business, PWA loans, all the agitation for government ownership in our area bade fair to 'play hell with our prospects' if we did not do something about it." Almost immediately Frank Newton, the rate man for Commonwealth and Southern, brought out his specialty known as the objective rate plan for the reduction of electric bills for those already buying power. The more fundamental problem of broadening the consumer base, however, did not "take" with the men in the System. For this they were caustically reproached by one of their own colleagues. "What I will say to you is equally pertinent in Tennessee, Alabama, and Georgia," Collier, the vice-president of Georgia Power, plainly told utility executives at Chicago as late as the spring of 1936. "Our problem in the South is not how many completely electrified homes we can put into service,

but how nearly we can approach to some degree electrification of the homes among our great mass of customers. . . . I said (in 1934) . . . that the ability of our Southern companies to do a real sales job depended upon our ability to reach into that low-income group which, with you Mid-Western, New England, and Far Western companies, is probably a small per cent of your potential field, but which with us constitutes practically 100 per cent of our customers."

At the 1934 convention Mr. Collier had proposed a bold sales program to cut into this low-income field. "I was, upon finishing my talk, accused by some of being a capital liar, and those who were more kindly disposed simply said, 'Oh, he's just a little bit crazy, anyway!'" But this man's imagination in selling and his low rates worked, and he could report that "we have almost abolished a Complaint Bureau in the Atlanta Office."

When TVA introduced its low rates it took a chance—minimized by careful consideration of experience in Ontario, Seattle, and similar public-ownership demonstrations—that consumption would increase sufficiently to make up revenues that otherwise would be lost. The private utilities have been quick to say that they did not have the resources of the Federal treasury behind them, that they could not afford to gamble the investor's money, that it just couldn't work, etc. But, Mr. Collier told the salesmen of the industry about his promotion plan that worked, "There isn't a commercial man in this room who, given the opportunity, could not set up a sales plan just as good or better. Remember one thing, however. The job can't be done in a day. . . . You are going to say, 'If I started out on that sort of a program it would break my company. We just can't afford it.'" His conclusion epitomized the philosophy of TVA: "We must decide between the positive loss by inactivity and the possible risk by action."

Thus it is true that in recent years the Southern units of the Commonwealth and Southern have made real progress in

this job of rural electrification which "can't be done in a day." But it is also true that the incentive to this progress—despite the denials of the Commonwealth and Southern itself—has been largely the example offered by the TVA, along with fear of competition from the TVA.

IV

As for the Tennessee Valley Authority itself, its cornerstone was laid in 1917. In that year of war the government began Wilson Dam at Muscle Shoals, primarily to extract nitrogen from the air for munitions. Unfortunately the nitrate plants turned out bad guesses. Far more power could be generated, however, than could be used for nitrates. In gallantly proffering the dam site for one dollar the Alabama Power Company had envisioned that this huge amount of power, 444,000 kilowatts ultimately, would as a matter of course be controlled by itself. As government operation and distribution were unthinkable at the time, the Alabama and Georgia and Tennessee companies would be the logical and only market for the power!

It turned out otherwise, however. What happened after the War was not a sale of Muscle Shoals either to Alabama Power or to Henry Ford, but a fourteen-year wrangle. Until November, 1932, Senator Norris and Judson King of the National Popular Government League and the men who fought with them had only one simple demand in mind, that Wilson Dam power be operated and sold by the government. Had the private companies yielded in this there probably would be no TVA to-day.

After Roosevelt's election, however, the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation found itself opposing not only a government-operated Wilson Dam but a series of nine dams set on the Tennessee River along its 650 miles from Knoxville to the Ohio. The water system included plans for the finest inland waterway in the world, assured of a 9-foot channel.

Now a drop of water falling 100 feet

down the dam race picks up a lot of momentum. Belt a bunch of them together, drop them into the blades of a turbine which then rotates huge coils of wire in a magnetic field, and electricity will be created. Outside the privately owned Hales Bar Dam, every foot of the Tennessee's 500-foot drop will generate TVA power. A kilowatt-hour will more than light the average home for a day. TVA dams ultimately will create 660,000 kilowatts every hour of the year, capable of heating the kitchen toaster, milking the cows, running cotton gins and, by artificial winter daylight, tricking hens into increased egg production.

This power the TVA sells at low rates. When Alcorn County farmers switched to TVA rates the month's light bill for 25 kilowatt-hours was reduced from \$2.13 to 75 cents. If you don't get TVA power, why not look at the back of your electric bill and see what you would pay for these 25 kilowatt-hours? On the average, the TVA halved rates.

To prove that TVA rates are subsidized, the Commonwealth and Southern has gone at great length into the technical detail of how the costs of dams have been allocated among power, navigation, and flood control. Oddly enough, the question of comparative generation costs is now academic. For Commonwealth and Southern has conceded that it can generate electricity for less than what TVA will sell it at wholesale. This narrows the cost question to local distribution, where seven-eighths of the consumer's dollar may go. For some reason the Commonwealth and Southern has never been frank and open about its costs. Possibly inflated valuations of private utilities would make these unfavorable. Yet TVA co-operatives, selling power at TVA rates and allowing for substantially all the costs of private utilities, are making sufficient profits to amortize completely the actual cost of the properties within 10 years, free and clear!

However, the "yardstick" idea—the idea of the government owning and operating a public utility in order to judge

the reasonableness of rates charged by private electric utilities—must be approached cautiously for several reasons. The cost of building electric properties varies according to time and place. A dam on a rock foundation may cost a million more than the same dam on one better adapted to its purpose. The density and proportions of industrial, commercial, farm, and home customers affect distribution expenses materially. And obviously a controlling cost factor is the extent of capacity used. TVA generates power by falling water. The initial investment may be three times greater than the cost of a steam plant; but coal and, in large measure, labor costs are eliminated. Hence the water-power plant is like a toll bridge: the total cost of power is virtually the same whether 1 or 100 per cent of capacity is used. It is evident that below a certain percentage of utilization steam-power is cheaper, and above that point water-power is cheaper. All comparisons made without specifying "load factor" are meaningless.

Under these conditions what is a reasonable rate? If the cost of a kilowatt-hour cannot be determined until the total kilowatt-hours produced is known, power costs will depend in large part on the philosophy of production adopted. If a utility keeps an eye on its existing production and sets its rates to cover that amount, obviously they will tend strongly to keep consumption at the existing level. If, however, it estimates that with double a given amount of production it can reduce costs by a third, and it then proceeds to reduce its price by a third, before long its production is likely to double. As an eminent valuation authority, Dr. James C. Bonbright, has concluded, "reasonable rates on fair value" as interpreted by the utilities in the past is a static concept, while TVA rates are promotional and dynamic. What the TVA has done, in short, is not to set up a rate-yardstick but to demonstrate that the dynamic policy will work, and to advertise the existence of a big potential market for low-cost electricity.

V

So far we have dealt only with the power part of the TVA program. Yet considering the TVA as a social force one cannot help feeling that other parts of the program, in which the Supreme Court may not be interested, far outweigh the importance of power.

Consider the hill people of the east valley of the Tennessee. Many a family to-day lives in a home worth as little as twenty dollars. There are few doctors: typhoid and dysentery, tuberculosis and hookworm are common. Of course the general level of physical efficiency is low and old age comes early. Where the valley folds about the Tennessee River as it meanders lazily across northern Alabama, the cotton lands and plantations no longer are glamorous. The planters have moved to the towns, the fields are worked largely by sharecroppers. In upland west Tennessee illiteracy is high, tax delinquency is common, electricity is a rarity. There are corn and cotton, hogs and mules. Yes, and malaria too. The Cumberland Plateau is sad with hopelessness, with children brought up to be coal miners where there will be no mining again for generations. The lush meadows, the salt licks, and sheep and cattle, the glossy thoroughbreds of the Great Central Basin only serve to make the rest seem poorer, like a bright lamp against a dull one.

Of the 26 million acres of valley land in the TVA area, half are used for crops and pasture: of these, 2 million are gullied, another million are near-gullied, and 7 million are noticeably eroded. Such impoverishment not only makes living off the land difficult, but causes each rain to carry off new tons of top soil to dirty the streams, heighten floods, silt the reservoirs, and hasten a slow process of evolution from once beautiful land to barren desert.

To meet this problem the TVA has added to its programs for flood control, power production, and navigation, a program of saving the soil.

Take the friendly "shipmast" locust tree, plant it well-spaced and unretarded by woodland brush, and in eight years it may reach a height of 15 feet. Being leguminous, it enriches the soil with nitrogen. It makes good firewood and farm lumber and a tough and lasting fence-post. It is one of the best and cheapest gully-stoppers known. Four thousand CCC boys have treated over 10 million square yards of eroded land and planted over 20 million locust and pine trees for the Valley people.

Much of the Valley land is steep. Terrace it, at about \$2 an acre, as European and Asian countries learned centuries ago, and instead of rushing down in little destructive torrents the rain will "walk" down. At Bethany erosion clinic in Missouri a four-year study showed that if you plowed your land and left it unplanted you would lose 105 tons of soil a year per acre by runoff. And if you planted your land to intertilled corn you would lose 67 tons. But put it to alfalfa and grass and you would lose but a fraction of a ton. If you effected an intelligent practical combination of corn, wheat, and clover in rotation, only 13 tons would be lost.

In the South, between the autumn harvest and the spring sowing, land is usually left unplanted and the winter rains come and wash it away. But plant crimson clover, and it will give humus and nitrogen to your soil and pasture to your cow. Or put your farm to a small grain or vetch, together with clover, and the matting roots will bind your soil tighter.

When all is done the land needs phosphates. Plants starved for phosphorus cannot grow strong root systems. Cattle eating them grow listless and torpid, fall easy victims to disease, give poor milk and meat. In the meat and bone of animals, in seed products, civilized agriculture removes the phosphorus from the soil, and man must replace it artificially. At Muscle Shoals the TVA has developed new processes for using low-grade ore which are revolutionizing costs. Triple

superphosphate (45 per cent plant food, 55 per cent binder) and metaphos (63 per cent food) are fast becoming everyday talk on the tongue of the once "Elizabetan" valley farmer. "There can be no doubt," the Authority reports, "that the value added to the national wealth by this process is many times greater than the whole cost of the Tennessee River improvements complete."

Now the principles of good farming and the urgent need of it in the Valley are well known to the Authority, to the agricultural experiment stations, and to the Department of Agriculture in Washington. But the farmer must know it too, and then practice it. Pamphlets? He could have had tons of pamphlets, for years. What he needs is a demonstration. So a group of farmers in Boone County will meet with the county agricultural agent and perhaps representatives of the State land grant college, the United States Department of Agriculture, or the TVA. They will pick one of their group who will undertake to operate his farm to the best advantage. TVA will give him its metaphos (or 3-superphosphate) free, f.o.b., and the county agent will help him along with guidance. Everybody, the skeptic and the sheep, is going to watch how his farm works out. If it is successful some will take over the new methods quickly, others more slowly. It is surprising to see how widespread such co-operation can become in just five years. "An airplane trip from Chattanooga to Muscle Shoals will still show many fields marked by spreading gullies, but the curving lines of terraces are already so numerous that they appear to be the chief characteristic of all the unforested land."

Beyond the Valley, 26 States have watched the experiments and received TVA materials for laboratory tests and farm demonstrations. And in the Northwest, where Bonneville and Grand Coulee will shortly add a superabundance of power, the possibilities of using a good part of the supply for processing low-grade phosphate ores look good.

VI

For the broader meaning of the TVA, however, one must look beyond the horizon. History may record the power aspect of TVA as a passing adjustment in the history of one vital industry, much as the dissolution of the Standard Oil Company represented a different if less successful type of adjustment in another important industry. It is rather as a new and so far successful technic not only for regulating the corporate leviathans of our economic life, but for complementing their economic activities and thus increasing regional and national wealth, that the authority type of public corporation must be examined.

We have already considered the TVA as an agency for "regulation by protective competition." But TVA finances touch the private capitalist in another vital spot, that of investment opportunities. In 1860 the wealth of the South exceeded that of the Northeast. Dating from the annihilative Gettysburgs and the torch marches of Sherman, however, the equity of the Southern people in their steel mills, their railroads, their mill villages, the A & P's, and the Standard Oil gas stations which serve them, and the mortgaged lands which feed them, has been virtually nil. What productive wealth there is has been collateral for Northern and alien investments. And to-day, figuratively, every cotton spinner and shirtmaker who moves his factory South to employ Southern "docile labor" leaves the deed to his property behind under a Yankee mattress or in a New York bank vault.

The Southern people may not realize it yet, but the coming of the TVA marked an epochal turning point in this historical relationship between North and South.

The financial scheme by which TVA is effecting this economic revolution is fascinating to watch. The investment of TVA in high dams, power lines, etc., by 1943 will come to 500 million dollars. The greater part of this money is bor-

rowed by the Federal government from the northeastern section of the United States and receives a return of less than 3 per cent. In an analogous position the Electric Bond and Share or the Commonwealth and Southern would have earned on its actual investments returns of 10, 15, 20 per cent, and upward. Meanwhile let us see what happens in the South. In the fall of 1933 a number of farmers and small townspeople living in Alcorn County in Tennessee formed together an electric power association to buy and use TVA power. With money borrowed from the Rural Electrification Administration, the TVA built distribution lines and then arranged for their sale to these "little people" on credit.

Against total plant and equipment costing \$308,000, there was a long-term debt in the summer of 1937 of only \$97,000 (and an investment by the members of \$66,000). To offset this debt, furthermore, the association had a surplus of \$107,000 and a depreciation reserve of \$57,000. For the year ending June 30, 1937, gross revenue came to \$126,000 and after allowing for expenses, taxes, and interest there remained a net income of \$41,000.

Out of these figures emerges a simple but compelling lesson: notwithstanding the low TVA rates charged to its members, these co-operatives are making enough "profits" to pay off their debt within ten years, leaving a structure owned free and clear of Northern capital by the farmers and townspeople of the South, themselves! If TVA is not strangled by its enemies the historian of the South may come to count post-secession years as before- and after-TVA.

The new South is potentially the boom area of the country. Its agricultural economy is giving way, industrialization is growing fast. In Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Tennessee two-thirds to five-sixths of the people in the 1930 census lived on farms or in towns of fewer than 2,500 persons. In the entire South the largest city had but 260,000 people.

Coming upon this changing scene at

the initial stages of development, the TVA brings with it a new sort of planning and a new regionalism. "If we are successful here," Roosevelt has said, "we can march on, step by step, in a like development of other great national territorial units." Already the Morgan-controlled Niagara Hudson Corporation foresees a possible unit by the shores of the St. Lawrence; Electric Bond and Share wonders about the Mississippi Valley; and in the West, Stone and Webster anticipates a Columbia River Authority.

But these citadels of private enterprise see only electric power in the new regionalism. Their charters do not require them to understand that the TVA may take on its greatest significance as an effort in social adaptation, in organization for human dealings in a valley of 42,000 square miles and two and one-half million people. Their charters take no cognizance that people—impoverished and lost in squalid living—are remaking culture, learning a new outlook, acquiring a new way of living.

EMC and EPA are becoming familiar abbreviations in the Valley: the Meigs County Electric Membership Company, 521 members; Pontotoc Electric Power Association, 1026 members; and Alcorn County EPA, the largest of the co-operatives, with 2401 members. These are common people, they own these co-operatives, elect their own directors from among themselves, make profits, and themselves determine the disposition of the profits, whether to reduce the debt or to lower rates further. They own the business, they operate it, people you and I never heard of, people like the little candy-store man who sells your youngsters marshmallows and chewing gum, like the quiet farmer who owns forty acres over by the foot of the hill.

TVA is only a beginning. But through co-operatively owned electric systems, electric iceboxes, strongly built concrete silos, and land-terracing machines, the farmers and townspeople of the Tennessee Valley are relearning the lessons of history, rewriting the social contract.



THE BLACKEST NIGHT

IN A SUSSEX VILLAGE, SEPTEMBER 27-30th, 1938

BY EUGENE AND ARLINE LÖHRKE

OUR friends, the young doctor and his wife, had been in to see us the evening of September 27th. We had sat round the fire in our Sussex farmhouse—the first coal fire of the season—and talked, mostly on indifferent topics. Every once in a while a silence would come over the conversation, a silence that seemed to plumb the depths of the gathering tension and horror, that was marked by a slight nervous gesture, a flutter of the hands, a sudden movement of the head. Then one of us would force the conversation on again from where it had been dropped. The rain fell monotonously, almost noiselessly, outside and the night lay in a black coagulation against the windowpanes. The anti-aircraft searchlights on the Downs held for a moment steadily through the oppressive cloud wrack and then the long yellow pencils passed on.

In the village during the day it had been the same—the spurts of conversation, the sudden silences. While the crisis had been gathering slowly, week by week, no one had talked; you were safe only with the weather as a topic for the repartee obligatory to a purchase in every shop. The desperate, downward lunge of the European situation was taboo and we had felt rather maddeningly strangled, waiting for someone to remark that things looked pretty bad. They were following that traditional instinct not to face things until they happened, and we were not going to force our interest and

concern on anyone. But it had been really hard being bright about the weather in the face of catastrophe.

Now it was quite different—everyone talked. Calamity seemed imminent enough to admit it and questions and opinions poured from every mouth without restraint. Fear had loosened those superbly controlled tongues, and fear met you down the length of the village shopping street. Hands trembled over the counters, port-wine complexions were two shades lighter, and a terrible unleashed fear looked out of those fine, steady blue eyes. It was the worst part of the whole business, to see the hunted, haunted look of a people who have always been able to meet worry or menace or danger with a joke. They still kept their chins up but they were scared clean through and it was past disguising.

The rumors, in spite of the B.B.C.'s daily plea not to believe anything unofficial, were many and alarming. Formal declarations of war were no longer considered necessary; Hitler would march suddenly and within two hours there would be an air attack on England. Everyone knew he had fifteen hundred planes earmarked "for Anglo-German relations" and the country would get it as well as the cities. The Germans planned to gas the fields and the livestock to finish off at once England's last slim resort of feeding itself, and neither the land nor the cows and sheep could be gas-proofed. Every kind of report, ridiculous or with

some grain of actuality in it, passed reluctantly among the people. And everyone was convinced that Hitler had a special horror up his sleeve or he wouldn't be so cocky about being ready to fight England, France, and Russia all at once. They couldn't imagine what this horror was—some deadly scientific exterminator beyond imagination. And nobody, including us, dreamed that instead of in a deathdealing invention, Hitler's cockiness had its roots in Herr Von Ribbentrop's unshakeable assertions that his opponents wouldn't fight, together or separately.

In any case, the people were awake to speculation and the short expectation of life and there were too many who remembered the last war, even if only the zeppelins over England, to be jocular about a new war. They did make their jokes of course and they remained calm, but they were deathly afraid. The men working in the fields took it best, but they too could be seen to stop suddenly to lean on their hoes and stare up at the lowering skies of September. It was from there that *It* would come.

But by our own fireside that night we shied away from the prospects and dealt mostly with the present manifestations of the situation. We brought up laughingly an advertisement the morning papers had carried under the heading "Stomach Trouble due to the Crisis" and the young doctor replied that it wasn't a bogus ailment thought up to sell powders. He had been working overtime for days treating stomach disorders which were actually the result of tension and foreboding. Some of the men in the big garage at Brighton were laid up with nervous diarrhea and various village dowagers had sent for the doctor for what amounted to no more than a need for consolation. He was rather fed up on the war before it had begun and his wife felt that her gas-mask fitting of the afternoon was only a shade less unnerving than an actual gas attack. And she kept repeating at intervals throughout the evening the phrase that everyone used, "To

think that one man could do this to us, that one man could make us feel this way."

We switched on the radio for the ninety-four news broadcast and the fine unctuous voice of the announcer said, "Before the news I will read the following notice at dictation speed." It sounded unreal, like a code.

From Trinity House, the following navigational warning. Off Oxcars. Obstructions laid. Beacon light extinguished. Ships will be held responsible for damage to obstructions.

Mines! An island people was working fast.

Almost an hour's broadcast of instructions and advice followed the sad recital of the day's events. A list of those stations on the London Underground now "closed for extensive alterations" (the thought of those incredibly deep and airy caves was comforting somehow); a plea not to use your telephone except for emergency calls (Army Headquarters had to function quickly), not to use your car more than necessary (adequate supplies of petrol existed but it was best to be cautious), not to pass on unconfirmed rumors, not to lay in supplies. Then the definite announcements. Report for gas-mask fittings; naval ratings report to their bases, officers wait for individual orders before proceeding to their ships; air maneuvers would be carried out over East Coast districts all day to-morrow and were merely routine; prices of food and petrol would be maintained for a fortnight; carry on in the ordinary way. Then another mysterious message at measured speed:

Gasket Lighthouse. Relief on way. Gasket Lighthouse. Relief on way.

The light was failing.

II

The next day, September 28th, was one of those dun-colored autumn mornings that seem to creep from the dark chest

of winter to gather the last small flame of summer from the dying fields and woods. In that anxious twilight, broken by its submerged tensions and pale warning voices, we had risen earlier than usual to drive to London. Along the main road when we came out on it from the winding, silent lanes, the olive-green trucks with their khaki-clad drivers were moving at orderly intervals. No hurry, no excitement, no confusion. The broadcasts the night before had impressed us; what England did best it did quietly. Months of smooth, silent preparation, we felt, must be behind this; the English genius for quick improvisation along informal lines was everywhere apparent. The British Fleet was mobilized and the land preparations had begun.

The week-end before we had crossed the Channel and we had seen France getting ready. The strange desperate quietness of Paris, the grave calm that seemed to lie over everything, but most of all over those small groups seeing off brothers and sons to what would be in a few days "the front," the old "front" of 1914-1918 carried over, had stirred us deeply. When we walked with our friends that sad Sunday night under the pinpoint blue street lights of Ville d'Avray, it was not sure that we should ever walk the same streets or see the same faces again. The light was failing and the world was creeping back to the great grave of the World War. There were no heroes, there was no cheering. The sons and brothers and husbands at the railway stations were being delivered over alive to the grave that had swallowed sons and brothers and husbands before. After her long demoralizing uncertainty, France now stood firm.

These were the salient outlines standing Gibraltar-like behind the activities we were now witnessing in England. The light was failing fast, too fast. The mournful skies of September that lay over the fields and hedgerows were only a symbol. We were tiny atoms in a vast dissolving organism, the organism of Europe.

Over everything on the road and beside the road as we passed on through Redhill and Croydon an air of normality as stolid as the immovable September mists prevailed. Only the banners of noonday editions flapped uneasily in the wind outside the tobacconists' shops. "German Liners Recalled," they said. "The King Remains in London." "Parliament to Hear Prime Minister To-day." "Czech Army Stands Firm." But as we came into London along the expanse of green that is Streatham Common, men were at work felling the trees and the noise of steam excavators sinking zigzag trenches in the ground rose above the hum and hooting of the ordinary traffic. Arc lights for the night shift were strung out overhead; tents and army huts stood ready for the rest and nourishment of the shirt-sleeved men who spat on their picks and shovels and dug in with grim resolution. Even in such things there was a kind of grim comfort; dogged activity like this would allay and defeat the nerveless feeling of panic that now and again raised its head. At the end of the Common a little farther on I pulled up the car with a jerk.

Four short grim muzzles stood in echelon, searching the piled-up clouds that seemed to hang threateningly low overhead. We got out and walked across the sodden, trampled grass toward where a little crowd stood gaping at this sudden apparition of preparedness. The armed might of England was being summoned to protect the skies as well as the seas. Behind the guns, flanked by powerful searchlights, a line of tents had been erected; a protective army had suddenly sprung into being in the very heart of London. Nursemaids with perambulators and children with bicycles pushed up to the sentries who stood on guard and small dogs behaved in the lighthearted way dogs will in English parks. A militiaman with the hollow chest of a clerk and owl-like glasses did an imitation of a guardsman's stump and shuffle, turning smartly and bringing down his rifle quickly, and the nursemaids and the small

dogs approved. Most of the soldiers—territorials—looked as unmilitary as a box of brown lead pencils, but everyone seemed to be enjoying himself a little in the mild September drizzle and the guns were real enough. That was all right too we thought. If there were any fun to be got out of this thing, let it be got out now; later on the September skies might let fall something other than mist.

At Piccadilly Circus a fluttering news bulletin between staring crisis headlines caught our momentary attention. "Complete Account of American Hurricane. Many Lives Lost." It seemed very vague and far away. Soon, we thought, we should be seeing not many but thousands of lives lost—buried, blown up, flattened out beneath piles of smoking brick and heaving cement in these same streets. No matter how many were evacuated, there would always be plenty left for the planes. The westbound trains yesterday and this morning had taken two hundred thousand people out of London. The crippled and blind children had already been dispatched into Kent. That was to prevent their being trampled on by their more able comrades in the all too highly probable event of panic in school. And, as usual, the rich were having the best of it. Long-disused and moldy properties in Wales and the West Country were being bought up at a great premium. Profiteering (on real estate) and hoarding (among the wealthy) had already begun.

Stopping in the bank for some extra cash, we found an air of unhurried, steady activity, the air of closing down. Clerks and stenographers were transferring files. Clients were moving their valuables out of safe deposit vaults into vaults in the country banks. The jewelers, the art dealers, we were told, were sending truckloads of priceless objects to places of security outside London. The bank had an atmosphere of oppressive finality and we were glad to get out on the streets again.

In the Green Park a stout police sergeant was shoving people away from the

fresh-dug trenches with the paternal air that comes to a shepherd counting lambs or to an English constable handling crowds.

"Now then, now then," he kept saying. "You don't want to fall in."

Some of them were hanging over the edges of the depths into which the workmen had already disappeared to the tops of their heads. The same nursemaids, the same small dogs and small children with bicycles, the same sad elderly gentlemen with furled umbrellas that we had seen on Streatham Common as we drove in were moving aimlessly among the zig-zag scars; only here there was a kind of pale absentmindedness on every face that seemed to extend right down to the dogs and the perambulators. The green stretches of that loveliest of London parks stretched off to the Mall in terrible devastation. The brown earth was piled up shoulder high; the velvet grass was trampled into a sea of deep brown mud. The men below and the men above worked with a silent, intent determination as if they were hacking out the bowels of a monster instead of the good earth of England.

The trenches, blocked out, orderly, deep-set, strong, that had crowded across the whole of Flanders and Picardy, had come to London. That was how close the war was.

III

It was almost dusk when we turned off the village High Street on our way home from London, and the overhanging boughs of the ancient trees lay over us like a lower cloud level of the still dripping sky. We had just rounded the corner at the first group of cottages when we met the procession of our neighbors coming down the lane.

It was a procession composed entirely of women and children, the men having gone on ahead on their bikes. It was headed by the electrifyingly and toothlessly cheerful Mrs. Barker, and urged along by the enormous, flaccidly timorous bulk of Mrs. Roberts, the shepherd's

wife, with the strange crumpled hat resembling an old coffee-grinder which she wore on the top of her head winter and summer, indoors and out, for some obscure purposes of respectability that we could never fathom; and it had halted, strung across the lane, directly in front of Granfer Heston's cottage.

We stopped and leaned out the windows. "Everyone has to be fitted to-night," they chorused. "And they'll give out the masks to-morrow. Have you been done yet?"

Feeling rather negligent, we admitted we hadn't been "done" and turned the car about in the lane. Now at least we could be useful, aliens that we were, and the old green car inaugurated a three-day bus service over the two miles between our lane and the schoolhouse.

The immediate problem of course was ninety-four-year-old Granfer Heston. We knew him well, an immovable obstacle of a past generation against which no succeeding generation had ever made headway. We had frequently taken him to hospital in a dying condition from which he always returned "lively as a cricket," as his eldest daughter, Mrs. Barker, reported. He occupied about the same position in the economy of our lane as the figurehead on the Admiral's ship does in the fleet; that is to say, he was admired, attended to, kept in varnish and repair by his daughters, but never crossed or thwarted. And now, so Mrs. Barker told us cheerfully, the old man had to be got to the schoolhouse to try on his first gas mask.

It was a problem calling for ingenuity. How Granfer Heston was to be got into the machine against his better judgment without first being taken apart, we did not know. But his daughters propped and pulled and shoved from behind and the dark, shabby throng outside the cottage giggled and made encouraging noises. So far as we knew, nothing, including damp, disease, poverty, and death, had ever cheated these people of their cheerfulness, and the thought of gas masks, to the children at least, was only

an added titillation like the promise of costumes before a parade. It was an occasion; and with our memories of the guns and the trenches of London, the appalling uneasiness of the wet, empty night round us, the ague and horror that were the undertone of every moment of inactive speculation, we were not prepared to forego any opportunity for merrymaking that arose. By the time Granfer Heston was disposed in the back seat we had four generations representing our lane clinging to the car and the running boards, and we started for the schoolhouse a small moving island of morbid cheerfulness in the immense blackness of the threatening night.

Under the splashes of light that marked out the wet village roads, through those tunnels of faint man-made radiance cut into the rainy, billowing darkness, the whole Sussex neighborhood was on the move, in carts, in battered cars, on bicycles, and ancient motorbikes. In schoolhouse courtyards, in parish halls throughout the whole of England, men and women and children just like these with us and behind us were gathering for perhaps the strangest purpose, in perhaps the deepest foreboding that has ever swept over that rural land, so untouched in a way, since the rumors of the Spanish Armada. Once again, as in those days when the beacon lights had leaped from the dark hills behind us, England stood open and vulnerable, awaiting the shock of invasion. The selfsame hills from which the great bonfires had told the people that the Spaniards were coming now held the searchlight batteries, and a wireless station was ready to give the signal to expect a quite different Armada, one which could sail right over the tops of the hills. The vast sweep of history which is the never-dying charm of England and the great peril of England had us again in its sway. And in the same simple faith and strength that permeated this strange gathering, we thought, lay the only salvation of England.

Under the dim lights of the village schoolyard, and a thousand like it, the

strength of England was being mustered, and it did not lie in arms. It was rooted in what we were witnessing, the cheerful patience, the indomitable fortitude of the little people. In all the throng that gathered in a long queue waiting to move into the schoolhouse to be fitted (as many must have thought, for the latest new-fangled fashion in shrouds) there was not one voice of weakness or protest.

They lined up shyly, abashed as they always were in direct contact with one another, and they joked about the rain and tried to keep their excited children with them in accordance with the printed sign ahead that families were to enter together. Standing in the doorway, which we reached with miraculous speed considering the length of the line ahead of us, we had an opportunity to survey the scene inside before being assigned to Booth 5. It was a formidable sight. Some twenty villagers in long black snouts were perched on stools while the A.R.P. wardens, representing every stratum of the community, judged head sizes as large, medium, or small, adjusted headstraps, and maintained a running fire of instruction and lively comment. We fell to the schoolmistress whose rough handling and robust humor carried everything before it. She shouted "large" at the Vicar who entered "Löhrke, two, large" in his ledger, said she certainly hoped we would change our name before another war, and engulfed us in the evil-smelling rubber objects inside which you strangled quietly and hoped the ether would take effect quickly and the operation would be a success. Then a brief speech on how to carry the "respirator" (gentler term) when you got it to-morrow, how to preserve it intact in your home with the cheeks uncrumpled and the mica eyepiece flat, and out we went on the schoolmistress' parting quip that probably in a few days we'd be able to turn it upside down and use it for flowerers. She was a marvel, that big sloppy woman who had been on the job for twelve hours and who continued until two in the morning.

And we had just time during each other's fittings to take in the quite different technic of the adjoining fitter, head butler of the village manor house. His suave thoroughness, his acute psychology, particularly with the children, and the clear definiteness of his explanation, precise, reasoned, and avoiding no part of the real purpose of the black objects, but making that purpose seem positively ennobling, was for us the greatest single triumph of the evening.

They were chastened carloads we delivered to their cottage doors during the rest of the night. The children were still giggling but tired. But they were easy to handle; you had only to say, "Didn't we all look like pigs in our black snouts?" and they went off into peals of glee. Granfer Heston was sunk in a coma of exhaustion—none of it had meant anything to him and it was all vaguely connected with his last spell of pneumonia in the hospital. For the others, the evening's entertainment, which had proved less fun than they expected, was over and they were thinking of having to get up at four-thirty for the farm work. But they weren't too spent for a final joke, and the last passenger added to his good-night to us, "If they come over to-night, we'll just be gassed in our beds"—a thought that brought more suppressed giggles from his wife and children.

Well, they had fitted twenty-eight hundred people that day and to-morrow we were all to report again to take home the new additions to mantelpiece decoration. We had seen an efficient, patient England, reluctant but ready to fight. Innumerable times that evening we had heard the identical sentences from a score of lips:

"We've been patient long enough. We've stood aside. But if we don't stop him now, we'll never do it. If they let him run all over Europe, he'll run over us next. And thank God, we're ready for it this time."

Those were the voices we heard, pressed between the dim Armada hills and the great dark night that lay over

Europe. It was the voice of solid, loyal, anxious, steadfast England, fitting into the pattern of all we had seen on this day of fear, resolved not to give up, not for itself alone but for all who watched and waited anxiously on the honor of England. This was the picture—the night, the shadow, the terror, the loyalty of an awakened country standing firm, to be followed by the dawn of confusion and bitter loss.

IV

One cannot stand apart and judge the terrible pent-up emotion of those days. The heart of mankind, the heart of common men and women had been stirred more deeply than we had ever sensed or witnessed. In those days, for better or for worse, we were part of that heart that must stand against a darkness it had not willed or be broken. In an atmosphere of do or die, each one, whether he was an Englishman or an alien in England, was thrown back on his own conscience. We could only see with our eyes and feel and say nothing. We can only say now what we saw and heard.

No one believed the next day that there was any hope. The wild cheers in Parliament that had greeted Mr. Chamberlain's announcement that he was flying to Munich to meet the German Chancellor and Signor Mussolini and Monsieur Daladier fell on stony, incredulous ears among the farm and village folk. Slow to believe the worst, they were now unable to believe anything else. Slow to react, they still believed that Hitler would bow or fall before the might of England and France. And if he chose to fight, God help him, God help us all!

There had been time enough to observe this, time enough to realize, beyond any miscalculation, where the spirit of the small people around us lay. There had been the time, after Mr. Chamberlain's return from his first meeting with Hitler at Berchtesgaden, the first time

President Beneš had been called to surrender the Sudetenland, when old Evans, our gardener, a veteran of two English wars, had raised a flushed, bitter face from the woodpile and said, "I want to tell you one thing, sir. For the first time in my life I'm ashamed to be an Englishman." There had been no talk in the village then but angry talk: "What right have we to sell out our neighbors? Who's going to trust England again if we act like this? Supposing it was a piece of Kent Hitler was asking for? He'll be wanting our colonies next."

It was disturbed, indignant talk we heard when the cession to Hitler of Czechoslovakian territory was first mooted. Now in the days that had succeeded, up to the dark night we have written about, that line of wavering policy had seemed to be swallowed in one grim, stark determination on the part of England and France. Now the trenches were dug, the gas masks were distributed. Now Mr. Chamberlain had flown to Germany for the third time. Now the voice of the Pope had sounded over the radio like a last feeble benediction passed on a world cursed to madness. And now, on Friday the 30th, Mr. Chamberlain had come back; the hysterical crowds had surged through Downing Street, he had been cheered on the balcony of Buckingham Palace, he had held in his hand a fluttering slip of paper with two signatures on it, he had pronounced his message of peace.

But the next morning we brought the old car down to the big garage in Brighton for repairs and found our friend, the young foreman, crouched over his desk. He raised a haggard face and said:

"Mr. Löhrke, there isn't a man in this shop who would have believed this, who would have believed it would be possible. It isn't what we've been brought up to believe. It isn't like us and it don't speak for us. And we don't know what to do—we just don't know what to do."



THE BACONS AND THE HAZARDS

BY LEONARD BACON

I HAVE generally considered myself a fortunate man and in nothing more so than in what has been called "the selection of parents." If it were possible to choose and I had been wise in the choice, I could not have done better. I can say with perfect sincerity that I have never known a man of greater interest and variety than my father, and I have a right to form a judgment, for I have known a tremendous number of the most interesting men of my time. My mother was beautiful in her person and still more so in her nature and mind. I mean to say something of both of them.

My father was the eldest son of a marriage between two branches of the Bacon family, known in old New Haven respectively as the "Gown Bacons" and the "Town Bacons." The "Town" Bacons were diligent in business and had at one time been enormously wealthy. Old Jabez, my father's grandfather on the "Town" Bacon side, at one time appropriately cornered the New York pork-market by buying a cargo thirty miles at sea, became the richest man in Connecticut, and was reputed to have more in his private fortune than there was in the Treasury at Washington. That fortune was dissipated famously by his heirs, and no Bacon seems apt to build a Radio City anywhere. The "Gown" Bacons were one and all professional men, the vast majority clergymen. And, if I say it, they were a family of great and highly individual distinction. Leonard Bacon, one of the last great preachers, who on Lincoln's own word modified the President's

views on the slavery question, was a wit and a poet, even if he was called the Pope of Connecticut. His reply to an objector who called out to him: "I don't know about that, Dr. Bacon," is justly remembered: "Then, Sir, my knowledge, however small, must outweigh your ignorance, however large." Johnson could not have said more in so few words. His really magnificent hymn, "O God, beneath thy guiding hand," is sung at every Yale Commencement to this day. And he had the difficult distinction of presiding (with dignity and credit) at the ecclesiastical trial of Henry Ward Beecher.

But whatever his fame in his own time, it is a farthing-light now beside that of his strange sister. A fine enlargement of a good daguerreotype hangs on my stair at Peace Dale, and I never glance at that sad enthusiastic face without a twinge. For it was Delia Bacon who let loose the hypothesis, as mad as she herself subsequently became, that Francis Bacon wrote the plays of William Shakespeare. The friend of Emerson, of Hawthorne, of Carlyle (it was to her that Hawthorne wrote: "Emerson is something more and something less than a man"), she wore out their patience by her neurotic defense of an indefensible thesis, resting her belief on the utterly false premise that only men of profound learning can possess great literary powers. Anyone who cares may discover in Hawthorne's "Recollections of a Gifted Woman" a story as tragic as any illuminated by the great master, whom she hoped to dethrone in favor of a fictitious pretender. That such pow-

ers were to wind up in such a mare's-nest is enough to make the gods laugh or weep.

All Leonard Bacon's sons and daughters were brilliant, from Theodore Bacon, in whose house Lord Bryce finished *The American Commonwealth*, and whose biography of his unhappy Aunt Delia is a masterpiece, to his daughter Alice, whose book *Japanese Girls and Women* is a classic in that department. His fourth son, my father's father, was a violently controversial clergyman, a writer of power, and a brilliant and agile talker. When he was seventy I saw him charm and fascinate a group of undergraduates, which not every old man can do. And his essay on Calvin entitled "On the Use of Fagots at Geneva" will make any instructed person with a taste for irony laugh as heartily to-day as when it appeared. But the dragons he smote are extinct now. His wit is lost in a hundred pamphlets on controversies as dead as ours are going to be. But it was from him no doubt that my father inherited his almost savage curiosity about everything whatever and a pronounced tendency to call a spade by its given name.

Tact was not perhaps my father's strongest point, and he had little taste for those pleasures which are obtained by the exercise of what are called social gifts. Not infrequently his immense knowledge had the effect of boring men who knew nothing and wished to know it. And he for his part could not be bothered by such persons and was at small pains to conceal it. He knew many of his own kind to whom he was devoted, and they to him. A pupil of Willard Gibbs, he was an excellent physico-chemist, with an absolute predilection for the advanced and the radical. Gilbert Lewis, one of the most eminent scientists of the times, and one whom no other has called a conservative yet, told me between mirth and astonishment that in my father's sight he, Gilbert, was a hide-bound reactionary lacking in the spirit of intellectual adventure. But my father's interests were not merely scientific. His

essays on the Russian National Debt in the *Yale Review* begot a whole army of articles in European economic periodicals. He had great knowledge of languages and fascinating theories about their origins. His discovery that the dimensions of a Saxon Church at Dover, surprisingly fractional in English feet, came out even in Roman, seems to me not without interest. He translated Cournot's classic application of mathematics to the so-called science of political economy with his brother-in-law, Irving Fisher. He was an authority on Swiss history. He knew whole books of the Iliad by heart, and he corresponded frequently with such Hellenists as John Hall Scott and Walter Leaf. What region of earth not full of his labors?

I don't think that it is mere nostalgia of time past that makes me believe his conversation so excellent. He was a whole Athenaeum in himself. Politics, history, music, Elizabethan drama (he had read it all), Pre-Raphaelite poetry, mathematics (with sidelights on Cardan or Tartaglia), theories of the atom, yarns about old New Haven or his expeditions in Montana before the railway, the California desert, Russia, Central and South America, you never knew what was coming on the carpet. And it was never dull. He was a mass of odd opinion and strange prejudice, but to his son at least an unpredictable and entertaining encyclopedia. And he always behaved as if a child were a rational creature who could be as much interested in thoughts and things as an older person. To that tendency I owe my first recollection of literary history. I have a vignette of him in my mind still, as he stood in the yellow lamp-light and told us that the news of Tennyson's death was in the evening paper. It meant something to me for I knew all about Flores in the Azores and Spanish ships at sea. Men so-called have sneered at that name since. No doubt there is much bathos and much sentimentality in Tennyson. Nevertheless the contemporary critics are in error.

My father's tastes and beliefs were as

varied as they were unpredictable. It is hard to understand how he could dislike Keats and at the same time admire William Morris. When Count Witte, whom he visited to discuss the Russian debt, told him that the Moujik was profoundly religious and also profoundly immoral, he thought the statement involved a contradiction and that in some way it was a joke on Count Witte. I suppose my father was a puritan for whom it was impossible to separate conduct and belief. But that did not prevent him from telling me stories out of Rabelais. I think, in spite of his enormous and omnivorous reading, that he cared relatively little for literary grace and form. He was apt to admire a book more because it put an end to a controversy or suggested the solution of a problem than because its words were beautiful or the figures in it threw light on human anfractuosity. I know he disliked *Pride and Prejudice* because Mrs. Bennet was a fool whom he could not suffer gladly. Thackeray was his man as against Dickens. Perhaps he remembered his grandfather's epigram in the connection: "I never did like Thackeray till I read one of his books." Also he held a brief for Macaulay, a writer whose limitations are easy to point out, but whose virtues do not seem recently to have been imitated. Our dinner table was amusing when my father was in the vein, and all the more so because one could never tell, however well one knew his prejudices, on which side of a question he was likely to break out. I wish I might make him appear as fascinating as I found him when, with the light of battle in his eyes, he clinched an argument with a quotation from Gibbon or adorned his tale with an anecdote about Arrhenius and van't Hoff.

II

If the Bacons were a university family, up to their necks in the learned professions, my mother's family, the Hazards, were a different, but not less entertaining clan. For nearly two hundred and fifty years they have been firmly attached to the same land and the signature of the

quaint Samuel Sewell stands on the first deed. They were and are physically a big race, who beginning as the owners of huge autarkic farms, switched thirty years after the Revolution to textile mills, and twenty years after the Civil War to the chemical works which are the background of my first recollection. If the Bacons are ebullient and outspoken, the Hazards are reserved and carry tact to the point of viciousness.

But they have had their notable men and women. "College Tom" Hazard (there were thirty Toms at one time and hence the necessity for nicknames), toward the end of the 18th century, was one of the first men to see the economic fallacy implicit in slave labor and was foremost in the passage of the legislation that abolished it in Rhode Island. His grandson, my great grandfather, Rowland Gibson Hazard the first, must have been an absolutely astounding creature. He lived by two absolutely dissimilar patterns. According to the custom of the time, he lost three fortunes and made four. Of one of the three lost he was, as I believe, robbed by the ineffable Jay Gould after the manner of Jay Gould, but nothing could rob him of his philosophy. As he traveled the country over on his multifarious enterprises, he wrote huge and elaborate treatises on Freedom of the Will. They were no mere avocational vagaries of a financier, for they led to correspondence with John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer, the latter of whom visited him at Peace Dale. There Spencer made to my mother a classic remark. Her grandfather was hot in argument with the Englishman, who after giving a soft answer, turned to the girl of eighteen, as she carved for the old gentlemen, with these words: "But we tend to disquisition. Let us prattle a little." Prattling with Herbert Spencer is what imagination boggles at.

Rowland Gibson Hazard had two remarkable brothers, "Shepherd" Tom, the author of *The Jonny-Cake Papers*, an honest to God local classic, and Joseph, whom I just remember because of oddity,

which even a child could see was incomparable. In him were concentrated, on Mendelian principles, all the queernesses that had at any time come into the family. When you met him crossing the lawns he was followed by dozens of gray squirrels, as an army by vultures. His tailor made his trousers button at the side like a small boy's, because he had once had the misfortune to appear insufficiently held together on an occasion when such an oversight was more than ordinarily inappropriate. South Kingstown is peppered with memorials of his eccentricity from the hundred-foot stone tower at Narragansett which he built, because he was so commanded in a dream, to the monument over a murdered man whom he did not know, which he constructed for no assignable motive whatever. He was an infatuated spiritualist, but that stood him in good stead, for it made him the warm friend of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who speaks of him with almost hysterical enthusiasm in her letters. Robert Browning he regarded as a hard selfish man, and his evidence in favor of this astounding position was as bizarre as everything else about him. One outstanding virtue he had. He loved trees as much as the Old Man of Verona, and his place at the Pier became a regular arboretum, which at one time used annually to be visited by scientists from Harvard. But no ornithologist will ever love him, for he appears to have committed the sin against the Holy Ghost. He introduced the English sparrow and upset the balance of nature.

The Hazards existed in astronomical numbers all over southern Rhode Island, but there was a sort of crowding of their galaxies together at Peace Dale. There were four big houses full of them, all sizes and ages. A boy might find himself hungry at tea-time and balance in his mind the cookies of "Oakwoods" against the little cakes of "Holly House." Oakwoods was my mother's home until we came to live in her own house, the "Acorns."

It is hard for a son to describe his mother. Mine was a tall woman, and an

authority less suspect than a son's has described her as beautiful. Charlotte Perkins Stetson in her tragic autobiography speaks of my mother as one of the three loveliest creatures she had ever known. I see no reason to doubt it. Further, she had the delightful quality of seeming wholly unaware of it.

She was dark with delicate but strongly marked features and her hands might have been painted by Dürer or carved by Donatello. Her radiant smile had its origin in real humor. And I wish she might have had more matter for mirth. For the warmth of nature that was the essence of her charm made her attract magnetically the burdens of others.

Her mind was finely cultivated. She knew Jane Austen and innumerable poets by heart. And the books she bought with money saved from the household budget would make the core of a first-rate library. She transmitted to me her passion for the Italian painters before Raphael. And I still possess a lovely Madonna by Jacopo di Selayo which she bought for herself with a gift of money from her grandfather when she was twelve. And she had the glorious quality of physical courage, a noble attribute, though not so rare as men are apt to think. It was she who went to the heads of a maddened pair of horses thrashing and kicking in the snow, while a strong man I should not like to be stood by and let her do it.

Also she had known and liked and been liked by interesting people, Charlotte Perkins Stetson for instance. John Fiske, the historian, had bellowed German lieder in a tremendous bass in the music-room at Oakwoods. And it is a family tradition that twenty years before a box-kite climbed from the sand dunes at Kitty Hawk, Professor Langley had told a girl of eighteen, under the pines at Aiken, that men were going to fly.

One rather more casual encounter of hers throws some little light on a time and a man. As she entered the ballroom at a fancy dress affair in New Haven, a personage who appeared fat,

affected, but not dull, was presented to her. His name was Oscar Wilde and my mother saw with amusement that there were already three Bunthornes on the floor with promise of more to come. Mr. Wilde must have noticed the same phenomenon, for with an unmoved countenance he remarked: "Patience seems to have been here." Except as an exhibition of sangfroid, this remark has little to recommend it. But we lack sangfroid nowadays. The "eighties" still had it.

Hers was a delightful humorous mind, little concerned with what seems the main object of women of her opportunities in these times. She wanted her children to know about real things and real people, not about factitious grace or artificial distinction. Beyond what in the nature of things a son owes his mother, I owe her my permanent, early, and intense interest in literature and specifically in poetry. Long before I could read I had, because of her tutelage, dozens of poems at my tongue's end. My father's fine verbal memory was passed on to me, but she set it to work before I

was out of the kilts worn by three-year-olds in the early nineties. Two or three readings ordinarily made me the master of a song of Shakespeare's or Scott's. Nor have I anything but pity for the children of the times who must be content with abridgments of Mickey Mouse and Buck Rogers, never suspecting wild hunts and faërie lands forlorn. That I knew as familiar and desirable friends most of the poems in Miss Repplier's delightful *Book of Famous Verse* before I was six still seems to me a piece of good fortune not exchangeable with anything, and I am happy at this moment, because my interest and direction were indicated with consummate clearness almost as soon as I was aware that there was a mystery in the world which one called I. For all the anxiety and bitterness of hope deferred which the practice of the unconquered art has brought me, I count the imperceptible but continuous training that my mother gave me as a capital piece of good luck. What more could one ask than to be introduced as a child by a beautiful woman to divine beauty?





THE STRANGE WAYS OF ALLERGY

BY GEORGE W. GRAY

AN AMERICAN scientist resident in France was sitting in a Paris café on December 4, 1932, before him a dish of the hashed-up lobster mixture known as Homard St. Jacques. He was aged forty-seven. He was fond of lobster, and partook that night with especial relish. But next morning he awoke to find his fingers puffed up to double their normal size, his lips enormously distended, his cheeks so swollen that his eyes were almost closed.

Never since has he been able to eat lobster, clam, oyster, shrimp, or any kind of fish without precipitating violent skin reactions. Other foods too were involved, for within a few days of that fateful meal the victim discovered that meat, eggs, even the protein of bread, would also bring on these painful swellings, which might be at the eyes or lips or hands or feet. Thereafter, for nine months, he lived on vegetables. Gradually, however, he began to tolerate eggs, eating small fragments of the white of a boiled egg and slowly increasing the portion until somehow an acceptance for this food was regained; and with it came a tolerance for meat. Now his diet includes both eggs and meat.

The case of strawberries seems more complicated. Their ill effect was discovered one June when the eating of a breakfast portion of strawberry jam was followed by a violent skin reaction. Then, in a few months, strawberries were tried again, and this time they proved to be innocuous. But six months later another eating of the fruit brought on an-

other outbreak of the hives. The scientist kept a record of these alternating effects and noticed that the berries which had given him distress were eaten in summer, while those which had caused no trouble were eaten in winter. Apparently there was some seasonal factor which affected either the dosage or the degree of body sensitivity.

My friend's sensitivity to sea food remains undiminished to this day and seems to be equally potent at all times, winter or summer, and under all circumstances. Even the slightest trace constitutes a chemical affront so obnoxious that his body unfailingly reacts in these drastic ways. One night in Geneva he ordered deviled eggs, and when the eggs were served there were two or three anchovies garnishing the dish.

"Take this back and get me a fresh order *without* anchovies," he said to the waiter; and explained, "I can't eat fish. The very touch of it makes me sick."

The man removed the dish, and after a while came back with plain deviled eggs. He declared that fish had been entirely absent from the preparation of this order. So the guest ate.

But next morning he was back. "I just want you to see what you have done to me," he said, showing his puffy fingers, and turning up a trouser cuff to exhibit a swollen ankle. "Last night, when I sent those eggs back to the kitchen, you simply removed the anchovies—didn't you? And brought me what was left?"

The honest Swiss blushed his admission that he had followed that common-

sense procedure. Almost anyone who is not aware of an idiosyncrasy in his own flesh and blood is inclined to pooh pooh these insistent choices as unreasonable—subconscious, perhaps, but irrational exaggerations of fancy nevertheless which a balanced mind somehow ought to control.

A medical man who was having lunch with the victim of the Homard St. Jacques expressed doubt of the correctness of the diagnosis. Thus challenged, the allergic then and there ate a bit of tuna fish the size of a small French pea, and next day he showed fingers swollen to two or three times their ordinary size. Here was no affair of indigestion. The activator was so specific and the respondent so sensitive that the behavior must be recognized as in a different category from that of the common reactions of food disagreements.

It may be argued that the allergic man knew that he had eaten the morsel of tuna, and his imagination called into play the habitual nerve hook-up to impose the characteristic skin reaction, even though the responses were subconscious. But there are numerous cases on record in which the victim had no knowledge in advance. Thus, at the Pasteur Institute in Paris they tell of an Oriental prince who came to visit, and professed an allergy to rabbit fur. Some doubting Thomas hid a rabbit in one of the rooms through which the tour of the laboratory was to lead, and when the prince entered that room he became violently ill.

There is a distinguished American surgeon who is allergic to cottonseed oil. The urticaria which he suffers as a result is so painful that he rarely goes on an extensive trip without taking along his cook to safeguard his diet. Once, in Florida, the doctor awoke in the night with the painful swellings characteristic of his allergy. Next morning he summoned the cook; the ingredients of the previous day's meals were reviewed, and everything was accounted for except some dates which the doctor himself had bought as he was passing a fruit stand.

Calling later at the fruit stand, he asked, "Is there any possibility that those dates have come in contact with cottonseed oil?" The proprietor thought a moment. "Yes," he answered, "customers like their fruit shiny, so every morning I take an oily cloth and polish my dates."

More evidence for the purely physiological nature of the allergic reaction is found in the behavior of children. There is the experience of a boy who was allergic to egg. His mother exercised a strict supervision over his diet, and when the family accepted an invitation to have Christmas dinner at the home of relatives, the latter, knowing the boy's idiosyncrasy, assured the mother that no egg had been used in the preparation of the bread, cake, turkey dressing, or any other food. They forgot, however, that a little egg white had been mixed with the mashed potatoes. Within a few minutes after eating the potato the boy's breathing became difficult; presently he collapsed, and remained unconscious for hours.

II

How are we to classify these strange reactions—and how account for them? Obviously the difference lies within the human organism, not within the food. What before was regularly accepted by the stomach and utilized by the body as man's meat, suddenly becomes his poison. We cannot say that it is poison, however, for its toxic effect is limited to the individual, and for the majority of mankind it remains wholesome meat. Compare the effect of swallowing a small quantity of cyanide. Every human being who has ever received into his circulation a lethal dose of cyanide reacts in the same general way, usually with fatal results. The characteristic physiological effect is toxic.

The characteristic physiological effect of egg albumin is not toxic. For the great majority of human bodies the immediate response to its presence in the stomach is digestion, then assimilation, then nutrition. But this characteristic

procedure is not universal. In an occasional individual at birth, and in some others at a later stage of life, this familiar and natural sequence becomes complicated by an additional response that seems toxic in its nature. The pulse suddenly quickens as though a poison were spreading through the living tissues, the breathing becomes labored, violent paroxysms of asthma appear, and in extreme cases death ensues.

The reaction pattern varies from person to person. In one victim, food idiosyncrasy expresses itself in the difficult breathing of asthma. In another the affected tissue is the inner lining of the nose, with sneezing and the catarrhal symptoms of hay fever. In still another the reaction is vomiting. Many suffer from diarrhea, colitis, and other disturbances of the intestinal tract. Still another type of response is that of the skin-sensitive group, with characteristic swellings, itchings, and eruptions.

The sufferers from food allergy are only one group. Another has no distress from food, but is painfully susceptible to pollens, dusts, danders, smokes, odors, and other substances afloat in the atmosphere. The larger part of the group afflicted with hay fever trace their excitant to pollens, that of ragweed being the chief of these irritants in North America. In Europe, where ragweed exists in only a few restricted areas, the principal provocateurs are timothy and other grasses. But there are innumerable cases of hay fever that have no relation to pollen. I know a man who can dip his arms into a vat of turpentine and experience no ill effect; but let him walk through an active turpentine still, and the vaporous inhalants instantly set off a volley of sneezing accompanied by a prolonged watering of the eyes and nose, followed by a severe rash. A woman long afflicted showed no sensitivity to any of the pollens, but when tested with silk she reacted violently. Her sensitivity is so acute that the mere presence of a silk dress in the room impregnates the atmosphere with silk dust sufficient to bring

on a painful attack soon after she enters.

There is still another group of human bodies whose skins cannot bear contact with pollens. Many field hands of the Middle West dread ragweed season equally with the hay-fever victims, but for a different reason: the windblown pollen troubles their faces, arms, breasts, wherever it touches, in somewhat the way that poison ivy does.

Contact seems to be the most prolific source of skin reactions, and this includes not only contact with pollens, leaves, oils, and other organic substances, but also contact with many lifeless things like iodine, novocain, explosives, bakelite. Some of the metals give distress. There was a young woman in Virginia who developed a spot of eczema on her throat, where she had worn a platinum pendant recently presented by her young man. Tests showed that she was sensitive to nickel, not to platinum; and therefore the value of the pendant depreciated for more than one reason.

Contact with cold is another source of distress. There are persons who cannot touch ice without experiencing a marked swelling of the area of contact. A number of cases are on record in which bathers at beaches collapsed after exposure to cold water; subsequent tests showed that their response to cold was of a pathological nature and that it ceased to operate after desensitization treatment. Several swimmers, rescued from "cramps," were later shown to be sensitive to cold—a physical allergy.

A large group of persons are sensitive to certain drugs. Those of another group are peculiarly responsive to the presence of micro-organisms, such as bacteria and molds. Still other individuals suffer upsets from injections of the various serums with which physicians inoculate patients against infectious diseases, a condition that was described many years ago as "serum sickness."

The range of agencies to which a person may be physiologically sensitive is therefore wide, and the range of reactions with which different human bodies

protest their exposure to these agencies is also wide, embracing a variety of responses, from excessive sweating and flushing to headache, suffocation, and death itself.

There is one characteristic which all the various forms of allergy share, and that is the quality which we know as idiosyncrasy. "Idiosyncrasy is individuality run mad," said Jonathan Hutchinson half a century ago, in trying to account for some of the violent reactions to foods which baffled the medical men of his day.

This cannot mean, however, that the allergic response is unnatural or that it lacks legitimacy in any sense. It is conceivable that the allergic response to oyster is the original response with which the first human beings, or progenitors of human beings, reacted to their early ingestive contacts with the passive, bluish gray sea things. He who first ate an oyster must have been a frantically hungry, cornered individual who could find nothing else. Perhaps days later his insistent belly drove him again to break open the ingenious shells and partake of the strangely flavored softies. Possibly the normal receptivity of the human organism to-day is the result of immunization obtained through the millennia during which man was learning to accustom his system to the proteins of oyster. The same speculation may be applied to almost any article of food. On this reasoning, it is the allergic response that is the original reaction. The man at the banquet whose system cannot endure oysters may be the only one in the group who is in step with primitive nature, the only surviving remnant of prehistoric conservatism.

III

In seeking to understand the nature of allergy, we find a starting point in some experiments begun on a yacht forty years ago. In 1898 the French physiologists Charles Richet and M. Hericourt were guests of the Prince of Monaco on a voyage to the Far East, and while crossing

the Indian Ocean it occurred to Richet to make trial of an interesting effect. The biological journals of the 90's were teeming with accounts of experiments with immunization. You took a bit of snake venom, injected a solution of it into a pigeon, and thereby protected the pigeon against the poison of future snake bites. Out of these and similar ventures had recently come the discovery of diphtheria antitoxin. Richet thought he would experiment with the skin-irritating juice of the small jelly fish known as Portuguese man-of-war, and, assisted by Hericourt, began investigations. On his return to France he continued the research, this time collaborating with M. Portier and using extracts of the sea anemone, a variety of stinging nettle.

Richet found that when the stinging substance was injected into dogs, the dogs showed no outward sign of bodily change. But a few days later, when a second injection was made, all the dogs became violently ill, and some died. Others before had noticed this phenomenon, but very little progress toward an explanation was made until Richet and his associates did their work.

In 1902 Richet and his associates published their results and proposed a theory. They pointed out two basic concepts: "(1) A foreign substance which on first injection may be relatively harmless may, on reinjection, become severely toxic, even fatal, when given in the same or even smaller doses. (2) An interval of several days must elapse between the first and second injections."

During this interval, according to their theory, some fundamental change had taken place within the tissues of the body, some protective agency had disappeared, leaving the animal vulnerable to the action of the foreign substance. To label this phenomenon they proposed the word "anaphylaxis" (*ana*, without; *phylaxis*, protection), the exact opposite of the prophylaxis which reinjections were supposed to provide.

Inasmuch as Richet and his associates were introducing a stinging substance

into their animals they naturally thought of the effect as chargeable to the poison. But another French biologist, M. Arthus, in 1903, injected and reinjected the serum of horse blood into rabbits. Anaphylaxis resulted from this seemingly innocuous serum. Experiments by others followed, and soon it was recognized that almost any foreign protein, even supposedly wholesome food-stuffs, would give the fatal anaphylactic reaction in animals.

Medical men began to attribute some of the human idiosyncrasies to anaphylaxis. Wolff-Eisner in Munich suggested that hay fever and hives were forms of it in man. But a physician in nearby Vienna objected. He regarded anaphylaxis as too descriptive and too specific, as committing one to a theory of the phenomenon which had not been proven.

This Clemens von Pirquet had been studying the behavior of patients under treatment for infectious diseases. He noticed that when he injected an anti-toxic serum the patient reacted in a certain characteristic way. Later, when he injected a second dose into the same individual, the response frequently was different. In some patients the reaction showed itself in skin eruptions; in others in nervousness, flushing; some developed a sort of asthmatic condition; a few persons died following the second injection. In 1905 von Pirquet and B. Schick published the results of a careful study of this serum sickness; and in 1906 von Pirquet followed it with a paper in which he proposed a new terminology.

"We are in need," he wrote in the German, and I am indebted to Dr. Marion B. Sulzberger for a very exact translation from which this excerpt is quoted, "we are in need of a new, general, non-prejudicial word to designate the altered condition which an organism achieves after acquaintance with an organic, living, or inanimate poison. The vaccinated (individual) reacts differently to the lymph, the luetic to the syphilis virus, the tuberculous patient to tuberculin, and the one injected with serum reacts differently to

the serum, than does an individual who has never yet come into contact with the given agent. He is, nevertheless, as yet far from being immune because of this. All we can say is that his capacity to react has been altered.

"I suggest the word *allergy* to designate this general concept of altered reactivity. 'Allos' designates an aberrance from the original state, from the normal. The vaccinated, the tuberculous, he who has been injected with serum—all become *allergic* to the specific foreign substance. Furthermore, a foreign substance which, after one or more contacts, influences an organism to alteration of reaction, is an *allergen*."

And that's how the word allergy was coined a little more than thirty years ago. Its use is now colloquial in many languages. But Richet's word was not discarded. The recognition of the condition which he named anaphylaxis remains identified with the idea of a profound internal change rendering the organism more vulnerable, and immunologists to-day class anaphylaxis as a form of allergy. They are inclined to believe that the man wheezing in allergic asthma is fundamentally not in a different condition from the guinea pig gasping in the death throes of anaphylactic shock. The processes, it is believed, involve cellular behaviors which in principle are the same in all instances of allergy.

IV

What are these behaviors? What happens within the microscopic structures of his body when an allergic person encounters the agent of his misery—a pollen grain, for example, or a particle of lobster? We do not know in detail, but there is evidence that four kinds of tissue play important parts.

1. Certain netlike structures of cells, which line the lymphatics and blood vessels and other serous cavities, are directly involved. These cells seem to have to do with the production of immunizing agents.

2. The capillaries are profoundly affected. By some means their cells cease to hold together as a compact tubular vessel and become a permeable sieve through which blood serum escapes into tissues and intercellular spaces. In perfusion experiments performed at Stanford University with the isolated lung of a sensitized animal W. H. Manwaring found instances in which permeability became so great that the capillaries lost seventy-five per cent of their contents through this induced leakage. It is estimated that the capillaries of the human muscles alone have a surface area of more than $1\frac{1}{2}$ acres. If an appreciable part of this surface suddenly became porous, and released its channeled blood serum, very marked physiological changes should be expected.

3. One of the responses is the contraction of smooth muscle. If you take a small strip of this tissue from a guinea pig and suspend it in a neutral solution the muscle will continue its normal rhythmic movements. Then add a minute fraction of an allergen—a bit of horse serum, for example—and almost instantly the muscle will draw up in violent contraction. This sort of spasm is noted in certain human allergies, notably asthma and allergic colitis.

4. From many experiments with dogs Professor Manwaring concludes that the liver is a major actor. He has suggested that the presence of the allergen in the blood stream powerfully affects the liver, stimulates liver cells to react with it, thereby releasing a potent substance into the blood stream. It is his idea that this substance in circulation causes the capillaries to open and the smooth muscle to contract.

Now it happens that there is an organic chemical, histamine, which produces effects almost identical with those produced by an allergen. In animals, injections of histamine cause contraction of smooth muscle, immediate fall in blood pressure, retardation of blood coagulation, tissue-swelling of the bronchioles, anaphylactic shock, and death.

The British biochemists H. H. Dale and P. P. Laidlaw were pioneer experimenters in this field, and they suggested that histamine may be the chemical agent released into the blood and influencing anaphylaxis. It is well known that histamine exists in many body tissues, and is especially concentrated in cells of the lungs, the liver, the intestinal mucosa, and the skin—organs in which allergic conditions commonly manifest themselves.

Following these studies, Sir Thomas Lewis experimented with juice taken from the swellings of patients suffering from various skin allergies, and found that this liquid will stimulate reactions identical with those produced by injections and perfusions of histamine. He concluded that a histamine-like compound is present—H-substance, he called it.

Yet more recent evidence has been brought to light by the researches of a young American biologist, Charles Code, working in 1936 at the University of London and since then at the Mayo Foundation of the University of Minnesota. He found that histamine exists, not only in the cells, but also in the blood. He found that during anaphylactic shock an animal releases quantities of histamine into its blood stream. He has been able to isolate this substance in crystalline form. His studies indicate that the white blood cells contain or carry the histamine. From Code's work it seems reasonable to assume that Lewis's H-substance is histamine.

We have, then, a complicated situation in which various kinds of tissue participate in different ways. But of the order of their reactions, and the precise nature of the mechanism, there is no agreement among the investigators. Numerous hypotheses have been proposed, some chemical, some physical, some colloidal, some physiological. None has won general acceptance. Indeed, all admit that there is no theory which will account for all the facts without making numerous exceptions and as-

suming internal behaviors which are largely speculative.

The main items of what is known may be briefly summarized as follows. First, certain cells of certain individuals become sensitive to certain foreign substances known as allergens, and when these substances are introduced into the body the cells react in ways that harm it. One result of these reactions is the production and release into the blood of substances which the immunologists call antibodies (though, it must be said, in some forms of allergy the presence of antibodies has not been demonstrated). Another result is the release of histamine or a histamine-like substance. The end result of the reactions set off by the presence of the allergen shows itself in certain specialized parts of the body: these responsive parts are called shock organs.

This whole sequence of violent actions and reactions, as Dr. Warren T. Vaughan points out and develops in his *The Practice of Allergy*, is simply an effort on the part of the body to protect itself. "Allergy is not a pathological state," *i.e.* not a disease *per se*. "It is a pathological exaggeration of a normal physiologic response."

In one individual the shock organ is the epidermis or certain cells just below the epidermis, where the increased permeability of the capillaries manifests itself in a local flooding of the region with lymph or blood, or both, thus causing the exaggerated swellings characteristic of hives. These swellings may be interpreted as an effort on the part of the organism to dilute the allergenic substances in the tissues, thus protecting the cells.

In another individual, the shock organ is the intestinal tract whose smooth muscle is mightily affected by the irritating substance.

Still a third victim of the allergy gets the force of the histamine shock in the bronchioles, whose smooth muscles almost close the breathing tubes in the swellings of violent asthmatic reaction.

There are others whose shock tissue is in the nasal ducts, where disturbed per-

meability of the membranes expresses itself in excessive watering.

Certain shock tissue of the head manifests its reaction to the histamine in the form of migraine. Some authorities identify certain rare epileptic seizures with allergic response—and in such cases it would seem that the brain, its damaged capillaries, or the smooth muscle in certain blood vessels within the brain, is the shock tissue.

The stimulus is the same in each instance, but the response varies from one person to the next. Why? We can only answer that there appears to be a constitutional difference between the two individuals. Heredity plays a leading role in the mechanism of allergy. Statistical studies show that the family histories of 60 to 70 per cent of the allergic patients record allergic ancestors.

And yet it would be incorrect to say that a child inherits an allergy. What he inherits is a constitutional susceptibility. There appears to be a threshold of susceptibility which is individual to each system. Your threshold is different from my threshold—but every human being has his threshold. It is Vaughan's belief that every individual is potentially allergic; that with a sufficiently massive dose of the allergen, it should be possible to sensitize the majority of persons. "If all of us were to live long enough, 100 per cent of the population would develop at least minor allergy."

The allergic response, then, is a reaction of protection, "a fierce and frightened attempt on the part of the cell to conserve its chemical identity," says W. Langdon Brown. The antibodies are launched into the blood stream as a defence mechanism against the foreigner in our midst. And wherever the allergic response manifests itself—whether in nasal duct or bronchial tubes, in the muscles of the intestines or the skin of the fingers, or anywhere else—the reaction is a purposeful reaction of protection.

Herein is a huge irony. All these efforts are exerted to defend the body; and yet, as it turns out, the body is the chief

sufferer! Allergy, it would appear, is not so much "individuality gone mad" as it is protection gone wild.

V

How to escape these penalties of protection—that is the problem. Seventy years ago, in September of 1868, a man who had suffered much from hay fever wrote to a distinguished physician for advice. His "annual torment" was due soon to begin. "Is there any cure?" asked the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. The Autocrat answered: "Gravel is an effectual remedy; it should be taken about eight feet deep." Thirty-five years later an eminent German physician, W. P. Dunbar, could recommend no other way of escape. "I myself have tested all the hay fever remedies on which I could lay my hands within the last ten years," he wrote in 1903, "but with no one of them did I accomplish a beneficial result." Two years later Dunbar injected pollen into horses, from their blood obtained a serum, and this he sprayed upon the nasal mucous membranes of numerous hay fever patients. But in vain; there was no beneficial result. W. Weichardt, another German physician, taking a clue from Dunbar's experiment, fed large quantities of pollen to cattle, filtered the serum from their blood, and tried the serum as a hay fever medicant. But his efforts also were unsuccessful.

It was not until 1911, with the publication in *The Lancet* of a method recently tried in London by Leonard Noon, that a scientific treatment for hay fever was hit upon. A few years prior to this M. J. Roseneau and J. A. Anderson, at the Hygienic Laboratory in Washington, had been experimenting with anaphylaxis in animals. You will remember that in this phenomenon the animal usually dies following a second injection of the shock material; but Roseneau and Anderson found that if they used very minute quantities for this second injection, only a mild response occurred; and

by slightly increasing the dose through succeeding injections they built up a resistance such that the animal was able to endure substantial exposure without untoward results. The Belgian experimenter Besredka later called the Roseneau-Anderson phenomenon anti-anaphylaxis, and it was this anti-anaphylaxis that gave the London physician his lead.

Dr. Noon did not attempt to tame the allergen by injecting it into horses or by feeding it to cattle. He made a concentrated extract of the pollen itself. Then he diluted this until he had attenuated it a million times. That is to say, from one gram of dry pollen he obtained by dilution 1,000,000 parts which he called pollen units. Beginning with a few pollen units, he made a solution which he injected under the skin of a hay fever patient. A few days later he gave a second injection with a solution which contained a few more pollen units. Additional injections followed, each slightly stronger than the preceding one. All the doses were given prior to the onset of the hay fever season, and when the season came the patient found that he suffered very little from the disease. Noon tried this treatment on many chronic cases; some of them escaped the allergic symptom entirely; others developed slight but mild attacks.

Much earlier than Noon's work with hay fever, a similar technic of desensitization had been successfully used in Germany in the 1890's by J. Jadassohn to combat drug idiosyncrasy. Then it was tried on food allergy. For example, A. T. Scofield reported from England in 1908 that a patient of his was continually getting into trouble through eating food containing egg. So Dr. Scofield made up pills, each containing the 10,000th part of a raw hen's-egg, and started his patient off with a single pill. He gradually increased the dosage—and in this way a tolerance for egg was established.

An American physician, Oscar M. Schloss of Columbia University, went a step farther than Scofield, in 1912. Dr. Schloss treated a boy who was allergic to

eggs, almonds, and oats. He fractioned the proteins out of all three substances and found a protein common to them, and by test found that it was the specific substance which had given the boy difficulty. Thereafter the offending protein was fed in capsules three times a day, beginning in late October with a dose of two milligrams and building up by early January to a dose of seven grams. Then the boy ate egg without distress.

It was from these beginnings that the modern desensitization treatment stems. In hundreds of cases the specific substance in a food or pollen has been identified with its allergic reaction, and many of the clinics have extracts all ready for trial and injection.

Some patients are readily relieved by desensitization treatment; others get partial relief; and some seem to derive no benefit from the injections. Whether any treatment can really "cure" is doubtful. Even if a tolerance is gained, there is always the risk that by over-indulgence in some food, or by over-exposure to some pollen or dust or drug or other excitant, we may pass our threshold, admit more of the enemy than our cellular defenders can cope with successfully, and so incite the sensitive cells.

Not all hay fever is provoked by ragweed, but the seasonal incidence of attacks usually gives the sufferer a clue to their origin. In food allergy also the resulting distress occasionally is so directly related in time to the eating of a particular food that the victim can make at least an educated guess. More often, however, the specific cause of the distress is unknown to its subject, and he may grope round for years trying to find the responsible agent. A ship's captain, for example, was chronically afflicted with asthma at sea, but never felt the least touch of it when on land. This puzzling state of affairs led to a thoroughgoing examination. The discovery was made that he had a sensitivity to kapok, that the pillows in his bunk were stuffed with this East Indian floss, and thereafter his deliverance was easy.

VI

Several technics have been developed for testing a human body to identify the particular pollen, dust, food, drug, or other specific material that provokes the allergic reaction. One of the oldest is the "scratch test." The skin is slightly abraded, and then an extract of the suspected allergen is rubbed into the scarified skin. If the test is positive the area will redden and swell to a plateau within twenty to thirty minutes. A variation of this procedure is to place a drop of the allergen on the skin and puncture through it into the cuticle.

In the "intradermal test" the allergen is injected by means of a needle between the upper and lower layers of the skin.

In the "patch test" a small quantity of the allergen is applied to the unbroken surface of the skin, and held in place for a period of hours or days by means of a small pad of adhesive tape or cellophane.

There are many other tests; one of the most widely used is the simple process of elimination. If feathers are suspected as the cause of the asthma, take away the pillow and see what sleeping without feathers will do to the symptoms. Similarly with clothing, drugs, foods, and other sources of sensitization. Elimination diets were introduced by Albert D. Rowe and have been worked out by several specialists in food allergy. Walter C. Alvarez usually starts a patient with a diet which consists of nothing but lamb, rice, butter, sugar, and canned pears. These are foods which rarely give trouble. "Once one has found a diet on which the patient is comfortable," says Dr. Alvarez, "the rest is fairly simple. Add a new food each day until one runs into the food or foods which cause the symptoms to recur. If, with the diet of lamb, rice, and pears, the patient returns to say that there is no improvement, then the problem becomes more difficult. One must suspect that either the patient's troubles are not such as can be helped by diet, or else that one or more of the few foods given falls in the list of

offenders. In several cases I have persisted and have worked the desired miracle by changing from lamb to beef or fish, or from rice to cornmeal or arrowroot or rye, or from pears to gelatin."

But medical men are not satisfied. Speaking of the use of skin tests in the search for causes of asthma, Francis M. Rackemann of Massachusetts General Hospital said, "Sometimes they are conclusive, frequently they are helpful, but often they are of no use and may even be misleading." A similar point of view is held by many concerned with food allergy, reflected in a remark by L. E. Prickman of the Mayo Clinic. "We really have no reliable yardstick," said Dr. Prickman. "I have seen tests of men who were strongly allergic to egg. It was well known that they could not eat egg without suffering violent reactions, yet they showed no response when egg was injected under their skins. And I have seen others whose arms reddened and swelled conspicuously after a skin test with egg, although their eating caused no allergic symptom. We always have to bear in mind that a test may actually give a false lead, and the only course is to test our tests."

This uncertainty is true of the art of diagnosis in other fields as well. The fact that allergy affects the body's machinery in so many ways, and indeed touches almost every branch of medical practice, makes it not strange that standards of diagnosis would be approximate rather than exact. The specialty, after all, is a young one.

VII

From various surveys that have been made by different authorities it appears that about ten per cent of the population of the United States is allergic to a marked degree, while if minor allergies are considered the proportion rises close to fifty per cent.

The principal cause of food allergy in the United States is wheat. Eggs are second. The third offender is milk.

Clearly the agriculturists have a stake in the subject of allergy, and two years ago the United State Department of Agriculture established a research laboratory in this field under the direction of Dr. Henry Stevens.

American Indians, Esquimaux, and other primitive peoples show a less than average incidence of hay fever and asthma. This has led some to ask if allergy is a disease of civilization. If our theory of protective mechanism is correct, the low incidence of allergic symptoms among primitive peoples may be explained as the result of tolerance established through many centuries and even thousands of years. They are not continually introducing new substances into their systems—ice cream made of synthetic ingredients, sulfanilamide, veronal, aspirin, and such, nor wrapping their bodies in fabrics made of strange new fibers. The plant that is the most common cause of skin allergy in Europe is the primrose, a comparatively late comer which was brought in from China only a few hundreds of years ago. Similarly, there is no poison ivy in Europe, and it is not strange that the white man in America finds his tissues rarely able to tolerate the oil of this native American product.

Civilization may, moreover, operate in ways to increase the incidence and heighten the violence of the altered body reactions. H. S. Bernton has called attention to the fact that disturbance of the heat-regulating mechanism of the organism is associated with hay fever and asthma, and possibly may affect other allergies also. The hay fever sufferer does not run a temperature; but his skin is flushed and he feels warm. Too much blood is reaching the surface through dilation of the capillaries, and the consequence is excessive heat loss. When one of the hay-feverish individuals rides in an automobile with windshield up and windows down, the onrush of air hastens the already abnormal heat loss. Electric fans and air conditioning in homes, offices, theaters, trains, and other places, and the cult of abbreviated dressing, all

conspire, in Dr. Bernton's opinion, to aggravate the plight of the allergic one.

The agency which normally keeps the body's heat production and heat loss in equilibrium is the involuntary nervous system, and any disturbance of this equilibrium may be expected to have neurological as well as biochemical reverberations. Earlier in this article the idea of allergy as a predominantly physical phenomenon was stressed. We arrive now at the stage where we must needs record the fact that nerves play an important part in allergy.

The functioning of adrenalin (and of its near kin, ephedrine) is significant in this connection. In chronic conditions of asthma, hay fever, and certain other allergies, and in emergency conditions in practically every form of allergy, there is nothing that will bring relief so quickly as adrenalin or ephedrine. I have seen a man in the throes of asthma, propped high on a pillow, gasping almost to suffocation. A hypodermic needle was inserted into his arm, the plunger shot a minute quantity of adrenalin into his circulation, and instantly relief came. Almost before the needle could be withdrawn the swelling of the bronchioles relaxed, the tubes opened their air passages to the lungs, and he was breathing as freely as he could wish. Cases of intestinal griping, the giant swellings characteristic of hives, practically every allergic symptom, all have been relieved by injection of adrenalin.

Now adrenalin is a substance normal to the body, it is produced naturally by the adrenal gland, and as a hormone in the blood circulation does things that certain nerves also can do. When those nerves go on strike, or for any reason fail to act, adrenalin will do the job. Adrenalin speeds the heart, raises the blood pressure, relaxes the tension of the bronchial muscles, diminishes the supply of blood to the skin while increasing the

supply to the internal organs, and discharges sugar into the blood stream thus fueling the circulation for a greater output of energy. It does just the opposite of what histamine does. In fact, it directly antagonizes histamine, one part of adrenalin being able to render ineffective ten parts of histamine. All this seems to bear on the speculation regarding the role of H-substance—and it also bears on the role of the nerves in allergy.

Dr. Prickman emphasizes a point, often overlooked: that the hypersensitive patient has his share of other disorders too. "The attempt should not be made to explain as allergic all diseases or symptoms of an allergic individual. The allergic patient may have bunions, gallstones, high blood pressure, dyspepsia, or psychoneurosis, just as the non-allergic may have them." And frequently it falls out that another disease is complicating the allergic reactions. This seems to be particularly true of nervous disorders.

A resident of a London hospital had a severe attack of asthma and was undressing for bed when news came that his mother was ill. He started in an automobile at once to see her, and when twenty miles out suddenly recalled his asthma, which had disappeared. Thereupon his asthma began to come on again.

Another story is of a woman who had asthma every time she went to the Waterloo Railway Station. Someone told her that the station dust had a tendency to give asthma to certain persons, but that she could be cured by an injection of the dust. Her doctor injected her with a solution of common salt, after which, reports Dr. L. S. T. Burrell, "the attacks of asthma ceased."

Innumerable other instances on record show that often the allergic condition has an emotional hook-up. And so a question arises, is the thing mental? Can one think oneself into sickness? This will be the subject of another article.



NEW ENGLAND HURRICANE

BY JOHN Q. STEWART

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NEWSPAPERS, especially outside New England, gave the stupendous hurricane of Wednesday, September 21st, very inadequate treatment. For two or three days immediately following the disaster bits of it were front-page items, but the whole account was not available until the neurotic interests of editors had jumped to fresher happenings. Only in scattered fragments was the storm's story published at the time. The limitations imposed on reporting by excessive mania for speed never have been illustrated more emphatically.

The first hurried headlines the next morning, "Storm Hits Atlantic Coast," are about all that inattentive newspaper readers from New York City west are likely to remember of a catastrophe as dramatic and horrible as any ever accomplished by wind and sea and rain. Spectral fleets of aerial bombers over Czechoslovakia were made more real to the American public than the actual low-flying blasts of the typhoon.

"For twenty-five cents I'll listen to your story of the hurricane." A bored sandwich man is rumored to have paraded Boston Common with this sign. Even yet no narrator would be able to supply him with an altogether complete and trustworthy description. History moved on September 21st too fast to follow across New England, and the telegraph lines in tatters went down behind her. The wind's destruction commenced about 2:30 P.M., along the south shore of Long Island, and ceased above the Canadian bor-

der after midnight. The disaster was threefold. Over sea beaches storm waves of the hurricane, few in number but towering as high as forty feet, swept everything away. Terrific winds carried destruction inland. Torrential rains swelled streams already flooding from earlier downpours.

Seven States, and the Province of Quebec, counted close to seven hundred fatalities. A seaboard as wealthy as any in the world, and its hinterland, heavily provided with telephones, radios, coastguards, and State police, felt the shock. There had been no warning worth the mentioning; telephones and coastguards were scarcely called to service. A sophisticated population died by hundreds with little or no knowledge of what raw shape of death this was which struck from the sky and the tide.

In the long and laudable annals of the government's weather forecasters that day's record makes what must be the sorriest page. Hindsight is easy. The routine responsibilities of the United States Weather Bureau are so important that criticism of the failure of this splendid body of men to rise to an unprecedented emergency is not altogether justified. Yet suppose that the broadcasting of adequate advance notice of storms had been the New York Stock Exchange's duty instead of the duty of a branch of the Federal Department of Agriculture! The outcry from Washington over the insufficiency of the warning which was given would have been immediate, bitter, and

voluminous. Scores of previous lifesaving predictions of hurricanes along the sparsely populated Southern coasts would have been dismissed as insignificant.

Those storms which are the most terrible are brewed by salt air and sunshine, by the damp sea air and the warmth of the sun and the earth's turning. Hurricanes, the extreme violences to which the earth's atmosphere is subject, are formed in a narrow belt near the equator, the doldrums. There the air is the most stagnant on the planet. To the making of their vortical energies go thousands of billions of horsepower hours—tigerhours—of sunlight.

In different oceans these disturbances bear different local names, hurricanes, typhoons, willy-willies, cyclones. "Tropical cyclone" is the technical name. In the early morning of September 21st, Long Island and New England, unaware of the danger, lay fully exposed in the probable path of a West Indian hurricane advancing off Cape Hatteras.

Northward that morning at 45 miles an hour in the Atlantic the windless central hub of the whirling wind was approaching. It swept over the aroused sea and, successively, along the Carolinas, Virginia, Delaware, New Jersey barometers would dip and rise again as it passed. The Weather Bureau's routine observations at 8:30 A.M., e.d.s.t., alone ought to have been glaring warning. Already then the storm's circular isobars—or lines of equal barometric pressure—were sketched as lengthened into ovals with their long axes pointing north. During the preceding twelve hours, this weather map for Wednesday morning showed, the tropical cyclone as a whole had been moving at an average speed of thirty-five miles an hour. Continuation of the rapid advance was indicated, northward into a fatal barometric trough across New England between two high-pressure areas. The wind at Hatteras at 8:30 A.M. Wednesday was blowing from the northwest 50 miles an hour; and Cape Hatteras was scores of miles west of the hurricane's center on its less violent side. What if

meteorological statistics of many years did indicate that September tropical cyclones in the north Atlantic, if they curve from Florida as this one did, nearly always curve again eastward and out to empty sea? This one's course eastward evidently would be blocked by that potent Nova Scotia high. Not for the hardy accustomed captains of the north-Atlantic steamer lanes would be the task of dealing with this particular whirlwind.

The triangle of ocean from Long Island to Bermuda to Georgia bore few ships that day, or at any rate no radio officers who troubled to communicate, after early morning, wind speeds and barometer readings. Here was the Weather Bureau's undefended sector. A violent hurricane was known to be at large in it, but officialdom's undisturbed routines were not adjusted to disclose just where it headed. In the tropics these storms move more slowly than 20 miles an hour, but accelerated advances are not unusual in northern waters. Telephone lines south along the coast remained undamaged and available, but were apparently unused for the emergency assembling of weather data. Meteorology is not a very exact science; but to estimate from wind and barometer the approach of a hurricane-center is an elementary exercise, and has long been an essential part of the training of navigators at sea.

In the northern hemisphere the winds blow round the center in the direction opposite to that which the hands of a huge clock lying on the ground would take. "Face the wind, then the center is to your right." The winds are strongest near the center and the barometric pressure is lowest there. Rising heated air accounts for that low, and the gyroscopic force of the earth's rotation starts the whirl. In the southern hemisphere it is always clockwise. The whole vortex, once formed, may travel for thousands of miles with unchanged structure. Air friction continually takes toll of its energy stored from the sun's evaporation of the sea, and forces the low-level winds to move inward to fill the central vacuum. Yet for a week

or two the condensing water-vapor of the rain releases power enough to maintain the reduced pressures at the center, and while that nuclear vacuum is maintained the rotating earth continues to urge the incoming winds round it. In this wise, long before James Watt, nature had harnessed steam.

Not until almost midafternoon September 21st did the rapid fall of barometers in New York City itself suggest to Weather Bureau officials cloistered in office buildings that the dreadful invader from the south had refused to follow precedent by recurving northeast to open sea. At 3 P.M. the warning went out from New York City that a hurricane-center would pass over Long Island and Connecticut "late this afternoon or to-night, attended by shifting gales." Even this tardy notice was not adequately spread, and already the inner spirals of the wind were screaming against Long Island.

Days before, while the fledgling hurricane still was swooping northwestward from its nest in the doldrums, experienced Florida had battened down. But there were no preparations made Wednesday afternoon from Cape May to Maine. Dwellers in summer cottages and fishing settlements remained uninformed of peril until the unchained wind and sea informed them. Meteorology long has taught what the effects are when a hurricane crosses a coastline. For far too many people that afternoon the knowledge came too vividly and too late.

II

The breadth of the inner circle of devastating blasts was a hundred miles and more. From a stratosphere balloon poised precariously above the turmoil the murky winds would have been seen directed counterclockwise over the ground, around huge concentric curves within this circle. As the center moved north at fifty miles an hour across middle Long Island, the blow to the westward of the center was approximately from the north. To eastward it was from the south, and in that quadrant the hissing gales were rid-

den by steep "storm waves" from the Atlantic. Ahead the winds were roughly east, and they were west behind. The eastern half of this great anticlock was its "dangerous semicircle," where the northern advance of the hub added its speed to the far more rapid whirlings of the wheel. The western semicircle, which crossed New Jersey, eastern Pennsylvania, and eastern New York, was less destructive by much; for there the hub's northern speed subtracted from the southern rotation of the wheel. Even in a hurricane one hundred miles an hour is an important differential. Severe damage therefore principally was to the eastward of the hub's course. Next morning's weather chart would map the track of the center through New Haven, and just west of Hartford, over lower Vermont, and on toward Montreal. The worst damage did not extend much west of these points.

At 3:30 P.M., the Boston Weather Bureau issued a mild radio warning. It gave no indication that terror and death were beginning to blast the Long Island and Rhode Island and Cape Cod coasts. New Hampshire received no urgent word. There ought to have been steady repetition until radio masts went down, "Tell your neighbor—close your shutters—park your car away from trees—don't let the wind get in your house—tell your neighbor!"

In Randolph, in northern New Hampshire, we are nearly three hundred miles north-northeast of Long Island. High in the White Mountains, we can watch ebbs and flows of the clouds with a personal interest for which it appears bureaucratic routines are inadequate substitute. Already at 10:30 A.M. that Wednesday a marked change was evident in the character of the unpleasant weather which had prevailed since the previous Sunday. Several of us identified the new disturbance as probably a hurricane approaching from the south. We did not take it upon ourselves to communicate with Portland or Boston. We expected the developing storm to be an interesting but not a dangerous experience.

The temperature, for a September blow in northern New England, was ominously high, 64° at our altitude of 1800 feet. The wind, from a little south of east, had a weight and a gustiness characteristic even of the outer circles of a tropical cyclone. Once known, such squalls are recognized again. We had had days of remarkable clarity: Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, beneath low clouds the mountains had been curiously distinct whenever the unwelcome rains would cease. Hurricanes as a rule weaken rapidly over land. The vapory ground, sodden from a rainy summer, was ready to nourish this one as dreadfully as though New England had been the very Caribbean.

The development of the storm Wednesday morning and early afternoon at Randolph followed precisely standard textbook descriptions of the approach of a hurricane. The whipping raindrops were characteristically fine, like mist. The temperature held constant. The barometer fell slowly at first, but after 4 P.M. at 0.1 inch an hour. The wind then really began to build, and the rain slanted in blizzards. It seemed inconceivable that an intense disturbance should be coming, for there had been days' newspaper notice of the arrival of the almost worn-out hurricane of August, 1933—but here it came.

"The center will pass attended by shifting gales." Northern New England was ignorant of this bland announcement. As night groped through the storm's twilight, catastrophic frenzy replaced our mountain air. Still the direction of the wind held to the south of east. At about 8:15 P.M. the barometer sharply stopped falling at 29.0 (corrected to sea level). Rapidly then the wind hauled round and soon the gale was tearing at the southern instead of the eastern shutters of our cottage. An amateur in meteorology knew by wind shift and barometer that the fearful anticlock whirl of the alien storm was rushing toward Canada with its hub passing to our south and west.

Out of the night's steady bellowing that one soon became unconscious of, every

few minutes would rise a whine which demanded all attention as it drove directly at our thin south wooden walls and raved at every window crack. It seemed that the next gust or the next would breach our frail defenses. After 11:30 P.M. patches of stars appeared through thinning clouds; the wind rapidly lessened and, still strong and persistent, turned southwest. The barometer began rising as fast as it had fallen before, and it went to 29.5 by 7 A.M. Thursday as the never-so-welcome sun rose at its equinox in an almost cloudless sky. This had been no ordinary "equinoctial storm," but with New England casualness the inhabitants of the countryside set about removing its wreckage. The wind during the night had blown itself out at last in southern Quebec. Not for a day or two did we learn how comparatively fortunate our neighborhood had been.

The rapid northern advance of the storm had shortened its duration. Instead of the dozen hours of maximum tempest which Miami would have known, New England had but four or five. Only dwellers by salt water experienced the sea's unbelievable wildness, which across tropical islands is the gravest danger of these atmospheric vortices. The whole duration of the blow was perhaps twenty hours. The rain in Randolph was torrential between 4 and 6 P.M.; after that scarcely two more inches fell. The cyclone pressed at the heels of earlier heavy rains, and even without its deluge dangerous floods would have swept the lower river valleys.

III

Many of the most spectacular incidents of that afternoon and night in the northern hurricane's track will never be collected, for their central participants are dead. The danger of death brushed close to millions of others, how close we never shall know. New York City felt only the edge of the storm—this time.

Along the New Jersey coast in mid-

afternoon the barometer fell 0.4 inch in an hour as the center passed at sea. The wind there blew from the north during the early afternoon and then shifted toward west. Coastguard stations appeared as uninformed as laymen. Over the sandspit which separates Barnegat Bay from the ocean, several gigantic waves reared in close succession about 5:30 P.M. They followed surf and high water which normally would have been accounted very violent. They were examples of the terrible "storm waves" which accompany hurricanes, and had been heaped up doubtless by the tempest's eastern semicircle, seventy-five miles or so offshore, when the blow was toward the coast. Reduced atmospheric pressure at the center may have helped form these waves. They hammered in at 40 miles an hour against the opposing west winds of the western semicircle. They annihilated boardwalks and slapped debris against the sand dunes.

The south shore of Long Island and the exposed Connecticut and Rhode Island shores east of Montauk Point faced the full force of far stronger seas. Along these coasts beach after beach was scoured. At West Hampton of thirty-room mansions no single vestige remained. Seventeen refugees huddled chest-deep in sea water on the second floor of one when the walls at last gave way. Survivors lost not only their houses; many lost houses and lots; for the beach was deeply channeled. In Suffolk county the reduction in assessed valuation of real estate is estimated at \$50,000,000. Elaborate lawns a mile from the sea at Quogue were under breakers two feet high; a cottage washed across with ten people on its roof. Soon after 4 P.M. the eye, or center, was seen crossing Long Island there; for fifteen minutes the sky was blue, breezes were light, and people thought the storm had passed. While the center was approaching a barometer needle dipped toward 28 "like the second-hand of a watch."

Inland, at Wesleyan College in Middletown, Connecticut, the old stone tower of the chapel blew down after the audience had departed from the opening exercises

of the term. A dozen of New England's beautiful campuses, and many more old village greens, were scarred with trees shattered or uprooted. Most buildings inland were undamaged, but where gusts were most turbulent windows were blown in, shingles were loosened, roofs were stripped off, barns rolled over. Slides blocked roads in the hills, and bursting dams ripped roads in the valleys. Gushing streams broke highway and railway bridges and poured down village streets. Mountain forests beloved of trampers and skiers underwent in four hours more damage than would have accumulated from the gales and freshets of a score of winters and springs. And in New London, Worcester, and Peterborough, N. H. fires abetted the wind.

Long Island Sound was beaten to one unbroken sheet of foam. Both shores were invaded by wind-driven tides. A family who lived in Darien, Connecticut, caught by the gale on their schooner in the Sound, weathered it but found that the water had ruined their house on the shore. Along the mainland coasts from Stonington to Buzzards Bay, where Long Island no longer served as breakwater, the storm waves were murderous. Narragansett Bay suddenly flooded downtown Providence. People who watched the surf were snatched into the sea, even from behind the steering wheels of their cars. One fortunate family at Misquamicut, fleeing by automobile toward high ground at fifty miles an hour, barely outran the pursuing sea. From a hilltop house at Watch Hill a woman looked from her window and saw a giant wave approaching "like a fogbank coming fast." It came ahead of the wind; this was soon after 4 P.M., and three hours of horror followed. That house stood, but disintegrated leaves and grass covered it with gray-green paste.

When the water had receded, owners on lower ground at Watch Hill were unable to identify the sites where their houses had been. Among a crowd who innocently had dared the sea's edge there to gaze at the huge breakers, one young

woman had the following experience. She saw that massive wave rushing in and knew that she would die; there was nothing to do. The impact threw her into the crossarms of a telephone pole, breaking her arm and injuring her leg. As the pole went down the whipping wire entangled her fast, and from afternoon until next morning she floated to a rescue across Little Narragansett Bay.

If this storm had struck before Labor Day, at the height of the seaside season, the list of the dead along these coasts might have exceeded the six thousand lost in the Galveston hurricane of 1900.

Widespread tragedy is never devoid of lighter accompaniment. A gentleman of Stockbridge, in the Berkshires, an ardent amateur of bad weather, was visiting in Florida; he wired his unsympathetic wife that he would lengthen his stay to see the hurricane. He missed it; his wife and children in Stockbridge had to leave their house by boat.

From the seacoast to the border, from western Maine to eastern New York, there was wicked damage to trees. As examples: of a grove of 40 noble white pines around a cottage on Lake Winnepesaukee, 39 are down, several across the cottage. Of 3000 sugar maples in one planting in central Vermont, 100 were counted standing. In hilly country the damage was spotty, but nearly everywhere a fraction, negligible or tragic, of the trees are lying snapped off or uprooted. Natural forests of trees of all ages and sizes seem to have suffered less than plantings of identical trees.

Telephone, telegraph, and power lines were out of action for days. Even water mains were broken. Passengers along the New Haven's Shore Line two weeks after the disaster had to take to buses where the rails still failed. Some villages were without restoration of full mail service for eight days, whatever the proud inscription above the portals of New York City's central post office may proclaim. The Blue Hill Meteorological Observatory, near Boston, successfully measured winds flying 186 miles an hour.

IV

To the Northeast hurricanes no longer are an exotic and romantic phenomenon. From August to November is the season for West Indian hurricanes, and many have penetrated north before. Extensive lists given by Ivan Ray Tannehill, the marine meteorologist of the Weather Bureau, include the following since 1900 which reached New England: September 9, 1934; August 24, 1933; October 3, 1929; October 1, 1920; September 16, 1912; September 15, 1904; June 30, 1902. In most of these, however, winds in New England did not reach 75 miles an hour, which is the threshold of devastation—the number 12, or “hurricane,” of the seaman's scale.

The combination of chances which made the storm of 1938 unusually severe undoubtedly will recur; although, it is to be hoped, not soon. There was comparable violence on September 3, 1821, along a path a few score miles west of 1938's. A little farther west, in September, 1896, another remarkable hurricane spread havoc and death from Florida and Georgia north through amazed central Pennsylvania. Yet even in the most afflicted regions of the South, the probabilities have been stated as 20 to 1 against a destructive blow in any given year.

Discussion now is reported from Rhode Island of a plan to condemn summer cottages in exposed situations along the beaches. This policy in general would be unduly alarmist and unduly careless of property values. Many of the pleasantest places would be barred to cottages by such prohibitions. On the other hand, people who live in low-lying coastal areas ought to bear in mind that absence of damage by storm waves in this year's hurricane is no guarantee of security. If the center had crossed the shoreline at a point not many miles different, seaside communities little affected this year would have been in the headlines. Waves thirty feet above the mean-tide marks are an appalling risk.

The best safety measure will be a strong public demand for improved forecasting

of hurricanes in the Northeast. Improved forecasting is possible, and indeed already exists along the Gulf of Mexico. Once a hurricane is formed—and they always form far from our shores—better tabs can be kept on it than on the ordinary storm of temperate latitudes. This is because tropical cyclones possess the very definite structure already described, with wind speeds and directions closely correlated to barometric pressures.

Yet the hurricane as a whole moves somewhat erratically: the giant bubble may drift down gentle breezes. The chains of inhabited islands south and east of Florida serve as permanent outposts there which are lacking in northern waters, to warn of a hurricane's coming. A delicate automatic wire or radio sentry-line of barometers and wind-gauges along the Atlantic seaboard could be devised to act as substitute. Not only must the hurricane's course be predicted many hours in advance, but also warnings must be made immediately effective in the danger zone. That is a problem of community organization.

Experts of the Weather Bureau will be their own best critics. It is safe to predict that never will it happen again that a tropical cyclone in the Atlantic north of Jacksonville becomes the especial business of nobody. And if in autumns hereafter additional facilities are required to track down these monsters built of solid air, the taxpayers of the Northeast will approve whatever is necessary.

What were the factors which made the New England hurricane of 1938 so destructive? As regards loss of human life it stands apparently fourth among similar storms in the United States. As regards property damage—several hundred million dollars—it was far and away the worst in all history. No trustworthy explanation of its severity across New England can be given, but the following four factors were involved.

First, there was the unfortunate barometric high which for several days had been laggard east of Maine when it should have been rolling its hooped isobars across

the Atlantic. (The expert meteorologist names these highs "extratropical anticyclones." Previous instances are on record of their apparent interference with the paths of tropical cyclones. The ordinary barometric low on our weather-maps is an "extratropical cyclone"; usually it is a comparatively trifling disturbance.)

Second, this hurricane all along its path was a major one. It was of great intensity while still in southern waters, where the cruise liner *Carinthia* went through it on the Monday.

Third, the worst of the storm at many points along the northern coasts unluckily coincided with the local hour of high tide. With the moon only twenty-eight hours short of new, high tides that afternoon would normally have been greater than average. The exact configuration of a shoreline, as well as the state of the tide, always is important in determining how destructive the miscalled "tidal waves" become in hurricanes. Funnel-shaped harbors which lie open toward an oncoming blow offer a hazard especially serious. No mathematician can predict storm waves in detail, can integrate the sea's excitation by the swirls and vacuums of an advancing whirlwind.

Finally, hurricanes require humid air for their sustenance, and it may have been the already soaking ground across New England which conserved this one's force to points so far inland.

Forecasting can save the lives of people and can effectively reduce the damage to property. But nothing in our power can save the trees in a hurricane—except hasty guy-wires rigged for tame trees here and there. There are residences in New England which three months ago were show-places for their trees and are now surrounded by stumps. Orchard trees are lying uprooted, pushed over from every point of the compass. Irreplaceable great trees with trunks four feet thick are down: birch, elm, oak, maple, spruce, and pine. New England mourns for her trees; but with this solace: not all the resources of science could have saved them.



FORTY-THIRD DIVISION

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—PART II

BY RALPH BATES

AS PERE turned away from the couloir he experienced a sensation of weakness that he had not felt for many years—the sensation of the beginner after a severe climb. His knees trembled and he was nervous in crossing the gully by which he had descended to the rocks of the Astorga. It was not the climb that had overstrung him, he knew, but emotion unleashed by the event in the couloir. For a moment he recoiled from it, as from a sudden revelation about himself. Then he heard shouting and these sensations vanished.

On the crest of the Midday Peak, above him but out of sight, an enemy was calling, "Round to the col; he can't get down here."

Cullon! There must have been other patrols on the Maladetta, and they had heard the firing. "But how did they know where I was?" he thought as he raced across the cliff by an easy belt of broken rock. The shouting continued on the summit.

There was no other way of escape than to climb down to the narrow band of ice and snow that fringed the cliff base, and there was only one way of doing that, to *abseil*. There was no time for choice, the chimney in front of him ran out on to the smooth gray face below the weather-worn blocks. He tied the rope to his waist, wedged his way with knees and back as far down the chimney as he could go, flung the line over a block and paid himself out. The rope finished when he

was still six or seven feet above the *rimaye*, here four or five feet broad and fifteen or more feet deep. "No time to go back; besides, I couldn't," he thought, and began to swing himself sideways, pushing on the cliff face with his feet. At the third swing he reached a spike and with a violent effort pulled himself erect upon it. "Leave the rope," he muttered and, untying it, let it swing back to the perpendicular. It cost him a minute of anxiety as he released his ice axe and then, without hesitation, he leaped.

He landed upon one knee, pitched forward, ramming his face against the snow; could not position himself for a blow with the ice axe, slid, delivered a blow but failed to get the weight of his body upon the axe before he slid off the snow layer on to the scabby ice, encrusted with stones. He shot down the slope, feet spread, ripping cloth and skin, frantically striving to bunch himself and cover his head for the shock. He managed to draw his legs together a moment before he struck, broadside on, against a reef of rock. He bounced a foot clear of the reef and fell sprawling, ice axe clattering a dozen yards away. Half dazed, he dashed to recover his axe, and bolted for a narrow snow gully, flung himself into it on his side, the rifle barrel rattling over small rocks, and shot down the gully, a curving plume of snow rising from the axe point behind him. Again he collided heavily with rocks; as he staggered to his feet, a bullet struck a boulder to his

left and thrummed away like an æolian harp. He plunged through a pool, scrambled over a bank, dropped clumsily down a wall of ten feet; fell, tearing the palm of his hand, rose slowly, slightly sick, flung himself upon a snow slope, and slid down it under weakening control until he broke through its surface where rocks protruding through it had half melted the snow. A bullet whined overhead as he dashed into a chaos of boulders to temporary safety.

"Now come down," he gasped, head throbbing, the pain of his left knee and thigh almost unbearable. Swaying, he unslung his rifle and chose his position. Two men were standing a little to one side of the dip between the Midday and the Corona Peaks. From his height, he guessed one of them to be the Enemy—the slayer of Agustin. "Ah, fool," he thought. "What a fool I am; shall I never learn to think?"

His mistake had lain in supposing that every man in a patrol of fifteen would be good enough for the Maladetta couloir. That was the route which inevitably suggested itself to a first-rate cragsman, but to no other. Half the enemy, under the Enemy's leadership, had gone by the easy little southern glacier to the boulder slopes between the two Maladetta peaks. The Enemy must have been near by when Pere had opened fire. A near go! Angry with himself, he fired at the two men, who darted to the rocks at the base of the Corona ridge. They did not answer his fire. "Ah, fool," Pere exclaimed, "they've lost me; they'd have thought I was hit."

He crept through the boulders toward the breach on the Estats ridge. No bullets sought him. Wearily he climbed to the summit of the eminence, parched with thirst. "They won't try it," he reasoned, looking out from a natural rifle pit. Yet he stood vigilant for two hours, until the descending sun cast its shadow upon the recess. There was no movement on the ridges.

"They're afraid to come down among the blocks," he said aloud and felt great confidence in himself. He began search-

ing for water, crawling over the warm blocks, many of them as large as a cottage. He heard the guttural sound of water in the hollows below them and at last he found a way down to the snowmelt, washed his abrasions in icy water, filled his flask, and climbed out, intending to rest for at least an hour.

At the end of half an hour of clambering among that wilderness he seated himself behind a pile and ate a meal of bread, sausage, and sugar knobs, and was immediately refreshed. Shortly afterward he came to a corridor of unbelievably green though sparse grass, leading to a greener clearing in the sea of broken rock. The dung of izards lay all around him.

"You're the other dwellers," he murmured, smiling a little bitterly, thinking of the herd that had passed him in the mist; there was a minute comfort in the thought. He sat down on a block and gave himself over to unhurried reverie. Perhaps the izards would come in the night. For all the harm he would do them they might come now, trooping along the corridor, the little ones skipping on the rocks or bunting their sniffing muzzles against the small udders. He imagined them, the agile voyagers of the snow, the soft-eyed, tender dwellers among the waste of stone, stepping lightly into this green oasis and grazing, ignoring him, as if he were invisible.

The sun dipped suddenly behind the Posets. Small clouds, yellow-tinged, slid over the crest of the Maladetta. "Must get on the move," he thought, "get out of this chaos before dark." His left leg had become exceedingly painful, but he decided to make his way to the rendezvous with Jaime by way of the Corona pass and down over the Aneto glacier. Always go toward the enemy. If he's waiting—and he won't be—you'll have an equal chance.

He was still clambering painfully from block to block when darkness was complete and the chaos expanded and became a world; he was lost in the midst of a planetary surface of granite blocks. While he was upon the summit of the

blocks the starlight was sufficient to disclose the outlines of the immobilized storm of granite, but below in the labyrinth of caves and tunnels he felt his way in darkness. Near the edge of the chaos it rained for a few minutes; he sought shelter and slept near rumbling water, for two hours. When he awoke, shortly before midnight, the half-moon was leaping from cloud to cloud.

He squatted for a few moments in the Corona pass and then decided to eat again and walked over to the Corona ridge and took out his food. As he did so a rifle shot rang out from the ridge summit. He saw the tawny flash; the bullet flew many yards wide. He dropped on to the rocks and crawled to the foot of a wall and there took off his boots. He waited for a finger of cloud to poke out the moon, and then, leaving his sack and ice axe behind him, he climbed twenty feet up the easy rocks before the cloud slid by. As the light returned he lay motionless between two shark's-fin crags.

In the next darkness he did not move but listened, lifting himself clear of cover. Ah, he breathed, hearing a faint clicking higher up the ridge. In the next interval of shade he picked his way swiftly across the ridge to the tumbled confusion of rocks on its flank. In two successive darknesses he moved and in the third he distinctly heard the click of metal above. Had the Enemy guessed his maneuver? The click was from a different place, to his left, and near. He remained still for three shadows but heard nothing. When next the moon was covered he threw a stone toward the edge of the ridge on his right and waited. A minute later he heard the faint scratch of nailed boots, farther off. "He's going," he commented mentally.

He ventured to lift his head in the moonlight but saw nothing. As the cloud approached the moon he pitched a large stone, and again a rifle cracked; fifty yards away, it seemed, and a little below the crest.

Slowly he began to crawl toward the crest. There was no sound, then there

was a tiny impact of stone well down the slope; at Pere's level. The skin prickled on his head but he suppressed the start his body attempted to make.

For five minutes there was complete silence and he lay, trying to silence the sound of his breathing, a sharp stone interrupting the circulation of his left forearm. Again the click of metal sounded on the summit ridge and he swore in a whisper and said, "Fooled with my own trick," and ignored the next sound of striking stone below him.

The moon entered upon a cloud lane and there was no shade for ten minutes; he did not dare lift his head. When the shadow crept over the ridge there was no guiding sound and he ceased moving well before the light shone out. In the following darkness he did not move, but raised himself and listened.

There was no sound on the ridge. He shivered because of the chilling of the sweat on the small of his back, but waited another ten minutes and then crawled swiftly toward the ridge, slinging a cartridge ahead of him. The round fell with a metallic click, but there was no movement on the crest. In the next interval he laid his coat over a high rock and then, the moon shining upon the peak, he rapped the boulder with the rifle muzzle and drew the coat toward him. The Enemy did not fire.

Half an hour later, having crawled another fifty yards, Pere stood up and there was no shot.

"Gone," he ejaculated; "couldn't stand it." He felt sick.

He slept that night between two rocks. The following morning he was late at the breach near the Tonnellé pass, and to his alarm neither Jaime nor the bag of rations was in the breach. Hungry and worn from restless sleep, he dawdled along the Unnamed ridge to the col, where he saw Carlos sitting on a rock on the very skyline, an ideal target.

"Cullon, what in hell's name are you doing there?" he shouted, and the boy, abashed, made no answer. "Haven't I

told you never to sit on a skyline, idiot? You haven't the sense of a donkey; and who in hell sent you here? Get out of it, get down out of it," Pere yelled and dragged the boy by the shoulder.

"The Adjutant sent me, Pere."

"The Adjutant be damned. . . . I gave you orders, do you hear?" Pere shouted. "What does *he* know about mountains? He never saw a mountain till a month ago."

"But, Pere . . . Pere, Jaime is dead."

"Dead . . . you say." It was not until his next words that Pere changed his tone. "You say he's dead. . . . Little Mother of God, how did it happen?"

"The Adjutant made a visit of inspection; he wanted to see the passes you named in your report. He brought me here with him. We found Jaime in the Aran pass." The boy was still afraid of the senior scout.

"Dead?"

"Yes. . . . The Adjutant said I was to watch Jaime's passes," continued the boy, "because . . ."

"No." Pere spoke abstractedly, "No, you can't do that; go back to your old patrol. I'll look after the high ground." He was moved by kindness to the inexperienced lad, as well as by his hate of the Enemy. That the Enemy had killed Jaime he never even questioned.

"The Adjutant wants you to report to the Division at once, Pere."

"The adjutant can go to hell," he answered coldly; "give me my rations."

"I . . . I . . ." the boy's mouth dried and it was only with effort that at last he said, "I haven't got them."

"You haven't!"

"No . . . the comrades thought you wouldn't obey. . . . You didn't report the first time . . ."

"So they thought they'd starve me out, eh! Christ Jesus . . . get out, get out. . . ." Pere spoke with ferocity and advanced on the boy, who flinched but stood his ground.

"Pere, don't. . . . The party cell took a decision . . ."

"About me, to starve me out, eh—the

party . . ." The rage in Pere's gaze increased and he did not finish the sentence, but half-turned and, keeping cover behind the rocks, moved off toward the Mulleres. Carlos appealed to him in vain to return, and then, taking out his own ration of bread, ran after Pere and forced it upon him.

"Keep it, I can look after myself."

"No, Pere . . . please, comrade." There was such distress in the boy's eyes that Pere accepted the gift. With an effort he controlled his voice.

"Listen, Carlos, you keep off these passes, do you hear?"

"Aren't you going to report, Pere?"

Rebellion reinforced angry hate of the Enemy. Pere strode away, without further speech.

That night, driven by hunger, and the obsession which had taken hold of his mind, Pere visited the Renclusa refuge. There he killed the fascist sentry and boldly entered the dining room. Though the rest of the guard was sleeping in the warm kitchen, he helped himself to tins of preserves and a bagful of bread. In the chapel, dug into the solid rock of a ridge in front of the refuge, he found ammunition, two German submachine guns and six boxes of hand grenades. He carried all this to the foot of a small rock ledge and, having ascended to the summit of the escarpment, he withdrew the pin of a grenade and dropped it among the rest of the war material, and running a few paces, flung himself down. The explosion roared among the peaks. The Renclusa summit appeared and disappeared with the flash.

He lay all day on the summit, overlooking the enemy patrol's headquarters, brooding over the Division, Agustin, Jaime; building up his obsession, fomenting the rebellion within him. The Enemy, who appeared not to be the commander of the patrol, was among them; sitting before the refuge, drawing maps, it appeared, all the morning and afternoon.

A week went by of hunger and joyless effort. Two attitudes toward the 43rd

struggled within Pere. He tried to consider that he had broken with organized resistance to the enemy, and in long debates with himself sustained that he should never have joined a party that had been the principal instrument in creating the regular army. He knew, none the less, that the irregular waging of trench warfare was, by definition, impossible. The Italian and German invasion of Spain had changed the whole technical character of the war; the day of guerrillas seemed to have gone. When he considered this his hatred of the invaders flamed up within him. The mechanical aid to the rebels was violating the nature of the Spaniard, he felt. Man to man, valor against valor—that was the Spanish way of fighting. Not factory against factory, bald-headed engineer against a peasant, a coppersmith.

His trapping of the patrol in the Maladetta couloir had seemed to release something within him at which he himself was surprised. One of his most persistent memories during these days and nights was of the wailing couloir after the enemy patrol had fallen from the Tower. The incident both delighted and repelled him; sometimes, indeed, he felt sick in remembering the event. There were cavernous recesses within his own being, it seemed, through which echoed his own voice, both weeping and yelling in ferocious glee. "War poisons everything, makes you love killing," he said once or twice, but more often he savagely repeated, "Weep, little Italian, weep; you came to make war." He had no proof, but he invariably thought of the Enemy as an Italian. It was the Italian Enemy who was drawing him away from his comrades . . . and when he used that word in place of Division he was suddenly sick at heart as well as in mind.

He felt, and acutely, the contradiction in his position—that he should have broken with his unit now when the whole Division must make guerrillas. Yet it seemed that he was the Division's chief defense against sniping attack. It was justification for his conduct, he argued.

He was on the Llosas ridge when, placing his hand upon a boulder and leaping lightly into the gully, he almost ran down upon the izard.

She was sitting upon a ledge of the gully, her head toward the ridge. He stood, trying not to disturb the stones, smiling, delighted, and then cautiously sat down, astonished that the beast did not leap to her feet and escape. The izard was sick, he thought; she was shivering and there was appeal in her face. Her mouth was open slightly and she breathed quickly. "Don't be afraid, señora," he said, and then could not restrain a hasty movement which startled the izard. There was a little cry from beside the animal. The kid was half-hidden by her flank.

The izard must have given birth a few minutes before he had arrived in the gully, for the little one was still too weak to stand. It uttered a weak cry, bumping its head clumsily against the mother, and she licked it and at once turned back and regarded him.

The izard's winter coat of blackish gray had not yet entirely disappeared, though the brown summer hair was prominent; she was a young animal, he considered, and this must be her first giving birth. "You're at least a thousand feet too high, señora," he thought, and another part of his brain recorded the fact, "Something's driven you up here out of the woods where you should be just now. What will you eat?" There was so little grass at this height. Perhaps she had been on her way to the green oasis in the wilderness where he had seen the izard dung. Her shivering increased for a few minutes and then the kid bleated again and she made a sudden movement of her body, and resettling, pushed her face against the kid, disregarding him. The kid tried to stand up and after several efforts succeeded, planting its feet wide, its head hanging. It tottered one step and tumbled over her flank, and the mother, stretching herself, bleated also and the kid began to suck. At the end of five minutes it was asleep.

Once or twice the izard looked at him, but for half an hour she made no movement. Pere could sit in that position no longer and with great care essayed to move. The izard was frightened and scrambled to her feet and climbed one or two yards up the gully, but was too fatigued to leap the low obstacle of a smooth rock rib. She gave up the attempt to drive him away and returned to her awakened baby. The kid walked two or three steps to meet her, its legs already strong enough to stand securely. The mother bleated and the kid replied, and both lay down again, the little one pressing itself against the warm white belly; the mother ceased to be afraid and lowered her head upon her flank, partly covering the kid, which protested and scrambled out. The mother bleated her protest and pushed the little one with her head. For a moment it resisted and then fell with a comical suddenness so that Pere chuckled aloud. The mother was very much startled.

At the end of its first hour of life the kid scrambled to its feet, its weakness gone, and stepped away from its mother into the gully bed and sniffed at the rock. Then it descended the gully boldly, for four or five feet, its tiny hooves tapping nervously on the rock. For a while it stood gazing out over the waste of small stones, along the Llosas valley, as if attracted by the glittering tarns. Presently it returned to its mother and sucked. A little later the kid began to move about the gully again and this time attempted to climb on to the rocks of the ridge face.

The izard's toleration of him delighted Pere. He also felt what he could not define, that after three weeks in the wilderness this encounter was especially gracious to him. His pleasure was boundless when the kid trotted up to the gully and stared at him, tilting its head, sniffing. He encouraged it when it tried to cross the rock rib.

He was watching the kid's growth; it was visibly growing strong. The giddiness and helplessness in one hour had become sturdiness; and in two hours

more, he knew from shepherds' talk, the kid would be able to follow its mother over any mountain hazard.

Suddenly the mother became startled and stood up, listening, staring at Pere. Again she moved to attack him, but though the rock rib would have been no obstacle, she did not do so. She did not take up her old position, however, but quickly and nervously descended the gully, going out of sight. The kid climbed down easily behind her. Ten minutes later he saw the izard out upon the stony wastes facing the gully, bleating to the kid, which he could not see.

Pere, forgetting the izard, suddenly became alert and released the safety catch of his rifle. Above, on the crest, he heard a shot, and he crouched, resting the barrel on the stones at the head of the gully. There was no answering shot and he was wondering whether it could have been a signal when he heard the kid bleat, and glancing down, saw it standing by the body of its mother. The white stomach was upturned, the head twisted and pressed against a stone.

There were quick steps on the ridge, of rope-shod feet. His hand adjusted itself to the butt. As the Enemy appeared Pere fired, in anger at the izard's death. Satisfaction surged through him, impelling the blood fiercely through his body, the recoiling impact of accomplished vengeance. Then quietness settled over him.

The Enemy was not dead, for Pere could hear groans upon the ridge. He descended the gully a little way, traversed the face of the mountain, and reached the crest behind the Enemy. There was no need for caution, the rifle had fallen from the Enemy's grasp. He strode up to the fallen man and shouted, "Why did you kill the izard?" The Enemy looked up; in his eyes hatred was more visible than pain.

"Why did you kill the izard?" Pere repeated, his voice sinking. "Where are you hit?" He knelt beside the man, who continued to stare in hatred until his eyes closed in pain.

Pere began to examine the Enemy, unbuttoning his tunic, at which the man opened his eyes, pain intensifying the hate in them. The long, intellectual, but undistinguished face was paling rapidly. Caution again prompted Pere and he crouched low beside the man. The Enemy's hand, stained with colored inks, moved feebly, and Pere, following the movement, removed the Luger pistol the Enemy was carrying. Glancing at the rifle, he saw that it was a Mannlicher-Cacano.

"Are you an Italian?" he demanded sharply, and the Enemy did not reply; he shook the man by his tunic. "Italian?" he demanded sharply, ignoring the sign of new pain.

"More Spaniard than you," the man said, through closed jaws, his eyes shut.

"Ah," Pere exclaimed softly, and began to search the Enemy's clothing. Wishing to avoid causing him pain, he attempted to remove the rucksack.

"I'm sorry," he said; "I don't want to hurt you. I'll make you comfortable." He knew the man could not live, for the bullet had penetrated the stomach in what the Division doctor called Zone 4, of maximum gravity. He took out his own blanket and laid it over the Enemy, who made attempts to reject this comfort. Pere had never seen such hatred as in that white face, with its sunken cheekbones and colorless eyes. He opened the Enemy's sack intending to make a pillow of his blanket.

"Leave it alone," burst from the wounded man's twisted mouth.

The sack contained a Zeiss short-base range finder, three sheets of the Schrader map of the Central Pyrenees, with recent corrections and fine lines drawn upon them; a pair of Leitz binoculars and drawing instruments. A map-maker or an artillery officer, Pere thought, but he didn't look like a professional.

"Are you thirsty?" he asked, and offered him water, the last contained in his flask. The Enemy deliberately spilled the water.

"*Hombre*," Pere exclaimed softly and

instinctively looked toward the nearest tarn. Picking up the Leitz glasses, he counted four of the enemy crossing the last visible slopes of the Llosas valley. He watched them sink below the curve of the slope, going toward Malibierna, apparently having marched from below the Tempest. A little later two men crossed the col in the ridge on which he was kneeling, not two hundred yards from him. They were carrying heavy burdens.

The passage of the six men and the presence of the wounded Enemy had confirmed the intuition which had sent Pere upon this patrol round. He had been staring dully at the Enemy's maps for several minutes when the significance of the fine lines burst upon him. He saw that they were not artillery plottings, but cones of parabolic machine-gun fire. Their range indicated that clearly. "Ah, very nice," he exclaimed, noting their points of origin. When the Division returns from the Aran heights toward the Aneto village . . . Would the fellow never die? He wanted to be off, across the uplands, to warn Beltrán. . . .

The Enemy remained in the same condition all the morning, until the rain began. Shortly afterward he became delirious. Pere, sullen and miserable, arranged the two sacks in order to keep the rain from the Enemy's head, but the driving rain streamed upon his face.

At last the dying man subsided into a restless stupor. Again Pere attended to his sack. He decided that despite its weight he would carry away the range finder, as well as his own glasses. As he was flinging the Luger into the sack the Enemy uttered a piercing scream and beat his hands against sharp stones.

"Oh, Christ," Pere gasped and pulled the pistol trigger. The Enemy lay still. "Poor devil, ah, poor devil . . . it was best," Pere murmured, and averting his gaze, felt in the dead man's breast and removed a few rain-soaked papers and flung them into the sack. He plunged down the gully.

Below, on the gravel-littered slabs, hearing the kid's bleat, he altered his di-

rection. The kid was still standing by the white-bellied body, its light hair darkened by the drenching rain, shivering. As he approached the creature ran away bleating. Pere swore, but again pursued it, yet being heavily laden, could not get near it. "Damn you, you've learned to be afraid," he shouted, waving his arm furiously in the direction of the pasture to which he had meant to carry the animal. He made one more attempt to capture the kid, but it eluded him. It cost him ten minutes of blundering and shouting to drive the bewildered creature within sight of the grass. "I don't know whether the cursed thing can eat grass yet," he muttered, and struck out once more down the slope. There were hundreds of the enemy in the Malibierna, he found. He turned and began the long journey to the 43rd.

Hearing his shout, six of the patrol stumbled out to meet him; one of them, feeling him stagger, linked his arm and led him to a pile of stones. He sat, his head bowed, breathing deeply.

"Now then," Pere began, "you, Carlos, you'll get out on the slope by Peak Russell, you know the spot. You, Tomas, go to your emergency place, on the bluff by the tarn. Enrique, you . . ."

One of the men stepped forward and said, "I'm sorry, comrade, I have orders to arrest you. I am in command here."

"Arrest me, to hell, what do you mean!" But he did not continue to give orders, nor did he so much as peer into the face of the man to identify him.

The old members of the patrol remained silent, standing a few paces withdrawn, while the new Commander took a paper from a wallet and offered it to Pere, and said, "If you care to come over to the wall I'll strike a light."

"I don't need documents," Pere mumbled and then jumped to his feet. "Listen, you're Commander. Here's what you do. . . ." He explained his plan of vigilance against the rear attack, his successor listening with growing excitement.

"I'll go on to Headquarters," Pere concluded; "you take the men out."

"I'm sorry, comrade, you are under arrest." There was a note of stubbornness in the voice.

"Cullon, arrest! What does arrest matter! Go on, arrest me, then; I'm not resisting, but *get on with your work*. Sweet Christ! they'll be over in the morning and you're worrying about an arrest."

"I've got to send a file with you."

"All right, send Carlos."

"Very good, Carlos, take this comrade to the Hospice de Viella."

The boy hastened along the black valley by the side of the prisoner.

Two hours later, as they approached the hostel below the anciently used pass into the Aran valley and France, Carlos laid his hand upon the prisoner's arm.

"What's the matter? Hurry."

"Pere, I don't like saying this, but you're not supposed to be carrying a rifle."

"Take it then. Take the damn thing. . . . All right, boy, I'm sorry."

They were challenged a hundred yards before the Hospice, but the sentry did not know of the order for Pere's arrest and to the boy's relief allowed them to continue without larger escort.

Carlos pushed open the door and called for the sergeant of the guard. "I've brought Pere," he said desperately and lowered both rifles to the floor.

"You'll have to go into the back room, comrade," the sergeant said, ashamed.

"Where's Esquinazo?"

"He'll be in soon; in an hour's time."

"Alberto?"

"On the pass; there's been a battle, they tried a frontal attack."

"The Adjutant . . . tell me, how'd it go up there, all right?"

"Yes, we've lost about twenty. They say a shepherd from Bosost warned our outposts two hours before they came into range. I don't know, there was a hell of a racket up there this morning."

"Now listen, comrade, look: I'll hand all this over to you." Pere dumped the sack heavily on the floor and, cutting the swollen cord, took out the maps.

"There's a Luger in there too and other stuff."

"Come into the light, Pere," the sergeant exclaimed, and leaving Carlos in the passage, they shut the door. Behind the door the boy heard them talking excitedly. Presently they came out.

"Eh, you can go back, comrade," the sergeant said and Carlos turned toward the door.

"I shan't have time to get out to my post, Pere." The scout spoke hesitantly.

"No, the best thing would be to go up to the Unnamed peak—but I can't give you the order."

"I'll tell the other . . ."

"He'll be out, at work. Can't you keep him here?" Pere said to the sergeant.

"Yes, perhaps you'd better go back tomorrow. Turn in with the guard."

It seemed to Pere that he waited hours in the lightless detention room and then there was a great noise of stamping in the corridor, and a series of orders. When the sergeant came again and asked him to follow him to Esquinazo's office he did so without a word.

Beltrán, "Esquinazo," stood behind the table, still wearing his sheepskin coat over his uniform and the cowherd's leather hat. His symbols of rank were pinned to the lapel of his tunic.

"So they caught you," he exclaimed, with fierce anger. The Chief of Operations and a junior officer were standing by the shuttered window.

"I came down."

"So you came down. . . . You will go before the court-martial. Do you wish to be tried by the men or by the officers alone?"

"It's all the same."

"Yes. I'm not going to be at the judges' table, I've had to do that before with you. I've told the Adjutant to ask for severe punishment. Do you wish to know what?"

"Yes . . . sir."

"Ah, well, if you're found guilty, you'll be reduced to the ranks, for the time being."

"For the time being, comrade?" Pere did not amend the expression but regarded the Commander with troubled gaze.

"If we get out of this, back to our own territory, I hope you'll be dismissed from the Division. You will be."

"Why, Esquinazo, I've done good work for you."

"You have—and bad work; that will do."

"Bad work, what do you mean?"

"I ordered you down to supervise the outposts on this side as well. We got word from a French comrade, a shepherd, about the attack up there. If it hadn't been for him . . ." Esquinazo began calmly, but his temper rose sharply as he spoke. He knew this was not a valid accusation, however, for the outposts he himself had placed had come in with reports an hour after the Frenchman had warned the Chief of Staff. "You've seen enough trouble with us, you'd better transfer to another unit," he added, and the Lieutenant smiled, hearing this softening of the original formula. Then, throwing his gun and holster on the table and flinging his coat into a corner, Esquinazo ordered the Lieutenant to fetch the Quartermaster and the Chief of Staff who were outside with the column. He bent over the maps until the officers came in.

"Sit down, comrades," he began, and shouted for the sergeant to bring more chairs. "Now, this man reports preparations for an attack from below, a battalion of Navarros stationed at the Balneario near Benasque. They're coming over Malibierna. He proposes the following plan . . ."

For five minutes Esquinazo outlined the plan and then said, "What's your opinion, comrades, can the men outside march at once? We have only two hundred in rest."

"They'll go of course. They'll go better if you speak to them," the Major said.

"I'm going with them; you'll take over here," the Commander addressed the Chief of Staff; then, turning to the Quartermaster he said, "Get dry rations for

the battalion outside for one day, and prepare for two more days. We're moving off in a quarter of an hour."

"Comrades, can't I go?" Pere interjected. The Chief of Staff gazed hesitantly from him to the Commander.

"You? Hostia, is that man still here! Sergeant, Sergeant, why is this man hanging about here? Lock him up at once."

For a moment Pere expected the Commissar to ask for leniency, but Alberto marched out of the room. The Commander jumped to his feet and rebelted his pistol and holster. Getting into his sheepskin, he thrust Pere aside with a lurch of his massive body, and strode out.

"Better come along, Pere," the sergeant said, and he walked listlessly along the corridor and entered the detention room.

Pere awoke at two in the afternoon, to find food by his side; outside it was raining torrentially. He banged on the door and asked the guard whether the Commander had returned.

"No, no one's returned, except the Quartermaster and he went away again at once."

"Any news?"

"No. It's snowing up on the main ridge. The sergeant says they're going to bring the Division down."

Impatient for news, Pere could find nothing to occupy the time. Then, shortly before nightfall, the armorer brought him a machine gun, an old United States 1920 model, and asked him to examine and clean it, and he worked until ten o'clock. He had lain down for the night when the pounding of hooves brought him to his feet. Yes, it was the Staff! He banged on the door but no one came. Then came shouts and laughter and a Viva, and answering Vivas and then he heard Esquinazo blunder noisily into his office and yell for the telegrapher. Pere hammered again, but in the uproar of shouts and stamping of feet he supposed no one heard him. Then the door slammed and he gave up hope of being

able to catch a word of the din proceeding in Esquinazo's office.

At two in the morning, he heard the "Internationale" being sung, far down the valley it seemed. It must be the battalions returning, he thought. The Hospice seemed to be full of blundering, hurrying men. The "Internationale" was suddenly nearer. They're coming up over the bank, Pere thought, excitedly. Still singing, the battalions wheeled round the Hospice.

Presently Alberto's voice was heard, thanking the troops. They would rest two days if the enemy permitted. Fall out by companies.

"Viva Esquinazo," someone yelled. "Viva," cried the battalion.

There were more voices and again the "Internationale." Pere hammered at the door once more. "Cullon, why don't you open! Esquinazo, damn you, I planned that battle."

Hours seemed to go by. There was a conference in the common dormitory upstairs, he knew. At times there was a chorus of approval above and sometimes emphatic interjections. After a while he heard the Operations Chief reciting in his level, boring voice.

Many times in the old days Pere had yarned and slept in the dormitory above, retelling the day's climb or listening to the Aran muleteers going down to Ribagorzana's lower markets, or absorbing some contrabandist's tale of adventure, for the sake of the mountain knowledge such men had. He was brooding over the old days when the door rattled and his name was called. He got up, put on his tunic and buttoned it carefully, and went out behind the guard.

"Stand over there, please," the Commissar said, and Pere took his place beside the Operations Chief, before whom the Schrader maps were spread out. The barred shadows of the hurricane lamp suspended from the beam shifted backward and forward across the Commander's face. The telegraphic apparatus was tapping continuously in the next room.

"It will be impossible to do more than

fix general alternatives," Operations said, "but we shall have simple maps prepared. They will be without great detail, for we have no unused paper left. Now tell me," he continued, looking at Pere, "what's the population of this town, Gistain?"

"About five hundred. San Pedro de las Tabernas goes with it; say six hundred."

"Cattle town?"

"Yes, some. There's cobalt and lead mines."

"Ah." The officers commented quietly.

"We'll find help there," Camps said. In his youth the assistant commissar had been a miner. The Operations Chief wrote in the information against the town's name.

"Bielsa, what do you know about this place?"

"About five hundred. There are mines in the valley."

"I can't see any way over the mountains here. Do you have to go down the valley to this juncture and up again to continue along the chain?"

"No. It's hard going though. There's a difficult route over the Pineda range, then through the Passet breach, it's about here, and then down the Paso de Golis into the Soaso amphitheater. It's not for everybody, there's iron rungs in a low cliff there. There are other routes but you'd need someone who knew the place."

"Do you know the place?"

"Yes."

"All this is the Monte Perdido group?"

"Yes."

"*Caramba*," exclaimed a young middle-class lieutenant, "the Lost Division in the Lost Mountains!"

Pere started and looked with excitement toward Alberto. The telegrapher shouted, "I've got it, it's coming through," and everyone was silent, heads turned toward the door. The operator slowly wrote down a message on a piece of crumpled paper. A full minute of tense silence passed and then the telegrapher took off his head-piece and forced his way

through to the Commander, ignoring the outthrust hands.

Esquinazo read the message slowly and then gave it to his Chief of Staff. It was next handed to Alberto who, silently inquiring of the Colonel, received a nod for answer. He looked round and waited for silence.

"Ministry of War, Barcelona, Seo de Urgell, for 43rd Division, commanding officer, Señor Don Antonio Beltrán. Message received. Congratulations. Viva República."

"Vival!" Esquinazo exclaimed, and in low voices the officers answered, "Vival!"

"Relieving force recaptured Llavorsí yesterday. Held up, bad weather. Hold on. Heartfelt gratitude. Negrín."

"Llavorsí, where's Llavorsí?" Alberto demanded.

"In the Pallaresa valley, the other side of the Enchanted peaks," Pere answered.

"Where's that?" Torres intoned.

"Parallel valley to this, toward the coast."

"Well, they've retaken it; that's the best enchantment I know," Esquinazo said.

"You may as well read this," the Commissar said quietly, waiting for the Commander to object. Esquinazo kept silent. Alberto passed a slip of paper to Pere. "This is the message we sent out."

"Seo for Barcelona. Seo for Barcelona. Seo Barcelona. Met and totally destroyed two battalions enemy to-day. Captured quantity war material. Can hold out, have food, munitions. Beltrán 43rd Division. Seo for Barcelona, Seo . . . Barcelona. . . ."

"Comrade," Pere burst out and the paper shook in his hands. They waited for him to speak. "Viva la República," he concluded, unable to say more. "Viva," they answered again.

"What are the difficulties about establishing contact with the relief column?" Operations asked tapping the map.

"We'd have to cross the Beciberis and the Enchanted range. They're difficult to move over. Then take Espot and strike down into the Pallaresa, below Esterri."

"Difficult," the officer muttered, tracing a line on the map.

"You were talking about the Perdido region," Pere began, and drew himself erect and was silent.

The Commander lighted a cigarette and nodded to the Commissar who, after a pause, said, "Comrade Pere Cardona."

"Sir," Pere answered, standing to attention.

"The Staff has taken a decision about you. You are censured for the offense of disobedience and neglect of your duty as controlling officer of the west-side patrols. You are severely censured for striking a comrade. Do you accept that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Besides this censure, I must ask you to come to my room to-morrow at nine o'clock."

"Yes, comrade." He knew that he would have to face the party's directive committee; and he knew what to expect from them.

"In view of this, the commanding officer and the Divisional Commissar have decided, in consultation with senior officers, that your offense can go without further punishment."

"Oh Little Mother of God!" whispered Pere and put out his hands to Esquinazo. The Commander waved him back and he stood at attention beside the Operations Chief. Alberto glanced at Esquinazo who motioned that the Commissar should be silent.

"All right. We've decided that we can't undertake any more pitched battles like the one up yonder"—he jerked his head backwards toward the Aran heights—"or we shall run out of ammunition and have to take the trip over the frontier. So we're going to break up one half of the Division into three guerrilla forces; each working on its own, but keeping contact with me at Bielsa. You are to command the western force."

Pere stood facing Esquinazo, as if dazed.

"Esquinazo," he said at last, hoarsely, and saluted.

"You'll be working the farthest away from the base," the Commander continued, "and you'll have to live off the region, and do it with next to no munitions. Can you do that?"

"Yes."

Conversation broke out among the officers, but the Chief of Staff soon called the conference to order. "We shall meet to-morrow, at ten o'clock if possible, for discussion. You'll be here to lead it, Pere; we've got to study the maps. Comrades, you may go."


Pere left the Hospice and, though it was raining heavily again, he sat upon a shelf of rock just beside a shelter. For an hour he reflected upon the events of the last fortnight and the Malibierna battle.

At the end of the hour he remembered that he had put a piece of bread in his pocket and, feeling for it, was delighted to find it was much bigger than he had remembered. "What luck!" he exclaimed aloud, and settled himself more comfortably, drew his coat collar high, and hunched his shoulders, so that his head was protected. How good is bread, he thought, listening to the rain outside the retreat he had made. Contentedly he ate the bread, piece by small piece, relishing its wheaten flavor; happiness growing within him. When he had finished, thinking with merriment of the comradeship he would have, he returned to the Hospice. The sentry saluted wearily and he entered. He went to the detention room for his blankets, and climbed up the narrow stairs to the dormitory. He felt along the sleeping platform to find a space between booted feet.


"Cullon, that's the biggest pair of feet I've ever met," he whispered.

"You leave my feet alone," growled a sleepy voice, and Pere chuckled and edged himself between two snoring colleagues and slept soundly.

(The End)



One Man's Meat



By E. B. WHITE

AMONG the goat feathers which stick to us at this season of the year are some two hundred children's books. They are review copies, sent to my wife by the publishers. They lie dormant in every room, like November flies.

This inundation of juvenile literature is an annual emergency to which I have gradually become accustomed—the way the people of the Connecticut River valley get used to having the river come into their parlor. The books arrive in the mail by tens and twenties; we live with them for a few crowded, fever-laden weeks, and then fumigate. Lacking shelf space, we pile them everywhere—on chairs, beds, davenport, ledges, stair landings. Some of them we tuck away in spidery cupboards, among the crocks and fragments of an older civilization. Turn over a birch log on my hearth and you won't find a beetle, you'll find *Bumblebuzz*, the chronicle of a bee. Throw open the door of our kitchen cabinet, out will fall *The Story of Tea*. Pick up a sofa cushion and there, mashed to a pulp, will be a definitive work on drums, tomtoms, and rattles. For the past three weeks I have shared my best armchair with the *Boyhood Adventures of Our Presidents* and a rather heavy book about the valley of the Euphrates. Mine is an uncomfortable, but not uninformative, existence.

I have naturally come to know something about children's books from living so close to them and gazing hatefully at their jackets. A man can't be dogged from room to room by camels, pandas, and cocker spaniels and not gain some knowledge of their peculiar quality. Besides, although I resent their presence, I am not quite proof against children's books: yesterday I could have been found

flat on my stomach studying, with every evidence of complete absorption, an outdoor handicraft book in which I had discovered a chapter on how to build a tree-house. (There may have been, in this particular case, an unconscious urge to escape to green mansions; but anyway, there I was, and I didn't stop till I read that the finishing touch to a boy's 1939 tree-house was to equip it with a little radio.)

A man to-day should keep abreast of what the children of his country are reading. Juvenile books seem to follow old familiar paths, but in new clothes and with a new sense of destinations. Indians, animals, fairies, these old reliables still occupy the key positions. Indians seem, if anything, to be gaining—gaining in stature and in numbers. The child of twenty-five years ago had his Fenimore Cooper Indian, his cigar-store Indian, his lead-soldier Indian, and his Indian suit with a feather headdress; but he thought of an Indian as an agreeably blood-thirsty, but bygone, creature of history, definitely suspect. To-day, thanks to progressive education and some appreciative artists and writers in the Southwest, the Indian stands reborn—in a fine clean region of his own, half way between DiMaggio and Christ. He is high class. His pottery, his dance, his legends, his profile are cultural and good. To my own son the American Indian is a living presence, more vivid than Popeye. To my boy this isn't December—it is the Month of the Long Night Moon.

It's a funny thing about Indians. Everything about their persons and their habits seems to satisfy the imagination of youngsters. The farther the Indians get from the original, as the years roll on, the more dignity and caste they seem to ac-

quire. There is a certain charm in this tardy deification of the American primitive, but it sometimes strikes me as a little far from life: or maybe I don't meet the right Indians. The only live Indians I've come up against in the past few years were a rather pale group I saw in the Grand Central Galleries, sulkily admiring their own paintings, and an extremely brisk master-of-ceremonies at the Sportsman's Show, squealing like a moose into a loud speaker.

Close physical contact with the field of juvenile literature leads me to the conclusion that it must be a lot of fun to write for children—reasonably easy work, perhaps even important work. One side of it which must be exciting is finding a place, a period, or a thing that hasn't already been written about. This season's list indicates that the authors set about their task with a will. One of them, as I said before, hit upon the valley of the Euphrates. Another one shut his eyes, opened an atlas, and let his finger fall on the Louisiana bayous. Another, with enviable prescience, managed to turn out the third book of a trilogy on Czechoslovakia. Munro Leaf, scouring the earth for another *Ferdinand*, wound up in the Scotland of the MacGregors and the Maxine Sullivans. (Such is the staying power of success, you can have this rather flat tale in either the standard or the special de luxe edition.)

The custom of providing an authentic background for books for the young is almost universal. Authors are most specific. This winter, if a child should yearn to read of an American country town, he can have his choice between a country town in the Eighties and a country town in the Seventies. If his fancy turns to the California scene, he can have the Mexican quarter of Los Angeles or a prune ranch in the Santa Clara Valley. If he dotes on the deep South, he can assuage his hunger in the colored section of Charleston, the colored section of a small town in Florida, or that Louisiana bayou. If depressions are his hobby, he can enjoy the depression of 1817 on the

Ohio River or the depression of 1932 on the Potomac. Let his glance rest on the sea, he can amuse himself with the displacement of a battleship, the misadventures of a yawl in a storm; or, tiring of surface matters, he can go right down into the sea in company with nymphs, scuds, and crayfish. If yaks are his passion, he can have a whimsical London yak or a yak of a more practical sort in Tibet. Modern tidewater Virginia vies with Williamsburg before the Revolution, Ecuador competes with Bali. A mongrel of Kips Bay competes with an outlaw dog on a high windswept tract of Exmoor. Hawaii, Bermuda, South Africa, the Gobi Desert, the Ionian Sea—the authors go journeying on.



NOT less impressive than its geographical scope is the polyglot character of this literature. A child who romps around in the juvenile field to-day picks up a smattering of many tongues and dialects. I have just been browsing hit and miss in a deep pile of books, opening them in the middle and reading a page or two. The experience has left me gibbering.

The first book I opened was *Exploring With Andrews*. "Shortly after we left," I began, "torrential downpours swept away half a dozen *yurts* pitched at the bottom of a steep bluff."

Without going back to find out what a *yurt* was, I drifted on into the next book, *Soomoon, Boy of Bali*. It was my luck to alight on page 40, where, from somewhere in the village, "came the deep, hollow tones of a *gamelang*."

Yurts to you, *gamelang*, I thought to myself, and picked up the next book. It happened to be *Benjie's Hat*.

"Thee is an abomination, Eliphalet!" cried a character in this book.

"Who'all 'bomination?" squeaked Eliphalet.

"Thee is," declared Benjie.

I laid Benjie down and picked up *King of the Tinkers*, which seemed to have an Irish flavor to it.

"Sit down here wid me," piped up a fellow in my new book, "we'll have a long colloque together."

"I won't mind," interrupted a Hawaiian in *Hawaiian Holiday*, "if I can have Moki sit on my *lanai* and tell me stories until I go to sleep."

All right, Moki, I muttered drunkenly, thee can sit on my *lanai* and we'll all have a good old-fashioned colloque. Groggy, I picked up *Olympiad*, a book about ancient Greece, but I found no surcease. In fact I immediately encountered a young athlete who was being scraped with a strigil and taken to the *konisterion*.

Before I finished my browsing, I had learned how to count up to three in Siamese (*satu, dua, tiga*), and I knew that a *coati mundi* is also called a snookum bear, that *bei shung* is Chinese for panda, that *begashi* is Navajo for cows, and that *gu-bu-du gu-bu-du* is Zulu for bumpity bumpity. Right there I rested.

Like toys, books for children reflect surely the temper of the period into which they are born. With science dominating life nowadays, books for young people are largely scientific in their approach to their subject matter, whatever it may be. Even the cute animals of the nonsense school move against impeccable backgrounds of natural history; even a female ant who is sufficiently irregular to be able to talk English lays her eggs at the proper time and in the accepted manner.

In this year of infinite terror, when adults search the sky for trouble and when the desire of everyone is for a safe hole to hide in, it is not surprising to find writers of juveniles glorifying the idea of safety. There are two safety books on my sofa. One is called, somewhat wistfully, *Safety Can Be Fun*. The other, *The Safe-Way Club*, struck me as not far short of hilarious. It tells about a neighborhood organization started "by some fun-loving children to prevent accidents" and it contains the priceless sentence: "The Safe-Way Club had two weeks to get ready for the Parent-Teacher

Association Meeting, and what busy weeks they were!"

One laughs in demoniac glee at this sort of wild fantasy, but the laugh has a hollow sound. Books on safety for children by to-day's grown-up authors somehow lack conviction, and the very want of it is sobering. It is an odd place, this front yard of World Crisis, where adults with blueprints of bombproof shelters sticking from their pants pockets solemnly caution their little ones against running downstairs with lollypops in their mouths.

I have heard it said that rats collect trinkets, that if you expose a rat's nest, you may find bright bits of glass and other small desirable objects. A child's mind is such a repository—full of gems of questionable merit, paste and real, held in storage. What shining jewels shall we contribute this morning, sir, to this amazing collection? Educators and psychologists are full of theory about the young: they profess to know what a child should be taught and how he should be taught it, and they are often quite positive and surly about the matter. Yet the education of our young, in schools and in libraries, is a function of home and state which gives every appearance of having brilliantly failed the world. A Sunday night radio invasion of little people from Mars is still more credible than a book on the courses of the stars.

Much of our adult morality, in books and out of them, has a stuffiness unworthy of childhood. Our grown-up conclusions often rest on perilously soft bottom. Try to tell a child even the simplest truths about planetary, cosmic, or spiritual things, and you hear strange echoes in your own head. "Can this be me?" a voice keeps asking, "can this be me?" Dozens of times in the course of trying to act like a parent I have caught myself telling my boy things I didn't thoroughly comprehend myself, urging him toward conventional attitudes of mind and spirit I only half believed in and would myself gladly chuck overboard.

Such thoughts trouble you when you delve in children's books. A book like *Johnny Get Your Money's Worth*, for example, a primer for the young skeptic, inducting him into the world of consumers, where he mustn't even buy a pencil without biting it to see if it's made of cedar. Or a sycophantic book like *Favorite Stories of Famous Children* (when interviewed Miss Temple wore white linen with hand embroidered triangles in Alice blue). Or the group of youth novels, which seem almost like parodies of the novel form, and whose expurgated account of life is an insult to the intelligence of adolescence.

A large amount of the published material is dull, prosy stuff, by writers who mistake oddity for fantasy and whose wildly beating wings never get them an inch off the ground. (Incidentally, one of the few books which struck me as being in the true spirit of nonsense is one called *The 500 Hats of Bartholomew Cubbins*, by Dr. Suess.) Some of the books are patronizing, some are mushy, some are grand. Almost all are beautifully illustrated. From them you can discover how to build everything from a Chippewa water drum to a pair of under-sea goggles. The exciting thing about them is that, whatever else they are, they


are free to be read, untainted by anything but the rigors and joys of pure creation. From *Bumblebuzz* to the *Boy Scouts Yearbook of Fun in Fiction*, there's nothing that can be construed as government propaganda.

The gamut of life must seem splendidly wide to children whose books these are. They may begin with *Little Orphan Willie Mouse*, but they must end with *Windows of the World*, whose unsparing author fixes them with his eye and asks:


And if you are in the trenches, what can you hope for? If you're a man between 18 to 40, that's probably where you'll be. You may be burned to death by flame-throwers, riddled by machine-gun bullets, pulverized by hurtling bombs, chewed by rats in the night, suffocated in leaking gas masks, thrust through your eyes, chest, or belly with triple-bladed bayonets, poisoned with drinking water polluted by unburied bodies.

From such macabre interrogation I had to turn away, being no longer a child. Luckily I found solace in a good wholesome juvenile mystery, which began: "The long, luxurious Rolls Royce, glittering with chromium and enamel, slid over the crest of Cajon Pass and shot down the smooth incline leading into the desert. The hour was sunset."

Sunset in Cajon Pass, and a Rolls Royce under me! This was more like it!



The Easy Chair



FROM DREAM TO FICTION

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

WHEREIN does a novelist differ from the generality of human kind? Any layman who happens to know a novelist would probably answer that the most noticeable difference is conversational. Most people can talk impersonally for perceptible periods, many people for considerable periods, whereas every topic you broach with a novelist leads straight to him or his books in a sentence or two, or at most a minute or two. This lay test, however, is crude and unselective. It does not distinguish novelists from other artists or even from other literary people. There may be a difference between the rates of personal reference at which poets and novelists operate, but science has not yet developed instruments sufficiently delicate to reveal it.

A distinction believed in by novelists themselves, their colleagues the critics, and the textbooks is even more illusory. A novelist, they tell us, is an observer, a person who perceives the appearance of things more rapidly and more accurately than the layman can. This textbook definition has such a widespread acceptance that the aspiring young who want to be novelists go about with notebooks jotting down tragedies which they think they find in faces in subway cars and pausing in the midst of sunsets and symphonies to make notes on presumably significant details. By extension the talent is supposed to make novelists so exquisitely sensitive to human relationships that they cannot come into a group of people without at once intuitively per-

ceiving the subtlest relationships, stresses and strains, hopes and frustrations, and unfinished dramas in that group.

Nothing could be farther from the truth. Novelists are among the least observant of human beings; they are practically impermeable by what goes on around them except as it can come through channels of personal reference. Embarrassing experience has taught them not to rely on even such routine functions of the sense organs as they share with lesser folk. The novelist's wife can tell tulle from chiffon at sight and can remember exactly what Louise had on the other night. The novelist cannot, and he has learned to appeal to her for costumes and to other authorities for all his supporting details. A sedentary and hypochondriac man, he has never seen the interior of a factory or been present when finks and strikers were rioting—and if he went out to see for himself would be too worried about accidents and head colds to keep his mind on what was happening. Those vivid impressions of industrial activity which you admire so much and those violent strike scenes come from the newspaper accounts which the novelist looked up and from his files of *Life* and *Fortune*. And you have probably admired a good many scenes of passion which, because the novelist's experience was defective, rest on the researches of Havelock Ellis.

As for the intuitive recognition of human nuances, you could almost grade a novelist's talent by the degree of his in-

sensibility to them. You could not hope to conceal a quarrel with your wife from a society reporter or your next-door neighbor, but it is safe from a novelist even if he enters in the middle of it. He will get there in the end and may find that quarrel very useful in his new book, but it will have no existence for him until he can relate it to himself. If Sinclair Lewis were to attend a Rotary luncheon it is unlikely that he could correctly report the color of his sponsor's hair, accurately outline the speaker's argument against the closed shop, or reproduce the menu. He could write a vivid scene about that luncheon, but it would derive not from what he saw and heard there but from the fictitious luncheon that was simmering in his mind when he went there. And it is certain that if William Faulkner happened to enter a shabby Southern drawing-room in the early stages of such an intrigue as the doom of his last chapter springs from, he would be wholly unaware of the incest or mass murder implicit in it. He would be insulated from it by the horror he was working up for his current novel. An inferior novelist might see the Rotary luncheon reasonably free of preconceptions or deduce a gathering horror from the behavior of the Southern chatelaine. But Mr. Lewis and Mr. Faulkner are good novelists; they have no capacity for observation, no energy to spare for intuition, and no practice at either.

Ask a novelist where he got the behavior of his characters in a given scene and you are likely to get one of two answers. One novelist will tell you that it rests on his prolonged study of human nature, here concentrated, purified, and focussed on the necessities of his book. Another novelist will indignantly repudiate a suggestion that he has summarized a hundred case histories in this scene and will tell you that he "made it up." The second one is defining the act of artistic creation, and it will be safer to follow him.

When you or I in a warm reverie redress a grievance by squelching someone

with the well-turned phrase we didn't have the wit to think of on the spot, when as we fall asleep we endow ourselves with the wealth or loveliness or daring that a heedless God neglected to give us, we are behaving like novelists. A novelist is a person who has a highly developed gift of phantasy and an ability to organize his phantasies in coherent sequences. He "makes up" stories; that is, his phantasy-life is continuous, not episodic and fragmentary, and while he is composing novels, if not always, it takes priority over his sense of reality. You and I make up phantasies to redress our grievances, satisfy needs, and gratify impulses which it is inexpedient to express in action, and repair the omissions of the providence that has given us less than we deserve. So does a novelist; but whereas experience has taught us to pursue the activity as an off-hours pleasure only, a novelist has rejected that teaching. With him phantasy is not on a lower level than experience but on a higher one; it is not "less real" than what happens to him in the objective world but "more real." It is his conditioning connection with the objective world.

The characters and events in a novel have only a permissive existence for a reader, who accepts them most easily when they confirm the pattern or amplify the detail of his own phantasies, and who is always able to distinguish between the novelist's heroine and his own wife. But they have more validity to their creator; they are more immediate in time than the world of friendship and nutrition and fatigue in which his body hap-hazardly exists, and during the composition of the novel they are frequently superior to it. During that period they are the conduits by which realities reach him; they impart emotion to those realities instead of acquiring it from them. At a time when the beautiful Angelina is being agonized in the phantasies from which his novel flows, any agonies which the novelist's wife may suffer must enter into his awareness by way of Angelina's and be shaped by them. Any evidence

of the collapse of capitalism which the novelist may encounter on his afternoon walks will be modified for his understanding by the pattern he is preparing for it in phantasy. Mr. Lewis will not see what is happening at the Rotary Club; that luncheon is an inferior thing, it exists on a lower level. He has been assembling a much more splendid Rotary inside him and it screens out the irrelevant actualities before his eyes.

Such phantasies are the basis of every novel. They are generated by the impact of the novelist's experience on his ego; they flow from what has happened to him in relation to his needs, urges, impulses, disappointments, fears, hopes, anxieties, and aspirations—to the sum of these from his infancy on. A novel is a psychological adaptation: a means whereby its author adjusts the world as he must feel about it to the world as he is forced to think about it. Necessarily therefore, it steams and ferments with its author's personal history. But usually the details of that history, except in their most trivial aspects, are quite beyond identification by a critic or inquisitive friend. The sophistication of a novelist consists of the ability to incorporate with his own emotions material which acquires life from them by induction and to fuse public and private elements into something new and different from both. The characters and events of a novel are not usually history but symbols, and the more mature a novelist is the more complex his symbolism will be.

You will not, that is, recover the novelist's quarrel with his best friend from the antipathy between Jack and Herbert in his latest novel, nor will you find his love affair with a movie actress chronicled in the career of Angelina, and no confession that an identifiable woman once treated him harshly is signified by the cruelties inflicted on Sophia. And Jack, the hero, is not the novelist as he wishes or imagines himself to be. Or rather, the novelist is indeed Jack but Jack is also an almost infinite number of other people who have affected the novelist's

life and is furthermore compounded of needs and desires and compensations and penalties and dreads, some of them private to the author and others picked up elsewhere and welded in here because they are on the same wave-length. In the same way the craven Herbert is an act of revenge on various people who have injured the novelist, a defiance of some who have frightened him, and also a public confession of his own guilt. The secret villainies of the heart are here acknowledged and an incantation is made against their punishment. So with Angelina and Sophia. In both are vestiges of many actual women; and each of them is also a complex image of longing unfulfilled, desire unsatisfied, and revenge taken; and also they are a compulsive projection of the novelist himself. So with all the others, the little boy on page 60, the old family servitor, and the menacing crowd offstage. When they walk and talk it is the novelist walking and talking, and also innumerable images projected from the swarm within him, deposits left on him by contact with many lives, and something straight from the compulsive core of fear and desire that throbs below his consciousness.

Everyone who reads novels must, however else he may classify them besides, divide them into a small group of very good ones and a large group of the mediocre or worse. There is a flagrant hint for us in the mediocre ones. In most run-of-the-mill novels the scenes that deal with childhood are better done, more convincing, more real and alive than the other parts. Novelists seem to find it easier to write about childhood than about maturity, as if their own adult life had proved less important than the enchanted years, or as if a compulsion lingering on from childhood was stronger than their adult will. Furthermore, the characters of a mediocre novel are sometimes preposterously simple in motive and behavior, as simple as a child thinks adults are. Or they seem to have a child's emotions when a grown-up's are called for. Or they seem to be not warm,

fallible, and contradictory human beings but just creatures in a fable, in a child's phantasy of virtue, heroism, villainy, danger, or destruction. What happens to them is as uncomplicated and as little related to what actually happens in this world as a child's image of what will happen to it if it expresses hatred of a parent.

In short, the peril of one who has an unusual gift of phantasy is that he may be emotionally fixed at the level of childhood, and a bad novel is commonly a form of regression toward infancy. A really good novelist must have many talents and their proportion may vary from person to person, but the common essential is this: that he must so far transcend his childhood as to impart to the phantasies from which his books are made the emotions proper to an adult. There is no such thing as a complete delivery from childhood—especially for an artist who, as all criticism recognizes, is invariably a person in whom the child he once was lives on concurrently with his mature self. The true generative force of phantasy derives from the years in which there is no distinction between the world of experience and that of imagination. So that, though a mature novelist's personal history cannot be recovered from his books, their pattern nevertheless reveals the pattern that was made basic during his childhood. No novelist ever has more than one story. Look at his collected works and you will find in all of them an assertion of the same magnificent simplicity: doom earned or doom avoided, desire fulfilled or unfulfilled, cruelty or tenderness tri-

umphant, the world conquering or the world conquered, life stable or life flowing away. It was thus in dread or dream when the novelist was young and it will be thus in all his books. But the mature artist is one who can modulate and modify the dream—who can reconcile it with reality. An inferior novelist writes fables in compliance with a child's urges; a mature novelist has made those urges obey the teachings of experience.

In every novel the shapes of childhood will be walking, and part of its power for any reader will be the response of a child recognizing another child. But in a fine novel there is an additional power, that of meeting adults, children who have grown up to be men, who are no longer controlled by a child's fears and wishes, in whom dream has been shaped to conform to what really is. A fine novel is a victory for the reality-principle, for the faculty of control, for the human will.

It remains a vicarious triumph, since it is produced in printer's ink. But art is the world of vicarious experience, and if only in that world are some of the achievements of maturity possible for the artist, it is only there that some of them are possible for the rest of us. None of us has ever completely silenced the little monster from whom he grew, and it is only in novels that we shall ever break all the chains that bind us to him. If a novel is sometimes the only place in which its writer can be altogether grown up, it is also a place where a reader may put away childish things altogether and be what he will never be outside of fiction, a whole man.

For information concerning the contributors in this issue, see PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE on the following pages



Harper's *Magazine*

THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN

BY JOHN GUNTHER

EVEN the Emperor of Japan is a human being. He eats, sleeps, and has an individual life like the rest of us. He was born; he begat children; he will die. But his human characteristics, interesting as they may be, are overwhelmingly outweighed by the factor of divinity. The Emperor of Japan was "born": but assuredly not to a tradition shared by merely mortal men. The Emperor of Japan will "die": but his death, like his birth, will be no more than an episode in a cosmic, eternal process. He is human, but also he is considered to be virtually a god.

The Japanese Emperor, being divine, is more than the head of the state. He *is* the state. Sovereignty is believed by the orthodox to reside actually *in* the person of the Emperor, not in any organ of government. The Emperor and the people are one. All Japanese, not merely the Emperor, consider themselves to be of divine or semi-divine origin; the Emperor is the ruling deity, a kind of father, uniting the entire population in his august, impersonal, and radiant being.

The godlike qualities of the Emperor of Japan are difficult concepts to describe. First, we plunge at once into mysticism. But no understanding of Japan is possible until the position of the Throne is made reasonably clear, which is quite above and beyond that of any throne in the west, largely because of the religious factor and religious symbolism. Second, we risk offending the Japanese, to whom the person of the Emperor is not a fit subject for observation and description.

The veneration, the indubitable awe, with which loyal and patriotic Japanese—which means a very considerable proportion indeed of the Japanese nation—hold the Emperor is a phenomenon unique in contemporary politics. To westerners it may be a baffling phenomenon. But most westerners, who believe in the validity of scientific inquiry, in the free play of the free mind, in the rational characteristics of experience, will find a very great deal that is baffling in the mysticism of Japan. By mysticism I do not mean self-delusion. I mean

merely the instinct of a people to accept freely phenomena which cannot be accounted for by purely intellectual processes.

The bulk of the Japanese people have great reverence for their Emperor, but very few ever see him. This is because they are supposed to cast down their eyes when, in some ceremonial procession, he approaches. They are not, strictly speaking, permitted to *look* at him—though doubtless some bold spirits peek. The origin of this practice is the mythological belief that direct view of the Son of Heaven will cause blindness.

Portraits of the Emperor are comparatively rare. By common custom the face is covered with tissue or cellophane. When the Emperor travels, even if it is for hundreds of miles across Japan, every window blind along the entire route must be drawn—which necessitates a good deal of work by the assiduous police.

No one must look *down* on the Emperor. The tower of the new police building in Tokyo has never been completed, because it was discovered that windows therein might give a view of the imperial gardens. On the other hand, modern exigencies have compelled modifications of this rule; for instance, when the Emperor opens the Diet, journalists in the gallery do look down on him.

Time magazine published a front-cover portrait of the Emperor in 1936. The editors were asked to appeal to their readers not to handle the magazine upside down, or to place any object on it. The cartoonist William Gropper once caricatured the Emperor in *Vanity Fair*—not very savagely. The Japanese Embassy in Washington immediately lodged an official protest. The Japanese issue of *Fortune*, an admirable job, was suppressed in Japan, not so much for its contents but because on the cover it printed the imperial chrysanthemum, a precious Japanese symbol. (Curiously, *Fortune* gave the chrysanthemum fifteen petals instead of the correct sixteen. Or per-

haps this was a clever—but unsuccessful—dodge to avoid offense, by means of deliberate inaccuracy.)

A distinguished foreign ambassador asked his Japanese secretary his opinion of the Emperor's appearance (which was quite good and normal) after both had attended an imperial garden party. The secretary refused to reply on the grounds that a reply would be blasphemy.

Once a traffic policeman misdirected the imperial procession during a village ceremony. He killed himself in shame. (It is not true, however, that the Emperor's chauffeur or locomotive-driver must commit *hara-kiri* if their conveyances are late.)

Doctors were not allowed to touch the bodies of the Emperor's father and grandfather, except with silk gloves. The legend is that even the court tailor had to measure the late Emperor's clothes from a respectful distance—which made a good fit somewhat difficult.

Servants in the imperial household purify themselves by special ceremonies before approaching the august presence.

A very distinguished jurist and professor, Dr. Minobe, who had held the chair in government at Tokyo Imperial University for thirty years, lost his job and narrowly escaped assassination because it was discovered that in a book published twenty years before he had referred to the Throne as merely an "organ" of the state.

Details like these, which are chosen from among dozens available, are sufficient preliminary indication of both the brightness and the impenetrable opacity of the aura that surrounds the Emperor. We must try to define this aura, to circumscribe it. One hesitates to affront Japanese susceptibilities; what follows is written with proper deference to the sensitiveness of Japan. The Emperor is the living symbol, the emblem, the personification, of Japanese destiny. But the destiny of Japan may be the destiny of much of Asia—and demands complete and impartial investigation.

II

His Imperial Majesty Hirohito, one hundred and twenty-fourth Emperor of Japan in an unbroken dynasty, was born on April 29, 1901, in Tokyo at 10:10 P.M. He was educated by tutors, in the Peers' School, and on a trip to Europe. He became regent in 1922, when his father, not a strong man, was overcome by illness. In 1924 he married Princess Nagako Kuni, by whom he has five children. On Christmas day, 1926, Hirohito ascended the throne, and in 1928 he was formally enthroned.

First let us tackle the name. Japan has had only one dynasty in 2,598 years, according to Japanese mythologists and historians; thus no family or dynastic name is necessary. Literally Hirohito, the given name of the Emperor, which is written in two ideographs (symbols) in Japanese, means "magnanimous" and "exalted." The second ideograph in the name, "hito" (exalted), appears in the names of most emperors. Only the first ideograph varies. No one else in Japan may use the syllables "hito" in his name; the law does not forbid it, but implacable custom does. Rumor has it that a peasant in a remote district once named his son "Hirohito"; when he discovered that this was the Emperor's name he killed his family and committed *hara-kiri*.

Immediately an Emperor begins his reign, he chooses another name. This is the name of the reign, while he lives; when he dies, *he* becomes known by this name. Thus the last Emperor, Hirohito's father, was named (at birth) Yoshihito; now he is called "Taisho," the name he adopted for his reign. The present emperor calls his reign "Showa," which means—curiously enough!—"Radiant Peace." After his death his reign will be called the Showa period, and he himself will be known, not as Hirohito, but as Showa. Years in Japan are calculated in these periods; 1938 is Showa 12.

Japanese never refer to the Emperor by his name. To do so would be to commit

sacrilege. They never, in fact, even mention him, if they can avoid doing so; when they must, they refer simply to the Throne, or say *Heika Denka* (Sublime Majesty) or *Tenshi-Sama* (Son of Heaven). After an Emperor is dead he is called the "Tenno," a posthumous title. Of course Japanese continue to venerate and indeed worship him, as they do all ancestors, after death as well as before.

The term "Mikado" is never used in Japan to identify the Emperor. Such usage of "Mikado" is purely foreign. Literally Mikado means "gate" with an honorific prefix; hence "Gate of Heaven," which is analogous to terminology in our experience, like Sublime Porte. Japanese sometimes use "Mikado" as an indirect way of referring to the Emperor impersonally, as someone in London might say "the Court" to indicate George VI. But he is *never* called "the" Mikado.

Emperors seldom even write their own names; names were not, in fact, used on official proclamations until 1868. Now the Emperor signs some papers, using "Hirohito" in Japanese ideographs, but as a rule a seal is used instead of a signature. When a law is promulgated in the official gazette, two characters meaning simply "Honorable Name" are printed to indicate the seal. Once or twice in bestowing decorations upon foreigners the Emperor has signed his name in English.

There have been three Emperors in the modern period, i.e., since the "Meiji Restoration" in 1868, when Japan re-entered the world with such a rush and push as the world has seldom seen before, after 251 years of complete isolation. The Emperor who was "restored," that is, transformed from shadow into substance by being liberated from control by the shoguns (hereditary dictators), was Mutsuhito, known now as Meiji. He was the present Emperor's grandfather, and one of the great men of Asia; he ruled from 1868 to 1911—forty-four tremendous years. His son, Yoshihito

or Taisho, the present Emperor's father, was a lesser man.

But the family of Hirohito, the present Emperor, goes back considerably more than these three generations. Indeed, it goes back in uninterrupted succession for 2,598 years, all the way to 660 B.C. when the first Emperor Jimmu founded the dynasty. It goes back even further than that, for Jimmu himself was a fifth-generation descendant of the Sun Goddess, the chief Japanese deity, who was herself a descendant of other deities.

The dynasty has never died out. It has survived more than 2,500 years. One reason is a fertility natural to the Japanese. Another is that in Japan the process of adoption is legal equivalent of actual kinship. Another is that in the old days a very considerable number of Japanese Emperors were not monogamous. At any rate there are to-day no less than *fourteen* different branches of the royal house. The Salic law is observed, and women may not inherit the throne; but there is no danger that the males will give out. The remarkable thing is not so much that the imperial line survived naturally, but that it was never ousted or overthrown. During many centuries the Emperors were shadows, utterly without temporal power, but no Japanese tyrant or shogun ever quite dared to change the dynasty.

Japanese Emperors are not crowned. They simply accede to the succession. There is no crown. At once the new Emperor issues his first imperial rescript. That of Hirohito, following time honored phraseology, began as follows:

Having succeeded, through the benign influence of Our Imperial Ancestors, to the Throne of a lineal succession unbroken for ages eternal, and having assumed the power to reign over and govern the Empire, We have now performed the solemnity of the accession to the Throne. It is Our resolve to observe the fundamental rules of the State, to cultivate the inherited virtues, and to maintain intact the glorious tradition set by Our Ancestors.

The equivalent of coronation is the great festival of enthronement (*Go-Tai-rei*) and the food festival (*Daijo-sai*), held

in Kyoto, the old capital, after the accession. These are a combination of secular and religious rites—just as is a coronation in Westminster Abbey—but the religious element is more pronounced.

First in circumstances of great ceremony the Emperor approaches a small, simple Shinto shrine and "informs the spirits of his ancestors that he has ascended the throne." Second, appearing in dull orange robes ("the earliest color of the rising sun"), he listens to the official communication from the prime minister announcing the accession. The scene is tremendous; nothing in Europe or even in Asia can rival it. "The living world is informed of what previously had been announced to the world of spirits." Finally, quite alone, the Emperor celebrates a kind of harvest festival, by offering food to the gods, and, after various subtle purifications, communing in a lonely hut with his heavenly kin.

Three paramount symbols of kingship and divinity play their role in these rites, The Mirror, The Necklace, and The Sword, which the Sun Goddess gave Jimmu as symbols of sovereignty. Of these the mirror is the most sacrosanct, because in it one sees the soul of the sun; even the Emperor is supposed never actually to look at it; in a black box, bound with white silk, it reposes in the great shrine at Ise. A replica of the mirror, however, is kept in that room of the Tokyo palace known as the Kashkido-koro, or place of awe. According to legend, the mirror was the supreme instrument of warfare in the early days; its reflection caught the august and terrible eye of the sun, and blinded all adversaries.

The necklace or chaplet, composed of stones—rather like our wampum—is kept in Tokyo. The sword exists only in replica, since the original was "lost" in battle in feudal times. When a new Emperor accedes to the throne, his first privilege is to accept custody of the sword replica, the mirror replica, and the necklace. All three, the supreme holinesses of Japan, go with him to Kyoto for the enthronement; but the *original* mirror

never leaves the shrine at Ise, near Nagoya, which is the most hallowed place in Japan. It was put there by an Emperor in the year 3 A.D.

The shrine of Ise, that of the Sun Goddess herself, is visited by the Emperor on great occasions. He goes there ceremoniously to inform the Sun Goddess, to report to her, as it were, of imposing events. He went after his father's death; both before and after his trip to Europe; after his marriage, and so on; if Japan should *declare* a war, he would go again. All cabinet ministers or other high officials must at once go to Ise, pray there, and *notify* the Sun Goddess of their appointment. This is their first duty. Some years ago a cabinet minister named Mori, visiting the shrine inadvertently or through terrible carelessness committed the sacrilege of lifting its curtain with his walking stick. He was instantly assassinated.

A few months ago I stood near the entrance of the great Meiji shrine in Tokyo. Few things can be more interesting than to watch Japanese at prayer. It was a rainy afternoon, but ladies in kimonos, old gentlemen in frock coats, walked along the shiningly neat grass, up the combed gravel path, and stood there, briefly, in the rain. It is all done outdoors. The devotee approaches, bows, then sharply claps his hands. This is to summon the spirit of the ancestor with whom he wishes to confer. A few moments then of conversation with the ancestor—in a quick, urgent, audible whisper. Then another bow, copper pennies tossed across the straw mat, a final bow, and departure backward.

When I arrived in Japan I distinguished myself for naïveté by asking what I thought was a simple question, "If the Emperor is himself a God, to whom does he pray?"

He prays, of course, to his forebears. But inadvertently I had raised a complex theological point. Is the Emperor himself actually a God? Of course he is divine, but is he "a" God? Authorities vary. By some orthodox Japanese he is

considered definitely to be, in his own person, "an actual, living Deity." Others say merely that he is to the Japanese mind "the supreme Being in the Cosmos of Japan as God is in the universe to a pantheistic philosopher." He is "the representative of the whole race . . . from time immemorial and enduring until the end of time, as the abstract figure converted into a concrete and manifest symbol."

Shinto, the national religion, is an extraordinarily difficult concept to define. Recently a government commission spent three years trying to do so, and then gave up. In essence it is simply worship of Japan—the nation itself. It exists in two forms, secular and theological; all Japanese patriots are believers in Shinto, but they may be Buddhists—or even Christians—at the same time. Its distinguishing mark is a combination of ancestor worship and patriotism; all Japanese have a common descent from the Sun Goddess, and they all venerate their ancestors; all may derivatively be said to be members of the same great family, with the Emperor at its head. There are 80 million gods in the Japanese pantheon. Every soldier killed in battle is enshrined, revered by his descendants, and becomes, if not an actual god, at least a definite figure in the general religious structure.

In his beautiful and indispensable book, *Japan: A Short Cultural History*, Sir George Sansom says:

At the core of all Shinto ceremonial is the idea of purity, and at the core of all Shinto belief is the idea of fertility. . . . In its earliest days the religion which, much later, came to be known as Shinto, the Way of the Gods, seems to have been a polytheism of a crude and exuberant type. . . . To say that primitive Japanese conceived of all natural objects as harboring a spirit, or that their religion was an animistic nature worship, is to apply exact terms to things which are too vague and various for simple definition.

The chief point to make about Shinto is its comparatively recent *revival* as a political as well as a religious force. Like the temporal power of the Emperor him-

self, Shinto was in eclipse until the Meiji restoration in 1868. Gradually the architects of the restoration discovered the extreme practical use of such religio-patriotic symbolism. The Emperor, as head of the nation, was also head of a vast single family, if Shinto doctrine was to be believed; thus—to put it crudely—Shinto could be made to serve an extremely pertinent political aim, namely the conception of indissoluble unity of the state. Japanese worship of the Emperor has existed since the earliest times, but it is extraordinarily significant that this worship has been latterly much reinforced and re-emphasized. For instance, the Emperor Meiji was the first *recent* Emperor to pray on his accession at the Ise shrine.

When you ask an intelligent, modern-minded Japanese, a research student in biology for instance, or a political journalist who went abroad to school, if he believes the Emperor of Japan to be divine, he will probably reply—if the door is shut—that he does not. The official story of the Emperor's descent from the Sun Goddess is too difficult to accept. But most Japanese, even the minority with highly modern minds, believe it to be good and valuable that the bulk of Japanese do believe in imperial sanctity. Thus even the skeptics encourage the mythology. And they serve their purpose best by *behaving* as if they believed in the mythology too.

Thus we reach a cardinal point. The divinity of the Emperor is a political weapon of great potency in the hands of those who rule Japan.

III

The Emperor lives to-day in the inner, hidden halls of Kyujo palace in the center of Tokyo, one of the most formidably picturesque buildings in the world. For centuries it was the fortress and castle of the shoguns; the imperial family took it over on being restored to temporal power in 1868. With great pictorial impact it symbolizes the austere and magnificent

phenomenon it houses. A broad outer moat (once there were three separate moats), with water of iridescent green, reflecting the gnarled pines alongside, bounds a tremendous granite wall. The bulwark of this irregularly circular wall, some miles in length, is interrupted by forty gates, and by a series of commanding towers. The wall is built of very large square gray boulders, set against a bank of earth without mortar or plaster, so that it is earthquake proof. Inside the wall are the green lawns, the gardens, the villas, the palace, and the various subsidiary paraphernalia of the imperial establishment. Entrance, except to specially invited guests, is forbidden.

In summer Hirohito and his family go as a rule to Hayama, a watering place near Kamakura, about thirty miles from Tokyo. Here the Emperor swims (he is an excellent swimmer) and otherwise relaxes. Often he collects specimens of marine biology for laboratory work. His beach is, of course, private, but in the adjacent area other male bathers must wear tops to their suits, which is not obligatory elsewhere in Japan. The imperial family has other villas scattered through eastern Japan—perhaps fifty in all. The Emperor seldom visits them.

His routine of work, his official occupations, are determined by ancient custom and are severely circumscribed. Twenty-one times each year there are ceremonies of worship to conduct. Once a year the Emperor attends services at the Yasakuni shrine, where the Japanese military dead are enshrined; once a year he attends the graduation exercises of the military and naval academies; he attends the opening of the Diet and similar ceremonies; he is consulted by the prime minister and the army chieftains. He receives newly accredited foreign ambassadors, and occasionally gives audiences to other distinguished foreigners.

The presentation of letters of credence by a new ambassador is an extremely formal ceremony. The new ambassador is received quite alone. None of his staff enters. He advances, bows three times,

and reads his letter. The Emperor then reads his reply. After this there may be a few moments of conversation. The Emperor speaks through an interpreter, who must keep his eyes on the ground, and who whispers. The new ambassador then bows again three times, and departs backward.

When the Vice-President of the United States, Mr. Garner, visited Tokyo en route to the Philippines, he told friends in his jovial way that, when he was received by the Emperor, he was going to take an American dollar watch from his pocket, and say, "Your Majesty, here is one thing you folks can't imitate and undersell!" Horrified, all the Americans in Japan told Mr. Garner that he must under no circumstances do this, since, if he did, the Emperor's aides in the room would consider that the Emperor had been insulted and would have to commit suicide. In any case Garner gave up the idea—after finding several Japanese watches that *were* imitation American watches selling for thirty cents.

Three times in his reign the Emperor has received foreign journalists. One, however, Jules Sauerwein, was received not as a newspaper man but merely as a distinguished French visitor; the other two, Ward Price of the *Daily Mail* and Roy W. Howard of the Scripps-Howard newspapers, got some moments of amiable conversation but not much news. American editors offer a standing \$100 bonus to any Tokyo correspondent who interviews the Emperor. None ever has.

Twice a year, however, the Emperor gives a large garden party—a cherry blossom party in April and a chrysanthemum party in November—to which journalists are invited, among the 7,000 other guests. This is at variance with the tradition of other royal courts; for instance, newspaper men are as a rule excluded from garden parties at Buckingham Palace. The invitation contains no R. S. V. P.; it is a command. Guests assemble in formal afternoon dress, and the Emperor and Empress walk slowly through the garden from the imperial pavilion.

Hats may be worn by gentlemen (of course they are doffed as the Emperor passes), but not overcoats, no matter how cold the weather. Until recently the old-style frock coat was *de rigueur*, because it covered more of a person than a cut-away, and hence was considered to be more modest. The garden parties were cancelled in 1937 and 1938 on account of the China war, or, as the Japanese say, "incident."

Very occasionally the Emperor gives a dinner party, for instance if a distinguished visitor like a British royal prince is in Tokyo. At a big banquet, the Emperor sits alone on a small dais, higher than his guests. If the party is small, his chair is at the normal level. The Emperor knows both English and French tolerably, but even at a small dinner party he converses in Japanese through an interpreter. Guests at an imperial party, by universal Japanese custom, must take food away with them. In the old days they were supposed to carry away fruit or rice, as symbol of the Emperor's hospitality; now a small box of cake is given each guest. This should be carefully preserved. Food, any food, is precious in Japan; historically it is a hungry country, and the custom derives from this. Ministers and Ambassadors, once a year, receive small teacups as gifts; you can tell how long any diplomat has been in Tokyo by the number of these cups carefully and conspicuously placed in his dining-room.

The Emperor plays tennis and golf—persistent rumors describe a nine-hole golf course inside the palace wall, but no one has ever seen it—but his chief hobby is marine biology. (His golf score, by the way, is a zealously guarded secret.) Visiting biologists of distinction see him fairly regularly, though the visits are never officially announced. Several rooms of the palace serve as a laboratory, and the Emperor is happiest when he is working with his microscope, inspecting minute growths and organisms, which he likes to collect himself. Photography is another hobby, as it is of almost all Japa-

nese. He likes to ride occasionally, and his white stallion, Shirayuki (White Snow), is famous.

He is up at six as a rule, and retires early. He neither drinks nor smokes. His health is stated to be good, though he was frail as a boy. He is, as everyone knows, short-sighted. One curious item is that he never wears any clothes twice, not even underwear. The used clothing is given to minor officials, provincial administrators and the like, and is a precious gift. When he must leave the palace for some ceremony, he is driven in a maroon limousine, a color reserved for the imperial family; no other maroon automobiles are allowed in Japan. Extreme precautions are taken to guard him. Streets are shut off; every building on the route is rigidly inspected.

The Emperor had several tutors as a child, one of whom, General Nogi, who captured Port Arthur in the Russo-Japanese war, committed suicide with his wife as a mark of devotion when the Emperor Meiji died. Thus when still a child the Emperor was brought poignantly in contact with the Japanese tradition of "following in death." A subsequent tutor was Admiral Togo, the greatest Japanese hero of the day. The Emperor, it is recorded, showed marked talent as a schoolboy; one of his early enthusiasms was *Æsop*, and before he was ten he was composing fables in the *Æsop* manner. In 1921, when heir apparent, he went abroad—something that no Japanese royal prince had done for some 2500 years. When his departure was announced, one hundred Tokyo boys offered to commit *hara-kiri* jointly, if he would give up the trip. He went. Presumably the boys are still alive.

Most of the existing anecdotes about the Emperor—there are not many—derive from this period of travel. Aboard a warship a pet monkey swallowed a screw. No one could make him disgorge it—until Hirohito had the bright idea of giving him a piece of sugar instead. In the London underground Hirohito, who is not allowed to touch

money, had no ticket, and replied to the rebuke of the conductor with exemplary sang-froid. And so on. In Gibraltar the Prince bet on the races. He won. "With rare presence of mind and exquisite tact," wrote a Japanese witness quoted by *Time*, "His Imperial Highness took the bundle of notes, handing it at once to Admiral Oguri so that it might be properly dealt with."

Highly earnest and conscientious—courage and tranquillity are adduced by Japanese as his other outstanding characteristics—the Emperor continues with his studies even to-day. Lecturers on various subjects, specialists in their fields, which may include art, economics, zoölogy, foreign literature, come to the palace at regular intervals for what are in effect regular courses of instruction. The names of the professors and details of their teaching are a strict secret.

Cautiously—very cautiously—attempts are being made to "humanize" the Emperor. He has never spoken on the radio, and has never been photographed inspecting workers' dwellings or even saluting winners at athletic meets, but gradually—very gradually—he is being presented to the Japanese people as a human as well as a divine being. For instance statements were recently issued by the imperial household—an unprecedented occurrence—mentioning the arduousness of His Majesty's inspection of troops, his assiduous work in politics, and describing in "warm, human, and intimate" terms his daily routine and regime.

Every New Year's Day the Poetry Bureau of the imperial household announces the results of the annual poetry competition, and the winning poems are read aloud in circumstances of formal pageantry. Every subject of the Empire of Japan, without regard to sex or station, may submit a poem of the *tanka* variety, which means that it must consist of precisely 31 syllables, on a given subject, every year. The Emperor and members of the imperial family always write poems in association with the competi-

tion, though they do not take prizes, being *hors concours*; the Emperor's poem is read first, and then the efforts of the ten prize-winners. Normally about 17,000 poems are submitted each year. But last year 30,000 poems came in, partly, it was thought, because of the number of soldiers in the field, who have the ear of His Majesty through the circumstances of this event, and by no other means.

The Emperor's poem in 1936 was:

As I
was visiting
the Shino Point in Kii
clouds were drifting far
over the Sea.

In 1938 he wrote:

Peaceful
is morning in the shrine garden;
World conditions it is hoped
will also be
peaceful.

And like a subterranean hiss the word went through Japan, quite without other basis: the Emperor is unhappy because there is a war; the Emperor wants the soldiers to come home; the Emperor wants peace.

IV

From one point of view, even though traditionally he never handles money, the Emperor of Japan is beyond doubt the richest individual in the world. This is because he owns Japan. The entire country is his. The statement may seem astounding, but Japanese authorities bear it out.

This conception, even though acknowledged by Japanese law, is not strictly adhered to; much of the forest land of Japan is the actual property of the imperial house, and is exploited as such; the agricultural land—though theoretically belonging to the Emperor—is in practice the property of individual landowners. In the old days the emperors allotted agricultural land to the feudal lords, who in turn let it to peasant occupants. The peasants still hold it. Japan is the country par excellence of small

peasant landholders. There are few big farms, few big estates.

The actual civil list is not abnormally high—4,500,000 yen (\$1,350,000) per year. But of course the imperial family has its private investments. When Prince Ito went to Berlin to get Bismarck's advice about the Japanese constitution, the old Prussian is supposed to have told him that the first requisite of a successful constitutional monarchy was that the monarch should be irrefragably, independently, rich. The exact extent, variety, and amount of imperial investments are not authentically known. But good authorities agree that the house is the third or fourth greatest capital enterprise in the kingdom, and owns shares in a great number of private industries.

Commonly it is said that the house owns the Imperial Hotel where almost all visitors to Tokyo reside. This is denied in Japan, however. It is also said that imperial investments are very heavy in such companies as the South Manchurian railway, the great N. Y. K. shipping line, and so on. But no one in Tokyo will say a word.

V

Hirohito is almost unique among emperors; his marriage was a love match. A love match, moreover, in the teeth of a convention established thirteen centuries ago.

At a reception in Tokyo the youthful Crown Prince met Princess Nagako, eldest daughter of Prince Kuniyoshi Kuni. The young Princess was certainly of excellent blood; her mother for instance was a member of the Satsuma clan, one of the two clans that made the Meiji restoration. But—the Princess Nagako was *not* directly a member of the great and distinguished Fujiwara family, which, by tradition 1300 years old, was the sole family group in Japan from which empresses might be chosen. Nevertheless young Hirohito fell in love with her, and the marriage was arranged. There was very serious opposition among

the orthodox; a similar situation might have arisen had Edward the *Seventh* of England become affianced to an English lady not of royal blood. Wounded feelings were salved, however, by the fact that the Princess Nagako though not directly a member of one of five eligible lines of Fujiwaras, did have Fujiwara blood, which is indeed shared by most of the aristocracy of Japan.

The Empress is an exceptionally pretty woman. Between her betrothal and marriage she made a good many public appearances, for instance at such functions as art exhibitions, teas at the Tokyo Woman's Club, and so on. In those days she usually wore native-style kimono; since the enthronement she appears almost always in western dress. But her public appearances nowadays are very rare. The Empress was born in 1903, and thus is two years younger than His Majesty. She is an accomplished musician and tennis player.

Six children have been born to the throne. The first three, one of whom died, were daughters. Vast pleasure surged through Japan with the birth of a boy, the Crown Prince Tsugu, on December 23, 1933. Since then another boy, Prince Yoshi, has been born. The eldest daughter, Princess Teru, now thirteen, is a student at the Peeresses' School, a long-legged youngster who is seen occasionally in middy uniform. Recently—enormous concession—she was permitted to take a street car ride alone. (But no one else was allowed in the street car!)

The Crown Prince has his own household. By ancient custom he left the palace of the Emperor and Empress at the age of three, and moved into his own establishment, which is in the grounds of another Tokyo royal residence, the Omiya "detached" palace. He visits his parents constantly, but does not live with them. He is to enter the kindergarten of the Peers' School next year.

A very remarkable member of the imperial family is the Empress Dowager Sadako, widow of the Emperor Taisho and mother of Hirohito. It was she, by

common consent, who supported her son when he insisted on marrying the lady of his choice; it was she who fought off the great court nobles, like Prince Yamagata, who bitterly opposed the marriage. The Empress Dowager, an accomplished old lady, with keen political sense and considerable knowledge of western languages and the Chinese classics, is still a power, though she is no longer conspicuous in public affairs. She has received few foreigners since Taisho died. It is in her palace that the present Crown Prince lives, though technically the boy has an independent house.

The imperial household maintains a large secretarial staff; in fact 5000 employees work in the palace, and eleven pages of the official handbook are necessary to name the chief officials, whereas the Foreign Office fills only ten. One group of functionaries is in charge of the imperial forests, another of the orchestra which plays old court music. There are 121 imperial mausoleums in Japan, all of which have keepers; the tomb of one emperor, incidentally, has never been found. Another odd point is that whereas Hirohito is the 124th emperor, his father Taisho was officially the 122nd. The explanation is that, in 1926, it was decided to include in the imperial line an obscure emperor of the 14th century who abdicated after a brief reign.

If one asks if the present Emperor, despite the comprehensiveness of his establishment and the great number of his imperial relations, has any really close and intimate friends, the answer is—as it would be concerning most men in a similarly exalted and isolated position—that he has none.

VI

By terms of the Japanese Constitution promulgated in 1889 the Emperor has legal powers far exceeding those of a normal "constitutional" monarch. He has (like most heads of states) supreme command of army and navy and is empowered to declare war and make peace; but also he may "determine the organization

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and peace standing of the army and navy," he may convoke or prorogue the parliament, he may initiate and veto emergency legislation, and in time of crisis he may suspend the entire Constitution.

But the point is also severely established in Japan that the Emperor is outside politics. He may not, by the rule of unchallengeable precedent, participate actively in political affairs. When, for instance, the military *coup d'état* in February 1936 threatened the existence of the state, many people thought that the Emperor should step in; had he faced the mutineers on his white horse, they might have instantly dispersed. But he did not do so. His advisers prevailed upon him not to do so. Perhaps they were afraid of putting the imperial prestige so stringently to test. The likelihood is greater that, even at such a moment, it was inconceivable that the Emperor *himself* should do something.

Thus a paradox. Japan is ruled, not "by" the Emperor, but in the name of the Emperor. The Emperor is a man, as we have seen; he is a God, as we have seen; he is a symbol, as we have seen; he is an embodiment, a projection, of a conglomerate mass of theories and traditions and influences; but is *not* a dictator. He is no Peter the Great, no Stalin, no Cromwell, no Mussolini.

As *Fortune* says, the object of political struggle in Japan is "control of the means of access to the Imperial Person." In blunter terms, "Since the year 536 the sole political question of any realistic significance in Japan has been the question, 'Who is using the Emperor now?'" The constitution, written by Prince Ito on the advice of Bismarck, would make it easy for any strong and ambitious emperor to become a legal dictator; but it hasn't happened yet. The Emperor is the state; but other people run it in his name.

I had not been in Japan twenty minutes before I heard a strange use of the word "They." "They," I was told, had decided thus-and-so; "They" had deter-

mined to fight the war to a finish. "They" had suggested recent changes in policy; "They" had decided that the country should do this and not that. "They" had arranged the appointment of Prince Konoye, head of the Fujiwara family, as prime minister; "They" were reasonably well satisfied with him.

A recent premier, General Hayashi, went to the palace to obtain the seal of His Imperial Majesty on a routine matter. He came back to tell his cabinet that the cabinet, including himself, was out. "They" had been to Hirohito.

Who are "They"?

This is the most difficult question in Japan. Beside it comparatively stiff questions like, for instance, how fascist Japan is, are simple. No one knows precisely who "They" are, because "They" themselves do not precisely know. The ruling clique is fluid and elastic; yet its policy retains a constant quality. "They" may be unknown, but what they do is predictable, like a ball rolling slightly from side to side, but returning always to equilibrium. "They" are, in a rough sense, like the College of Cardinals—if Cardinals changed more often.

The Japanese have, of course, an almost fiercely perverse love of indirect government. From 536 to 1868 the country was ruled mostly by hereditary shoguns (tyrants or dictators) behind the hereditary emperor. This passion for indirection reached excessive and acute forms. Sir George Sansom, for instance, writes of a period in the 13th century: "We have thus the astonishing spectacle of a state at the head of which stands a titular emperor whose vestigial functions are usurped by an abdicated emperor, and whose real power is nominally delegated to an hereditary military dictator but actually wielded by an hereditary adviser of that dictator."

As everyone knows, the dominating factor of the "They" of contemporary Japan is the Japanese army. But it is not correct to assume that the Japanese army alone and exclusively, even now, influences the Emperor. The army is over-

whelmingly the most important single factor. But it is not the only factor.

Close to the Emperor there is—still—a group of civilian officials and advisers, who, it goes without saying, often see eye to eye with the army, so that no conflict between them need arise, but who are still a check on unmitigatedly exclusive army domination of policy. They are, in a sense, referees between the Throne, the army, and the people.

In this palace group, incontestably the veteran elder statesman, the last of the Genro (pronounced with a hard "g"), Prince Kimmochi Saionji, comes first. This old gentleman—he was born in 1849—became a chamberlain of the pre-restoration emperor at the age of six; in 1868 he fought to oust the shoguns, wearing green armor and carrying a crimson banner; he has been three times prime minister; he spent ten years in France, and knew and admired Gambetta; he is a profound liberal and democrat, at least by Japanese definition; he was ambassador to several European countries, and signed the Versailles Treaty; five times he has escaped assassination.

The span of Saionji's long career is peculiarly remarkable in that, as Hugh Byas says, "it telescopes the feudal age and the 20th century in one lifetime." One of Saionji's earliest public acts was to advocate the training of troops with guns instead of bows and arrows!

When one distinguished foreign journalist came to Tokyo he asked if he might see three persons: the Emperor, the Emperor of Manchukuo, and Prince Saionji. The foreign office spokesman listened politely, and said that of the three the hardest to see would be Saionji.

The Genro was the original council of elder statesmen who helped make the restoration and who thereafter became an unofficial advisory council to the Emperor. The group is not mentioned in the constitution, and has no legal status; it was a sort of super-shadow cabinet, with the privilege of recommending the choice of prime minister. As members died, successors were *not* appointed. The

army wanted the Genro to die out. In the original Genro were the great chieftains and Japan-makers Prince Ito, Prince Inouye, Prince Yamagata, Prince Matsukata. Saionji was the last man to be taken in, and is the only survivor.

At eighty-nine Prince Saionji is too old to take active part in politics. He is sound in health, and lives in a simple cottage in Okitsu, a fishermen's village; but he has not been to Tokyo for some years. He is consulted still—for instance he approved the appointment of Konoye as prime minister in 1937—but he no longer is in a position to influence affairs directly.

Another elder statesman, one not quite so historic a figure as Prince Saionji, but who has more contemporary influence, is Count Nobuski Makino, born in 1861 of noble blood (his father was leader of the Satsuma clan), who as Imperial Household Minister for some years gained a very close knowledge of the workings of the palace, where his influence was profound. Makino and Saionji in effect "ruled" Japan during the illness of the Emperor Taisho, and the first period of Hirohito's regency.

Makino is a liberal. The army hates him. There have been three attempts on his life, and like Saionji, he barely escaped assassination in the army *Putsch* of 1936. Until he joined the household—he has also been Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal—Makino was a civil servant, provincial governor, and diplomat. He would have been a member of the Genro, if "They" had decided that the Genro should survive. He has been called the Elihu Root of Japan. When Saionji has anything to say these days, he says it "through" Makino.

Other men influential at the palace are Tsuneo Matsudaira, at present the Imperial Household Minister, who has been ambassador both to Washington and London, and is supposed to be the chief present liberal influence; Count Kurahei Yuasa, the Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal, who is supposed to be closer to the Emperor at present than any man in Japan;

and Baron Kiichiro Hiranuma, the president of the Privy Council, an extreme nationalist. The character of Baron Hiranuma's ideas may be gathered from the following statement, which he made as vice-president of the Privy Council:

Rumors to the effect that the national policy of Japan is imperialist and aggressive should be deplored. It is ignorance of the true motives of Japan which leads to the propagation of such unfounded rumors. . . . Any student of Japanese history will recall that, since the founding of the nation, our goal has been peace. . . . The national policy of Japan is benevolence directed to the well being and *development of all*. We wish to extend this spirit to our own citizens first, secondly to the Far East, and *third to the rest of the world*.

The italics are mine. They ought to be.

In January, 1938, when the Chinese refused to sue for peace even though Nanking had fallen, the Emperor summoned the first Imperial Conference that

had been held in Japan since 1914, and the fifth in all Japanese history. At this conference decision was taken to "withdraw" recognition from Chiang Kai-shek, presumably because he was not gentleman enough to call off the war.

At about the same time an institution known as "Imperial Headquarters" was set up as a permanent advisory council to the Emperor during this period of crisis. The last time such an "Imperial Headquarters" existed was during the Russo-Japanese war early in the century. It may be said to be the ultimate crystallization of the "They" who rule Japan. Every really important decision nowadays comes from this group.

Obviously the key military and naval authorities are included in "Imperial Headquarters," and doubtless the most important civilian ministers and court officials. But—the point is significant—no one, even now, knows formally and finally just who all the members are.

REBEL

BY JOSEPHINE JOHNSON

DO NOT believe that I am good or fair,
 Take me for what I am: not sweet but bitter,
 The hard word sharply said, disdainful air,
 The lips compressed, the eyes' cold angry glitter.
 Stiffened by pride and hate I walk erect,
 Warmed by a seething, furious indignation
 I hurl your pity from me, I reject
 With utter scorn all specious vindication.
 Then come no nearer, lest these rocky edges
 Bruise your soft flesh. The strong alone shall see
 What lies beyond the snarling dogs, the hedges
 So thick with thorns. You will not hear from me
 One word of that white shrine with blowing roses
 Where my heart bows, where all my life uncloses!



THE SOCIAL SECURITY "RESERVE" SWINDLE

BY JOHN T. FLYNN

IN JANUARY, 1942, a long, angry howl of disappointment will be heard rumbling throughout the length and breadth of the land. In that month, the first pensions under the federal contributory old-age insurance system will be paid to the first batch of beneficiaries reaching the retirement age. This is the old-age insurance plan which is supposed to end the tribulations of the aged with dignity and decency.

Their neighbors and fellow-townsmen who get benefits of the public-charity description from the states may be getting as much as \$30 a month. But under this system of purchased insurance, a man earning a hundred dollars a month will, in 1942, be obliged to give up his job and pauperize himself in order to draw the \$17 a month old-age insurance he has bought from the government. The charity pensioners who get almost twice as much will give him a horse laugh as he sinks back into the dignity and decency of retirement on \$17 a month.

The reader will probably be surprised to learn how small these first pensions will be. But he will doubtless surmise at once that this is because the government is not collecting enough money in premiums to pay more. The guess will be wrong. The reason is a little shocking. The government is collecting and will continue to collect in payroll taxes for a generation enough money to pay benefits many times this sum. But it will not pay adequate pensions—and this is the point I aim at—because all the time it will be

spending the old age insurance premium taxes for other things—paying the ordinary expenses of the government.

If the reader is a little surprised at this, let me add three very serious statements.

First, the government will in the years up to 1980 collect in taxes for old-age pensions about 111 billion dollars.

Second, of this 111 billion some *43 per cent, or 47 billion*, will never be spent for old-age pensions at all but for every sort of government expense including, perhaps, building battleships.

And, third, the government will never return this 47 billion dollars to the Social Security Board.

Behind these facts is one of the weirdest and most fantastic episodes in public finance. Unfortunately all this is cloaked under a collection of seemingly just and prudent arrangements—arrangements which are mere fictions, however, and must be examined narrowly to be seen in their true relations.

II

It is very necessary that we have clearly in mind that under our Social Security Act two sorts of benefits are provided for the aged. The government set out to establish an old-age retirement system which would provide a decent annuity for workers and for which the workers would pay. It was to be organized as an insurance system but operated by the government. The members of this system were to be taxed on their wages monthly

and, when 65 years of age, would be entitled to the benefits provided in the act.

But obviously people already past the retirement age could not get such insurance any more than a man who is dead can get life insurance. Therefore to provide some protection for those already arrived at retirement age an entirely separate system was established.

Thus there are two plans. One is called the Old Age Assistance Plan for people already past 65. The other is called the Old Age Benefit Plan for those not yet arrived at retirement age.

The first is entrusted to the states to organize, manage, and support, save that the federal government will make grants directly to the states to aid in supporting the plan.

The second is organized and operated by the national government through the Social Security Board. It is of this latter plan that we propose to speak here. But we shall concern ourselves with only one feature of this plan—the incredible scheme, as chimerical as Dr. Townsend's wildest inventions or California's famous ham-and-eggs device for \$30-every-Thurs-day—the scheme to create a vast *reserve fund of 47 billion dollars*.

As the government was setting up an insurance plan, what more plausible than to do it as a private company would do it—to create a great reserve fund to insure the financial soundness of the plan? In other words, the government decided to charge the members at a rate large enough to pay all benefits for many years and also to accumulate in the course of time a reserve fund, called the Old Age Account, of 47 billion dollars.

The theory is plausible. The government will "save" for the fund a large sum each year and invest it in government bonds—the soundest securities in the world. Back of the great plan, therefore, will always be this huge reserve with its constantly accumulating interest.

But there is another reason for the reserve, also touched with the fatal vice of plausibility. This insurance plan is going to cost a great deal of money. It is to

be paid for by a tax on the workers and their employers, and these taxes will be sufficient to pay the bills for many years. But there will come a time when the number retiring will be so large that the old-age taxes will be insufficient to pay the benefits. Then the government will have to supplement the old-age taxes with other taxes. But by that time the reserve fund will have risen to many billions of dollars. It will be invested in government bonds. The interest on this investment will be sufficient to meet the deficits and thus save the government from imposing further taxation.

To put this concretely, here is the way it will work. Every employee who is a member of the insurance plan will be taxed one per cent of his wages and his employer will be taxed one per cent. The employer must deduct one per cent from the pay envelope and add one per cent to it and send it to the Treasury. It will be one per cent during 1937, 1938, 1939. After that it will increase half a per cent every three years until it reaches three per cent for employee and three per cent for employer, or a total of six per cent. This tax will be paid on the salaries of 26 million persons and hence will yield enormous sums. The taxes paid will rise with the years. To give some idea of this, the following table gives the sums which will be collected and the benefits which will be paid in the years selected.

<i>Year</i>	<i>Receipts</i>	<i>Benefits</i>
1937.....	\$278,800,000	\$1,900,000*
1942.....	873,000,000	52,800,000
1950.....	1,877,200,000	505,500,000
1960.....	2,041,200,000	1,379,900,000
1970.....	2,205,100,000	2,303,500,000
1980.....	2,295,300,000	3,511,300,000

A glance at this table will show that the receipts will be sufficient to pay the benefits until 1970 when they will fall 100 million short. In 1980 they will be \$1,-200,000,000 too small. But by 1980 this reserve accumulation will have grown to 47 billion dollars and the interest on that

* The benefit payments begin in 1942. Before that only small refunds will be made to beneficiaries who die before benefits are payable.

will be \$1,406,000,000 a year or enough to cover the deficit.

On the face of things, if you are one of those people given to the bad habit of tossing off decisions on grave problems without reflection you will say nothing could be juster and sounder than this. That's the way it looked to the President. That's the way it still looks to him. But let us take a *second* look and see what we can see.

III

Now in order to follow this you must see how the reserve is now working in actual practice. The plan began in 1936 with the one per cent tax for boss and workers. Up to October 31, 1938, the collections amounted to \$910,165,940.84.

Now what has become of this money? It has gone into the Treasury. As no pensions are payable until 1942, no pensions have been paid—only some refunds on account of death and the expenses of administration. The balance—some 817 million dollars—has been transferred to the reserve, called the Old Age Account. That is just an account in the Treasury. From there it has been transferred to the general funds of the Treasury. That is, the Treasury "borrowed" it and transferred to the Account its own bonds. Having borrowed the money, the Treasury is at liberty to use it as it chooses. It has spent the money on the general expenses of the government. Thus, as matters stand, the money is gone—spent; the Old Age Account or reserve has 817 million dollars of government I.O.U.'s and the government owes the Account 817 million dollars.

The explanation of this, of course, is that when needed the government will pay this money back to the Old Age Account. Meantime it will pay interest at three per cent each year. Each year the amount in the reserve will be greater. And each year the government will pay three per cent interest on that reserve. All the money will be loaned to the government. Hence all of it will bear interest at the rate of three per cent. The

government will collect taxes to pay the interest. But it will promptly borrow the interest just as it borrows the principal. And so by 1980 the government will have collected in old age taxes and in interest 111 billion dollars. By that time it will have paid out in benefits 64 billion dollars. There will be 47 billion remaining in the reserve. Of course there will be no money there—but just 47 billion of government paper. But why should anyone worry about this? What could be better than U. S. government I.O.U.'s? Let us see.

To understand this we have to be clear about the true character of savings. We are in the habit of speaking of "savings" rather loosely. One may save a thousand dollars. But one's savings do not continue to be a thousand dollars. There is only one way to save a thing and that is to save it. You save a thousand bushels of wheat by putting it into your bin or into a warehouse. You save a thousand dollars by putting it into a tin box or a bank vault. If you use your thousand dollars to buy a New York City bond or a Santa Fe Railroad bond, your savings are no longer a thousand dollars. They are now in the form of a claim on the City of New York or the Santa Fe Railroad. You no longer have dollars but claims—perfectly good claims, to be sure. But the distinction is important, as you will see. The investment is a claim to interest each year at a fixed rate and to the payment of \$1,000 when the bond falls due. If I lend \$1,000 in money to the United States government on a bond, my money is gone, but I have something just as good, perhaps better because it draws yearly interest of three per cent, which the money can never do. But I no longer have the thousand dollars. Speaking casually I may say my savings are \$1,000, but what I have is a claim for \$1,000 and interest against the United States government.

The distinction may seem a fine one, but you will see at once the seriousness of it if you will consider that the value of the claim must depend on the person on whom the claim is established.

Consider for a moment the following performance and please do not think it irrelevant. Each week you save ten dollars. You put it in a tin box marked "Reserve." In a year you have \$520. You wish to put it to work. You lend it to a friend who is in business, who is solvent, and who agrees to pay you six per cent. He gives you a note which goes into the box. Each year you save \$520 plus the interest your debtor pays you. In ten years you have in the reserve box the promissory notes of your friend covering his borrowings of your savings and the interest, all amounting to nearly \$8,000. You may say you have saved \$8,000. But what you have will be claims for \$8,000 in loans and interest against your debtor.

Now suppose you handle your savings in the following manner. You put ten dollars a week in the tin box marked "Reserve." In a year it amounts to \$520. From time to time you need money. Instead of borrowing from a bank or a friend you decide to borrow it from your reserve. You take out a hundred dollars and put in your I.O.U. as a man may do in his petty cash drawer. You continue faithfully saving the ten dollars a week for ten years. You continue at intervals to borrow what you have saved. You put in I.O.U.'s and bind yourself to return the money with interest at six per cent to the box. You are very faithful with your I.O.U.'s and your bookkeeping. At the end of ten years you have in the tin box your own promissory notes to the amount of nearly \$8,000. You may say you have saved \$8,000. But what you have is \$8,000 in claims—*upon yourself*. If they were claims upon your friend they would be paid to you out of your friend's earnings. But being claims on yourself they must be paid back out of *your* earnings. It is not necessary to press this seemingly simple transaction any further. For it is very obvious that you have no savings; that you have nothing. The "reserve" you have created is a pure fiction. The dollars in your little tin box are phantom dollars.

It is through this seemingly foolish performance that we can now see the fallacy of comparing a government old-age annuity system with a private insurance company, and a government reserve with a private insurance company reserve. Let us apply this test.

The International Insurance Company puts aside ten million dollars a year in its reserve. That ten million it invests each year in the bonds of various utilities, railroads, and government bodies. In ten years it has over 100 million dollars of claims against various corporations and public bodies. It has an annual income of perhaps four million dollars in interest.

An insurance company has two sources of revenue—from its policy-holders and from its investments. It has claims for premiums on its policy-holders which must be paid out of their pockets. It has claims for interest upon the corporations which must come out of their earnings. An investment is a means of adding to your own earnings part of the earnings of another person. It is not a device for merely ear-marking part of your own earnings. Therefore each year the International has the revenues collected from its policy-holders plus what it collects from the earnings of various corporations against which it has claims. If at any time it should run into difficulties, if policy-holders' revenues should decline in hard times, the International could meet its obligations by drawing upon its reserves, by using the interest or by converting the reserves into cash. It could, in short, go to sources of revenue outside its own assets or the resources of its policy-holders.

Now suppose the International put its surplus into a tin box marked "Reserve." Then suppose it needed money from time to time and borrowed from its reserve, putting bonds into the tin box. At the end of ten years it would have in its tin box a hundred million of its own bonds bearing interest. Would this be a reserve? Would the International really have savings of a hundred million? Would it not have in reality merely a tin

box full of claims upon itself, which would mean claims upon its policy-holders? In other words, instead of having claims upon the earnings of others it would merely have claims upon its own earnings. And is it not as plain as a pike-staff that it does not have to have a tin box full of I.O.U.'s to have claims upon its own earnings? It has those claims anyhow.

Of course it is not possible to imagine an insurance company engaging in a farce-comedy of this sort. If it did it would be promptly pounced upon by the authorities. Its officers would probably be indicted. Yet this is precisely what the government is now doing through the Social Security Board and the Treasury.

The Social Security Board is merely a large government-operated insurance company. But it is also merely a department of the federal government. So is the Treasury Department. The acts of both are merely the acts of the government. When, therefore, the government puts aside a billion dollars in a year in a box marked "Reserve" and then borrows that billion, substituting its promises to pay in the form of bonds, and then pays interest each year on these billions and borrows it, giving bonds in its place, what it will have at the end of forty-three years will be a box full of bonds—claims, not upon some outside assets, but upon itself; which, of course, are no claims at all. It has no means of getting the funds or the interest upon the funds save by going to the very people from whom it took these funds in the first place—the policy-holders, the workers thus insured, 26 million of them, who constitute the chief part of the population which must bear the taxes. If the government invested these billions in the bonds of some other government or some private corporations so that it could realize on the investment out of the earnings of some other entity than itself, then it might claim to have a reserve. But of course no one would suggest doing this.

In short, there is no reserve. There will be no reserve. The whole thing is a solemn and cruel farce.

IV

One reason assigned for this most singular device is the need for relieving future generations of the burden of supporting all of the heavy load when pensions reach their full dimensions. The idea that we can relieve future generations by taxing this one and spending now the taxes collected and then repaying the loan in the future by taxing future generations is too fantastic for serious discussion.

But it leads to an important fact which we must face. A public old-age insurance plan can be financed on a pay-as-you-go basis and in no other way. We cannot escape it.

The object of an old-age insurance plan is to provide the aged with the necessities of life. These necessities will have to be produced at the time they are distributed. In other words we shall not save those necessities against the day of need. In any given year those under 65 must produce enough for themselves and also enough for those who are retired and who produce nothing. However, as our method of distributing goods is by means of money, workers under 65 must create in any given period enough money income for themselves and, in addition, the sum needed for the aged.

To put the matter differently, whatever is paid out to the annuitants in any given period will have to be collected out of the workers *in that period* by means of taxes.

We cannot doubt this if we will look at the way it works out in practice. In the year 1960 the actuaries estimate that the government will have to pay out \$1,379,900,000 in benefits and spend \$102,000,000 on administration of the plan—a total of \$1,481,900,000. But in that year it will collect \$2,041,200,000 from the insured and their employers as premiums. No one will doubt that all this money will be collected in the period in which it is paid out. In other words, 1960 will pay for the 1960 benefits.

But in 1970 it will be different. The benefits will amount to \$2,303,500,000 and

the expenses \$110,300,000—a total of \$2,-413,800,000. But in that year the collections of premiums will be only \$2,205,-100,000. And so the Treasury will be \$208,000,000 short. And so this \$208,-000,000 must be raised some other way. Now by 1970 the "reserve" will have grown to over 41 billions. The interest on it will amount to over \$1,200,000,000. It is this interest which will supply that extra \$208,000,000. And because of this our naïve President imagines that the people living in 1970 will be relieved of the burden.

But where does he suppose that \$1,200,000,000 in interest is to come from? Certainly not out of the people of today. The government must collect it in taxes *out of the people of 1970* and go through the empty comedy of paying it in interest to the reserve which will pay it out to the beneficiaries in annuities.

Since the plan can be operated on a pay-as-you-go system and can, in fact, be operated in no other way, very low rates could be adopted which would enable the government in each year to meet all its obligations to the retired and during the next 43 years to collect 47 billion dollars less than it will for social old-age insurance.

This can be proved. In the present act the old-age tax on employer and employee starts at two per cent and increases by one per cent every three years.

From 1937 to 1970 the total amount needed to pay all benefits and costs in those years will be \$34,237,100,000. In the next column I give a short table based on two tax plans.

One is the tax plan of the President, now embodied in the act. The other is a tax plan which I propose and which is arrived at to produce enough revenue to pay costs and benefits and nothing else. It is a pay-as-you-go plan. Both taxes are levied on employers and employees equally. The first column shows the employer-employee tax rate fixed in the act. The second column shows a proposed tax rate very much lower.

Year	Tax Rate in Act	Proposed Rate
1937.....	2 per cent	$\frac{1}{4}$ per cent
1940.....	3 " "	$\frac{1}{2}$ " "
1943.....	4 " "	$\frac{3}{4}$ " "
1946.....	5 " "	1 $\frac{1}{4}$ " "
1949.....	6 " "	2 " "
1951.....	6 " "	3 " "
1961.....	6 " "	5 " "
1970.....	6 " "	6 " "

This table reveals that up to 1940, the proposed tax would be only one-eighth as big as the tax now in force. Ten years from now the proposed tax would be only one-third as big as the tax in the act. Not until 1970 would the tax be the same under both plans.

And yet the proposed tax would suffice to pay the costs and all the benefits due in all the years from 1937 to 1970.

But it is important to remember that the tax in the act is not the only tax which will be required if the present system continues in force. In the years between 1937 and 1970, by the President's plan, all of the excess taxes will be used to build up a reserve. This reserve will grow in figures (although the fund will be dissipated) by leaps and bounds. By 1942 it will be over \$3,600,000,000. By 1950 it will be over 14 billion. By 1960 it will be nearly 30 billion. By 1970 it will be 41 billion. And all that time the government will be called on to pay interest on the reserve. To pay this interest it will have to impose additional taxes. By 1942 it will have to raise taxes for interest of 84 million dollars; by 1950 almost half a billion; by 1960 nearly a billion; by 1970 much over one billion. In other words, while, between 1937 and 1970, the employer-employee taxes will be enormously more than will be needed to pay the costs and benefits, additional general taxes will have to be raised to pay the interest on the mythical "reserve." So that to get the amount of taxes which will have to be imposed between 1937 and 1970 under the President's plan, you have to add to the employer-employee taxes the general taxes to pay interest on the reserve. On the next page I give the taxes which must be raised by both plans—by my suggested plan and by the President's

plan. By my plan only employer-employee taxes must be collected. By the President's plan two taxes must be collected—employer-employee taxes and general taxes to pay interest.

Sum needed to pay costs and benefits 1937 to 1970.....	\$34,237,100,000
Sum to be collected by proposed low employer-employee tax from 1937 to 1970	\$35,000,000,000
Sum to be collected under President's plan 1937 to 1970:	
Employer-employee tax	\$56,000,000,000
General tax for interest	19,000,000,000
	<hr/> \$75,000,000,000

By 1970, under the President's plan, the government will have levied taxes of 75 billions to meet a 34 billion dollar obligation and will have used the balance for all sorts of purposes utterly unconnected with social security. The money will be gone.

Now see what happens from 1970 on. By 1970, as we have seen, the amount needed in the year for benefits and costs will be \$2,413,800,000. The old-age employer-employee tax by both plans will by that time be the same—6 per cent. It will yield \$2,205,100,000 that year. So the old-age tax by that year will be insufficient to pay the costs and benefits. By that time additional sums will have to be found under both plans. And in each year up to 1980 the amount needed for costs and benefits will increase. By 1980 the need for benefits will be \$3,511,000,000 for that year. By that time the yield through the old-age tax by both plans will be the same. By both plans the deficit will be about \$1,400,000,000 a year. And so in each year some means will have to be found to collect money to meet this deficit.

What that means may well be left to that generation to determine, since it will know its own problems best. But one thing is certain. Whatever it may be, it will be some form of tax. In other words, in each year from 1970 to 1980 two taxes will have to be imposed by each plan—the old-age employer-employee tax of six per cent on payrolls and some additional tax. The table below shows the amounts that will be needed and amounts to be raised by both the employer-employee tax and the additional tax in different years.

In both cases it will be seen that a general tax will be levied in order to meet the deficit. In the proposed plan this tax will be levied in an amount sufficient to meet the deficit. It will be levied for that purpose. It will be paid to the Social Security Board as a subsidy for the old-age pensions. It will be called a subsidy. Everybody will know precisely what it is. In the President's plan embodied in the act the tax will be levied. But it will be called a tax to "pay interest" on the phantom reserve. When it has been paid in the form of interest, part of it will then be devoted to old-age insurance payments precisely as in the proposed plan. In both cases it will be a tax. In both cases it will be levied for the same ostensible purpose. The difference will be that it will be called by a different name.

But there is another difference. In the proposed plan the tax will be proportioned to the deficit to be met, to the actual purpose for which it is intended. In the President's plan the tax will be gauged in size and rate not by the purpose for which the money is supposed to be intended, but in order to meet three per cent interest on this imaginary reserve. Hence until 1980 it will continue to be enormously greater than it need be.

Year	(In millions of dollars)				
	Amount Needed	Proposed Plan		President's Plan	
		Old-Age Tax	General Tax	Old-Age Tax	General Tax
1970.....	\$2,413.8	\$2,205.1	\$208	\$2,205.1	\$1,210.9
1975.....	2,986.5	2,287.1	700	2,287.1	1,341.8
1980.....	3,626.1	2,295.3	1,400	2,295.3	1,406.6

In plain figures, by my plan, this supplemental tax will have to equal \$7,905,000,000 in those ten years from 1970 to 1980. That is what it should be under the other plan if the tax were levied to make up the deficit. But as it will be levied to pay "interest" on the reserve, it will be \$13,348,000,000. And, of course, as usual, the excess of five billion will be taken over by the government for general expenses.

To sum it all up, by the proposed plan the supplemental deficit taxes will not have to begin until around 1970. Under the President's plan they will begin at once—have already begun. By the proposed plan only about eight billion dollars in supplemental taxes will have to be collected from now until 1980. By the President's plan these supplemental taxes will amount to 32 billion dollars. By the proposed plan the old age employer-employee taxes will be very much lower and will yield 57 billion in 43 years. By the President's plan the old age employer-employee taxes will be heavy and will yield 78 billion in the same length of time.

V

I have said that by 1980 the government will have collected 47 billions which it will never use for old-age pensions and, furthermore, will never repay to the Old Age Account. The government of course has no intention of ever repaying this money or any part of it. The whole theory of the reserve is inconsistent with the idea of repayment, even if repayment were possible.

The idea at the bottom of it is that the 47 billion dollar reserve will be invested in U. S. bonds at three per cent interest. And it is this interest which will make up the deficits of the insurance plan after 1970. Therefore this assumes a continuance of the bonds as a government debt and as a basis for this interest. To repay the bonds would be to end the basis for the interest. Besides, to repay the bonds would be a preposterous performance. Whether the bonds are outstanding or

not, whether the reserve plan is continued or not, future generations beginning in 1970 are going to have to raise by taxes from 200 to 1,400 million dollars a year to cover the deficit of the old-age tax. The only course for these future generations is to do that. But if in addition they should decide to raise once again by taxation the 47 billion in order to go through the motions of repaying the money, not only would the burden be intolerable, but it would be indescribable folly. For if they did raise the 47 billion what would they do with it? Put it back in cash in the "reserve" tin box? And then reinvest it some other way? Or distribute it among the aged? And having distributed it among them, the government would still have to go on raising by taxes the equivalent of the interest each year.

What the future really has to do is to collect each year enough to discharge its annuity obligations in that year. The quicker it forgets about the reserve the better.

VI

This reserve ghost is an offense against the younger workers who are burdened with an excessive levy; against the older workers who will retire in the early years of the plan; against the economic society.

The employee and his boss must pay a two per cent tax when one-fourth of that would be more than sufficient for some years; in 1950 they must pay six per cent when two per cent would pay for what they are getting.

The present plan forces payment of shockingly low retirement benefits to those who will pass the 65-year milestone in the next twenty years. In 1942 the man who has averaged a hundred dollars a month in earnings will be forced to give up his job to draw \$17.50 a month, while his indigent neighbor who has paid nothing may be drawing nearly twice as much. To him who retires in 1947 the benefit will be \$22.50 a month; to the annuitant who retires in 1952 the benefit will be \$27.50 a month, while for the man who

quits work in 1957 the pension will be \$32.50 a month.

Obviously the government cannot pay adequate pensions if it insists on "borrowing" most of the old-age taxes and spending them to support the government. The whole thing is a disguised tax levied upon the lowest income groups under the pretense of old-age pension premiums. No government would dare attempt to support itself out of a payroll tax if it honestly proclaimed its purpose. The workers have remained silent because they have been deceived.

Chief victims are the very youngest workers. For 6 per cent—the permanent tax aimed at—a private company will guarantee to a young man taking old age insurance at 20 a retirement annuity, at 65, of \$58.94 a month. The government plan will give him only \$53.75, with this difference—that under the private plan the annuity will be his of right when he reaches 65, while under the government plan he may have to sacrifice his job to get the annuity.

The government plan diffuses its evil effects throughout the economic society. It is a grave mistake to associate taxes with payrolls. This almost requires employers who wish to cut their taxes to cut their payrolls for this purpose. Nothing will so swiftly accelerate the shift from hand workers to machines as this exorbitant tax, for the employer's only escape from high social security taxes will be by replacing the taxable worker by the machine which claims no pension.

And who can doubt that the extraction of over a billion dollars a year in taxes from the pay envelopes of the lowest income groups, not for social insurance, but for government expenditures (as will be the case in four years) will have a most depressive effect upon the already limited purchasing power of the wage earning groups? Mr. Marriner Eccles, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board and a presidential adviser, has expressed the belief that the withdrawal of half a billion in the last year hastened and deepened the recessive movement of this year.

VII

How came this monstrosity into the Social Security Act? It is a depressing story.

In the winter of 1934-35 a group of technical agents of the Cabinet Committee on Economic Security were bringing their labors to an end. The idea of a reserve had arisen somewhere but every actuarial and financial expert consulted opposed it vehemently. Messrs. O. C. Richter and W. R. Williamson were the actuarial consultants of this group (Mr. Williamson is now actuary of the Social Security Board). They opposed it as "quite beyond the realm of practical possibilities" and "an unsound departure from the principles that should govern social insurance." They are authority for the statement that "Representatives of the Treasury and Federal Reserve System who acted as financial advisers to the committee were of the opinion that an old-age pension plan which did not require a reserve would be preferable."

Four eminent actuarial consultants of the Cabinet Committee were called. They were Mr. M. A. Linton, president of the Provident Mutual Life Insurance Co., Professor A. L. Mowbray of the University of California, Professor Henry L. Reitz of the University of Iowa, and Professor James W. Glover of the University of Michigan. Mr. Linton writes me: "The actuarial consultants were unanimously opposed to a large reserve and expressed themselves clearly on the point." Says Dr. Reitz: "It is my recollection that the Committee was unanimously against holding reserves on this basis. . . . The members of our Committee argued as strongly as they could against this feature of the plan in certain committee meetings of the larger group including representatives of the Treasury."

Finally the Cabinet Committee adopted the advice of these consultants and in their report to the President expressly declared that "The plan we advocate amounts to having each generation pay for the support of the people then living

who are old." It warned against large reserves and announced that "to keep the reserves within manageable limits we suggest that the combined rate of employers and employees be 1 per cent for the first five years (against 2 per cent for the first three years adopted in the act); 2 per cent for the second five years; 3 per cent the third five years, 4 per cent the fourth five years and 5 per cent thereafter." And upon this report, signed by four members of the Cabinet and Harry Hopkins, the Wagner-Lewis bill was framed.

But at this point a strange thing happened. The President, seeing the report of the Committee, expressed apprehension at the fact that in thirty or forty years general taxes would be required to supplement the old-age payroll taxes. He gave the matter a swift, glancing blow of his mind and decided that future generations ought not be burdened. About this time, and perhaps hearing of this, an official of the Treasury Department called upon the President and spun him a whimsical yarn of fairy finance. He pictured how a great reserve might be created; how with this, which would belong to the poor, all the national bonds would be bought; how the interest being paid the rich would now be paid to the poor; how the grave problem of tax-exempt bonds would thus be solved since the debt would be practically extinguished as a possession of the rich; how the old-age system would thus become self-supporting and future generations would be emancipated from the drudgery of providing for their aged; and how, most delightful to contemplate, these immense old-age tax collections and the mounting reserves would become an almost inexhaustible reservoir of funds to meet government deficits. Here was a miraculous contrivance of heavenly finance. It was a wondrous vision which could survive only upon one condition—a condition easily complied with—that it be not looked at too closely.

About this time the House Committee was holding hearings on the bill as introduced by Messrs. Wagner and Lewis.

The heat was on and the administration managers were jamming it through the committees at the full speed then so easily managed. Except for administration spokesmen, witnesses were allowed only five minutes each. Only a few days remained when one morning Secretary Morgenthau, who had signed the report against large reserves, walked into the Committee chamber with a message. The Treasury, he declared, wanted the huge reserve—the 47 billion dollar device—put into the bill and the rates raised to make that possible. And so with little or no thought about the matter, under the pressure of the presidential "must," this grotesque fraud was railroaded through the Committee. It got little notice. Later the bill was jammed through Congress. Some members warned against it. The American Association for Social Security, which for years had fought the battle for social security, issued a solemn protest. But Mr. Vinson told the House the President wanted it. And it became a law. It remains in the law despite the fact that it has, so far as I have been able to find, the support of no first- or second-class economist, actuary, or finance expert either here or abroad and despite the fact that old-age insurance systems have existed for many years, even decades, abroad without anything more than small convenience reserves.

VIII

Many criticisms of the Social Security Act have been made. It is probably just to say that to set this system aright it may be necessary to start all over again. But of the other defects in the plan we need not speak. So far as the reserve is concerned the wise course would seem to be fairly obvious.

The idea of a reserve should be taken out of the act altogether. The pay-as-you-go plan should be employed completely and for the very good reason that any other plan is impossible.

The rates should be promptly reduced.

The table used on an earlier page of this discussion was offered not as an ideal schedule of rates, but merely to illustrate the discrepancy between the present exorbitant rates and rates that would be sufficient to pay the benefits authorized in the present act. The rates should be somewhat higher because the benefits should be higher at least in the early years of the plan. Instead of a two per cent total tax on employers and employees increasing by one per cent every three years and rising to six per cent by 1949, the original rates of one per cent rising by one per cent every five years, attaining to five per cent by 1957 and six per cent by 1962 would be sufficient to produce the needed payments up to 1970 and a reserve of perhaps ten billion dollars besides. But if the benefits were increased in the earlier years the reserve would be kept to a low and manageable level.

Of course some reserve is inescapable—

a billion or two or even three or four. But the question would be well worth considering whether investment of such reserves ought not to be limited to the open bond market to prevent a political government from exploiting the reserve as part of the public fiscal policies.

Congress and labor, as well as the employers, will do well to face this problem squarely and honestly in this session. There is going to be no end of pension-tinkering. Behind every crackpot scheme of politicians competing for the votes of the aged will be the problem of money—where to get the money. This reserve fund offers a tempting reservoir of money upon which they will cast hungry eyes. Already the housing advocates have made a bid for it. Mr. Roosevelt thinks it looks good for his present spending purposes. The Townsendites will presently lay claim to it. The best thing to do with this monstrous child is to slay it at once and thus frustrate the kidnapers.





LITERARY CONFERENCE

A FRAGMENT OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY LEONARD BACON

I WAS in Paris, in the summer of 1927, when I received a telegram asking me to pinch hit for some American man of letters, who at the last minute could not come to a Conference of Scholars and Writers from both sides of the sea—a Conference on the state of the English language. People would confer on anything in 1927, when the money came in so easily. It looked like a diverting party to me, and I accepted. Fun on the grand scale it turned out to be, though just what the results of our discussions were still remains hidden in mystery.

The affair made one think of a track meet with champions present for every sort of literary event, though the Americans were a relatively uniform lot. Every one of us was, or had been, a college professor. But the English were variety itself: Bernard Shaw, Sir Henry Newbolt, Sir Israel Gollancz, Sir John Squire, Professor Boas, Professor Dover Wilson, Sir John Rieth of the B.B.C., John Bailey, nicest of critics, with the Earl of Balfour to rule the whirlwind.

The debates, the rambling opinions, the set orations, had for their stage a room in the building of the Royal Society for Literature. And it is fair to remark that even the wise and great seemed to be suffering from a common disease, the malady of having nothing to say and a strong disposition to say it. Sir John Rieth, with the practical problem of broadcasting in his eye, was I think actually suffering from ideas, but

he got nowhere in the sea of anecdote, reminiscence, and epigram. At one of the sessions I sat beside the delightful Bailey over against the ancient majesty of Shaw, who was diverting himself from time to time by hurling monkey wrenches into the machinery of chaos. Bailey, as one taking elaborate notes, wrote furiously on the scratch-pad provided for him by the Royal Society, as in fact we all did, like the jury in *Alice in Wonderland*. When we rose at the end of the session, it was impossible for me not to see what he had written, which he who ran might read. "In an ecstasy of boredom and a florid cursive hand" he had scrawled "George Bernard Shaw" fifty times on the coarse paper, and I am sure that any graphologist would have discovered quintessential rage in every quirk of his pencil. About the only thing we accomplished was a dinner at the Athenæum and the promise of another the ensuing year—which last fell through.

Nevertheless that dinner revealed the English at their pleasant best. Lord Balfour was in the chair, and by his social magic converted a symposium into one of the best parties that ever was thrown. There was sinuous and snaky grace about him, as he pulled the shy or the silent into the conversation. The woman doesn't breathe who could do it so well. His compliments were the very best butter, perfectly clearly from ducal cows. I sat between Sir Henry Newbolt

and Sir Israel Gollancz. Sir Henry's poetry I knew, as also Sir Israel's prefaces, but for the first part of the meal I was pretty well taken up with the poet. He proved to be "as pleasant as a palm-tree," and had a non-conformist's sympathy for America and Americans, such as is not always found among cultivated Englishmen. Sir Henry and I had a high old time, but presently I knew I must pay some attention to the Shakespearean on my right. He was charming too, but his almost open curiosity as to how a man he had never heard of had been invited to the conference nettled me a little. He began with oblique questions, but presently came out with a blunt "What are you?" I answered: "A comic poet," which checked the attack, for one cannot ask what a comic poet is. Sir Israel changed the subject, and asked me if I had yet met Mr. Shaw and should I like to. I said I should. And at that point the party began to break up.

As we hovered in that uneasy state (why people take so long to say farewell is beyond me) I suddenly found myself unprotected and completely exposed to the charm of Lord Balfour. In spite of what my acquaintances habitually say, I am as shy as anybody and even more so with respect to that kind of man, having a kind of terror of all and sundry who can speak well on their hind-legs. I could see his mind work. It was almost as if he said aloud: "I'll put that chap at his ease, if it's the last act of my life." He did it too, with as banal a question as ever was asked: "Do you know who my favorite American author is?" From what I knew of him I certainly should not have picked O. Henry, who proved to be the fortunate creature. For five or six minutes we chatted. I was fully aware that it was like the snake's power over the bird, but it was just as overwhelming and inescapable. And it convinced me of the essential truth of an anecdote Rupert Brooke had told me fourteen years before. Lord Balfour and Mr. H. G. Wells had met for the first time at a house party. Mr. Wells was

then at his most communistic and collective, and accordingly very down on great feudal families. Yet in half an hour he succumbed to what I succumbed to in two minutes, following the charmer around almost with open mouth. A few months later a book was announced by Mr. Wells called *A Modern Utopia*. In that work the embittered socialist had founded his new house upon the rock of an aristocracy. So our logic is confounded.

Lord Balfour, even from that slight glimpse, remains a strange figure in my sight. I am sure that the clue to him, as far as there could be a clue, was that he was immensely cynical and derived his only real satisfaction from the exercise of his mysterious power. There was nothing hypocritical about it. But there was something comic about a flattery that never went over the border of good taste, yet was near enough the frontier to make one speculate. While the display was on, the recipient wondered helplessly whether or no men were as easy as that, at the very moment when it was proved in his own person that they were. I believe Lord Balfour's career proved that he could not hold men's loyalty long. Perhaps he hardly cared to. But I never saw anyone who could win them so quickly by arts so transparent.

The next morning the conference met for the last time. I supposed Sir Israel would have forgotten his promise, but not at all. At the end of the meeting he offered me up on the altar. "Mr. Shaw," he said, "may I present Mr. Bacon, an American humorist?" The bolt fell instantly: "My God, what a thing to say of a man!" There may be a suitable answer. I didn't have it.

But I did have a car waiting for me, and even Mr. Shaw will consent to be taken where he wishes to go. I'm glad he did, for I found him an entertaining companion. He uttered no cosmic truths, but he hasn't done that much anyhow, and I might not be worthy. However, I found his small talk diverting. As we passed Covent Garden, full

of cabbages, broken crates, and wilted green things, he asked me suddenly, "Did you ever see a play of mine called 'Pygmalion'?" "No, but I've read it." "Well, that's where it started." Why that pleased me I cannot say, though it might be due to the irrelevance which is one of his principal gifts. Again, à propos of nothing in particular: "I have been writing a book on socialism, two hundred and fifty thousand words. Cost the world twelve and a half plays." This remark emboldened me to say something myself. I said that, in spite of an implanted prejudice, I thought "St. Joan" was a wonderful thing. He seemed positively embarrassed, almost stuttering in what looked to me like confusion, as he replied: "Nonsense! Nonsense! You could have written it yourself, if you had had the sense to go to the original documents."

I had contracted to deliver him at the *Spectator* office. And he directed the chauffeur through the twisty streets, incidentally affording evidence in support of the truth that Londoners often know as little about London as they are apt to know of other matters. Presently he said, "Here we are," and I hopped out to bid him farewell. He looked about him in a dazed and helpless manner and then said in the tone of a discoverer: "Why, this isn't the *Spectator* office. This is where I came to get married." Just what we learn from this I do not know, though it waked hazy memories of "Man and Superman." The episode seemed symbolic. On his way to get married, by a similar error, did he arrive at the *Spectator* office?

One more anecdote about him. Two years later my wife and I entered the Academia delle Belle Arti in Venice at what proved to be the uninteresting end. Presently we found ourselves in a huge salle containing in the first place gigantic 17th century depositions from the Cross, the kind that look like railroad accidents, and in the second Mr. George Bernard Shaw in solitary contemplation of those dubious *chef d'œuvres*. I told

my wife she was in for it, and introduced him to her. He beamed upon her and asked if we had seen the Carpaccios yet. We said we were on our way. In a tone of restrained excitement he adjured us not to miss a particular Madonna. "Not in the big Carpaccio room, just outside it. I want you to look at it with particular care, because the Christ-child is a portrait of the infant H. G. Wells."

To me he seemed a most engaging mixture of the diverting and the kindly. He is so quick in the uptake that competition is farcical, but it is utterly impossible to bear malice. Nevertheless I think he is only superficially informed, and readily makes game of what he readily fails to understand. It is profoundly silly to talk about Darwin as if he were an obscurantist dolt, about Pavlov as if he were an empirical sadist. Shaw's beautiful clear English can do nothing for foolish ideas, if they are foolish. He seems to me a good deal like a cart-tail orator who pretends to be getting at the facts, but in reality is only anxious to discomfit an adversary. And the reason for his Brobdignagian success is that he appeals to the huge faction of the semi-educated who derive pleasure from the pretence of exercising their minds. It was a sad day for English literature when a young Irishman, who had the rare gift of interpreting people, encountered himself in one of the emptier places of his own intellect, and said: "Sir, I perceive you are a man of ideas." However trenchant his epigram, or burning his eloquence, he has only struck twelve twice, on each occasion profitably forgetting a rather impotent philosophy and harking back to the engaging mystery of personality. I may quote in this connection four lines of my own:

The same man who, with exquisite unkindness,
Mocked his gross mock at Helen Keller's blindness,
Wrote, by direction of a God unknown,
"Cæsar and Cleopatra" and "St. Joan."

All of us at the conference had been

given cards for a month at the Athenæum. My only knowledge of English Clubs was derived from *The Newcomes* and *Pendennis*, which shows how far one may stray from actuality. I went in for luncheon alone one day. The place was crowded with Oliver Lodges and Admiral Jellicoes, and it made me feel timid.

I sat down at a solitary little octagonal table, and as protective coloration ordered veal-and-ham pie and a bottle of stout. On another little table which positively touched mine lay a copy of the *Scotsman*, which I picked up and read until my meal should be served. Simultaneously with the arrival of my weal-an'-ammer, a member sat down at the other twin table, and I was guilty of what might have been error. I laid the *Scotsman* down in such a manner that he might consider it in his sphere of influence, if he desired, and dug into my victuals. The man took up the paper, and then, contrary to the Law of Nature, Act of Parliament, and the Custom of Kent, a voice spoke. "News from the North," it said.

I realized that I was being accosted, and for a second I think I knew the sensations of an American virgin when approached upon the streets of Paris. But I was trapped. I replied with as monosyllabic a monosyllable as ever was uttered within the limits of the empire. But nothing would serve. "It's a good paper," said the man, absolutely luring me. I yielded the information that it was better than some of ours, and was at once involved in conversation with a very pleasant person indeed. He was Sir George Buchanan, not the ambassador but an official in the Health Ministry, and he made that meal amusing. At the end of it he said, "You're only here for a month and they won't give you the good brandy. Come with me and we'll have some of the good brandy." That was all right from my standpoint, and we sat down in the smoking-room on the Pall Mall side.

Just as the brandy came, I grew con-

scious of the fact that something was happening in the thoroughfare without. My companion looked up. "Oh, by George, you ought to see this. His nibs is going by. The King's being welcomed into his loyal city of Westminster."

"It would be interesting," I said doubtfully, as I looked at the solid phalanxes of British backs that filled all three windows.

"Nothing easier," he said, and rising tapped one of the backs on the shoulder: "Make room for this Colonial!"

On this ghastly false pretence I was literally pushed against the pane and enjoyed a rather picturesque show, not to mention the remarkably explicit commentary of the spectators around me on the decline of pageantry in England. When the spectacle was over a magnificent man, really splendid to look upon, came up to me and said in the most cordial manner: "Where are you from? I am from the Colonies too. I am from New Zealand." A dozen men with whom I had been chatting looked at me curiously, as I made what seems to me the only possible reply: "I'm from New England."

It didn't seem to me much of a sally, and I was wholly unprepared for the explosion of mirth which followed. The beautiful and genuine Colonial flushed, as if something had been said at his expense. In a sense it had. He was the great physicist, Lord Rutherford, and, inasmuch as he was death on the bonds of empire, his friends were delighted when his morbid propensities were thus accidentally exposed. However, he was a nice man as well as a great one who bore no malice. I had a wonderful chat with him for half an hour. Lord Rutherford was something to run into, even if one had the haziest understanding of his knowledge and power. It was impossible not to feel the reality of both. The episode destroyed forever any notion I might have had that the English are cold and reserved and that their clubs are like unto them.



BEFORE HITLER CROSSES THE ATLANTIC

BY HENRY C. WOLFE

ON THE morning of Wednesday, September 28th, France and Britain held an immeasurably stronger position vis-à-vis Nazi Germany than they did on the evening of Thursday, September 29th. For that Thursday was the day of the Munich conference. On that incredible Thursday Adolf Hitler scored his knock-out blow against Czechoslovakia. He won a bloodless victory that did more than give the Reich immediate possession of valuable territory, natural resources, and man-power. It proved the Fuehrer to be the dominant political and military figure in Europe. And it brought to a summary and ironic end the last phase of the Versailles epoch. The panicky flight of the Western democracies was foreshadowed at Berchtesgaden, showed promise of halting at Godesberg, and turned into a rout at Munich.

The "peace of Munich" which dismembered Central Europe's "island of democracy" was not merely a Nazi triumph over Czechoslovakia; it was a Nazi triumph over Europe. For this "peace with honor" removed the main obstacle in Hitler's long-planned march down the Danube. The Nazified *Drang nach Osten* could push speedily on toward the rich prizes to be won in the Balkans, the Ukraine, and the Near East. When the sun set on September 29th, Hitler's dream of world power was moving from the pages of *Mein Kampf* to the realm of actuality.

The swiftness of the Fuehrer's triumph over Czechoslovakia came as a surprise

to all Europe. It probably surprised the Fuehrer himself, past-master of the *fait accompli*. The so-called "Nazi time-table," a high Polish official told me on August 30th, did not schedule the fall of Czechoslovakia until the spring of 1939. In consequence Hitler may be able to win more victories ahead of schedule. The desertion of Czechoslovakia by the Western democracies has already caused other small nations in Central Europe to try to make the best possible terms with the triumphant Third Reich. Undoubtedly the Munich conference has encouraged Hitler to elaborate his already ambitious program in Europe; it may have encouraged him to think seriously of a great overseas empire.

Certainly, Munich has caused many Americans to wonder if in the near future the Reich may not attempt to duplicate its Austrian and Czechoslovakian triumphs in the Western hemisphere.

But in spite of the Munich victory, in spite of Hitler's humiliation of the "treaty profiteers," in spite of the collapse of collective security and the decline of the League, the Fuehrer still has an enormous job ahead of him in Europe. Before he can safely send his fleet and soldiers to the New World he has many great tasks to perform in the Old World. In dispatching an army to South America to support some Brazilian Konrad Henlein before he has consolidated his Mitteleuropa empire, the Reichschancellor would be courting disaster. Despite seeming recklessness on various

occasions, Hitler's record since he came to power indicates careful preparation for his major moves. The one exception was his premature, and almost disastrous, *Putsch* in Austria in July, 1934. He carried on his Czechoslovakian campaign for several years, astutely maneuvering the diplomatic isolation of his victim and engineering a colossal propaganda offensive.

What, then, of the Nazi threat to South America?

First let us examine Hitler's program in Europe. It must be kept in mind constantly that Hitler's strategy of expansion has been a "land policy." He says in *Mein Kampf*: "We Nazis are through with [the Reich's] pre-war colonial and trade policy, and go over to the land policy of the future." In other words the Fuehrer looked with distrust upon the creation of a great overseas empire that could be suddenly cut off from Germany by hostile fleets.

Dr. Alfred Rosenberg, chief of the foreign affairs section of the Nazi Party, said to me in September, 1937: "Yes, we want colonies, but we want them here in Europe. There are vast undeveloped areas in the Balkans that could provide us with raw materials and markets for our manufactured goods. It would be a profitable arrangement for both sides."

When I pressed Dr. Rosenberg about overseas colonies, he replied: "As a world power we ought to have overseas colonies. Every other great power has them. Even little states like the Netherlands and Portugal have them. But overseas colonies will never be our main objective. We learned our lesson in 1914, when the British fleet cut us off from our colonies. In the future we shall depend only upon colonies that we can reach by railroad or by river transportation."

True, recapture of the "stolen colonies" is an important item on Hitler's agenda. It would enhance his prestige enormously, especially among the citizens of the Reich. But the overseas colonies are not the major item on the Fuehrer's schedule. And it is entirely possible

that the campaign for overseas colonies may serve to screen the Reich's major objective, her drive to the East.

An important sign that Hitler was devoting his energies to the continent of Europe was his naval treaty with Britain, signed in 1935, which limited the Reich's fleet to 35 per cent of Britain's naval strength. With his present tonnage, certainly, Hitler could hardly stand up to either the British or French fleets; he could scarcely risk sending his present flotilla thousands of miles from home to challenge any of the great naval powers.

Hitler's army and air force are, of course, another story. But even his army, efficient as it is, is short of officers and the artillery program is not likely to be completed before 1940. The Siegfried Line stretching along his western border from Switzerland to Holland is part of the preparation for his drive to the East. It stood him in excellent stead during the Czechoslovakian crisis. But it is not directed against the West; it is part of his strategy of assuring himself a free hand to carry his political and economic (and perhaps military) offensive into Dr. Rosenberg's "Balkans."

II

Nostalgically the Nazi hierarchy looks back upon the great empire that was in Germany's grasp in the spring of 1918. The armies of the Central Powers controlled all of the territory that is now Lithuania and Poland, about half of Latvia, much of the Ukraine, and nearly all of Serbia. Roumania was preparing to sign a treaty that would place her at the mercy of the Reich. Germany's 19th century dream of a Middle Europe empire had almost come true. All these rich prizes, according to Hitler and Rosenberg, were lost by gambling on Ludendorff's offensive in the West. "We shall never make a similar mistake," the Nazis tell you. "Our destiny is in the East."

The Munich settlement not only opened the gateway for Hitler's move down the Danube, but it brought trun-

cated Czechoslovakia within the Nazi political and economic orbit. After German armies had occupied the Sudetenland, it was only by the grace of Hitler that the rump state could continue to exist at all. But the political and economic "co-ordination" of Czechoslovakia with the Reich will not be a short process. Building railroads and highways and digging canals in Czechoslovakia will require time and money. These plans envisage a German-controlled motor speedway across Moravia connecting Breslau with Vienna, another speedway from Prague to Brunn where it will join the Breslau-Vienna road, a canal along the frontier of Slovakia connecting the Oder and Danube, another canal connecting the Moldau and Danube, and various rail lines throughout the little state. In the occupied territory many problems remain to be solved: problems inherent in the loss of markets by Sudeten industries, problems arising from inadequacy of raw materials, unemployment, and a dearth of food supplies. All these questions affecting territory that was formerly part of Czechoslovakia will require concentration of Nazi energies and economic resources that might otherwise soon be devoted to overseas adventures.

What is true of the occupied regions of Bohemia is likewise true of the rest of the Reich. After the past five years of terrific strain on Germany's financial and economic resources, the nation needs a rest. The Reich needs a period of comparative quiet in order to catch its breath and digest its Austrian and Bohemian territorial acquisitions. And Germany desperately needs an opportunity to divert some of her energies to raising the standard of living at home. For the Reich is living in a war atmosphere, an atmosphere of short rations, lack of essential foods, and malnutrition. *Ausverkauf* (sold out) is a revealing word that one sees posted up in stores all over Germany.

The "peace of Munich," great victory though it was for Hitler, is the beginning,

not the end, of Germany's *Drang nach Osten*. It means merely that the work of creating a regional economic system under German control, a system that is to provide the Reich with a reservoir of raw materials, has passed beyond the blueprint stage. Hitler must establish a puppet government in Hungary; he must either bring King Carol of Roumania under his control or install a puppet government in Bucharest; he must make sure of Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, and Greece; he must try to out-manuever the British in Turkey; and he must deflect Italian ambitions from the Balkans to North Africa.

True, after Munich the little nations of Central Europe and the Balkans went into a near-panic trying to reach an understanding with Hitler. Lithuania wanted to reach a *modus vivendi* with the Nazis before the latter could grab Memel; Roumania tried to conciliate the Fuehrer. Even those tough fighters, the Yugoslavs, hastened to make a new trade agreement with Germany. But the fact remains that beneath the surface of Middle Europe there is sullen resentment toward the Reich. Germans have never learned that their strutting men in uniform alienate the peoples of the weaker nations. The Fuehrer, whose combination of bluff and force has worked so well, seems not to realize that real loyalty cannot be inspired at the end of a gun. "The Balkans" that Dr. Rosenberg yearns to "develop" will submit to Berlin's dictation just as long as Hitler maintains his military supremacy. Were he to divert that military might to overseas adventures, his *Grossraumwirtschaft* could speedily collapse. At least some of the Nazi high command realize that truth. And this realization will undoubtedly act as a brake on Nazi ambitions to duplicate the Austrian *Putsch* in Brazil.

That the economic conquest of Danubia will not be completed this year or next is indicated by the plans for the Rhine-Main-Danube canal, a vast engineering project that when finished will connect the North Sea with the Black

Sea. It will give the Reich commercial mastery of a region containing one hundred fifty million people. But, even with the Reich's forced labor, it is not scheduled for completion until 1945!

Whether Hungary will come before Roumania in the Nazi program of streamlined aggression appears to be still a question. The goals of the Hitler program are fixed, but the methods of reaching those goals are opportunistic. But whatever the course Hitler chooses to follow, Hungary plays an important part in all of Berlin's plans. Not only does the Reich need Hungarian wheat and cattle; it needs a satellite Hungary as a bridge to Roumania. For just as the Fuehrer used Hungary as a weapon against Czechoslovakia, he is preparing to use the land of the Magyars as a weapon against the Roumanians, perhaps against the Yugoslavs. To-day, Hungary is dangerously close to a Nazi *Putsch* from within. For that the Magyars can partly thank themselves. In their eagerness to win Germany's help in the Hungarian campaign to regain the "lost provinces," they closed their eyes to National Socialist activities in Hungary.

Summer visitors to Budapest sitting on the terrace of the Dunapalota or the Hungaria, on the Pest side of the Danube, have seen arrogant young men clumping along the Corso in hob-nailed boots. Their riding breeches were black, their shirts green, and their arms were banded with the brassard of the swastika. Whether they were Magyars or Swabians, these young militarists were citizens of Hungary. But they had sworn their allegiance to a movement that takes its orders from Berlin. They are part of Hitler's "Fifth Column" in Hungary, a political and semi-military force which the Fuehrer can use to coerce the Hungarian government. National Socialism has made heavy inroads among the landless Magyar and Swabian peasants, a fact which has at last dawned upon the landed Hungarian leaders. But even the Magyar most fanatically opposed to the Treaty of Trianon has no desire to win

a campaign against the hated Little Entente only to fall beneath Hitler's chariot wheels. One of the pressing problems facing German expansion is, therefore, the "co-ordination" of Hungary with the Reich's political and economic policies.

Roumania is the Nazis' promised land. While it does not flow with milk and honey, it contains almost fabulously rich oil reserves and vast stores of minerals, lumber and foods. To-day, the only geographical obstacle between the Reich's territory and the Roumanian border is Hungary. Once in control of Roumania, Hitler can swing his offensive southward toward the Golden Horn and Asia Minor or eastward toward the Ukraine. But Roumanians well recall the Treaty of Bucharest forced upon them by the victorious Central Powers in the spring of 1918. They have no desire to exchange their easy-going existence for a Prussianized social and economic system run by Hitler's satraps. At the head of the kingdom is Carol II, a ruler usually portrayed as a wastrel and a playboy, but actually one of the shrewdest politicians in Europe. In this important poker game of power-politics his cards are mainly deuces and trays, the implied promises of French military support, League backing, and British financial aid. Hitler by the same token holds such aces as the underground Iron Guard, the 800,000 German minority, Hungarian and Bulgarian revisionist ambitions against Roumania, and the perennial Roumanian fear of Russia.

But even assuming that Hitler's plans in Roumania can be carried through without a setback, it may be a matter of years before that kingdom of Gypsy music and *opéra bouffe* intrigue can be "developed" into a trustworthy colony of Germany. And it should be kept in mind that Roumania, which cannot be severed from the Reich by all the fleets in the world, is infinitely more valuable to the Reich than the Cameroons or areas in Chile or Argentina that can be cut off from Germany by the naval forces of France, Britain, or the United States.

It was in March that Anschluss brought the Reich's territory to the border of Yugoslavia, a move that was long foreseen by farsighted Premier Stoyadinovitch of the South Slav kingdom. While Beneš and the Czechs continued to place their faith in the promises of the Western democracies, Stoyadinovitch and his Serbian collaborators were preparing against the day when Hitler would shut France out of Central Europe and overrun Bohemia. The events of September 29th caused no surprise in Belgrade. But while the South Slavs have been willing to further Berlin's economic policies in the Balkans, they have no intention of surrendering their political independence to Hitler. In spite of the presence of German troops on her northern border, Yugoslavia has stood for no nonsense from her half-million German minority. When young Nazi hot-heads in Yugoslavia tried to emulate the terrorism of their brethren in Lithuania, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Roumania, the Serbian police tried a little counter-terrorism, with such summary results that Nazism is quiet in Yugoslavia.

Hitler knows that the Yugoslavs would fight any German attempt to interfere in the kingdom's internal affairs. His goal in Yugoslavia is, therefore, economic exploitation and political penetration. He is probably too wise to attempt to make Yugoslavia a "colony" of the Reich, even though it is deep in "the Balkans." While the Reich is already Yugoslavia's best customer, and in return sells large amounts of German machinery, chemicals, electrical equipment, armaments and other manufactured products to the South Slavs, the surface of Yugoslav economic exploitation has hardly been scratched. So far as industrial Germany is concerned, the accessible Serbian copper mines and swine farms, the Croatian dairies and Slovenian forests are a more dependable source of supplies than far-away Colombia or Peru.

In Hitler's Mitteleuropa empire, Bulgaria, Turkey and Greece play not unimportant roles. All three of these coun-

tries have valuable raw materials that the Reich needs. Furthermore, Bulgarian soldiers are among the best in the world, and the Nazis have long planned to use Bulgaria as a military weapon to keep Greeks, Turks, Roumanians—and perhaps even Yugoslavs—in line. Although Germany is economically entrenched in Bulgaria and can use to advantage the threat of transferring her Bulgarian purchases elsewhere, the Reich has not yet been able to establish political hegemony over Bulgaria. That will take time and will require all of von Ribbentrop's diplomatic legerdemain.

The dictator of Greece is General ("Little Moltke") Metaxas, a two-by-four politician who proudly announces that Greece will "never" return to the parliamentary system. Adolf Hitler is a man after his own heart, and the Third Reich furnishes the inspiration for the authoritarian system that the General is trying to thrust down unwilling Greek throats. A symptom of the Metaxas cultural trend is the banning of coeducation from Greek schools, lest the young women students corrupt and weaken the virility of Greek manhood. As long as "Little Moltke" remains in power, Hitler will have a willing stooge directing the destiny of the Hellenes. But Greece is addicted to palace revolutions, *coups d'états*, and unpredictable shuttling between monarchy and republicanism. Greece has not yet been firmly nailed into the pattern of the Nazi *Grossraumwirtschaft*.

As for Turkey, the Reich is no more than holding its own in Ankara. The Soviet Union and Britain are competing with Germany for Turkish favor, and British loans at this writing have overbalanced German advances to the Turks. General Inonu, Kemal's successor, is an old hand at diplomacy, a first-rate military man, and a political leader who knows how to play one power against another. The Reich not only needs Turkish cotton, wool, figs and other raw materials, but she would also like to have Turkey as an ally. For Turkey, sitting astride the Dardanelles, is in a position

to say whether Russian shipping may leave the Black Sea and whether the fleets of the Western powers may go to the aid of a Soviet attacked by the Reich. Hitler has a great deal of work yet to do in Turkey before he can feel any assurance that in the next European war the descendants of Mohammed II will not be arrayed against him.

III

The north of Europe, too, bristles with a number of major problems relating to Germany's security and Hitler's plans for the drive to the East. The present German fleet appears to dominate the Baltic, but even in this theater, there is the unknown factor of Russian submarine strength. Even assuming that the German navy, operating in its home waters behind mine fields and supported by aircraft, can defend the north German coast, it would be suicidal for it to leave the Baltic right now. Besides, Hitler must first solve the perennial Polish problem and either defeat the Soviet or win it as an ally. Not one of these objectives is likely to be attained overnight.

Even pacific little Denmark holds its problem for Hitler. The Nazis claim that the present border between Germany and Denmark is one of those "bleeding frontiers" carved by the surgeons of Versailles. Actually this line of demarcation is as just a frontier as one can find in Europe. But no matter. Before Nazis can feel that the European situation is adequately stabilized, South Jutland (North Schleswig to the Nazis) will have to be taken away from Denmark and incorporated within the borders of the Reich.

An overnight journey across the Baltic from Copenhagen lies Gdynia, Poland's maritime metropolis. This is the "miracle" city that the Poles have built during the past fifteen years on the Bay of Puck at the edge of the Polish Corridor. Before Hitler came to power he made the reclamation of the Corridor one of his winning battle-cries. The strategy of

power politics, however, forced him to postpone the happy day when East Prussia will be joined to the main body of the Reich. And in Warsaw he has been compelled to deal with that astute diplomatic poker player, Colonel Beck, whose "ferocious realism" has slowed down the Fuehrer's progress northeastward along the Baltic. Nazis have long maintained that the problem of the Corridor could be "solved" by Germany's giving Lithuania to Poland in exchange for the Corridor. What a triumph for Hitler's "dynamic peace policy" that would be! Unfortunately for the Nazis, however, the Poles have shown no enthusiasm for this territorial horse trade. The Poles are determined to hold on to the Corridor, even if they do have to get out of Danzig. Consequently, the problem of the Corridor helps postpone Nazi overseas ventures.

As long as his political empire ends at the Lithuanian frontier, Hitler can hardly regard the Baltic as a German lake. He must first establish his hegemony over the small Baltic states of Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia. He must also control Finland. Once he dominates these Baltic lands, he could launch an offensive against Leningrad, or he could drive a better diplomatic bargain at Moscow. But until the Polish problem is solved, he cannot safely move northeastward in the tracks of the Teutonic Knights toward the Gulf of Finland. Germans and Poles have long been enemies; they distrust each other; and to-day Polish troops are encamped only a hundred miles from Berlin. Hitler has this problem near home to dispose of before he is free to launch a major offensive on a distant continent.

And now we come to the greatest problem of all those on the Nazi agenda: German relations with Russia. To-day these totalitarian giants are separated by the "Third Europe," the cordon of buffer states that Colonel Beck is trying to build into a solid block. But German relations with the Soviet are not static. The Fuehrer is determined to "develop" the rich

natural resources, the fertile fields, and the man-power of the Ukraine. But before he can go to war with the Soviet, he must be sure of his *Grossraumwirtschaft*. And even then a Nazi conquest of the Soviet Union would be a long, expensive, and hazardous campaign. It would probably start with a Nazi attempt to "liberate the Ukrainians suffering under Soviet rule." Such a struggle would require every ounce of German energy; it would preclude for years to come any major trans-Atlantic military expedition by the Reich.

IV

There is, of course, the possibility that Europe may be confronted with a second Rapallo, a new German-Soviet entente. That would speed up the Hitler expansion time-table sensationally. Some of the best informed men in the chancelleries of Europe regard this as more than a long shot. It is a development, therefore, to be kept in mind. For a German-Russian coalition would not only change the European picture, it would immediately alter the world picture. It would have its repercussions on all the continents.

But barring this one dramatic possibility of swift success in Europe, Hitler has

a long campaign ahead of him before he can call the battle won, and turn to new worlds to conquer. In *Mein Kampf* he promises that the "annihilation" of France will be achieved. Suppose that one of the "war party" (Duff Cooper, Eden, or Churchill) should come to power in Britain? The Fuehrer has stated publicly that he would regard this as a threat of war by Britain. Or suppose that his present ally, the flamboyant and unpredictable Italian Duce, should shift the line of his policy again and join a new Stresa front with France and Britain? Yes, there are many potential sources of trouble for the Reich in Europe before Hitler will have the opportunity to shed Alexandrian tears because there are no more worlds to conquer.

A serious Nazi military offensive against South America must await the accomplishment of Hitler's long-range plans in Europe. The speed and success of the Nazi drive on the continent is, consequently, of importance to the United States. The success or failure of a Nazi *Putsch* in Roumania or Hungary, or the success or failure of negotiations between Berlin and Moscow, may have vital implications for us. Let the American reader keep his eye on Hitler's drive to complete his program in Mitteleuropa.





SILVER VIRGIN

A STORY

BY BENEDICT THIELEN

THE car wound up the narrow dusty road toward the old town that stood on the hill. The terraced hillsides were green with vines and the smooth shining leaves of orange and lemon trees. In the valleys the cypresses thrust their dark blades into the sky above the misty gray olive groves. Beyond them was the sea.

Mr. Wright, sitting in the front seat next to Amédée, the chauffeur, turned round and smiled at his wife and his daughter Mildred. They smiled back and nodded their heads approvingly at the landscape.

"*Joli*," Mr. Wright said to the chauffeur, raising his voice to make himself heard above the constantly blowing horn. "*Très joli*."

"*La Provence*." The chauffeur lifted his hand from the horn to make a broad explanatory gesture.

"Well, well, is that so?" said Mr. Wright in English, his voice in the momentary silence sounding unexpectedly harsh and loud.

"Yes-s-s," said Amédée, and let his hand fall again on the button of the horn.

Mr. Wright reflected once again on why it was that everyone assumed that he knew nothing whatever about anything. Of course it was natural that his wife and daughter should—in America a man is guilty, intellectually, until proven innocent—but why should even Amédée instinctively share this general opinion? He thought about it, briefly and without bitterness. The hell with it . . . or, as

they said for everything in this country, *je m'en fiche*.

The car went round a curve in the road and stopped by the big medieval gate that was still the only entrance to the walled town.

"My!" said Mrs. Wright as they got out, "isn't this picturesque?"

"Certainly is." Mr. Wright looked round and nodded. "Very."

And it was. It reminded you of the pictures in old story-books, in *King Arthur* and Sir Walter Scott. When you looked at it you could imagine knights in full armor storming the battlements and lovely women with long golden hair leaning out of the windows of the high square tower. That was a great thing about Europe: you saw all the things you had read about so clearly there before you. But after all this time that they had been here the novelty of this kind of thing had begun to wear off a little. You had seen it in so many towns, in the hill towns of Italy and the castles on the Rhine and Nuremberg and Carcassonne. You got a little tired perhaps of seeing knights in full armor constantly before you. You wanted something else. But what? What else was it that people expected to find over here in Europe? What peculiar magic? Mr. Wright began to turn the question over in his mind but was interrupted.

"Oh, look!" Mildred called out. "Look at that cute little old antique shop!"

Mrs. Wright jerked her head away from the city gate and froze into immobility. In the tenseness of her pose there was something of the quality of a well-trained retriever. For a few seconds she stood so, then with one concerted movement she and her daughter headed for the antique shop. Mr. Wright watched them go, then turned and walked over to the wall which circled the town and from which the land fell away abruptly to the valley. Amédée was standing there slowly rolling a cigarette and it seemed to Mr. Wright that for the first time in their acquaintance he caught a trace of sympathy in his eyes.

"*Ils*," Mr. Wright said, half looking back over his shoulder, "I mean *elles* . . . *elles vont faire des emplettes*."

Amédée looked blank and Mr. Wright thought, Come on, fishface, you know damn well what I mean; but then he remembered that although *emplettes* was one of the words that was most emphasized in all manuals of French conversation no one over here ever seemed to use it and that the proper word for "shopping" was *courses*.

"*Des courses*," he said.

"*Ah, des courses!*" Amédée exclaimed. "*Des courses* . . . *ah, oui*." He nodded his head. "*Des antiquités* . . ."

For some moments he stared disconsolately down at the charred and jagged end of his cigarette, then he said, "*Tout ça, vous savez, c'est pour les poires*."

Now Mr. Wright was by no means an expert in the French language, and whenever he started to form a sentence in it in the presence of his wife or daughter their looks were so blightingly indulgent that he was never able to bring out more than one or two mumbled syllables. So that his pleasure at having understood what Amédée had just said was all the more intense. He remembered what *poire* meant. It was slang, *argot*, and he understood it. Aside from its usual meaning of "pear" it also meant "sucker." He looked at Amédée and laughed with that rather exaggerated laughter which people who are uncertain of themselves

in a language display in order to show that they fully appreciate the witty shadings of what has just been said.

"*Des poires, hein?*" he said, and laughed some more.

"*Eh!*" said Amédée. "*Evidemment* . . ." He made a weary gesture toward the antique shop. "*Tout ça c'est truqué. C'est faux*." His voice rose gradually. "*C'est fait en série, quoi*."

So all that was false, turned out wholesale. . . . Mr. Wright laughed again. Turning toward the store, he caught a glimpse of Mrs. Wright as she swept past the open door, going from one side of the store to the other, carrying some bulky object. His first impulse was to go over and tell her what Amédée had just said, but then he hesitated. If he did that they wouldn't believe him or, if they did believe him, they probably wouldn't admit it and would just take out their irritation on him. Of course there was something a little annoying about the idea that it was your money that was being used in the purchase of fake antiques—it made you sort of a *poire* yourself in a way—but on the other hand . . . And then anyway they got such a kick out of it. That was their main pleasure in life, that and visiting churches apparently. So what the hell, Mr. Wright thought. *Je m'en fiche*.

"*Eh, oui!*" Amédée said and went over to the car, where he took out a wrench and began to tighten a bolt on the windshield.

Mr. Wright turned his back to the town and leaned on the wall. He looked down at the valley and the distant deep-blue water. The hot sun fell full upon him and the sun and the faint breeze which came up the valley brought out odors from the earth: the smell of ripe oranges, of a plowed field, and from the hillsides a dry sharp smell of spices, of thyme and rosemary and sage. It was early in the afternoon and the town behind him was silent and a great stillness hung also over the valley and the hills.

Mr. Wright was still smiling slightly to himself, thinking of the *poires*. But

then he forgot about that and thought of, or rather felt, only the warmth and the peace of the land about him. Once or twice before on this trip he had had something of the same feeling, a warm presence surrounding him that made him feel, each time that it occurred, that this was worthwhile, this was good. But it was rare. The rest of the time there were only churches and art galleries and a succession of identical over-decorated hotels and contemptuously obsequious head waiters. It was also, he half admitted to himself, rather nice to be alone for a change, without having to be gaspingly articulate in one's admirations for the cultural wonders of the Old World. He thought for a moment of a stream at home where they used to go trout-fishing, and the damp cool smell of the woods in spring, and of how you could feel the ice cold of the mountain stream as it swept past your waders, with you perfectly dry inside. Standing in the stream you were protected from it but you could feel the cold and were not insulated from it. Here, except at rare moments like this, you had the feeling that you were always insulated from something deep, something vague and unguessed-at but somehow desirable that lay below the cluttered surface of churches, hotels and art galleries.

He sighed and climbed up on the wall and sat down. He let his feet hang down over the edge and looked out over the sunlit valley through half-closed eyes. This is good, he thought, this is fine. He took off his hat and raised his face to the sunlight. He started to yawn, deeply and satisfactorily, without covering his mouth with his hand. But just then he heard Mrs. Wright's voice calling to him and he stopped and turned round.

The two women were coming across the square with bundles in their arms and lights in their eyes.

"Well," Mr. Wright said as they came up, "well, did you find some nice things?"

"Look!" said Mrs. Wright and partly drew aside the wrapping from one of the bundles.

"Fine! That's very nice," said Mr. Wright, looking down at what appeared to be a crockery handle protruding from the wrapping.

"You don't find things like *that* every day," said Mrs. Wright.

"It's the real thing, is it?" Mr. Wright asked. "No fake?"

Mrs. Wright and their daughter looked indignant and both spoke at once rapidly.

"Good," said Mr. Wright. "That's fine."

"Were you bored waiting for us, Daddy?" Mildred asked "all that time?"

"No, not at all. I just sat here and looked out and . . ."

"Now," said Mrs. Wright as she put the bundles in the car, "now we'll see the church. I read that . . ."

"Now, I'll tell you . . ." Mr. Wright began but Mrs. Wright interrupted him.

"This is really a very unusual little church. Hardly any tourists even know about it, but Mrs. Purvis said . . ."

"What's there so unusual about it?" Mr. Wright asked.

"In the first place it's very interesting architecturally. And then there's the famous silver Virgin there. It does miracles. . . . You know, like Lourdes. It's very old."

"How old?" Mr. Wright asked.

"Well, nobody knows just how old, but from the style they can tell it's at least . . . well, it's quite primitive."

"Well . . ." Mr. Wright began, and wondered to himself just why it was that people who had never before thought much about such things should be expected, immediately upon their arrival in Europe, to take an almost professional interest in ecclesiastical architecture and miraculous images.

"It's supposed to be of solid silver too," Mildred said.

Mr. Wright felt like using that expression which, in the mouths of the younger generation, he had lately found so irritating, "So what?" But he merely nodded his head and said, "Well, well, that's quite interesting."

"Come on, Albert," Mrs. Wright said and started to walk away.

After a few steps she glanced back, from force of habit, expecting to see her husband following at the usual three or four paces behind her. But he had not moved. In fact, he had turned away and was looking out over the valley.

"Albert!" she called, raising her voice rather more than she had intended—which annoyed her.

He turned his head.

"Come on, Daddy," Mildred said.

They both stood facing him, smiling very brightly with their mouths and not at all with their eyes. Mr. Wright leaned back against the wall and crossed his arms. He smiled too. Indeed, the atmosphere seemed suddenly charged with intense smiling.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said. "I think I'll just stay out here for a while. I feel like some fresh air." He glanced down the valley. "I thought I might take a little walk."

"A walk!" The two voices rose sharply, together.

Mr. Wright nodded his head, still smiling pleasantly.

"Come, Mildred." Mrs. Wright took her daughter's arm and with a faint sigh they walked away.

Mr. Wright watched them go, then turned again toward the valley. He leaned on the parapet and looked out. He thought again, for no reason that he could see, of the trout stream. From the road below a cloud of red dust rose as some sheep ran across it, driven by a small black excited dog whose barking came up sharp and shrill to where he was standing. There were only a few sheep and they made him think by contrast of the great herds that he had seen out West, in Wyoming and in the high country of Arizona. Everything was on a smaller scale here. Everything was different. But still they were sheep and the dogs barked in the same excited way when they herded them.

The red dust thinned gradually, drifting and settling on the leaves of the olive

trees that grew by the side of the road. That was a thing that was different—olive trees. They didn't have those at home. When the breeze blew it turned up the undersides of the leaves and the whole grove looked silvery, trembling in the wind and the sunlight. In a way it was the same sort of thing you saw on aspen trees. There were a lot of those out West and in the East too, along roads in Connecticut.

He turned suddenly and started to walk away from the town on the road that led into the valley. Amédée watched him suspiciously.

"*Promener*," Mr. Wright called to him cheerfully.

Amédée pointed to the sun and then to his head and shouted, "*Attention aux coups de soleil, hein?*"

Mr. Wright nodded, swinging his hat in his hand and striding down the road. *Coups de soleil?* "Blows of the sun. . . ." Oh of course: sunstroke. He laughed aloud. God, what a funny language! Still, he certainly understood a lot of it, and could talk it pretty well—when he had the chance.

He went on down the road, scuffing the dust with his shoes. Some of it got inside them and it felt warm and dry and pleasant. By the side of the road flowers were growing. He stopped and looked down at them. There were a lot of flowers here that were different from the ones at home. He bent down and picked a small blue one. He looked at it, trying to recall its name. Chicory. That was what they mixed with the coffee over here. The flower grew all over at home. He stuck it in his buttonhole and went on.

As he got farther into the valley the town was hidden from him by a bend in the road. Sheltered by the hills, the air was motionless and warmer than it had been up there. The earth smelled dry and the other smells of which before there had been a trace in the air were now stronger, more direct and pungent. The silence was deeper here and the warm still air was filled with a sense of

slow unhurried growth. Walking along, he let his hand brush over some bushes that grew by the road. The dry red dust clung to them. It felt clean.

So far he had seen no houses, but after a time he came on one. It was built of stone that was the same color as the earth and the rounded red tiles of its roof were the color of old earth that had baked a long time under this hot southern sun. Above the front door was a grape arbor. The wall behind it was stained blue from the vine-spray. In the shadow made by the broad green leaves of the grapes a man was sitting at a table. He seemed to be asleep. Mr. Wright looked at him for several seconds. It felt suddenly hot out there in the sun and the shade of the arbor looked cool and inviting.

The man opened his eyes and half smiled. Mr. Wright went up the path that led to the house. The man got to his feet as he came up. Mr. Wright wiped his brow with his handkerchief and smiled and asked for a glass of water. He was embarrassed, but the man seemed to understand him without any difficulty. He pointed to a chair and said, "*Asseyez-vous donc,*" and went into the house.

When he came out with the glass of water the man said something he didn't quite understand, but Mr. Wright said "*Eh!*" with an expressive gesture, as he had heard everybody down here saying, and both of them shook their heads and smiled.

Then for a moment Mr. Wright felt embarrassed again and almost regretted having stopped here, but when the man began to talk he understood really quite a lot of what he was saying and whenever he said anything the man seemed to understand him as well, so that in a few minutes he felt quite at home here, sitting with this man in the shade of the grape arbor. They both agreed that this was a beautiful country and that it was very hot. The man asked Mr. Wright if it was true that there were Indians in New York and Mr. Wright said there weren't but that out West there were still many Indians and he told him about the In-

dians in New Mexico and Arizona and about the size of the herds of sheep and cattle out there. That made him think of the time he had sat on the porch of a ranch house after he had stopped to get some water for the car and talked with the fellow that owned it and then had a drink with him, and how it had felt as evening came on, the sun setting on the vast country, and the cool breeze coming up the canyon and the spicy smell of the sagebrush almost stinging your nostrils as you breathed it, and then the stars coming out, and how he had finally telephoned back to the dude ranch where they were staying and told Mrs. Wright that the car had broken down and that he'd have to spend the night there, but not to worry, that he was all right and that he'd be back early in the morning. That had been a fine day. That had been good, and he'd never forget it.

He smiled at the man and looked up at the arbor above their heads. The grapes were hanging down in thick ripe clusters, shining in the shade of the leaves as if with some inner light of their own. They made him realize that autumn was not far off and that soon they would be going home. For a long time, while walking through churches or art galleries he had been looking forward to that time but now, sitting here in the shade, in the warmth, for the first time he regretted it. It was as though, having just arrived in a place toward which for a long while he had been traveling, he were suddenly told that it was already time to leave.

He said something to the man about the grapes and the man got up suddenly and went into the house. When he came back he was carrying another glass and a pitcher of wine. Mr. Wright wanted to say something polite about not having meant to hint at having some wine but he didn't seem to be able to form the sentence properly so he just smiled, feeling rather foolish and helpless.

The man poured the wine and they touched glasses. After they had taken a sip of the wine the man looked at Mr. Wright expectantly.

"*Très bon*," Mr. Wright said. "*Très, très bon*."

He thought of the rich taste of the rye whiskey, sitting out there on the ranch-house porch, feeling the cool evening wind come up the canyon. He thought also of the dry fruity taste of the applejack that they used to get at the farmer's place after they had been trout fishing and the nasal voice of the farmer and the funny drawling things he used to say as they sat there on his porch in the late spring twilight, and the sound of the stream and the smell of the plowed earth.

"*Merveilleux*," he said, and took another sip of the wine.

The man asked him if he was here alone and he said no, he was here with his wife and daughter, who had gone to the church to see the silver Virgin.

The man gave a short laugh. He hesitated a moment then asked Mr. Wright if he was very religious. Mr. Wright shrugged his shoulders expressively.

The man smiled and, leaning a little forward across the table, said, "*Eh, bien . . . vous savez . . . tout ça . . . ce machin-là . . . c'est faux*." He nodded his head. "*Eh, oui!*"

Mr. Wright looked at him.

"False? The Virgin?"

The man nodded his head again vigorously and began to tell a long and very complicated story about the silver Virgin. Apparently some stranger, a cousin, it was rumored, of the King of Spain or the King of Italy—he wasn't sure—had come to town and had persuaded the parish priest, for a handsome consideration, to substitute a modern silver-gilt copy for the real silver Virgin, which was then removed at dead of night and sold for an enormous sum to an American millionaire. The fraud had eventually been detected and the priest unfrocked, but meanwhile the cousin of the King of Spain, or Italy, had disappeared, leaving behind him only an unpaid hotel bill and an accurate but nevertheless spurious replica of the original miraculous Virgin. It was, the man said, a *scandale*.

"Well, I'll be damned," said Mr.

Wright in English and, leaning back in his chair, began to laugh heartily.

The man laughed too. Of course, he said presently, they later declared that the cousin of the King of Spain, or of Italy, had been caught and the original statue restored to the church. But who could tell? Naturally they would say that, to avoid further *scandale*; but who could be sure? He leaned toward Mr. Wright and, pulling down the lower lid of his eye with his forefinger, peered at him for several seconds with that most skeptical of gestures.

Mr. Wright laughed again and thought of the antiques with which their house at home was furnished. They both sat there for some time shaking their heads. The man poured some more wine.

"And anyway," he said after a time, "who can tell about these things? God, I don't know . . ."

Mr. Wright took a drink of wine and agreed with him.

The man looked up at the leaves above his head. The sun came through a space between them and fell on his face.

"But that," he said, pointing his finger toward the sun, "that's one thing"—he turned toward Mr. Wright—"that and the rain, *hein?*"

"Yes," Mr. Wright said.

"I don't know," the man said. "Of course for women . . ."

"Yes," Mr. Wright said again.

"Ah!" The man slapped his hand on the table, got up, and went into the house, taking the empty wine pitcher with him.

"Oh, no, *vraiment*," Mr. Wright called after him, but the man just laughed without even looking back.

After he had gone in his laugh still sounded in the warm motionless air. Mr. Wright thought of the laugh of the man on the porch of the ranch-house and the sound of laughter coming from the bunk-house in the evening. He thought of the snort of the old guy who made the applejack. He thought of the cold water of the trout stream and the new buds of the trees. He looked up and

saw the heavy purple grapes hanging above his head. He saw the sun and the shadow. The earth was quiet. The earth was small and round and quiet. In some places the distances were vast and in others they were small. A place like this was sheltered and warm and still, while there were other places where the wind and the waves blew in from three thousand miles of wild and open ocean. But the wind blew and the rains fell.

The man came out of the open doorway with a new pitcher of wine. This is good, Mr. Wright thought, this is fine. But just then there was the sound of a car coming noisily down the road. He gave a start and sat up straighter. It seemed to him that he recognized the sound of the car and for a moment he thought of getting under the table and hiding, but just then the car came into view. Amédée was crouched down over the wheel like a racing driver, his mustaches streaking back from his face in the wind. Perhaps, Mr. Wright thought, he'll go on. But a second later Amédée saw him and the car drew to a stop in a whirl of dust and with a hideous grinding of brakes.

Mr. Wright got slowly to his feet. The man looked up at him inquiringly.

"*Ma famille*," Mr. Wright said, gesturing toward the car.

He walked slowly toward it, already hearing the words before they emerged, knowing the sound of them before hearing them.

"... where on earth you had gone ... Amédée said ... no consideration ... really, Albert ... and if we're to get there on time we've got to hurry..."

"Get where?" Mr. Wright asked.

"Why, to the Cramers' tea of course. At the Casino."

"The Cramers?" Mr. Wright repeated slowly.

"Those nice people from the boat. You remember."

"Oh, yes, yes, of course." Mr. Wright paused a moment. "Well, I'll tell you, I think I'll just hang around here for a

while longer. You go ahead, but I think I'll . . ."

Mrs. Wright leaned forward and opened the door. Mr. Wright looked down at it, then closed it again gently.

"Yes," he said, "Amédée can come back for me this evening. I was just having a nice talk with this fellow—this man back there."

Mildred laughed.

"But, Daddy, what do you say to your friend? Do you just sit there? You know your French isn't very—well, very fluent."

"Oh, we get along," Mr. Wright said, smiling. "We get along all right."

Mrs. Wright stared down at him, clutching her purchases to her bosom.

"Really, I never heard of . . ."

"How was the . . ." Mr. Wright began, then stopped and laughed.

"What?" said Mrs. Wright.

"The . . ." he laughed again. "The Virgin . . . the solid-silver Virgin?"

She looked down at him intently.

"I think Daddy's tight," Mildred said, laughing.

"No, just a little wine," he said. "Just a little red wine . . . *du pays*."

Amédée was looking at him sardonically.

Mr. Wright frowned at him and said abruptly, "*Revenez pour moi ce soir. Comprenez?*"

"*Bien, monsieur*," Amédée said, and suddenly he touched his cap with what seemed almost like a gesture of respect.

"Well," Mr. Wright started to turn away. "Well, enjoy yourselves. Have a good time."

"Really, Albert," Mrs. Wright said. "What are we going to tell . . ."

"Oh, yes," he said, turning back again smiling, "how was the silver Virgin? You didn't say."

"Wonderful of course," Mrs. Wright said. "Very unusual."

"So I heard," Mr. Wright said. "So they tell me."

"It was extremely worth while," Mrs. Wright said. "But apparently you're not interested in things like that."

Heaven knows why anyone should bother to come to Europe if they don't even care enough to . . ."

"Well, so long," Mr. Wright said, raising his hand. "Take it easy, Momma."

He turned and went back to the house. The man looked up at him. Mr. Wright sat down with a sigh.

"*Eh, oui!*" he said.

The man lifted his glass. Mr. Wright lifted his too. They drank. A faint breeze came round the corner of the house. It smelt of spices, of rosemary

and thyme, and sage. The sun shone through small spaces between the grape leaves and the grapes themselves glowed with their soft inner light.

Mr. Wright looked at the man.

"They're coming back?" the man said, glancing in the direction in which the car had gone.

Mr. Wright smiled and shook his head slowly.

"*Non.*" He looked reflectively down into his glass of wine. "*Je m'en fiche,*" he added.

NIGHT IN PARADISE

BY MARTHA BACON

WHEN God made man to live and breathe,
He set him in a garden sweet,
He gave him bay his brows to wreath
And purple-pelted figs to eat.

*And Adam, lord of all that grew,
Supped and laid him down to rest.
And God from out his marrow drew
Eve, with fulfillment in her breast.*

*But Adam in his virtue slept,
And Eve saw Eden first alone,
For fear of Paradise she wept,
Shuddering for the parent bone.*

*What woman stirs that does not dread
To watch the scimitar of dark,
Pearl and poised above her head
While yet there is no hope of lark.*

*Ah, weep no more, poor vigilant,
Cock will crow and dawn will break,
Too soon must Adam plow and plant,
Guard his dreaming till he wake.*



THE WISCONSIN BROTHERS

A STUDY IN PARTIAL ECLIPSE

BY ELMER DAVIS

OF THE many tall timbers of the political landscape that went down in the big wind of last election day, none fell with a louder crash than Governor Phil La Follette of Wisconsin. Only six months earlier he had felt secure enough at home to start the National Progressives of America (commonly known as NPA), which he declared was not just a third party, but was to become THE party of the nation. (The capitals are his.) Now the state of which he had been three times Governor, the state his family had dominated for forty years, had repudiated him—a disaster the more humiliating because of the quality of his opposition. The Republicans of Wisconsin, last fall, were not very much more optimistic than a National League ball club playing the Yankees. They had much Democratic support but blunders had dashed their early hopes; and their gubernatorial candidate, Julius Heil, an able business man, was an incredibly inept politician who usually put his worst foot foremost.

Nevertheless his worst foot was good enough to boot Phil La Follette out of office, despite the vigorous campaigning of the Governor and his brother Bob, the Senator; but even in the first flush of victory few conservatives ventured to predict that this was the end of the "Wisconsin dynasty." They had said that ten years ago when they beat a La Follette henchman, six years ago when they beat Phil the first time; but they are more cautious now. Virtually everybody but

Phil La Follette believes that this last election finished NPA, at least as an immediate factor in national politics; but the La Follettes (herein referred to as Phil and Bob, since that is the way everybody in Wisconsin refers to them) are a long way from being finished.

Phil, five times a candidate for Governor and three times elected, is not yet forty-two; his friends say he would rather teach law than do anything else, but he can no more keep out of politics now than the Ohio River can keep out of the bottom lands along its banks. Bob, almost fourteen years a Senator, is barely forty-four; if he had had to run for re-election last fall he too might have gone down, though he has always been a better vote-getter than Phil; but he does not come up till 1940, and much can happen before then to end Wisconsin's flurry of conservatism. (For instance, Julius Heil might try to carry out his campaign promises.) And whoever fights one La Follette has to fight them both; the solidarity of the family has always been a large factor in its success. The elder Mrs. La Follette was a brilliant woman, to whose advice both her husband and her sons were much indebted. The boys inherited from their father not only a political organization, but a job to be done with it, a body of doctrine to realize in action—a job they might not have wanted to do, doctrine with which they might have disagreed. Sons of a great man, if they are themselves men of ability and force, are

apt to revolt in mere self-defense against the overshadowing father; but Phil and Bob, gifted enough to make their own mark without clinging to the paternal coat tails, served their father with a loyalty that came from the heart, loyalty to him and to his principles too.

They are just as loyal to each other; if they disagree (as many people believed they disagreed on the advisability of starting the national party, at least at that time and in that way) they disagree in private and outwardly present a united front. Even their wives, so their friends say, get along with a harmony that is much more than the superficial expedient harmony of the wives of allied politicians. Bob married his secretary, Rachel Young, whose experience in the office doubtless made her a pretty good La Follette by temperament before she married into the family; but Phil's wife was a college classmate, Isabel Bacon, who had to learn the trade of being a La Follette, and from all accounts learned it well.

Yet there could have been excuse for jealousy, not only in their simultaneous careers in the same field with now one, now the other, drawing ahead, but in the diversity of their talents. Between them they seem to have inherited all the gifts of Robert Marion La Follette the elder and Belle Case La Follette, in about equal measure but curiously distributed. Bob has about everything his father had except the divine fire (though he is a good deal fierier than he used to be); Phil has so much of that that his solid merits cannot always be seen for the glare. More brilliant and fascinating, he is less stable; long before last November it was evident that he lacked his brother's cool perception of realities.

It is in Phil that you see the son of the Robert Marion La Follette who would have been an actor instead of a statesman if his short stature had not disqualified him, who took more pride in his lecture on Hamlet than in any of his political speeches. Bob on the platform, stocky and solid, is just a citizen telling you something you ought to know; Phil, when

he goes campaigning, puts on the best one-man show that has been seen in those parts since his father's day. Boyish-looking despite his graying hair—he wears it long, parts it in the middle, and can flap it effectively if he has to—he is by turns gay and engaging, sober and forceful; now he gives you a man-to-man discussion of the public business, now he warms with evangelistic fervor till he has to tear off his coat and tie as his father used to do; now he picks a ten-year-old boy out of the audience and uses him as a Charlie McCarthy to prove that even a schoolboy can see through the fallacious arithmetic of the opposition. When he was running against Governor Schmedeman in 1934, his opponent had to have a gangrenous leg amputated in the midst of the campaign; Phil, before a crowd of five thousand people, opened a political meeting by praying for his opponent's recovery. Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, uttered or unexpressed; and both the spoken and the unspoken prayers of that day were answered. Schmedeman got well, and La Follette beat him.

In short, the artist in politics. One of the reasons for the stupendous majority which Wisconsin rolled up against him last November was just that. His assurance and imperiousness in office, and some of the outward trappings of his national party no less than his single-handed domination of it, reminded some people—unjustly but not without superficial plausibility—of that other artist in politics, Adolf Hitler.

II

No wonder, with this difference in temperament and in outward effectiveness, that Phil is the more conspicuous of the pair; yet at the outset Bob had seemed marked out as the crown prince, by temperament as well as by seniority. He bore his father's magic name; and he was a mixer, who genuinely liked all sorts of people and all sorts of things. At the University of Wisconsin, which the boys attended as their parents had done, Bob was a thoroughly normal college man and

Phil was a good deal of a grind. The austere concentration which poverty and ambition had forced on his father came naturally to Phil; he was an effective debater but he had little small talk; his chief interest was in his studies, and when he was through studying his idea of relaxation was to read a book. That is still his idea of relaxation, though he does some horseback riding for his health. Bob, on the other hand, became and remains the Wisconsin football team's most enthusiastic rooter; he likes to see a baseball game when he has time, and on vacation he does a lot of fishing.

So it looked as if Bob was his father's predestined successor, with his sober and studious younger brother as the office partner, who at most would make the plans that Bob would carry out. What reversed their roles was a long and dangerous illness, never satisfactorily diagnosed, that struck Bob down half way through college, made him an invalid for years, and convinced him that even if he recovered, Phil must be the hope of the family. The misfortune at least had some compensations; at its worst in the war years, when the elder La Follette was for a while the most unpopular man in the country, it gave him something to worry about besides the abuse that was being heaped on him; and it perhaps taught young Bob never to be too sure of everything—a lesson Phil had not learned before last fall.

Phil had dropped out of college too when the war came, to go into the army and get a commission; though he never got overseas. Returning to the university when he was demobilized, he graduated in 1919, went through the law school, and started practice in Madison. Bob, by 1919, was well enough to do something, but at twenty-four he did not feel like going back to college; he became his father's secretary—and for the next six years he was getting a thorough education in the art of being a Senator, though with no idea as yet that he would ever practice it. He got a further education in the campaign of 1924.

That year, the elder La Follette at last got the presidential nomination he had hoped for in 1912, till Theodore Roosevelt yanked the Progressive movement out from under him; but it came too late. In 1912 discontent was general, in 1924 it was acute only in the agrarian Northwest; and La Follette, nominated by an informal conference, had no party behind him, nor even such a nucleus of powerful politicians as had followed Roosevelt in 1912. The party was to be organized after the campaign; but though La Follette got five million votes he carried no state but Wisconsin, and the national organization never got started. Even in Wisconsin, the Progressives remained nominally Republican for another decade. Young Bob had a good deal to do with the management of that campaign; and the contrast between its enthusiasm and the anticlimactic let-down afterward made a lasting impression on him. He learned that a party does not crystallize around a popular personality, it has to be built from the ground up; that the road to the White House starts from the county courthouse—a thousand courthouses and their local patronage, the country over.

But the only La Follette who profited immediately by that campaign was Phil; he was elected District Attorney of Dane County, in which Madison is situated—the office his father had captured, only a year out of college, to begin his political career. Thus following in his father's footsteps, Phil was visibly designated as the heir apparent.

III

In more ways than one he followed in his father's footsteps. The elder La Follette says in his autobiography, "I believe I broke the record for convictions"; also that "I would not be as good a prosecutor now as I was then"—meaning apparently not so severe a prosecutor, after he had more understanding of human frailty. Phil too was a demon at getting convictions, and was more severe than he would be now; though he did not emulate his

father in prosecuting leading citizens for drunkenness and adultery. Bootlegging had become a major industry and Madison, small city though it is, was the headquarters of rum-running mobs operating all through the Northwest. Phil, who had liked a drink occasionally, dutifully swore off when he took office and set himself to run the bootleggers out of Madison. He succeeded pretty well, after a series of spectacular raids in which he went along with the police, a gun belted on his hip. A prudent precaution in a District Attorney if he has any reason to doubt his policemen; but a release for the histrionic talent too.

After one term he went back to private practice; but Glenn Frank—the president of the university whom La Follette was to throw out a decade later—had appointed him a lecturer in criminal law, and for four years he combined practice and teaching, so successfully that Frank eventually offered to make him dean of the law school. Meanwhile the positions of the brothers had been reversed once more. Phil had begun his career where his father began; Bob, unexpectedly, started where his father finished.

Senator La Follette died in the summer of 1925, and it looked as if the Progressives could be sure of holding his seat only if their candidate bore the magic name. Mrs. La Follette was their first choice, but at sixty-six she did not feel equal to the burden. It was the Senators who had been most closely associated with her husband—George Norris, Burton Wheeler—who convinced the leaders that young Bob was the man for the place; a sufficient proof of the impression he had made in those six years in his father's office. But while he had done a good deal of organizing he had never been a candidate, out on the firing line; when he started to stump the state he had to write out his speeches and read them from manuscript. Luckily about the second day out he lost the brief case with his manuscripts in it, and discovered that he could get along better without them. He was barely old enough to be a Senator; but he knew his

stuff, he knew everybody in Wisconsin, and his name was La Follette. As his father's son he carried the Republican primary and won in the fall election; in 1928, and again in 1934, he was re-elected on his own record, in his own right.

So there he was in his father's seat while Phil was chasing bootleggers in the back streets of Madison; but it was still both for one and one for both. In 1927 a son was born to Mrs. Phil La Follette, the first grandson in the family. To name him for his grandfather was natural; Bob, who bore that name too, might have a prior right to it, but as he was still unmarried he could hardly object. Nevertheless Phil called up his brother and offered to reserve the name for Bob's son, if he ever had one.

"Don't be foolish," said Bob. "This boy of yours is Robert Marion La Follette the Third."

IV

It took Bob some time to be recognized as more than the son of his father, still longer to count as more than one of the group of Northwestern Senators who in those days were telling the troubles of the farmer to a nation too busy enjoying Coolidge prosperity to want to hear any hard-luck stories. For thirty years Wisconsin had been telling the Republican party that it was on the wrong track; platform planks embodying the Wisconsin idea were brought to every national convention, always to be rejected by the resolutions committee and then, when offered to the convention as a minority report, enthusiastically roared down. Bob was Wisconsin's spokesman at the Kansas City convention of 1928, and his coolness and good humor won him a burst of personal applause; but the convention threw out the Wisconsin program, as usual, and trusted Hoover to abolish poverty.

From the fall of 1929 on, however, suspicion began to spread that maybe Wisconsin had been nearer right than New York or Pennsylvania; and now Bob La Follette began to stand out from his

V

Northwestern colleagues, most of whom were still concentrated on the woes of their constituents on the farm. One day early in 1931 I happened to drop into the Senate gallery just as he was beginning a speech—a typical La Follette speech, full of such statistics as his father used to love. His delivery in those days was much dryer than his father's; yet I presently realized, with an excitement still remembered, that I had stumbled on something historic. For he was not talking merely about the troubles of Wisconsin; here for the first time a man in high office was looking at the troubles of all the sections of the country, as a problem that was all of one piece; was publicly declaring that relief was a national, not a local issue, which must be met by the resources, intellectual and material, of the whole nation.

A year later the majority of Congress had caught up with him; in another year there was an administration that had caught up with him. It has been easy for a La Follette to support most New Deal measures, for they or something like them are an old story in Wisconsin; but he is by no means just a left-wing New Dealer. On domestic and notably on foreign issues, he is often at odds with the Administration. Both La Follettes have been much influenced by the doctrines set forth by David Cushman Coyle, familiar to readers of HARPER'S; but they remember that his theory of keeping things going in hard times by budgetary deficits implies that in good times you have a surplus, with which you reduce the national debt. Bob La Follette has long worried over the perennial deficit; more than once, notably in 1935, he has vainly tried to persuade Congress to reduce it in the only way possible, so long as the need for widespread relief remains—by higher taxes, not only on the rich but on you and me. Naturally that will never be a popular program; it would never have been proposed by a man thinking chiefly of his own popularity with the voters.

But when you say La Follette in Wisconsin nowadays, you mean Phil.

Till 1934 the Wisconsin Progressives were a party within a party; they had first to carry the Republican primary and then face an independent conservative Republican, besides a Democrat, in the election. They usually won, but hardly ever had a majority over all; in 1926, and again in 1928, they even lost the governorship in the Republican primary. But Bob La Follette, in this latter year, had been re-elected to the Senate; evidently the name still had drawing power, so in 1930 the Progressives put up Phil in the primary against Governor Kohler. He was only thirty-three, and Kohler called him a young squirt; but he beat Kohler, won in the November election, and ever since has been the outstanding personality of Wisconsin. Bob in Washington is only one (though a conspicuous one) of ninety-six Senators; Phil, on the home grounds, protrudes so far above everybody else that the basic issue for the past eight years has been, Are you for him or against him?

They were mostly for him in 1930, against him in 1932, when Kohler recaptured the Republican nomination—partly because the hard times that had hurt him two years before were now hurting Phil; partly because that year the Democrats voted in their own primary. Usually, a hopeless minority, they had gone into the Republican primary and voted for a Progressive as preferable to a Stalwart; but in 1932 a Democratic nomination at last promised to be worth having. Schmedeman the Democrat beat Kohler that fall; but though the Progressives supported Roosevelt, when they finally broke away from the Republicans in 1934 it was to found their own party, not to join the Democrats. Most Wisconsin Democrats are conservatives; they supported the New Deal because they had to, but more perfunctorily than the La Follettes.

In 1934 the brothers were candidates together. Bob, with a virtual endorsement from Roosevelt, got more votes than the conservative Republican and conservative Democrat combined; Phil won

too, but by a narrow margin, and a Republican-Democratic coalition controlled the state Senate and blocked most of his plans. But in 1936—again supporting Roosevelt—he got the biggest plurality of his life; also, at last, he got a friendly legislature—not an unmixed blessing for an executive who wants to be reelected. “See what I would have done if they had let me” is often a more effective argument than pointing to what has actually been done, which very likely is not working out quite as well as had been expected.

VI

No La Follette administration is going to be very satisfactory to conservatives; but the outsider, trying to decide how much there is in the criticisms of Phil’s performance in office, finds himself hampered by the idyllic innocence of Wisconsin politics. The standard of honesty in all parties is far higher than in most states (another legacy from the elder La Follette, who made the Progressives so clean that the other parties had to clean up to compete with them); and antagonisms are nothing like so bitter as you might think from hearing them talk. Across the line in Minnesota you can see real radicals, real reactionaries, a real and dangerous bitterness; but in Wisconsin each side will admit in private—never in public—that the other fellows aren’t really so bad, after all. The citizens take their politics hard, they rage and roar at their enemies; but the words seldom mean as much as they do elsewhere.

Nobody seriously questions the honesty of Phil’s administration; nor indeed its efficiency, even though some of his more ambitious schemes have accomplished little. The objection is rather that he is too efficient; aside from complaints about the high taxes that pay for state services, what people dislike is not so much what he does as the way he does it. A politician cannot afford to have a mind that goes too fast and too far for the average man to follow. Phil is apt to outrun his interference, sometimes seems

even to outrun himself; there are ideas, apparently clear to him, which he has never succeeded in making clear to others; and in his natural impatience with slower-witted men he is inclined to sweep on and do things by fiat without waiting to do them by persuasion.

So they call him a dictator. In Madison as in Washington, a good many of the men who raise this cry do not want a government strong enough to do anything at all; but there are others whose concern is genuine, men who are afraid that worthy ends may be used to justify dangerous means. For instance, the most widely publicized episode of Phil’s governorship—his ejection, early in 1937, of Glenn Frank from the presidency of the state university. That a governor, a politician, should through the regents whom he appointed be able to remove the head of a university set a bad precedent, and many people rallied to defend academic freedom; though some who were in the thick of that fight conceded privately that Frank was not an ideal martyr. He was tactless; he was employed by Wisconsin and lived in Wisconsin, but he would not live like Wisconsin. (It was Governor and Mrs. Kohler, by the way, not Governor and Mrs. La Follette, who when they came to dinner were turned away by the Franks’ butler because they had arrived at six thirty, Madison’s usual hour, when the Franks dined at eight.) Also it was complained that though his salary was three times as big as the Governor’s, he spent too little time at home building up the university and too much on the road, making speeches and building up Glenn Frank. Small colleges must resign themselves to being the springboards from which ambitious presidents leap to higher honors, but the University of Wisconsin is big enough to be a full-time job in itself.

All the La Follettes got their education at the university, their association with it has always been very close; and Phil, besides, had lived all his life near the campus and had served on the faculty.

Any alumnus with such a background, if he thought his alma mater was being inefficiently managed, might reasonably want to do something about it; and Phil happened to be able to do something. Yet it was a bad precedent; his procedure could be used against any head of the university, for more sinister reasons. The Governor's enemies called it a purge, called it Fascism; if the net result was beneficial to the university—and this seems to be the preponderant opinion around Madison—it was detrimental to La Follette.

Other things he did convinced people with no partisan prejudices, people who knew it was ridiculous to call him a Fascist, that he was too autocratic; most of all, the executive reorganization bill. It was milder than the reorganization bill that was beaten in Washington, amid so much synthetic uproar; and far less drastic than the rigorous centralization which Paul McNutt imposed on the government of Indiana. But a good many people did not like it, and liked still less the driving tactics by which La Follette forced it through the legislature. And this resentment of his self-confidence, his determination to have his own way, was increased when he started the National Progressives of America.

VII

Every time Roosevelt has swung to the right since 1933 there has been talk of a national left-wing party; every time he swung back to the left the talk died down. The Supreme Court bill was a swing to the left, but too far left for most of the Democrats to follow him; by the middle of 1937 it looked as if he had lost his grip and did not know what to do next. At this point (according to Geoffrey Parsons, Jr., of the New York *Herald Tribune*, who is said to be the best authority on the history of NPA) the La Follettes urged him to adopt "a definite aggressive program." That the program was Phil's seems likely, for he offered to let Wisconsin be the guinea-pig state on which it

would first be tried; it was probably his program of 1935, thwarted by the legislature, which is now the program of NPA.

But Roosevelt declined the gift. So what? It had begun to seem probable that the Democratic nomination in 1940 could not be dictated by the White House; but it was equally probable that the Southern conservatives, if they controlled the convention, would take care not to put up anybody so very conservative that Roosevelt would refuse to support him, split the party, and turn the administration over to the opposition—as a Roosevelt did once before. Presumably then liberal voters in 1940 would have only a choice between two conservatives—the ideal situation for the founding of a national liberal party. But as the La Follettes learned in 1924, you cannot improvise a party in midsummer of election year. Apparently it seemed to Phil La Follette, in 1937, that the time had come to start.

But apparently it seemed otherwise to men who would be (along with Phil) the natural leaders of such a party—Norris, La Guardia and so on; for when the National Progressives of America made their debut last April (in a somewhat infelicitous setting, the Livestock Pavilion of the University of Wisconsin), Phil was the only first-rank leader who was there. Bob had an alibi; Congress was in session, his duties kept him in Washington; but even he, a few days later, had to deny newspaper stories that he was not in sympathy with the new party. Those stories, apparently, were unfounded; but the absence of the other leaders told its own story. Phil's new party was a one-man show, and to a family with the La Follettes' Shakespearean background, its resemblance to the average touring company in Shakespearean repertoire must have been painfully clear—a star of national renown, with a supporting cast composed partly of ambitious novices and partly of veterans about ready for the Actors' Home. Nor did it help much that the actor-manager also had to write his own vehicles.

What he had overlooked, of course, was that there is still a man named Roosevelt, in whose personality most voters seem to have faith even if they disagree with many of the things he tries to do. Old-time Progressives, when they saw that Phil was bent on starting his new party anyway, begged him to make it a supplement to Roosevelt rather than an alternative; to leave it flexible so that if the conservatives dominated the Democratic convention of 1940 it could be a haven for the Roosevelt Democrats, even perhaps for Roosevelt himself. But that last suggestion, of course, jabbed a sore spot; no La Follette can forget that once before a La Follette set a Progressive movement going and a Roosevelt took it away from him. Phil's announcement speech contained some kind words for Roosevelt's "brilliant leadership" and good intentions; but it was all based on the postulate that Roosevelt is through, that somebody else must carry the torch hereafter.

Maybe that is true, but most liberals are not yet ready to believe it.

That speech offered little detail as to how NPA was going to save the country, but one point leaped out—the need of stopping the “coddling or spoon-feeding of the American people.” The ending of relief, if you can manage also to end the need that brought it into being, is a highly desirable objective; but the adoption of those favorite phrases of reactionaries made a bad impression—except on Eastern conservative newspapers, which at once had kind words for Phil. Unfortunately the La Follettes, for a generation, had been telling the voters of Wisconsin that if Eastern conservative papers spoke well of you, something was wrong; and Phil was not helped by the suspicion that what Eastern conservatives really liked about him was the prospect that NPA might split the left wing, draw votes away from the New Deal.

The economic program of NPA has perhaps only a historical interest now. One of its features was to be a thorough rehabilitation of the railroads, in the in-

terest of efficiency, not of speculation. This too is highly desirable; but it would take a lot of money, new money, raised on bonds which would take precedence of existing railroad securities and destroy even such value as railroad securities have now. Another point was absolute public control of money and credit; again desirable, but like the railroad program it would knock down a good deal before it began building up. But the essence of any economic program for the United States must be something that will get business going, provide a substitute for relief.

La Follette's substitute would apparently be similar to his plan for Wisconsin, which the legislature blocked in 1935. He wanted to take the Federal relief allotment for the state and use it as the basis for a note issue by a state agency, the Wisconsin Finance Corporation. With these notes—a local currency, but evading the prohibition in the Federal Constitution—the state would pay for all sorts of activities such as WPA, PWA, CCC, the soil erosion people and other Federal agencies now carry on; plus “the repair and modernization of rural and urban homes.” That is badly needed; to the casual traveler it looks as if nobody in the Middle West has had his house painted since the war. But that seems about the only difference between this and any other relief program. The notes of the Wisconsin Finance Corporation, of course, would be backed by the Federal allotment—real money, in so far as there is such a thing nowadays. But apply the program nationally and what would back them? I cannot see that this is any more than a program of work relief somewhat more extensive than we have at present, financed by printing-press money rather than budgetary inflation. Phil La Follette apparently sees the difference, but he has trouble making it clear to less agile minds.

Other aspects of NPA did not look to others quite as he intended them. He doesn't believe in letting the devil have all the good tunes, in letting conservatives

copyright the flag and "Americanism"; the average American is a joiner, he likes to wear his lodge pin; why not turn this feeling to political advantage by giving NPA an emblem he can wear too? The emblem chosen was unimpeachably American—a blue cross on a white field, bordered by a red circle. It symbolizes, officially, the cross the voter marks in the circle on his ballot (evidently he is supposed to vote the straight ticket); also his religious faith; also, X being a mathematical sign, "our economic program of multiplying wealth." It may mean all that but unfortunately it looks like something else; Phil's enemies called it the Circumcised Swastika. Good show business, but not such good politics.

VIII

So the new party got off to a bad start; nobody liked it much but conservatives. Nevertheless Phil worked hard through the spring and summer on the national organization—neglecting his job to go around the country making speeches and building himself up, as Glenn Frank had done before him. That is not the way it looked to him; he was thinking of the Idea rather than of himself—but apart from his personality the Idea has, as yet, a thin and shadowy existence. He started NPA groups in fifteen states, but they were only nuclei, not parties; and they were mostly composed of unknowns. Naturally; politicians with something to lose were not going to throw away their interest in a going concern for a hazardous new venture. And along about September he suddenly realized that he had better get back home and go to work if he wanted to hold Wisconsin.

The farmers, always the chief support of the La Follettes, were discontented; the price of milk and cheese, Wisconsin's chief products, was low, and a great to-do was being made over the competition of imports from Canada. The old-age pension crusade was sweeping the state (and most other states); candidates in no danger of getting elected were promising

the old people everything, making the competition tough for men who might have to carry out their promises. The Republicans had cast a bigger vote in the primary than any other party, and some of La Follette's normal support had deserted him. The Roosevelt Democrats are not very numerous but their votes had been useful to the Progressives; now, because NPA threatened to split the liberal movement, most of them were supporting Julius Heil as the lesser of two evils. The Socialists, who have voted with the Progressives since 1934, are not very numerous either, but they were valuable as a nucleus of urban labor votes in a chiefly agrarian party. NPA was too conservative for their taste—and for the taste of a good many blown-in-the-glass Progressives too.

So Phil—and Bob—came back and began to stump the state. Julius Heil was also stumping the state, and it looked as if he was going to be worth more to the Progressives than both La Follettes. Intoxicated with the sound of his own voice, he talked everywhere and endlessly; calling Phil an Emperor who wanted to pass his empire on to his son (now eleven years old), damning the La Follettes as friends of Roosevelt and thereby doing his best to kick the New Deal vote back to the Progressives. By the early days of November, Republican analysts were saying gloomily that if the election had been held a month earlier they would have won. But no one appreciated, then, the strength of the nation-wide conservative reaction; no one realized how many local factors were combining to persuade the majority of Wisconsin voters, for the moment, that they had had enough of Phil La Follette.

They may easily feel otherwise about him in 1940 if he chooses to run, if he is not still dazzled by the cloudy vision of NPA. Fears that it would split the liberal movement were premature; in Iowa, the only state outside Wisconsin where it ran a ticket, it polled 699 votes; and most people, including a good many Wisconsin Progressives, feel that the sooner the

corpse is buried the better. But Phil La Follette loves it still.

The last election dealt a blow more fundamental than his defeat to any present prospect of a national left-wing party. Any such party must rest on the recognition of a common interest by farmers and industrial labor; and last November proved that the farmers, at least, do not recognize that yet—not even in Wisconsin, where the La Follettes have been preaching them the doctrine for forty years. But the general notion that NPA must be a left-wing party because it was started by a La Follette, and called itself Progressive, was a mistake. Its basic ideas are rather those of a center party; in a country where neither liberals nor conservatives, at present, seem very clear in their purposes or very efficient in their performance, it might hope to become a Party of National Concentration, THE party of America.

At least it might have hoped; the prospects do not seem so promising now, for all Phil La Follette's undissuadable optimism. This has never been a one-party

country, and it takes faith to believe that NPA will displace either of the existing organizations; before you can have a party of national concentration most people will want to know what they are concentrating on. And Phil has not made that clear—perhaps because he had to be not only the political philosopher but the practical organizer, perhaps because he is not a political philosopher, but something else. The surface resemblances to Fascism—the emblem, the talk of THE party—would have been dropped by a shrewd politician who was not aiming at Fascism, as soon as he saw that they hurt him; Phil kept them, not because he is aiming at Fascism, but because basically he is not a politician, but something else.

Those ideas of his—fascinating but misty, ideas that give you the feeling that there is more in his mind than even he can put into words—are not so much doctrines of political philosophy as visions of the artist. It might have been better for him and for Wisconsin if he had written a novel about them instead of trying to realize them in practice.





EVELYN THE TRUCK-DRIVER

AN AMERICAN GIRL WITH THE SPANISH ARMIES

BY LELAND STOWE

IT WAS nearly midnight and Barcelona had been blacked out for three hours now. Sometimes we had to feel our way between the curbstones and the walls of buildings. Under the trees, in the side streets off the Paseo de Gracia, we dodged people by ear—or stumbled into them. Even when we could see the stars they didn't do much good. They were too thin and high. But Evelyn was used to all that, so we fumbled along at a fairly decent pace—except when some demon of a Spanish driver catapulted himself out of the blackness, hell-bent for somewhere. Whoever walks at night in this suddenly silent and eyeless metropolis of Barcelona takes all the risks. So we groped along, like a couple of moles on a night out, but we were talking all the time.

"When you get back to New York will you do me a favor?" Evelyn asked. "Don't laugh, even if it does sound cuckoo! Some night, when you have a little time and haven't anything really important to do, I wish you'd go down to Chinatown. You know, down to one of those really good Chinese restaurants. I wish you'd order a big bowl of Chinese soup. And when you eat it think of me for just a minute. Honestly I'd feel awfully good if you'd do that."

Then a high-powered car threw its twin stilettos right at us. We jumped back. It careened drunkenly round the corner. We poked our way across the Paseo de Gracia and into the Majestic—one more hotel that's given up trying to live up to

its name since the war came into Catalonia. Now perhaps I should at last find out about this myth of a girl called Evelyn, providing the bombers didn't come over and blast casual conversation into bits, along with wood and cement and human beings.

I had been looking for Evelyn for a long time. Hadn't I heard about her, here and there and everywhere, as I wandered round Republican Spain last summer? Up at the International Brigade headquarters in Albacete somebody said: "There's a little American girl who's driving a truck. She's doing a grand job. Her name is Evelyn. . . . No, I never heard what the rest of it is. Everybody just calls her Evelyn." And everybody did. The Spaniard who drove our bus up to Madrid pronounced it "Eveleen." He said she was *muy simpatica* and a *buena camarada*. Behind the sandbags of the Hotel Gran Via café I met boys from the American and British battalions and they also talked about Evelyn. Where did she come from? How long had she been driving in this war? Where was she now? They didn't know. They just said she was a swell kid; a swell, blond-headed kid who was a hell of a good driver.

Out at the American hospitals in Tarancon they told me about Evelyn, only not nearly enough. She had come over with one of their medical units. Her husband belonged too and so did her brother. But Evelyn was on the road

most of the time. She'd just left for Murcia with a load of convalescents; wouldn't be back for two days. The next time we came through she was up at the front near Guadalajara. Once I saw her picture—a bareheaded wisp in khaki trousers standing beside a big truck. I looked for Evelyn over half of Spain, but I never caught up with her in the summer of 1937. I missed her by a day or an hour. Now, on my second night in Barcelona I had been sitting in the lounge of the Majestic, waiting for after-dinner coffee with Ed Rolfe.

"Who's the blond girl over there?" I asked idly. "She looks like an American."

"Sure she is. It's Evelyn," said Ed.

That was how I had finally caught up with Evelyn, and better a year late than never. She had just finished a seventeen-hour day. I went out with her while she tucked her ambulance in a garage. She was wearing an old army shirt open at the neck. She had a shock of Lorelei hair and a face with a glow in it. She looked unbelievably young and she had a smile that would be as good as a passport in any country in the world. She was alive too, like a wire humming with electricity. On that short walk I discovered the naturalness with which she made friends and the sudden wholehearted ripple in her laughter; and that was when I heard about the Chinese soup.

We had no time to spare because Evelyn was taking another load of medical supplies down to the Army of the Ebro in the morning. So we found a quiet corner and I tossed questions at her. Evelyn Hutchins—Evelyn Hutchins Rahman, if you took her married name—was now a chauffeur in the Sanitary Service of the Army of the Ebro. That's the northern Loyalist army which was reassembled after the collapse of the Aragon front in April, and it was preparing right now to cross the Ebro and hit Franco's Rebels with a surprise attack from the rear. Evelyn was taking up some of the splints and medicines that were needed for the new offensive.

II

She was born in Snohomish County in the State of Washington, she said. From the age of ten she had been brought up in New York City. She had never finished high school because she had to go to work. "Besides, I didn't do well in my school work. We didn't have any electric lights at home, so I didn't get my home work done—then I was ashamed and played hooky." Later she had spent two years at night school, trying to make up. She would be twenty-eight in August and had been driving in Spain for fifteen months. Her husband, Karl Rahman, had come to Spain with an American medical unit two months before she had. Her brother Leslie was driving a truck for an organization to aid refugee children. Oh, yes, she had arrived in Spain on April 12, 1937. She had been driving trucks and ambulances ever since, except for one month when she was ill. I didn't hear anything more about the illness. Apparently it was just a tiny incident in a big war.

"In New York they told me they didn't have any place for girl chauffeurs," Evelyn said. "Spain was a bad place for girls. I thought it over very carefully and decided they were wrong. If they needed chauffeurs badly enough to have good able-bodied men, the place for able-bodied men was at the front and there'd be a place somewhere for a woman."

"But how did you happen to come?"

"Well, I'd been driving a car and collecting food and clothes for the Spanish refugee children. Then the North American Committee started to send medical supplies and they asked Karl if he'd care to go over. He was very much interested and as soon as he was so was I. I like to be in the thick of things. I began to figure out how I could get over. It wasn't received very well."

Evelyn laughed and I thought again how far the right kind of laughter will take anyone. I couldn't help noticing too that her eyes were very blue and that her eyebrows had the same flaxen color

as her hair. It was a well-chiseled face; strong and remarkably expressive, the more so because there was a complete lack of self-consciousness in everything she said.

"I couldn't get them to say yes at first," she continued, "so Karl got here two months before I did. I made pretty much of a nuisance of myself, I'm afraid. At last the medical bureau agreed to send me as a chauffeur. They never sent another woman to be a chauffeur. In fact, there have been only two other women drivers that I know of. Now I'm the only one that's left. A Canadian girl named Jean Watts—she had been a reporter for the *Canadian Clarion*—drove for about two months before she went home. Then there was one Spanish girl. Her name is Soledad. Do you know what that means? It means Lonesome. But she's *not* alone. She's *not* lonesome. She's got friends everywhere, in the army and behind the lines. I wish you could meet her. She's very intelligent and capable and independent. And she's so young and good-looking too. She's known all over. The chauffeurs all told me about her. They'd say, 'There's another girl driving—a Spanish girl named Soledad.' She drove for eleven months. Now she's in a small town near Tarragona. She's in charge of the nurse personnel in a hospital there. And she's only twenty-two.

"I've met some wonderful Spanish girls. In Reus there are a lot of them. They're very young and very strong and they're learning to be mechanics in the repair garage. They're 'grease monkeys,' you know. They've got grease all over their arms and overalls, but you ought to see their pride and dignity and the way they hold themselves. It's thrilling just to watch them—and they're all youngsters. You see them with their noses down, helping pull out motors and changing wheels and cleaning sparkplugs. If I break a leg and can't drive I'll see if I can do something like that. What a difference between the way those Spanish girls walk and the way ordinary girls walk in the streets back home. They have such—

well, such elegance in their carriage. And you see it in their eyes."

Evelyn seemed to have no idea that, at that very moment, I could also "see it" in her own. Obviously she was quite oblivious of herself as she talked about what was to her the most important thing in the world.

"Yes, I'm the only woman driver left now," she added regretfully. "It would be nice if there were more. They're needed so much. I see no reason why we shouldn't organize a school and teach the girls as well as the boys how to drive. They've got a lot of bad drivers here, you know. They wreck many trucks and trucks cost a lot of money and are hard to get. We lost hundreds of them up at the Teruel front last winter, and most of it was through carelessness or ignorance. I've been trying to teach the young Spanish boys how to drive."

"Where did they send you when you first got to Spain?"

"I went immediately to Saelices. We had two American hospitals there, one called Villa Paz and one called Castellejo. It's forty miles or more below Madrid on the Valencia road. I was there from April until the middle of July last year. I had two ambulances one after the other. I'd go into Saelices at six-fifteen in the morning and get the workmen. That's when we were converting an old villa—it used to belong to King Alfonso's sister—into a hospital. We were making wards out of the hayloft; and you should have seen it, the mess it was in. Now it has a tiled floor and it just shines, it's so clean.

"Then, after I'd brought the workmen, I'd drive to Tarancon about twelve miles away. I'd get the food supplies for our hospitals. Then I'd go back to Tarancon, or drive to Colemanar or wherever they'd send me to, and get the wounded. Some of these boys died afterward. I had one who was only sixteen. He was such a sweet boy and so good-natured; but he bled internally and he died. Almost all of those boys were young, it seemed. Some of them I've seen since in our new hospitals here in Catalonia.

One is only about eighteen now. He had a wounded shoulder and at first he had his arm up in a wing. But something went wrong. When they took the wing off, his shoulder hadn't healed properly. He can't lift his arm from his side now, but his left arm is still good. So he works in the hospital. He's a good kid and he lisps. He always says, '*Salud, Aleen!*' "

"Yes, I used to work long hours. I'd get up at six in the morning—or at six-fifteen, if I couldn't manage it at six—and go to bed at twelve-thirty or later. And I was busy all day long. I guess I got worn out. I had bad dreams all night. I'd always be driving a car and something would go wrong with it. I'd be going down hill and something would go wrong and I couldn't stop the truck. Then I'd wake up in a cold sweat. It was a long time before I got rid of the dreams. But then, there are lots of things worse than dreams. I've really been very lucky."

"Lucky about accidents or bombings or what?"

"Lucky about everything, I guess. But I was thinking how I missed both of the bombings in Tarancon. That was in the autumn; and do you know, I was away on trips both times. The first time I left early in the morning and got back at night after the air raid was over. I went to Valencia—and by the way, that's a good trip. It's about one hundred and seventy-five miles. That's a long way to go and pick up a three-ton load of food and get it back in nine hours of solid driving. Well, I got back and found holes in the roadway. Bombs had landed behind the garage and beside the two hospitals. That was the first time. The next time—that was a week later—there were more holes in the road. Our garage had been hit twice by bombs and it had been machine-gunned. A bomb had landed in our food-distribution house where I always delivered my supplies. One struck the second hospital and another hit our administration building. One of our Spanish girls had her arm blown off. It was a wonder there weren't many more hurt.

"All the rest of our staff at Tarancon—you've no ideal! They had to run like hell in order to get away from those bombs. When I got back they could hardly talk, they were so shaken. When they heard the bombs they were in the garage. They threw themselves under the cars. Then they realized it was a bad place to be—and they didn't realize it any too soon. Karl was the last one out. He locked the garage door, so nobody could 'organize' anything when they were gone. Do you know what it is—to 'organize' something? To 'organize' means to take something you think you need that somebody else left behind carelessly. It's not stealing, you know. It's just helping yourself to something that belongs to somebody else and is lying round loose.

"Well, Karl locked the door and turned and saw planes swooping down and bombs dropping. He's got long legs, you know. No kidding, he ran so fast he was muscle-bound for a week afterward. Jacquier—he's the engineer who set up the big laundry for us in Tarancon—he had a big start on Karl. He said he felt as if a heavy wind passed him. Karl was way out in the field before he got there. As Karl ran a bomb dropped just behind him. It must have been one of those that hit the garage."

Then Evelyn began to laugh.

"You know, there were lots of ditches and shell-holes round there; and some of them had been filled up with garbage and refuse. When they were all running from the planes nobody had time to think of that. Jacquier and my brother Leslie were racing for their lives and they saw a shell-hole. They both dived for it at once—both for the same hole. They went in head first and they landed right in the middle of the natural facts of life. My brother pulled his head up and said, 'I can't stand it!' Just then a bomb burst about fifty feet away. Down he went into that awful hole again. It was funny when he told about it later. You see why I was lucky to be away when the bombers came."

III

Evelyn told me about her first weeks of truck driving; how she learned the peculiarities of trucks and what a time she had before she could "double-clutch" smoothly and silently. You had to get the feeling of it, she explained, or you ground the gears very badly. One day a young doctor was riding beside her and she did a sloppy job of double-clutching. "Well, I've heard other drivers make more noise," said the coldly scientific medico; and Evelyn's ears burned with chagrin. Months later she happened to give the same doctor another lift and he remarked that Spain had "certainly done wonders" for her gear-shifting.

"Double-clutching is really quite simple when you get the feel of it," Evelyn said. "With a truck you put your foot down on the clutch and put the gear in neutral and release the clutch. Then you step on the clutch again and put the gear into the next speed. It's simple, but it takes time to master it. Then there's another way that's harder to do. If you're going uphill with a heavy load and you don't want to lose speed or grind your gears, you double-clutch from high into third and race your motor at the same time. When you get the hang of it it's smooth as can be.

"Yes, I like driving a truck. It isn't hard. Often I've found it harder to make a turn with a car because the car is too light. With a truck you can stay on the road. You pull the wheel more, but you pull it where you want it to go. When you have a load you can't go too fast with it and the truck sticks to the road. If you go off the road in a truck it's because you've done it and it's your own fault."

When Evelyn talked about trucks and cars affection warmed her voice. It was the personal feeling that man acquires for his own particular machine.

"I must tell you about the best car I ever had," she exclaimed. "Not the best looking, but the *best* car. It was a three-ton Ford truck. We called it '7-11.' I

know that car as I'd know a kid of my own. I know the grease nipples underneath it; they're a different kind. I know its funny, cracked window panes. Then I put an extra gasoline filter on it, a grand one that was made of glass. And it had our own American spotlights on it and a horn I bought for it in Valencia. I got a special button to sound the horn too. And what a terrific sound that horn made! It was marvelous. I'd press the button and people would simply fly. Sometimes I'd have a load of people and the first time they heard that horn shriek they'd almost fall right out of the truck.

"That truck was my baby. It used to flap an awful lot—a terrific insult for such a good car. You see, it had been down on the Cordova front and its top got worn out from the rains down there. So the covering was half torn off and it flapped like the devil. Traveling back and forth on the roads, I got to know all the carabineros and guards. I used to keep some chocolate and cigarettes for them whenever I could. So they always used to look for me and tell me the news. When I had 7-11 the guards could always see me coming. Even a quarter of a mile down the road they always knew it was me because the truck flapped so much. It looked like a junk wagon, that car; but it had a wonderful engine. It could pull up a hill with a three-ton load and pass every machine on the road except a few light cars. And that was all the load it was built for. I want to tell you that's going some!"

From November until May Evelyn and 7-11 were inseparable partners. Then, one night, there came a rush order for beds. They piled on a great heap of them. The tailboard snapped off on a Catalan hill at three in the morning and 7-11 was laid up for repairs in Barcelona. Evelyn had bought chains and a lock for it, but they didn't hold tightly. When she came back somebody had "organized" her beloved old flap-goat of a truck.

"Was I brokenhearted! Honestly I could have cried. That truck was like my dearest friend. But I kept looking

for it. I said to myself, 'I know I'll find 7-11. I'd recognize it anywhere.' And I found it! It was a month later, but I found it! One day I pulled up to the curb, here in Barcelona, and I parked right behind old 7-11. They had disguised it. I mean they had recamouflaged it. They'd taken off the lights and the horn and they'd painted out our hospital insignia. But I saw it from the rear end as soon as I drove up. You see, its chassis is just a little bit crooked. I could tell it from its tilt right away. I said, 'Ah, that's old 7-11'—and my heart gave a big thump. Really it did. I walked up and I saw the fender-boxes we had put in at the hospital. Then I came farther and I saw the holes where the horn used to be. They had been puttied up, but the holes were in the exact spot, no mistake. Then I walked round in front. You see, the hood it had didn't belong to it. We had to change the old one and the other one wasn't a good fit. And it still had the same cracked glass and the same grease nipples underneath.

"I talked to the fellow who was driving it. I was shaking a little bit. I wanted to crack him one. I said, 'It's a good car you're driving, isn't it?' He began to say what a good car it was and then I said: 'You're darn right it's a good car! It's my car!' He didn't say anything, but he looked at me with a very funny expression. If he'd only got tough maybe I could have relieved my feelings, I was so mad right through. But he didn't say anything. He just had that funny look. And after all, what could I do? I couldn't blame him especially. Somebody had taken it for use at the front, and we'd just had that terrible retreat and they needed cars up there. But just the same, I knew I'd never get another truck like 7-11—and I never have."

It was almost like hearing about a wake after the death of a close friend. And there in the heart of blacked-out Barcelona, with death on the roads and death in the sky, it didn't seem at all far-fetched or amusing. Evelyn sat across the table from me and her sweeping intensity was

part and parcel of the abnormally silent city—this city which had once been famous for the gayest and wildest night life of the entire Mediterranean—and of the war itself. She told me about the little camionette with which she carried everything from leg splints to cigarettes up to the front. How she had driven all over Loyalist Spain, from the Escorial and Guadalajara to Alicante and Valencia; to Belchite and Barcelona and Vich. She had been in on the Belchite offensive of September, 1937. Sometimes she would wait about for ten or twelve hours, never daring to leave sight of her car. Then she would get an order, start driving at midnight, and drive all night or far into the morning. I thought about those twisting, tortuous Spanish roads and about those wild Spanish drivers—the most reckless I had ever seen in my life. I knew perfectly well that this girl gambled with head-on collisions and death every time she took a car out on those narrow, ill-marked roads. Even in broad daylight it was a most dangerous business—and she had been doing it, day or night, for fifteen months! No one but a firstclass driver could do that and survive. I'd as soon have taken my chances in a front-line trench.

"To tell the truth, I've never seen so many bad drivers on the road as in Spain during this war," Evelyn admitted. "Any driver on the road I now consider a bad driver. I mean I don't trust any of them. I give them all the room I can possibly give and don't take any chances. I can make plenty of time, but I'm considered a good driver. Of course I'm not nearly as good as some of the boys. They can pick a tight squeeze between those poky little burro carts and figure it to an inch. Once in a while something goes wrong and they'll hit a burro cart. But I won't take a chance like that, not unless I've simply got to get somewhere in a terrific hurry.

"Many of our boys think the Spaniards are rotten drivers. I don't think so. I think they are inexperienced drivers. Of course they take terrible chances and they

drive like mad, but that's because they haven't had experience. Some Spaniards are fine drivers. The bad ones are just exactly like our American drivers. The only difference is that the Americans can gage better because they're more used to driving and can spot the danger signals quicker. No, the night driving isn't any worse. In some ways it's easier. For me the only trouble is that I'm in the habit of sleeping at night, or I was once. And if I've been driving all day it's hard to keep awake at the wheel all night. You can only see a little strip ahead of you and it gets very monotonous. That's on the dark nights. If it's moonlight that means it's a good night for bombing—and that means some town is going to get it, and maybe while you're going through. Since I've been in Spain I don't like moonlight nights."

I wanted to know about some of the narrow escapes Evelyn had had. She agreed that there had been a few close calls.

"Once I was out shopping in Madrid. They shelled at one end of the block on the Gran Via, then on the other end. One fell behind me and the next shell fell ahead of me. So I stopped and did a little window shopping. You know, shells whistle and when you're close to them they crack the air. Have you ever heard a bomb close to? That's the one thing I don't like about bombs, the way they crack the air, and the big shells do it too. It sounds like crackling paper. I can't describe it very well, but it sounds like some terrific force that's so powerful it cracks the air. You're absolutely helpless against it. You can't get away from it.

"The next time I was in Madrid also. I'd just left my car. I was with two other cars and I parked mine in the middle. I had just stepped inside a building when the shells came over. They struck right outside and the shrapnel shot both the other cars full of holes and didn't hit my car at all. That shell was plenty close. It's like a clap of thunder—and when you've heard it you *know*. That hap-

pened just in front of the Hotel Inglese.

"We were all staying up on the top floor. I was very tired and went right to bed. I went to sleep and for the next twenty minutes the shelling was terrific. I fell asleep right in the middle of it. There were some German and Swedish and Spanish ambulance men with me, and they gave me an awful kidding. They said I was a cold-blooded Anglo Saxon. I had no sense and no feeling. They teased me for days afterward. They were very upset and nervous and they couldn't sleep. But I've found when you get a chance to rest you'd better take it. That's the reason I can go as many hours as I can. They were no safer in that hotel than I was. If a shell had hit it would have got them just as it would have got me."

"And what about bombings?"

"Yes, I've been caught any number of times. In Valencia or Tortosa—lots of places—but nothing ever happened to me. The building shook, sometimes the walls just quivered when the bombs fell quite close, but nothing ever happened. No, my name isn't written on any of the bombs."

It was well past two in the morning and within a few hours Evelyn would be driving down to the Ebro front. Beneath her zest and eagerness I could see that she was very tired. Perhaps we had better sign off for now? But she shook her head. In wartime you must do whatever you have to do while you have the chance. So we went on with the subject of bombings.

"One time we were in Valencia and my brother and I were sitting in our truck. It was old 7-11 and we were talking with another volunteer. Suddenly we saw planes coming over. There were no sirens, nor any warning of any kind. My brother said, 'Well, we'll soon know if they're ours or not.' And just then—*wheeeang!* Down came the bombs! The comrade grabbed me by the arm and shouted, 'Evelyn, come! To the *refugio*—run, run!' I got mad. I didn't like the way he grabbed my arm. I said, 'I

don't want to go to the *refugio*.' You know I just don't like running like that. He was so frightened he couldn't be sensible, but I got stubborn. Then he let go of my arm, and I don't know where he went. We didn't see him for twenty-five minutes at least.

"My brother and I just walked along. Everybody had disappeared. We didn't know where a *refugio* was, so we just went into a building and sat down. We sang a little bit, but we haven't got very good voices so we didn't sing very long. It was night and it was pitch black in the building. We turned on a flashlight, but the people yelled at us to put it out. That was foolish of them, for nobody could possibly see the light outside. But their nerves had been shattered by too many bombings. That's why they were so frightened."

"And didn't you get frightened too?"

"I've really been much more frightened while driving than with the bombs," Evelyn said. "I've had closer escapes with the driving. Just a short time ago I was driving up to Mont Blanche in the mountains. I was going very slowly round a very sharp turn and down hill. Just as I got to the sharpest part of the turn there came speeding right at me a little car that was trying to pass a truck. The car was on my side of the road—I mean, *really* on my side of the road. On the side of the truck was a cliff and on my side of the road was a deep ditch and a hill; and the road was never meant for more than two cars in the first place. The truck got over as far as it could possibly get to the cliff's edge. I went a little bit down on the side. I couldn't go any farther or I'd have turned over. The truck and I slowed down, and the little guy speeded up and slid through between us. Just like a razor blade! The soldiers in the truck called that little guy all kinds of fancy names in Spanish—and I'd have liked to call him a few myself, for it was a miracle that any of us was alive. But I was too busy watching that ditch and couldn't be bothered. That was really close enough to turn your hair. It

was just a matter of things working out right. Just pure luck.

"Once I got a bad bump and had my radiator smashed in. I was driving through a town just below Tortosa on the coast. There's one little street across the main road and it's very narrow. I had my *camionette*. A small car came shooting across the road in front of me. I jammed on my brakes and pulled to the left as far as I could, but we had to smash. He put a hole in my radiator, but he got the worst of it. It was a wonder he didn't kill us both. He bent his front axle and ruined his radiator and lights. At first he apologized and said he was sorry. Then he began to get his nerves back, and he said I didn't blow my horn. Then he said I was going much too fast and I didn't know how to drive. But he had already apologized to begin with, so I didn't argue with him. He was in the air corps. I guess he wasn't used to being on the ground."

IV

Evelyn told me about the Spaniards who had become her friends. She talked especially about the boys of the village of Saelices, where the American hospitals had been. Saelices, she said, was just a little bit of a place but it had sent two hundred and twenty-five young men into the war, almost all of them volunteers. Finally the only ones left were boys of from fourteen to sixteen and the oldest was eighteen. They had been kept at home to help raise the crops and cut the wood. Then they too went away—a few at a time. Before they went they invited Evelyn for a farewell dinner. They would kill a sheep or a goat and fry the meat in deep hot oil. Sometimes they had a little salad. For themselves they would have wine and they would get a precious glass or two of milk for Evelyn. When the farewell feast was over they would walk home with their *camarada Americana* to Castellejo. Now there were no young boys left. The only ones remaining were youngsters of ten or twelve.

I said I would ask only one more question. When was she going to leave the war and come back to the United States?

"I'm not going to leave if I can help it," Evelyn declared with finality. "Yes, some of the officials of our medical bureau have been trying to persuade me to take a leave. They said I'd worked hard and ought to ease up. They tried to get me a soft job. But I don't want to go home—not while the war is on. I shouldn't feel comfortable. I wouldn't like being home and reading the paper when there's a Rebel attack or a big push is on. I'd be reading it in the subway, and what could I do? I'd be wasting my time. If I'm not driving my car here, some fellow will be doing it; and he can be doing something else. . . . I'll tell you one thing. It's going to sound awfully conceited, but I've never lost my nerves yet." Evelyn laughed again. "Maybe they were right when they called me a cold-blooded Anglo Saxon. Oh, yes. Probably I'll get it some day. You're bound to get unnerved sometime or other. But I haven't got it yet.

"No. I'm going to stay until they send me home. And my brother Leslie feels the same way. We've shaken hands on it. We've got any number of friends in the medical service or relief work who feel like that. We're going to be the last twelve to go home. Then we're going to walk down Fifth Avenue—and do you know what we're going to do? We're going down to Chinatown and have some real Chinese food, and we're going to begin with a big bowl of Chinese soup like the one I asked you to eat for me. How would you say it? Yes, we're going to be the Twelve Ultimos!"

She was tired, and it was after three,

and she would be back on the job at six-fifteen and her face still had a glow in it. I said good-night and as I did so I told her that we must be partners if the story she had told me was ever published. She seemed surprised at that idea.

"But I don't need any money," Evelyn said. She paused a moment and added: "I'll tell you what you can do. You can take my share, if you want to do it that way—you can use it to buy cigarettes and chocolate and give them to the warehouse to send over here. You see, I haven't any need for money. I've got clothes. I've got several shirts and a pair of pants. Once I had a lovely little victrola at Cuenca, and I had to leave it behind. I miss that, but I don't really need anything. I get fifteen pesetas a day—that's supposed to be about seventy-five cents in here, even if it's only worth eighteen or twenty cents outside. With that I can buy handkerchiefs or socks when I need them; and I can buy fruit, and sometimes I can pick fruit in the fields. It's plenty. But if you could send over some cigarettes for the wounded or some chocolate for the refugee kids, that would be fine."

We said good-night and good health, as everyone does in Spain. The next morning Evelyn was gone. Probably she was driving back to the Army of the Ebro. I never saw her again. There is no tribute that I can pay to Evelyn Hutchins—none that would loom large in the world in which she lives. But this is her story, exactly as she told it to me that night, as I wrote it down in my black notebook on a rickety table in the Majestic Hotel in Barcelona. I've finished the story and there's only one thing left to do. I'm going down to Chinatown to order a bowl of Chinese soup.



LABOR'S TWO HOUSES

BY EDWARD LEVINSON

MR. CHAUNCEY A. WEAVER, a Kansas City lawyer who has represented the musicians' union at the conventions of the American Federation of Labor for the last twenty-five years, rose to his feet one afternoon last October at the Houston conclave of the Federation chiefs. He seemed "to feel a sort of fireside chat coming on." Presently the gentlemen who speak for the legions of the A. F. of L. were treated to a discourse that ranged through the ages, returning at leisure to modern times. Weaver touched on Cato, Caesar and Heywood Broun, Tennyson and Harry Bridges, Beethoven and John Brophy, Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, Grover Cleveland and William Green.

The subject under discussion was the conditions of peace with the Committee for Industrial Organization, soon to be re-christened the Congress of Industrial Organizations. The theme of Counsellor Weaver's thoughts were life's contrasts: "light and darkness have nothing in common; oil and water defy admixture; tornadic fury is opposed to ineffable calm." The admiration of gaping delegates was not lessened by the gibe of Teamster Chief Daniel J. Tobin, who recognizes good hokum when he hears it, that Weaver's speech had been written out beforehand and did not represent the extemporizing of a mastermind. Weaver, like the forum in which he spoke, is an institution. Once a year at every A. F. of L. convention, the delegates lean back to drink of his wisdom.

Delegate Weaver might have added

more contrasts to his list if, by some miracle, he could have found his way into the convention of the C.I.O. which met beneath Pittsburgh's smoke-stained skies in November. The A. F. of L. sat at Houston for two weeks, devoted almost exclusively to reiteration of old policies. (The exception is important and will be remarked shortly.) The C.I.O. accomplished the launching of a new federation of labor, including the drawing up of a constitution, in five days. Older men, marked by paunches and select cigars, rather than gray beards, made up the A. F. of L. assemblage. The C.I.O. delegates were an average 15 years younger; even the older delegates scorned the ruts of tradition. The A. F. of L. looked to its laurels, vowing no compromising, no sharing of influence with the C.I.O. The latter dwelt on the future: plans to unionize the Ford Motor Company, to bring the Girdlers of Little Steel into line, and to extend the influence of labor in government and in industry. Religious invocations opened each of the ten days of the Federation gathering. The C.I.O. invited two ministers to the opening session and none thereafter. A score of "invited guests" sought to bemuse the thoughts of the Federation delegates. Governor James Allred of Texas recited no less than five poetic offerings in his half hour before the A. F. of L.; Governor Richard W. Leche evoked the spirit and the message of the late Huey Long and brought down the house by offering as a guide for the A. F. of L. the policies of the enlightened state of Louisiana. To

the C.I.O., Lewis invited but one speaker, Miss Josephine Roche, who gave the delegates a liberal education on the problems of public health*and health insurance.

When the C.I.O. had almost concluded its crowded sessions, Lewis breathed an ironical sigh for the good old days. "Right now," he said, "I wish I was back in the A. F. of L. They know how to live."

The contrasts between C.I.O. and A. F. of L. are not superficial. For the first time since the 1890's there are two major federations of labor in the United States. Wherein do they differ in structure, policy, and goal? What are the internal problems of the C.I.O., the newer group, which has still to prove its sticking power? What are the prospects of peace, and the problems of division, if the two groups remain apart?

II

Age gives the A. F. of L. preference. Let us consider it first. Membership is, of course, a major test of the comparative standings of the two groups, and, to an extent, an indication of the progress of each. William Green, president of the Federation, has termed the C.I.O. figures a "fraud." John L. Lewis has not deigned to discuss the Federation's reports, yet a glance at them would be profitable.

There have been some noteworthy gains in membership by several unions of the A. F. of L. The teamsters and machinists have done particularly well, the latter by adopting wholesale the principle of industrial unionism which they have refused to accord the workers in the mass production industries. Hotel and restaurant workers', bakers' and butchers' unions have also increased their membership considerably, but on the whole, the gains claimed by the A. F. of L. appear to be exaggerated. The report of the A. F. of L. executive council at Houston states the paid-up membership, "as of August, 1938," at 3,623,087. There is a

catch right there. Prior to 1937, the Federation had reckoned its membership on the basis of the average monthly paid-up membership for a year. Since 1937, however, in view of the C.I.O.'s claims, there has been the necessity of putting the best foot forward. Dues payments in August, on which the A. F. of L. now bases its reports, have always been the highest of any month in the year. Federation conventions meet in October or November, and voting strength at these gatherings is determined by dues payments. Delinquent unions rush to get under the wire and August, financially, is the Federation's best month. It cannot be concluded from this that the membership claims of the A. F. of L. are padded 29 per cent; there are other receipts besides per capita dues payments. But these form the largest part of the Federation's income.

The financial reports, as far as indications of membership are concerned, seem to be drawn for concealment rather than enlightenment. Nevertheless, there are other indications that the A. F. of L.'s paid-up membership is not all that is claimed. A breakdown of per capita payments, for example, seems to place the membership at about 3,557,236; but a breakdown of payments of a mandatory tax, imposed to combat the C.I.O., indicates that but 3,297,860 have paid the assessment.

The year-round affairs of the A. F. of L., and the execution—or nullification—of policies adopted by the annual conventions, are more than ever in the hands of a group of which William L. Hutcheson, of the carpenters' union, Arthur H. Wharton, of the machinists', and Daniel C. Tracy, of the electricians', are the dominating figures. Neither Hutcheson nor Tracy sits on the executive council, but they are well represented by minor officials of their unions. Green, Matthew Woll, and John P. Frey are the spokesmen for this group, though not without an occasional public revelation of their personal differences and ambitions. Despite Green's contrary inclinations, it was

this group which kept the A. F. of L. officially neutral as between the New Deal and the Republican party in the presidential election of 1936. Hutcheson and Frey are Republicans; Woll is an anti-New Dealer; Wharton and Tracy have been somewhat embittered against the New Deal by its refusal to take sides with the A. F. of L. and against the C.I.O. It was Frey who sent the Dies committee off to a flying start by a rehashing of stories of Communist activities which he has been sedulously collecting and disseminating for years. It is Woll who has stridently called for a "major amendment" to the Wagner Act and who has tried to paint New Deal policies as first steps toward old-world totalitarianism.

This group administers the affairs of the A. F. of L. when the convention is not in session, which means 50 weeks in the year, and only thus can be explained the contradiction between the Federation in everyday public life, and the startling scene which disrupted the Houston convention in its closing hours.

For months up to the Houston convention, Woll had been conferring with Dr. Glenn Frank of the Republican "brain-trust" and other conservatives. A planned campaign to turn the Federation against the New Deal was under way. It came to the front in Houston where, considering its significance, it held the attention of the press for all too short a time. Woll and Frey, as in years past, held the posts of chairman and secretary of the policy-forming resolutions committee. Back in 1923, this committee had recommended a re-statement of the A. F. of L.'s traditional statement against "government interference in industry." Government was urged to keep hands off, leaving labor and owners of industry to find a common ground (frequently a battlefield) by themselves. This was an affirmation of the "voluntarism," of the opposition to social legislation, which Samuel Gompers had made a cornerstone of the A. F. of L. back in 1886. As such, it was approved in 1923 without a dissenting voice. Since then, things have

happened to this philosophy of "voluntarism." When the depression came, between 1929 and 1933, and the millions of unemployed were abandoned both by industry and government, Woll and Frey stood at the bridge, but even the comparatively backward unions of craft unionists started to sweep by them. Pressed by John L. Lewis, the Federation in 1932 finally came out for unemployment insurance. A general program of social security, Section 7a of the National Recovery Act and the National Labor Relations Act followed, with the approval of the A. F. of L. membership. Only Woll, Hutcheson, and a group of other die-hards warned against the new "radicalism."

Last year, behind the smoke screen of a continuous barrage against the Wagner Act, Woll and Frey thought the time had come to put over a repudiation of the new policies. They dusted off the declaration of 1923, adding to it a slyly worded suggestion that President Roosevelt's policies were trending in the direction of Socialism. But the conversion of the A. F. of L. rank and file had gone deeper than Woll and Frey had imagined. Amid shouts of impatience, the old declaration was pigeon-holed. By that action, the A. F. of L. tore up its doctrine of "voluntarism." The ranks of the Federation gave notice that the New Deal has nothing to fear from them. But what the executive council will say in the two crucial years ahead may be a different story.

III

The startling change in the temper of the A. F. of L. membership has not as yet been formulated into a positive program. The C.I.O., on the other hand, has not only rejected the idea that organized labor, mistrustful, must hold itself aloof from government, but has advanced a new conception of labor's role in the nation.

The C.I.O. Congress does not challenge any of the basic postulates of capitalism or the profit system. Its goal is still a

fairer deal for labor within the framework of the present social order. But its criticism and program are sufficiently new to warrant attention. The theme has been stated before, but not by any considerable section of organized labor. Lewis set it forth in his report to the Pittsburgh convention:

Intelligent economic direction: It is becoming obvious that full production in a stable economy can be created only by intelligent direction which has the power and the will to co-ordinate all economic controls toward that single end. Such central direction must necessarily come from the government. Intelligent direction also of necessity means planning toward the future. One of the serious defects of the present Administration has been the failure to co-ordinate and plan its economic program over an adequate period.

The goal of full production and full employment is one to which it would be difficult to find open opposition. It is clear, however, that there are many who oppose that goal through seeking special interests. Only labor, representing the majority of the people, can guarantee a continuous movement toward full production. Labor must have a strong voice in the government and in the agencies of the government which administer a sound economic program to guarantee that such a program shall not stagnate or be perverted. Heretofore, labor has too often been ignored. If the future is to be one of hope, labor must take its rightful place.

Lewis' demand for social control of industry and his insistence that labor must have a voice in such control is his daring answer to those who interpret the rightward swing of the pendulum in last November's "off-year" elections as a rebuke to the liberalism of the New Deal. Not less "government interference" in industry, but more, is the C.I.O.'s demand.

There are those who will persist in the criticism that the C.I.O. represents dictatorial ambitions on the part of John L. Lewis. Their fears, if they be sincere objections and not cloaks for opposition to any militant labor movement, should be somewhat allayed, if not entirely dissipated, by the new structure of the C.I.O. For one thing, the Congress of Industrial Organizations now has a duly adopted constitution and regularly

elected officers, all responsible, in the last analysis, to the conventions of the Congress. That Lewis and Sidney Hillman, of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, will continue to dominate the C.I.O. will be true only because of the democratic prerogatives of a superior number of members. But even the smallest of the C.I.O. unions will have a voice in framing its policies and tactics.

The executive council of the A. F. of L. has been a closed corporation, limited in membership to nine, and, latterly, fifteen members. The executive board of the C.I.O., on the other hand, is made up of one member from each of its affiliated unions. The proceedings of the executive council of the A. F. of L. are no less secretive than the discussions of the board of directors of the United States Steel Corporation. The executive council is an exclusive club, the membership qualifications of which are proof of regularity to be furnished to the dominant building trades unions and their allies. No minutes are ever issued. The council may suspend affiliated unions by a simple majority vote. It may thus punish heretics, real or supposed, and place large and small unions who fail to fall in line, beyond the pale. Beyond that, the executive council may make new rules as it goes along. Under such a "rule," and in clear contradiction to the basic constitution, were the eight founding unions of the C.I.O. read out of the Federation. The executive board of the C.I.O., by contrast, may not make its own rules; it may not expel or even suspend an affiliated organization. Only the conventions may do that. By reason of the attendance of forty-one or more spokesmen of affiliated unions, its deliberations and decisions will be public property—certainly the immediate property of unions whose welfare and existence may be affected.

Voting in the C.I.O. executive board, as in annual national conventions, is, when desired, by delegates, on a proportional basis, each union spokesman casting the vote of his membership. The

same rule applies in A. F. of L. conventions, but not in the executive council, whose membership has occasionally been composed of heads of unions, whose total members were but a minority of the entire A. F. of L. membership. Realistically, in the C.I.O. board, the final voice, modified only by a large amount of autonomy for the affiliates, will be voiced by the United Mine Workers and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. The members of the U.M.W. control also the votes of the Steel Workers Organizing Committee, whose chairman is the miners' No. 2 leader, Philip Murray. The Amalgamated, by reason of leadership, shapes the policies of the Textile Workers Organizing Committee. The four organizations between them have 1,840,645 votes in the C.I.O. out of a total of 3,664,612.

In his attacks on the C.I.O. membership figures, Mr. Green has created a straw man to be knocked down by his own ill-will. There can be no fair comparison, at this stage, between the membership of the Congress and the Federation. The A. F. of L. is fifty-eight years old, and is grounded in organizations with decades of existence whose members, to a great extent, are tied to them by investments in sick and death benefit funds, unemployment and strike allowances, and old-age retirement plans. The C.I.O. is almost exclusively the product of the industrial upheaval of the past two years. Twenty-nine of its forty-one organizations were not in existence in 1933; of these, the history of twenty-three does not go back beyond 1935. Nevertheless, the new C.I.O. unions are not brittle. Virtually all of them have survived an economic depression, the like of which, in other years, has meant death to labor unions. The entire membership, like those of the A. F. of L. unions, cannot fairly be tested by year-round dues payments. The C.I.O. presents this, among many, marked differences from the A. F. of L.: The Federation derives its principal income from its smaller unions and expends that income, in the

first instance, for the benefit of the larger internationals. The C.I.O. taxes and borrows from its larger unions, notably the miners' and the clothing workers', to help the new organizations. The C.I.O. thus more closely approximates the cardinal labor principle that the strong unions shall help the weak.

There is another glaring contrast between labor's two houses. In the C.I.O., the latch-string is out for younger leaders to an extent unknown since the early days of the A. F. of L., when Gompers, Hutcheson, Frey, and Wharton were flaming young pioneers. The C.I.O. recognizes and trains a new labor leadership which may have much to say in the future affairs of the nation. The elevation of twenty-seven-year-old James B. Carey of the radio and electrical workers to the post of secretary of the Congress is symbolic. Five years ago, Carey was a youth tending a machine in Philco's huge Philadelphia plant. To-day, he is president of a union that claims a membership of 157,000, and is the choice of almost 4,000,000 unionists as a member of the C.I.O.'s official family. There are many others whose youthful energy has been harnessed to the far-flung activities and responsibilities of the new labor movement. The United Automobile Workers' Union of almost 400,000 members is entirely an organization of young men, led by new recruits to labor leadership.

Some of the drawbacks as well as the advantages of youth are illustrated in this union. Homer Martin and Richard T. Frankenstein, one consumed with the desire to remain as the union's president, the other longing to displace him, have yet to measure up to the requirements of true leadership. But the automobile workers are finding their base. Behind the clash of personal ambitions, there looms ever larger the solid foundation-laying of young men like Walter Reuther, a former Ford employee who now heads a local union of 30,000 auto workers, and George F. Addes, secretary-treasurer of the union.

There are literally hundreds of able

young executives in C.I.O. unions whose collective efforts help make the Congress a force to reckon with. There is the aluminum workers' N. A. Zonarich, who led a handful out of the A. F. of L. to build a union of 25,000 workers in the Mellon barony; the rubber workers' Thomas F. Burns, who combines all the attributes of a full-fledged diplomat with the daring and initiative required to build a great new labor union; John V. Cooney, former cigar-store clerk, who helps guide the destiny of a union of 52,617 retail salespeople, an increasingly large number of them recruited from the department stores of the large cities; Powers Hapgood, who bears scars from physical wounds and jail sentences sustained in many battles of industrial guerilla warfare, and is now the president of 52,000 shoe workers; Michael J. Quill, who came up from the New York subways to the heights of leadership of 90,000 rapid transit workers. The list is a long one and in its aggregate provides the more seasoned leaders—Lewis, Hillman, and Murray—with a legion of able lieutenants. As for the A. F. of L.'s house, since the days of pioneering were left behind at the turn of the century one of its chief characteristics has been the lack of second-string, younger leaders. There have been only generals and, far removed, the rank and file.

IV

The Dies committee has made discussion of Communism distasteful. By its broadcasting of the fantasies and half-truths of labor spies, agents of employers' groups, and former members of the Communist Party, it has created an atmosphere of scepticism which more sincere critics of Communism find it difficult to penetrate. Seldom has a movement so insignificant in the life of the nation received so much publicity. Representative Martin F. Dies, along with Clayton R. Lusk and A. Mitchell Palmer, red-baiters of another period, should thus be listed among the best

friends the Communists ever had. In the welter of confusion and unreality created by the Dies committee one aspect of its "revelations" has been particularly obscured. From partial press reports there may be gleaned the fact that at least fifteen of Mr. Dies' witnesses were former members of the Communist Party. A sixteenth was J. B. Matthews, self-described Communist "fellow-traveler" and for years the party's Charlie McCarthy in a host of "innocents'" organizations. Their voluntary appearance before such a forum as the Dies committee is a fitting testimonial to a party whose semi-secrecy and romanticizing of its role in the nation make it a happy hunting ground for spies and irresponsibles. Its complaint of being victimized by secret agents and adventurers should more logically take the form of confession.

One must search beyond the obscurities raised by the Dies committee to discover the true role and strength of the Communists in the American labor movement. At the outset it must be said that the Communists are tolerated and recognized in the A. F. of L. as well as the C.I.O., notwithstanding the Federation's pious disclaimers. For the C.I.O., Lewis has said that the politics of a worker is not a matter for regulation by his labor union. He has, however, given sufficient indication that he will not temporize with efforts of a political party to dominate the labor movement. His miners' union has a constitutional provision barring Communists from membership. Lewis has compared this rule with a speed-limit sign in a small town: "The sign says 'speed limit 20 miles per hour.' If a motorist goes 25 or 30 nobody pays any attention to him. If he goes thirty-five or forty he lands in jail."

Those few C.I.O. leaders who, despite their insistent denials, have been linked with the Communists were given forceful notice of a "speed-limit" at the Pittsburgh convention. Harry Bridges, of the West-coast longshoremen, and Mervyn Rathborne, of the communications workers, rose to object to wording of a clause

in the proposed constitution which invited all workers, regardless of race, color, or creed, to join the unions of the C.I.O. Bridges and his supporters wanted also to invite members of all political parties. As a statement of principle such an invitation would, of course, be sound. Lewis, however, did not wish to open the doors wide to the Communists, nor even to give the impression that he was doing so. Other convention declarations spoke adequately in defense of political liberty. By raising a fuss, however, Bridges and Rathborne won postponement of further action on the constitution.

Before the convention resumed the next day, Bridges attempted, informally, to argue his point of view with Lewis. Lewis, patiently but with firmness, declared that not Bridges' proposals for discussing the constitution but the rules adopted by the entire convention would prevail. The entire discussion revolved around what seemed to be technicalities. When Bridges persisted, Lewis spoke more bluntly. "If you think you can run this movement," he said, "you are mistaken. If you are anxious for a fight, go ahead and start one. We'll finish it." Bridges and his group were rebuffed again when they vainly pleaded with Lewis for the election of John Brophy as secretary of the Congress.

These pointed behind-the-scenes exchanges set at rest the idea that Lewis has his eyes closed to the infiltration of Communists in C.I.O. councils. Summed up, his attitude may be described as follows: He is willing to tolerate the Communists so long as they run their unions in constructive, non-political fashion. He will not permit them, openly or covertly, to assume important positions in the leadership of the C.I.O.

How much influence do the Communists have in the C.I.O. unions? One can draw up a list of unions represented by men said to be Communists and arrive at a total of a little more than 800,000 of the almost 4,000,000 members. The question would nevertheless remain

unanswered. With the possible exception of the fur workers' union, there is not an organization in that list whose members would give Communists as such a vote of confidence. None realize this more than the Communists, as may be seen from the fact that it is harder to find an admitted Communist in a labor union these days than to penetrate a haystack and recover a needle. That is not to say that Communist tactics may not be discerned in some unions. But these tactics, in the current period of "patriotic," reformist Communism, are by no means unique. Where the Communists have accomplished sound organizing work they are no more and no less a "menace" than the non-political progressive unionists. Where they have tried to maintain their rule by suppression of minority opinion and railroading of their critics, they are practicing some of the worst features of old-line unions. The chief danger of the Communists is their tendency to emulate the Moscow formula and establish totalitarian unions, which only secondarily will be instruments of economic progress, and primarily will be vehicles for advancing the foreign policies best suited to Soviet Russia's interests. Thus far, such developments have met with scant success and they dwindle into insignificance when compared with the major accomplishments and hopes of the C.I.O.

V

The advantages of peace between the Federation and the Congress, from labor's point of view, are obvious. The disadvantages of an unsatisfactory peace have been stressed somewhat less.

Sections of the employing interests and those newspapers which speak their mind continually sermonize on the existence of two labor federations as a menace to orderly industrial activity. Yet how much more would they object to a fusing of the two labor groups into the mightiest labor organization the country has ever known? Would they prefer to deal with unions backed by 8,000,000 organized workers?

Or would the concentration of such a force under a single command merely mean a shifting of the grounds of their objections to collective bargaining? Those employers who are ready to deal with organized labor make a more convincing demand for peace. They plead that they are occasionally "in the middle" between clashing unions. Yet a return to peace on the basis of craft unionism would not end jurisdictional conflicts. If anything, it might intensify them. The long history of craft unionism in the building trades is one of unending and costly jurisdictional clashes. Before the C.I.O. displayed its full vigor and militancy, conservative journals like the New York *Herald-Tribune* praised industrial unionism as a solution to the problem of the jurisdictional conflict.

In labor's ranks there is no widespread desire for peace at any price. The C.I.O.'s auto, steel, and rubber workers have not had their faith restored in the A. F. of L. nor in the protestations of some of its leaders that they are ready to accept industrial unionism for the mass production industries. The peace formula offered by the A. F. of L. early in 1937 proposed that the new C.I.O. unions were to be admitted to a re-united Federation only after they had "adjusted" all differences with the craft unions in their respective industries. The auto and rubber unions, which had been expelled from the A. F. of L., were to be re-admitted with the "full rights" they enjoyed when they were dropped. More accurately, that should read "only the rights" they then enjoyed, which were limited charters that placed the skilled men in their industries within the jurisdictions of the craft unions. The coldness of the great mass of C.I.O. workers for the kind of peace the A. F. of L. would exact is matched by the lack of interest on the part of the members of the building and railroad unions which largely make up the A. F. of L. The C.I.O. has set up no unions in these trades and their members have thus far not felt the direct competition of dual unions.

While most of the unions of the two groups can continue to function, even to grow, without peace, in the field of politics and legislation the dangers of disunity are greater. The Federation, in its war on the C.I.O., did not hesitate to help turn over Pennsylvania to the Republicans because Thomas J. Kennedy, of the miners' union, was a candidate for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination. Almost single-handed, it retired Maury Maverick from the House of Representatives. It arrayed the prestige of the Federation against the wishes of its own state Federations of Labor in Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and California. Its hatred for the National Labor Relations Board leads it to fight for the right of the courts, traditionally organized labor's greatest governmental foe, to play hob with the board's decisions. The seat of the Federation's grievances against the operation of the Wagner act is not hard to find. Primarily, the act and the board have served the newly organized workers, those in the C.I.O. unions. The building trades craft unions are too firmly entrenched to need the act; the A. F. of L.'s railroad unions have the protection of the Railway Labor Act. Furthermore, the board has to a small extent thwarted the efforts of some A. F. of L. unions to make back-stairs deals with employers in order to freeze out C.I.O. organizations. Continued warfare between the Federation and the Congress may endanger the Act. What will save it, short of an early, constructive peace, will be a refusal by the Congress of the United States to be swayed by the importunities and threats of the craft union leaders, some of whom, like Woll, Hutcheson, and Frey, abhor the principle of the legislation rather than its administration against which most of their open fire is directed.

The possibilities for immediate peace lie with the leaders of the two groups, but before their stubbornness even President Roosevelt has hesitated to offer himself as a mediator. Most of the labor chieftains pay lip service to the idea of

healing the breach, but in the final analysis what they have said has been maneuvering for position. Lewis insists there can be no worth-while peace unless the new industrial unions are assured the right to live. To accomplish this, he feels, industrial unionism must not merely be subscribed to on paper but must be safeguarded by giving the C.I.O. unions a large voice in the councils of a re-united movement. Here, beyond a doubt, is the A. F. of L. leaders' strongest reason for refusing to compromise. For half a century they have dominated the labor movement. No opposition has ever successfully challenged them. To share power now with Lewis and the C.I.O. unions would be a major surrender of some of their life-long prerogatives. They prefer bitter warfare as an alternative.

On top of that, the A. F. of L. craft leaders hate Lewis with a warmth that few

of the wealthy employers can muster against President Roosevelt. They see in his dogged determination a domineering spirit and a despot. Lewis returns their compliments, but with a sense of humor and proportion which, in the long run, makes him a more reasonable person. Lewis does not seek mechanical domination of the labor movement by himself. The closer one watches him, the more inescapable becomes the impression that he is a man driven by a single, impersonal ambition—to enlarge the influence of labor industrially and politically. He is enough of a realist to weigh in the balance peace on the A. F. of L.'s terms, with all its apparent advantages, and the continued life of the new unions in the mass-production industries. After all, with all the discord in labor's family in the last three years, the movement has grown from 3,000,000 to 8,000,000 followers.





BLACK MONEY

BY MARTIN PROCTOR

This article was prepared with the aid of David Brown and Ernest Lehman.—*The Editors*

THE express train to Amsterdam pulls out of Osnabrueck, the last German stop before the Dutch frontier. Brown-shirted customs officials, revolvers on hips and the sacred Party badge as tie-pin, go from compartment to compartment, stiffly saluting like life-sized marionettes.

"Heil Hitler! *Passkontrolle!*" (passport control)

"*Zollkontrolle!*" (customs control)

"*Finanzkontrolle!*" (money control)

Trunks are opened, passports and bank statements examined, wads of money carefully counted. In one compartment, there is a German who has his hat on, has put it on, in fact, just before the frontier officials come in.

The finance inspector scrutinizes him sharply.

"Any money with you?"

"Fifty English shillings . . . here is the permit of the *Reichsbank*."

"Anything else?"

"No . . ."

The inspector, with an expert frisking movement, feels the pockets of the man's overcoat.

"May I see your hat?"

"But I assure you . . ."

The inspector snatches the hat off its wearer's head and looks under the lining. Then he says quietly:

"You are under arrest. Come along with me."

The victim is obviously a clumsy beginner. He has violated the first rule of the "black money" smuggling trade in

Hitler's Germany: don't let them catch you red-handed; hide the money away from your person so that if it is detected, it will be confiscated as unclaimed property. What if the brass does get lost once in a while? Only a fool carries his death warrant on his head.

The seasoned smuggler would have boarded the train with two hats and hung them on separate pegs over the door, one hat bearing his initials on the leather band inside; the other containing money concealed beneath the lining. If the money-bearing hat should be examined, he would disclaim ownership. His own hat was right there! Never saw that other one in all his life! To avoid fingerprints, he would have taken care not to handle the hat with his bare hands.

In Germany to-day, every financial transaction of an individual or of a business enterprise is severely regulated by the state, for money and foreign exchange are the life-blood of a state, Fascist or otherwise. Consequently, and because the regular channels of foreign exchange exact exorbitant discounts, many persons attempt to transfer their wealth abroad illegally. This has led to a flourishing smuggling trade across the ever-widening German frontier. "Black money trucking" is accomplished through underground organizations, which operate efficiently despite occasional losses of life and property. For failure in the illegal-money-transfer business means but one thing—the headman's axe.

The days when "non-Aryans" were the best customers are gone. To-day, these people are too closely watched; if they wish to open their safe-deposit boxes, they must first report to the Gestapo, spy service of the Reichsbank, which sends an official to watch every movement.

Nevertheless the "black money" traffic continues strong; its clients include bankers, industrialists, high government officials and wealthy landowners, all of pure "Aryan" stock, who try every deception, such as double invoices and ledgers, faked export documents and bills of lading, to get some "uncontrolled" foreign money into their hands.

It is impossible to estimate the amount of money in flight from the Fatherland. A leading Dutch banker has said that 500 million marks yearly would be a fair guess of Holland's share alone. Inasmuch as there are seven neutral countries surrounding Germany, excluding Switzerland where "black money" is worthless, one can only imagine the total.

The German government is fully aware of what it is up against. Attempting to enforce its stern laws by stern means, it has created all-powerful offices which intentionally get little publicity. They are the soldiers of Hitler's secret war. The customs and frontier men, whipped up by threats or promises of reward, are alert "watch-dogs" and know most of the tricks they are up against. But they can not take apart every train and automobile, and cut open every trunk that is being moved over the frontier.

Europe's war clouds have added to the general apprehension of substantial Germans over their wealth. If the managers of the larger banks in Belgium, Holland, or England were to reveal the names of their German clients, Hitler would get a curious picture of the confidence of his nation's business leaders in the promised "German millennium."

The military attaché of a great power's embassy stationed in Berlin told me:—

"I have to attend many official festivities here. There has not been a single time when one or two of the Brownshirt

bigwigs did not first try to warm me up with a few cordials and then open up in a quiet corner: "Tell me, *Herr Attaché*, can't you help me to bring out some money? It must be very easy for you with the diplomatic pouch. . . . Can't we do a little business together?" "

II

This "black money" trade runs along according to its own rules. There are no letters of introduction, no bills of receipt; the customer doesn't even know the name of the man who handles his money.

Let us suppose you are Herr Schmidt of Nuremberg who wants to move some money out of the way of Nazi hands. One day—after you have found somebody in the small set of your reliable friends who "knows someone"—a man telephones you, giving his name as Harry, or William, or whatever has been agreed upon as the watch-word in this case.

When the man appears, you are a bit surprised to see a well-dressed business man of the athletic type, neither dangerous nor romantic looking. With a friendly grin he will settle in your best armchair, waiting for your next move—handing over the money. It is of no use to ask this "Harry" personal questions; he won't answer you, nor will he show his passport, which doesn't bear his real name.

He will count the money, telling you by a rough calculation what you will get for it at the foreign exchange, minus his commission, which amounts to from 10 to 15 per cent.

Stuffing your precious money in his trousers pocket, he leaves you. After a few days of anxious suspense and nights of bad dreams in which Gestapo men play a horrifying role, you get a postcard from a friend of yours in a neutral country saying that: "Uncle Harry celebrated his 50th birthday in full health and joy." This you can easily translate into the welcome news that "Harry" has delivered your 50,000 marks into your trustee's hands.

The miracle of the whole transaction is that "Harry" and "William" really carry the money out of the country. Of course there are swindlers and fakers, just as you might expect in an enterprise which depends so much on trust in strangers.

Then again, "Harry" may have been caught. In that case, you will have consoled yourself with the thought that you were at least not in any danger. These "Harrys" or "Williams" don't squeal. Everything is done through "mental records"; they don't carry notebooks, and no treacherous scripts will be found on them.

For particularly anxious minds and for the transfer of large sums, there even exists a "guarantee transfer," a kind of mutual deposit affair, where you pay out your money only after your trustee in the other country has informed you that the equivalent has been duly deposited. Such transactions are complicated and expensive. Much preparatory traveling is necessary, besides the help of several persons, including some foreign financiers or banks.

German money gets a low price to-day in the non-Fascist countries. Whereas the official but purely hypothetical quotation of the Berlin Exchange states that 1 mark will get you 40 cents, people are happy if they can sell their mark for from 12 to 14 cents. Even at this price, they are better off than citizens who have to use the complicated legal procedure of *Sperrmark* (blocked accounts). Here, after a long delay, they will receive about 8 cents for their German mark.

The smuggling trade handles valuables in kind as well as money. Old tricks are improved and new ones invented by individual ingenuity. Gold coins, still being hoarded in the German provinces, are disliked by professional smugglers. If a customer desires to move gold coins, he is advised to have them transformed into cigarette cases or other objects that are easier to handle. The advice includes an address where this work is secretly done with expert craftsmanship.

Because no money must be found on the person of the messenger, paper money is often wrapped in thin packages and pressed flat by machinery. Then with a broad adhesive plaster, it is stuck to the underside of a seat in a day coach, but in another compartment, preferably an empty one. This must be done before the inspectors come aboard the train.

This trick is so well known by now that on the strength of it, hijackers, nicknamed "hyenas," have found a unique opportunity. The "hyena" travels in the express trains, walking the corridors and watching. Seeing a furtive passenger scuttling in and out of an empty compartment, he makes a quick search and gets off the train at the next station, carrying his booty back into Germany.

A safer method makes use of a cache in the night trains. This trick employs a prepared clothes hanger, looking exactly like the car company's hangers, which dangle from every peg in the sleeping compartments. The faked hangers are hollowed and tightly stuffed with money, the latter done by experts who know how to roll the bills until they become "soft." Even if the train officials know the trick, they can't very well break all the clothes hangers in every train. A good messenger will see to it that the hangers are not in his compartment, and a diplomat or a high official traveling in a reserved compartment sometimes is a godsend for a quick-witted "Harry."

One clever smuggler noticed that all sleeper cars have small service compartments for the conductor, in which he stores many things, among them a large, printed "OUT OF ORDER" card to be hung on the doors of lavatories, if necessary.

During a trip, this man stole one of these cards and had it duplicated at home, padding the back of it with flat-pressed bills. On his next trip across the border, he entered the service compartment while the conductor was busy at the other end of the car. He hung the valuable card on the nail from which he removed the genuine card; and after the customs

men had left the train, he quickly re-exchanged the cards.

A much more primitive way to smuggle currency entails "planting" in the luggage rack a small parcel, carelessly wrapped and resembling a sloppy package of fat sandwiches with grease spots all over the waxed paper. Under those grease spots may lie thousands of dollars of "black money."

One operative used a conductor's peaked cap as a cache, stuffing the money into the space between the lining and the cloth. Most probably the railroad man was involved in the scheme himself, although he would have denied it if apprehended.

Sometimes the help of bribed officials is secured, but the smugglers generally don't like to work with them. "It means a lower commission for us, and then again it's too risky in the long run," one of them explained to me. "These conductors or frontier guards can make a lot of money; in fact, one month of undisturbed transports would bring them more than their salary amounts to in three years. But the dumb fellows don't know what to do with the money. They are small brains . . . mostly former N.C.O.'s modestly living in some little frontier town, where everybody knows what his neighbor had for supper. Now such a man suddenly has his pockets full of money; he tells his wife, and she wants a fur coat and new dining-room furniture. Two weeks later the bloodhounds of the Gestapo are there, informed by an envious neighbor. They make the fellow squeal, and next thing we know, we'll walk into a trap of the Secret Police!"

III

Big sums roll into safety on Hitler's new automobile highways. A great many tricks are used here. One day, the *Grenzer* (frontier and customs police) of a small station received an anonymous wire:

PATRIOTIC DUTY COMPELS ME TO
INFORM YOU THAT CAR NUMBER IIIB

3456 CARRIES BIG SUM ILLEGAL
MONEY STOP HEIL HITLER.

When the car with the license plate IIIB 3456 arrived at the station, the whole force was waiting with drawn revolvers. The passengers were stripped to the skin and searched. Nothing was found on them or in their trunks.

The inspectors had a mechanic ready who took the car apart. The tank was probed, the tires taken off, the seams of the cushions sliced open. It was a hot day, and the strenuous labor took some hours. But not a single penny of illegal money could be discovered. A wire back to Headquarters brought no enlightenment; the personal records of the passengers were in perfect order. At last, the officials gave up, explaining apologetically that they must have been the victims of a hoax.

It *was* a hoax. An hour later another car came along and was sent off by the weary guards after a perfunctory examination. This car had about 600,000 marks in an especially built place of concealment. (The car may still be on duty, so perhaps it is expedient not to reveal where the money was hidden.)

Much money goes the "Green Way" (an expression from the World War). All military deserters used to join the "Green Army," living in the vast border forests of Germany and Austria and foraging in the villages where they found the ready support of the peasants.

Now, harmless-looking people, prom-enading only a few steps across the frontier, carry "black money" in the lining of specially constructed coats. Sturdy hillbillies, knowing the land and the habits of the guards, make nightly trips across the border, carrying knapsacks. One successful trip brings them more reward than several months of sweat and toil, besides the fun of having fooled their hereditary foes, the customs men.

An old trick is worked again and again: the *Schwaerzer* ("black money" trade men) lure the customs men to a spot, leading them a hot chase and finally leaving them in the triumphant possession of

a few sacks of flour or such, while a mile away the money smugglers make quickly for the other side of the border.

Some years ago one organization of smugglers was working at the Belgian-German frontier near Aachen. They handled everything: carloads of valuable merchandise and "black money." It was a reliable service, which, following some shooting with the frontier police, used armored cars on its dangerous trips. One day the police lay in ambush when a big car came along the highway at full speed and raced through a stop signal and a barbed wire barrier. The guards fired salvos of bullets into the driver's seat, but apparently unharmed, the car sped away.

Some months later, when the smugglers were betrayed by a jealous girl, the mystery of the car was solved. A special construction of steering pillar and wheel had enabled the driver to steer while lying flat at the bottom of the car. Protected by heavy steel plates, he had raced ahead, looking skywards and holding his course by the tree tops lining the road!

The "Green" frontier is the only battlefield in the war between customs and smugglers where mutual shooting and killing occur. The messengers traveling in trains or cars over the frontier never carry arms, for this would only aggravate their case if they were searched. But the smugglers in the frontier forests and mountains know how to handle a rifle, an automatic, or even a long sheath knife. In every customs station along the border there is a bronze tablet on the wall bearing the names of officials "*gefallen im Dienst*" (killed on duty).

Recently an order has been issued that customs guards must do their patrol duty in pairs, because the long beats through night and forest have proved too dangerous for a lone man in green uniform. Mostly, the patrols are accompanied by sturdy dogs, which have been trained in a special dog school for this frontier duty.

The smugglers fear these dogs more than the guns of the customs men, because the dogs make out the scent of a

smuggler hiding in the underbrush. To throw the animals off the scent, they sometimes sprinkle a certain powder in their tracks. The dogs, sniffing the powder, creep howling back with bleeding noses, their scent being paralyzed for quite some time.

A special branch of the "black" trade is the transport of valuables of small size, mostly jewels. Many wealthy people, fearing inflation or confiscation, have cautiously bought and stored valuable diamonds and other precious stones. The demand in Germany for large stones of good quality is so great that prices are quoted from 30 to 40 percent higher than in the international market.

The quick ingenuity of an amateur smuggler once amusingly changed an almost frustrated plan into complete success. The man had arranged to meet a cousin of his from Czechoslovakia in the Riesengebirge (Giant Mountains) which then still divided the two countries, the frontier line running over the mountain ridge. Small *Bauden* (mountain inns) are everywhere on both sides, only a few yards away from what used to be the border.

Because the German had no valid passport, he arranged to meet his Czechoslovak cousin on the German side, where he was to give the latter a handful of valuable gems. But when the two met in mid-winter, the frontier guards only a few days before had caught a man carrying jewels in the hollow of his ski-stick—and the cousin had got cold feet.

The place between the two inns, then separating the Czechoslovak *Wiesenbaude* and the German *Schlesierbaude*, was thick with the green-uniformed officials, watching the sports traffic and closely examining every person.

"I won't carry the stuff on me," the cousin said. "It's too dangerous now."

Both of them retired to their respective inns, and the German pensively watched the sports going on on the snow-clad hills—gay people skiing, tobogganing, and fighting merry snowball battles.

The next day he arranged a snowball

fight between his cousin and a few pretty girls, the white missiles flying across the border right under the eyes of some watchful *Grenzer*. A few balls even hit the customs officers, who graciously accepted the apologies of the gay party. Now and then the German called out, "Catch!"

Thus the stones were "thrown out of the country." Sewed in white cloth, forming the kernel of the snowballs, they flew right into the hands of the Czechoslovak cousin on the other side.

Bigger collections of valuable jewels or antiques are handled by a well-disguised fake "commercial traffic." Salesmen travel across the border in the expensive express trains, accompanied by large sample trunks loaded with cheap jewelry, things one sees in the ten-cent stores. The passports and bank statements of the travelers are in order; even the sample trunks are genuine. Only, the fifth or sixth velvet-covered tray may carry a whole range of valuable stones. They are no more brilliant than the glass stuff, the stones having been sprayed with a luster-dimming varnish.

Occasionally, rustic-looking fellows ride in slow local trains near the border, carrying chunks of meat or a smelly piece of cheese in a peasant's basket. Little babies, crying lustily into the faces of grim officials, have acted as smugglers, innocently holding more value in their wet diapers than they will probably own in all of their lives.

The customs inspectors' chances of discovering these well-prepared tricks are small—assuming there is no betrayal. The guards never know which disguise is used.

One operative, who was called upon to transport a collection of jewelry, one of the most precious in all Germany and belonging to a Berlin industrialist, had the stones reset into a crude, cheap-looking necklace.

In a local train near the frontier, he purposely made the acquaintance of a giggling country girl. Showing her his

drummer's suitcase full of trinkets, he kept up a merry conversation with her, finally giving her a souvenir, a necklace which she coyly accepted and hung at once around her neck.

Later, on the other side of the frontier, the salesman said:

"Do you know, this necklace looks too much like a cheap imitation. Such stuff is not for a pretty girl like you. I'd better take it back and let you have a really nice gift—this silver bracelet, for instance!"

The girl liked the silver bracelet—value about \$3—more than the string of "cheap imitations," whose value was no less than \$70,000.

In another method, a foreigner will enter Germany ostensibly to attend the Leipzig trade fair. Border officials, when they learn that he is bringing, say, \$20,000 into the country, make his passage as easy as possible with a minimum of red tape. A few weeks later he appears again at the border, this time outbound. He tells customs officials that he has the \$20,000 (or less, if it seems advisable) that he had brought into the country, and that he found no satisfactory merchandise at the fair, and so is returning home. His permit from the Reichsbank is in order, and he leaves—this time with genuine money. The money he brought in was counterfeit, skillfully manufactured by a member of the now thriving counterfeit industry in Poland or Hungary.

Thus the battle goes on between an all-powerful government and a private army of clever men, many of whom were in the German intelligence service during the War and know how to fake a passport even to the exact weight.

So volatile is "black money trucking" that, by the time these words are read by the German authorities, the methods will have changed entirely. Consequently, this information can hurt no one.

On both sides, the instinct of self-preservation is at work, adding to the bitterness. Ever more perceptibly, Nazi finances are bleeding. A silent few alone realize the gravity of Hitler's secret war.



TOO MANY SQUIRRELS

BY EZRA J. POULSEN

I WELL remember my first campaign against the ground squirrels when I was a boy of nine, living with my parents on a small homestead in the foothills of southern Idaho. Being too small to do heavier work, I was made official trapper and scout. With mother's aid father mapped out the campaign, and I undertook to carry out the orders. Armed with several hundred steel traps and a frequently replenished supply of strychnine, I covered the territory surrounding our virgin grain fields. Not being considered old enough to carry a rifle, I supplied myself with a strong choke-cherry bow of my own make and a sheaf of arrows from the stocks of wild-rose bushes.

Naturally the seasons in this high altitude are short, so the campaign had to be started early while the snowdrifts were still melting on the northern slopes. School was cut for me that year, for we left the settlement down in the valley during the first part of April and within a few days were up in our cabin and had our first batch of poison out and the traps set, all the members of the family co-operating.

Then the carnage began. The squirrels, after their winter's hibernation, devoured the sweet dough cakes hungrily and died by the hundreds, their bloated bodies littering the cow trails and the mounds by their burrows. From this time on I began following my trap lines with the regularity of a trained soldier. With a small birch club I smashed the heads of the multitudes of squirrels found in the traps, and threw their little

bodies aside still kicking and gasping. Thus I worked from burrow to burrow, moving my traps forward into the territory of the enemy, exterminating as I went. The air into which the mountain bluebells and buttercups were pouring their fragrance became putrid with the stench of decaying carcasses, and myriads of flies began to breed.

Thus the war was waged and we seemed to be gaining a victory. It had been greatly to our advantage to start early, since we slaughtered thousands before they had had time to produce their young. Farther and farther into the foothills I pushed the trap line, keeping it always in a wide fan-shaped formation so as to clean the country as I went. In between times I set out poison, father and mother helping. The green grass on the hillsides grew longer; the last snowbank melted under the warm sun. But somehow life seemed to be losing some of its charm for me. I lost my appetite for the milk, and bacon, and white bread that constituted most of our diet. Even my mind was affected, and frequently at night I started in my sleep, haunted by the sight of hundreds of little furry animals staring accusingly at me from the depths of their soft brown eyes.

I said nothing, but the days dragged, and I hated my traps. It became more difficult for me to smash a squirrel's head; finally it became impossible. So I began to let the squirrels go free. The experience gave me a new zest for action, but only for a short time. The vague understanding that the squirrels would destroy

the crops grew in vividness, making me again unhappy; and I spent hours wandering along the shady creek in bitter reflection, trying to make moral sense out of the situation. At last, convinced I had been guilty of a crime, I broke down and told my mother.

Of course in war, even a squirrel war, desertion is a grave offense. Though I had vaguely felt this, I was hardly prepared for the caustic, derisive reproof that came from my uncle when he heard of my crime. Even my father and mother shared his opinion, reproving me in a gentler way. The outcome of it all was that I knew with a vividness never to fade that we must kill the squirrels or they would starve us. So I went back to my trap line, happy, however, to hear father announce a few days later his belief that the danger was over. We had practically exterminated the squirrels in our fields and for a mile back beyond our fences.

Spring passes into summer with swift certainty in the Idaho hills, and the green planting of yesterday becomes the waving promise of to-morrow's harvest. Hope rises in the heart of the homesteader who sees his wheat in boot beneath the July sun, for the risk grows less each day. In the squirrel country this period is of unusual importance, since wheat in boot is in greatest danger from the rodents. If the animals can be kept back just a few days the crop often comes through successfully to maturity, as they start going back to their holes for the winter about this time. If on the other hand an invasion occurs it is relentless.

Father assured us that the prospects were good. We had cleaned our ground so thoroughly that it seemed impossible for our crop to be materially damaged. Still it was only June. In July came drought—not enough to hurt the wheat but enough to wither the wild grass. The cows gave less milk and the dry cattle began to crowd along the fences. Then came the squirrels! In companies, battalions, legions they came, moving like avenging death from the dried hills down into the tall, succulent forests of wheat.

The arrival of their first armies was indicated by the falling and drying of the grain along the edges of the fields. The squirrel goes for the tender joint in the middle of the stalk—takes that and leaves the rest to waste. This is why his activities in midsummer are so destructive, and why we quickly discovered the new invasion.

The lines were deeper in father's face when he brought the first news to mother and me in the little cabin by the creek; and as we hurriedly got the traps and poisons together to wage another battle against the enemy I saw tears in mother's eyes, but only for a moment. She was a true pioneer.

The July campaign against the squirrels began in fury but ended in hopelessness. We surrounded the precious grain with traps and poison, but the hordes of squirrels kept moving in. It was no longer a matter of ridding our ground of the rodents occupying it, but rather of trying to stop the deluge from a hundred square miles of waste land. Day by day the yellow, blighted margin round the edges of the grain grew wider. We were now retreating, but attempting to do so in orderly fashion, so we concentrated our traps in the grain. Our poison became useless, for squirrels refuse to eat poison when wheat is in the boot. Presently the dead, yellow patches began to appear in the center of the field. Then we knew our battle lines were giving way completely. We were being subjected to flanking movements; we were even being attacked from the rear; and though we redoubled our efforts, the field slowly became a mottled, leprous botch, a symbol of life yielding to the ravages of death.

By the middle of August the squirrels had disappeared completely—gone back to their holes with plenty of green feed stored for the winter. Our wheat field was a total waste. Not a head of wheat was harvested to pay for the toil of that summer. Discouraged, tired, with the prospect of a meager winter ahead, we went back to the settlement. Thus ended one war against the ground squirrels.

II

The next spring my parents obtained another farm farther down in the valley under one of the established water ditches. The squirrels here were less numerous, for the locality was in a more advanced state of development. Life was promising us good things after all. We had a better house and a garden plot with currant and raspberry bushes.

Perennially hopeful, we planted a new crop. But again we discovered that the squirrels were to be our worst enemy. The fresh, dank earth was soon thrown up from squirrel holes everywhere in our alfalfa and grain fields. Since we had been more confident this year, we had failed to start poisoning as soon as we should have done; consequently hordes of young were produced. Then, aroused, we fought with desperation.

I was permitted to carry a .22 rifle that year. Father used an old .44 Winchester; the shells of which he loaded with buck-shot, and the hired man had an old shotgun loaded with small charges. There was a new thrill in this for a boy of ten. The sound of guns booming among the knolls was music to my ears, and I loved being a sharpshooter in the no-man's land between our small, rough board house and the ditch hidden in the sagebrush above the field. In this squirrel war it was easy to have imaginary encounters with buffalo and Indians during the day's work. Furthermore, the fact that we were hunting with guns made the necessary battle a sport, something we looked forward to as modern business men do golf. It brought us together in a common interest.

I particularly liked to hunt with father. We frequently went out in the evening together; and I can see him now, coming toward me across a field of newly springing wheat. Behind him the setting sun is pouring its gold across a green knoll; directly ahead his own shadow, long and grotesque, reaches through the wheat. He carries his rifle, stopping frequently to raise it and shoot; then as the spray of

burnt powder hovers in the air, he moves on, a thin wisp of dust rising from his feet. Beneath his battered black hat I see his gray eyes flash with enthusiasm while his full ruddy face wrinkles into a confident smile.

"Well, son, the crop looks fine. I believe we're going to be able to pay for our place," he says.

We did pay for our place by winning the squirrel wars for the next dozen years, though we had to keep alert constantly. Foot by foot, rod by rod, acre by acre, we contested with the squirrels for the possession of our fields.

III

I grew up, went to college, and after many years settled in one of the larger Western cities. Meanwhile my mother had died. I had married and had a young, promising family. Life seemed to have taken me far from my beginnings. But the old passion to conquer the soil and its enemies returned to me at frequent intervals. I still had a quarter section of land—my homestead—in the hills where I had experienced my first war against the squirrels. I acquired a hundred and twenty more from my father, who was still an incurable optimist about the possibilities of submarginal land. And so, in my early thirties, I took my family back to the hills—to fight the squirrels.

Of course I still held my teaching position; this was to be merely a summer adventure, a sort of grandiose gesture toward owning a country estate. We lived that summer in a log cabin, 14 x 16, with a pine board floor and a dirt roof. Optimistically, we drove the squirrels out from under the cabin and banked it round with rock and dirt. We stuffed up the cracks round the windows and doors. Soon had eighty acres of wheat gladdening the hills, and our garden, below the cabin, likewise flourished.

Up to this time our traditional enemies, the squirrels, seemed to regard our activities with friendly amusement. The boys

liked to hunt them and friends from the city admired our generous supply of small game. Naturally our feeling of security was increased by the fact that the country was more settled and better methods of farming had been introduced; but the peas and beans were hardly through the ground before we were awakened one morning by a vociferous chorus of chirping among our garden rows. We sprang out of bed and began to drive the invaders away, killing several. Nevertheless, we found that considerable damage had been done.

Then began the revival of an ancient blood feud. We trapped and shot and poisoned, and managed to raise a fair garden. But the signal fires of the enemy burned upon the hills, and the summer drought brought them down in their usual numbers. Within a few weeks the yellow trails through the acres of green grew wider day by day. The battle lines were flung out, and the war was waged with as much determination as ever. Much depended on that eighty acres of wheat.

We put into the remainder of that short merciless summer every ounce of strength we possessed. What had begun

as a prolonged holiday became a hard struggle for existence. My wife and children met the emergency; our ten-year-old son and seven-year-old daughter were soon seasoned soldiers in the war. Leaving their playthings prematurely, their broken dolls and willow ponies, they ran the trap lines and carried poison. They grew acquainted with the blood, the stench, the destruction; and soon in their oldish, tired faces could be seen the lines once visible in the face of the boy who had fought in the first war against the squirrels. Theirs also was the nausea, the dull, aching weariness, and the stark discouragement.

That fall we harvested the mere shadow of a crop. We managed to pay off the money borrowed for hired help and had enough wheat left for seed. But we could not pay interest on the mortgage, nor could we make any improvements for the coming year.

And this experience, with slight variations, was repeated for seven years. Then we moved off under the shadow of foreclosure; and thus began a prolonged armistice with the squirrels, which will probably not be broken until a new generation arises.





SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

THE EDGE OF THE LAST FRONTIER

PART I

BY GEORGE R. LEIGHTON

"Oh, stand firm for the old, simple, immutable things."—*James J. Hill at the opening of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, June 1, 1909.*

"I don't know of any business in the United States that there is as much individuality about as there is in the lumber business in the State of Washington as it is conducted to-day."—*William Mack of the Slade Lumber Company, 1914.*

"The I.W.W. appreciates the individual. He has got something above the sordid rotten existence . . . he is nearer to Almighty God than any other political propagandist that I know of."—*J. V. Patterson, President of the Seattle Construction and Dry Dock Company, 1914.*

"I've got to go over to Olympia to-morrow and help put pressure on the Governor."—*Seattle housewife, 1938.*

WE HAVE nothing but the Earth; at last there is always a shore where the restless and disinherited must halt. When those restless and disinherited migrants landed at Plymouth Rock on the 21st of December, 1620, they faced a forested wilderness. Thereafter, in succeeding generations, the restless and disinherited might move westward. Two hundred and thirty years later, in November, 1851, a handful of migrants—twelve grown persons and twelve children—landed on the eastern shore of Puget Sound. The last frontier had been reached and on the shore those migrants settled what became the capital city of this frontier: Seattle, a city of migrants in a region of migrants built up on the labor of migrants. In December, 1938, Roland Denny still lived, a man who, as a

child in arms, had been among those who landed on the shore that day eighty-seven years before. With his native country beset with alarms and a world in crisis, this man might in memory go back to days when he had seen Indians in canoes coasting along this wilderness shore.

Over a ridge of black fir trees the first light of morning creeps. The water is gray and still but the ripples brighten steadily. The Kirkland ferry, with a scant dozen passengers, slips noiselessly across Lake Washington toward the silent, piled up city in the west. The roustabout leaning over the rail can see across the water to the north an indistinct moving shape with a rising column of black smoke as straight as a lead pencil. Far over the water there rises a wailing whistle and then, into the growing light, moves a tug towing a great log boom, her chains wet and black and glistening. Finally the sun clears the distant barrier of firs and bursts upon the green of the shores—mountain ash with yellow berries, madrona and monkey trees and clumps of laurel and rhododendron. Closer the ferry moves with the sun picking out in little glints and sparkles the windows of Seattle, rising up on its hills before it plunges down to the waterfront and Puget Sound.

Not much doing at the Smith Cove terminal; some activity at the Alaska

Steamship docks where the *Dorothy Alexander* is finishing her loading. Around in Salmon Bay most of the boats are deserted. A row of purse seiners, lined up in a solid rank, does not show a soul aboard. Not a sound comes from the *Superior*, the *Republic*, or the *Blanco*. Some life is stirring on the *Tordevskjold* and a man in black-daubed dungarees hoists himself over the side with a yawn, a Stillson in his hand. The sunshine glitters now and the sky is intensely blue with gleaming piled up white clouds. An old green schooner, a Bering Sea fisherman with three masts, awakes. Someone below is singing *Bei mir bist du schön*. On the dock the clutter of laid up dories and marine gear has been shoved aside to clear space to spread out a newly tarred seine. A bald-headed old Swede with a white fringe around his ears is bent over the net, a steel shuttle in his hand. Only occasionally he makes a surly grunt to mark a period in the remarks of his helper who sits on an iron dolly, unstringing a bundle of cork floats.

Up on Interlaken Boulevard a Swedish maid is getting breakfast at the Dillards. Mr. Dillard has a job in the Boeing airplane plant; his wife is secretary to a surgeon down in the Medical Arts Building. Mrs. Dillard, who was a Kappa at Northwestern, grew up on a cattle ranch near Lame Deer, Montana. Mr. Dillard, a graduate of M.I.T., came from Kansas City where his father was once purchasing agent for the Katy. Both are migrants to this region, like their neighbors. Their maid, the daughter of a Swedish immigrant, was actually born in the State of Washington.

The Dillards pay thirty dollars a month for a house perched on the edge of a bluff and overhung with trees. Their maid cooks with electricity from the City Light; as they eat their breakfast they can look down on the shining hulls of the Seattle Yacht Club in the basin at the foot of the bluff. The Dillards don't belong to the Yacht Club, but they have a sloop all their own. It took Mr. Dil-

lard a year and a half to build it, it cost a hundred and twenty-five dollars, and Mr. Dillard learned how to splice steel rope in the process.

The Dillards read *Time* and subscribe to the *New Dealer*, the Washington Commonwealth Federation newspaper. At night their sitting room resounds with political argument; they are products of "the American system" but are filled with doubts. On the one hand the Dillards think that Roosevelt doesn't move anywhere near fast enough, but on the other they feel somewhat embarrassed when an exhorter speaks of "the local capitalist press." Their neighbor on the left was bowled over by Technocracy and has not yet recovered. Their neighbor on the right listens every Sunday to the Reverend Mark A. Matthews at the First Presbyterian and feels that a strong line has simply got to be taken with these people who are on relief and with these insufferable unions who tie up the waterfront every time your back is turned.

Friday morning wears on. The row of houseboats along Lake Union is alive with racket and bustle. Two women with washed-out, stringy permanent waves lean over the railings of adjoining houseboats, quarrelling. An old man, engaged in painting a flower box, shoots a stream of tobacco juice over the side and waves his brush in the direction of the disturbance. "Two of the meanest west of the Cascade Mountains," he says. "One of 'em was over to Bremerton yesterday and come back with a bottle. Last night they was thick as thieves and killed it. Now they don't love each other so much."

Uptown, outside the phony Gothic tan terra-cotta *Post Intelligencer*, newsboys are crying the last edition. In the office of the Rainier Logging Company in the Stewart Building, a gray-haired man in gold spectacles and pepper-and-salt suit is bent over a timber plat outspread on a drafting table. The orchestra of the Olympic Hotel is shut up in the empty Olympic Bowl room for rehearsal.

Forty miles away a rattletrap bus careens along a busted macadam road. On one of the torn oilcloth seats is a young logger, his new \$15 long-shanked calk boots on the floor beside him. His upper and lower teeth in front are missing, his pompadour is down in his eyes, and he is feeling good. Alternately he sings "I've locked my heart and thrown away the key" or leans over talking about Dreamland Park to his partner in the seat ahead. The eighteen-year-old bus-driver, a cigarette dangling from one corner of his mouth, occasionally looks back at the two with stony contempt. Just as the sun is gone the bus turns in through the scattered firs and halts.

Out from these rows of yellow cottages, the yellow commissary, the yellow cook house, and from the operations far up in the woods, streams the life blood that—along with the waterfront—keeps Seattle alive. On the tracks beside the commissary is a string of skeletons loaded with huge fir logs; in the morning they will be on their way down to South Bay to be towed to the Everett mills.

Night has come swiftly; already the stars are out and the air almost frosty. The door of the boiler is ajar in the wash-house and the soft coal fire flickers a dull red, throwing shadows on the floor. One of the showers is leaking and the night air is so clear that a steady drip, drip, drip can be heard a hundred feet away.

It is the whistle that rouses the place in the morning. A silent group are waiting on the cook-house porch and, by twos and threes, others make their way through the mist. The instant the doors are open, the men pile in and silently fall to. Two blonde waitresses, lipstick already applied, bring the grub. Not a word is uttered. The breakfast consists of grapefruit, sausage, fried eggs, huge strips of bacon, toast, preserves, hot cakes and syrup, and coffee.

This breakfast is a memorial. Once upon a time, before the Wobblies harried this forest country, there might have been wormy oatmeal, canned milk, johnnycake along with the warmed-overs from the

night before. "Work and pray, live on hay." Not any more. Does Gaar, the wood superintendent, with his boiled red face, square jaw, straw-colored hair, and gimlet blue eyes, think about the compulsion that produced this breakfast? No, for once upon a time he would have had a special breakfast all his own. In less than five minutes he has finished and rises, a hulking giant in dungaree pants, copper-riveted at the pockets, and heavy blue woolen shirt. To one of his galluses is pinned a nickel-plated star-in-circle lettered "Forest Ranger—State of Washington." He snatches up his grease-spotted Panama and bolts for the tracks where the gasoline speeder waits.

In the dispatcher's office, beside the tracks, is old Nelson, a green shade slanted over his eyes. He leans over a tattered logging railroad map, the telephone receiver propped to his ear, one hand holding a colored pin poised over the map. "All clear?" he bellows and a moment later hangs up the receiver and fixes the pin to the map.

The driver of the speeder starts the gas engine, a boy from the commissary slings the mail bags over the side, and Superintendent Gaar climbs aboard. The road ahead of the speeder is clear. A boy of eighteen, about to be broken in as a whistle punk, sits in one corner making himself as invisible as possible. Two young loggers, just back from the union convention in Tacoma and anxious to show their vigor, talk loudly and with great emphasis directly across from the Old Man. There is some reason for this urge to spread themselves. It was not so long ago that the National Guard was out to break the lumber strike and only a mile away a couple of picketers had been picked up by state troopers. They had been forced to run a couple of miles and, when they fell down, were beaten till they stumbled to their feet again. But old Gaar pays the two red hats no mind. He wants a cigarette badly but will not have it until he is safely out of sight of this crowd, for tobacco is forbidden in the woods. He sits silent with his hat

pulled over his eyes, brooding about a butterfly hook that must be replaced and sore about the sarcastic letter he got from the General Manager the night before.

The speeder putts along, pausing by the phone box at every switch to call back the dispatcher. On every hand the ravines and hillsides are an endless prospect of old stumps. The grass, sparkling with dew in the morning light, has grown up between them and now softens the ravages of devastation. It took those trees perhaps three hundred and fifty years to grow and it will be a long time before they grow again. If you want, you may try to farm this land—ten dollars an acre, ten years to pay at 6 per cent—but you had better not try it.

Across a burnt over ravine that pitches down into a gorge with a torrent, is Camp 4 hugging the hillside beside a switch-back. The speeder does not cross the ravine but, dodging a trestle, keeps on and at last draws up in front of a puffing log train. Beside the track, on its creosoted piling, rears the skidder. Far off across the valley a giant fir, the tail spar, stripped of its top and and all its branches, stands alone, guyed with cables and with a huge block at its crown. From this great spar, suspended across the valley to another spar beside the track, runs a cable and across it is traveling a skidder carriage from which are suspended four huge forty-foot logs. The carriage reaches the track side of the ravine, there is a roar of the cable drum, a piercing whistle, the logs rise high in air, another whistle, the tong shakers and hook tenders jump, and with a bo-o-om the logs fall to earth.

Away across the valley two fallers are at work on a tree. The noise of the distant falling logs cannot be heard here. The forest swallows up sound, it is all still. Here and there a tree, brought down by the wind long ago, is covered with moss and fern. Sometimes a clump of Indian pipes is found growing beside such logs. One of the fallers can see deer tracks, not many days old, in the wet earth.

The fallers, bending over the cross-cut, do not often speak, but presently Ole pauses and says to Emile, his partner:

"Goin' down to-night?"

Emile nods without saying a word.

"There's a new place opened on the Skidroad." He gestures to indicate a pair of opulent hips. Emile looks at him, considers, and nods again. The sawing recommences. From time to time they stop to shift the springboards and then the moment comes. They jump clear, Ole turns and bellows "Timber!" and again "Timber!" Slowly at first, with a rustle and a whisper, the tree starts to fall; faster then and faster with a terrible rushing sound; then like a thunderbolt it strikes, filling the forest with the roar which is almost instantly smothered into silence again.

But young Regan, backing away from another tree, has not heard in time; a branch of the falling tree catches him and in an instant he is down. Ten minutes later the speeder, summoned by excited calls and whistles, has moved around the edge of the ravine. The two fallers make their way up the slope bearing the unconscious logger and put him on the speeder floor. There is blood flowing from his mouth, his flannel shirt is in shreds and his chest is stove in. Someone at the switch has called for clearance and now the speeder starts on its way down the mountain side. To-night is Saturday night but Regan will not get to Seattle nor the Skidroad to-night nor maybe any night. Far up the track from other fallers comes the same call repeated, but fainter now and almost out of hearing: "Timber!"

Now as Saturday evening in Seattle draws on, Yesler Way, the Skidroad, lights up. It is called the Skidroad still because long ago oxen skidded the logs cut at the top of the hill down to Yesler's mill at the water's edge until the logs were gone and in time the road became a street. As the lights blink on, all the nest of streets and alleys near the waterfront and the Skidroad take on a strange shimmer.

In Pioneer Square the grimy green totem pole with its red, yellow, and black faces rises up, a monument to a gold rush and the last frontier. This is a place filled with the ghosts of beliefs and traditions of get-rich-quick. Cluttered about the railings and the dingy iron canopy of the underground toilet in the Square are the bums, the castaways and battered hulks of those who once embraced those beliefs and traditions and dreams—Get On in the World—and believe them still. Where Henry Villard's Chinese coolies peddled wild duck and brant caught in their water traps, where Siwash Indians sold venison, where Alaskan sourdoughs, in fur parkas that stunk with a year's living, flung gold dust about, now old men in smashed-in derbies vend razor blades and the bars fill up with gobs from the Pacific fleet anchored in the harbor.

The loggers' employment agencies, "the slave markets," are mostly empty these days, for many camps are shut down. Some loggers may be found a few blocks away in the Hooverville beside the Connecticut Street Dock, a pestilent huddle of shacks whose inhabitants skirmish for food like alley cats.

If you are flush and have two bits you can stay at the Mt. Fuji Hotel or around the corner at the Richelieu or at any one of a dozen disheveled brick and stone hotels, once magnificent in the Klondike age. If you choose to go out to the Professor's house on the other side of town, with its white modern living room and Bauhaus furniture, you may have the Skidroad described for you while a Chinese boy in a starched white jacket brings you coffee in an exquisite egg shell cup. This luxury does not come from a University of Washington salary; it is sustained by private income.

Both street and sidewalks and curbstones in front of the Richelieu and for a block beyond are crowded with men; it is difficult for traffic to get through. The place is littered with matches, butts, tin foil, bottle caps, and fragments of newspaper.

A leathery-looking Finn in high black

shoes, rusty blue suit, neck shave and frayed four-in-hand tie is staring vacantly at a middle-aged and grease-stained Irishman who squats before him on the pavement. Neither pays any attention to the Filipino children shooting craps beside them nor to the huge blonde Salvation Army woman preaching in Swedish across the street.

"Here's the way it is," says the Irishman. "Hitler wants to go east. He's got his army ready. He's goin' to use that army."

The Finn's look is perplexed and numb.

"I dunno," he says.

"Well, Jesus Christ," says the Irishman, "when you make hot cakes in the morning and you got 'em ready, you're goin' to use 'em, ain't you?"

Up the block, at intervals, are little groups gathered about street speakers perched on high stepladders. The din of the Salvation Army band playing "Rock of Ages" cannot drown the exhortations of an old, white-haired blind man calling upon Robert Ingersoll to prove that the resurrection and the life everlasting are frauds and lies. A cowpuncher in flannel shirt and Stetson, strayed here from God knows where, comes out of the lady barber's and moves along from one street meeting to another. Near the atheist a syndicalist spieler is at work and, further down, from another stepladder, a lad in peg-top black corduroy pants and a windbreaker is reading a picketing notice to the men around him. The crowd shuffles and mills about; the smoke from a thousand Bull Durham cigarettes eddies up in the evening air.

The bulbs glow under the wide awning of the sidewalk book store. The racks are filled with radical newspapers from all over the world, mixed up with mining journals, farm papers, *The Alaska Weekly*, *Svenska Posten*, *The Pacific Tribune*, and scores of cheap editions of Darwin, Upton Sinclair, Nietzsche, Jack London, and Walt Whitman. Through the streets hereabouts drift men of every race

and color and speech, from every port in the world. The argument among these carriers of ideas is incessant.

Presently a light rain begins to fall. The Salvation Army garners no more souls but beats it for shelter. Over on the Square two gobs, ashore from the *Saratoga*, dig up the change needed for the Palm Burlesque. A boy in a black and white checkerboard lumber-jack shirt is looking up—at "Men's Doctor—Doctor Evans—Consultation Free—Free Museum for Men Upstairs."

Some nearby streets are dark. It's no use looking for Sol Rubin, the raw fur buyer, nor Roy Landsturm either. They're eating dinner somewhere. Painless Parker is pulling no teeth at this hour. If you want sextants, compasses, box shooks, chippewa leather boots, aster plants, geranium cuttings, wire splicing, turnbuckles, altitude tables, marine engines, Disston saws, Alaska mosquito nets—a bargain at 49 cents—or *Brown's Rule of the Road Manual*, these things must wait until Monday morning. The last of a cargo of logs is being swung aboard the *S.S. Cinnabar*; her decks blaze with light, the winch groans as the great water soaked timbers rise slowly from the water-side.

The wind is rising; it's getting colder. The crowd inside the Nordic Coffee House increases. The watchmen at the Boeing airplane plant make their rounds, the bunkhouse far away at Camp 5 is almost empty, and miles north, riding the dark greasy swells past Flattery and the light ship, comes the *Hikawa Maru* of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha bound east for Puget Sound and Seattle.

II

The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court wrote to the Philadelphia banker: "I should like to be in the Board of Directors, as to which I suppose there will be no difficulty, and am half tempted to offer myself as a candidate for the Presidency [of the road!]. I think I would make a good President and my antece-

dents and reputation would justify a good salary." In December, 1869, four months after he received Mr. Chase's letter, Jay Cooke undertook to finance the Northern Pacific Railway.

Only a short while before, on May 1st, the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific had met at Promontory Point; trains were running and the frontier town of Omaha was booming. If such spectacular results were attainable on the plains, what might not be accomplished in the Pacific Northwest? In the twenty years since the gold rush of '49, California had become rich; settlers were trickling into the villages in Oregon around the lower reaches of the Columbia and were now pushing north toward Puget Sound and Washington Territory.

Aside from the Coast, little was known about the West. The Oregon country had been the place where Meriwether Lewis and William Clark had gone, the site of an unsuccessful speculation of John Jacob Astor, the far-off region involved in "54-40 or Fight." Mr. Cooke sent an agent to spy out the land, a man previously engaged in selling Beecher's *Life of Christ* by subscription. At the very moment that the country was celebrating the completion of the Union Pacific, this book agent was sending back word from Puget Sound: "What can't be got out of the soil which sustains a growth of sawing firs and cedars 200 feet high? . . . Salmon are not caught here, they are pitchforked out of the streams. Jay, we have got the biggest thing on earth. Our enterprise is an inexhaustible gold mine."

The Northern Pacific had been chartered on the 2d of July, 1864, but little was done until Cooke was persuaded to promote the enterprise. He at once moved to secure political control of the Northwest. He soon had "a tolerably firm political grasp of the State Governments of Minnesota and Wisconsin. . . . In Montana he had Governor Potts and in Washington Territory Delegate Garfield almost as securely as though they daily served him under his eyes in

the banking house in Third Street, whence everything had its source."

Actually what led Cooke into this enterprise was less a railroad than a land speculation. When he undertook to finance the Northern Pacific he made this stipulation:

A company shall be organized for the purpose of purchasing lands, improvement of town sites, or other purposes, and the same shall be divided in the same proportion; that is, the original interests shall have one half, and Jay Cooke shall have one half.

What had happened was that Cooke was already involved in a land speculation in and about the wilderness outpost of Duluth, a site near which embittered Southern slaveholders had once thought to establish a summer resort where they could bring their slaves and not have to endure the gibes of Saratoga. Europe was now sown with the familiar railroad literature and on the 30th of May, 1870, a resolution was put through Congress and signed by Grant which widened the land grant belt to 120 miles—sixty miles on either side of the right of way—and added an additional belt west of the Rockies so that the road might branch in two lines, one to go down the Columbia River to Portland and the other straight across Washington Territory and the Cascade Mountains to Puget Sound.

The prime point of interest was the land grant, the largest ever made, which eventually totalled 47,000,000 acres, a tract larger than the whole of New England. Through the long and troubled course of the railway's history this grant remained; the domination of the Northwest, the exploitation of its timber and mineral resources, the control of government itself were influenced by and all but based upon this great domain. Absentee landlords might die or be ousted by rivals, but the absenteeism endured. Year after year the Northern Pacific has laid claim to millions of acres of timberland, contending that the Federal government has never fulfilled the terms of its contract. In 1924 the Secretary of Agriculture wrote: "The total gross receipts

from the sale of the lands from its grant amounted to \$136,118,533.14. The cost of constructing the road did not exceed \$70,000,000. The sale of the lands has more than paid the cost of constructing the railroad." But the claim does not rest; as this is written the United States Supreme Court is soon to hear the latest appeal of the Northern Pacific, more than half a century since the day the road was completed.

Despite the most strenuous efforts, Cooke's bonds would not sell. Eight years of expansion since the close of the war had ended in insane speculation; the Credit Mobilier scandals had roused the country. Cooke had let the best people in on the ground floor; Generals, Senators and the President himself regarded the great banker with admiration and awe. But in spite of his genius and his godliness—"We must," he said, "all get down at the feet of Jesus and be taught by no one but Himself"—he was overwhelmed. On the 18th of September, 1873, Cooke's banking house failed, precipitating the worst panic that the country had ever seen. Its labor unpaid, its contracts defaulted, with piles of abandoned ties and rusty rails, the Northern Pacific was deserted at Bismarck, North Dakota. The lonely inhabitants of that desolate prairie were left with a new scale of measurement: "Go back three sidings and a water tank."

At this moment Henry Villard was in Germany recovering from a nervous breakdown. This man, an immigrant to the United States from Germany during the revolution of '48, had by turns reported the Lincoln-Douglas debates for a New York newspaper, written a book about Pike's Peak and the West, and married the daughter of William Lloyd Garrison. At the time of his breakdown he was Secretary of the American Social Science Association in Boston, a job which "gave him an opportunity to study public and corporate financing, including railways and banks." Now, while recuperating abroad, he persuaded the German stockholders of the Oregon and

California Railroad to appoint him as their agent. Returning to the United States he went to the Northwest and, in the act of discharging his commission, providently got control of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company which held a transport monopoly on the Columbia River. He built a railway up the river bank and proposed to the officials of the Northern Pacific then in slow resuscitation in Dakota, that his road become their Pacific outlet. They refused. A genius as a promoter, Villard returned to New York and by means of the famous Blind Pool—speculators were invited to invest with Villard in a scheme unspecified!—he raised eight million dollars and bought control of the Northern Pacific. Then, with frantic haste, construction was pushed, and in 1883 the western line met the eastern at Gold Creek, Montana. A special train, decked with evergreen garlands, brought Villard with a supporting cast of New York and German bankers for the Montana ceremonies and an Indian war dance. The job was done and Villard was broke. Six months later his holding company failed and the promoter was on his way back to Germany with another nervous breakdown.

III

When those twenty-four men, women, and children settled Seattle in November, 1851, they found themselves on the shore of a great inland sea. Spanish explorers had been there and later on New England sea captains had explored the Sound, but few others. It was a great silent wilderness, inhabited by some scattered Indian tribes and a few trappers. If it had been possible to stand on the highest point of the Cascades and survey the entire region, one could have seen the broad waters of the Sound with its innumerable bays and inlets; across the water, a peninsula with forested mountains and in particular, one white glittering peak; to the south, still another mountain, snowy also. Back from the yellow bluffs and narrow pebbly beaches

rose the forests of spruce and cedar and larch and hemlock and, of course, the firs.

It was all a lush and marvelous green. Sheltered by the Cascades, this narrow shelf of coast was given the benefit of warm winds and heavy rainfall; it was one of the most fertile regions in the world, a paradise where all things grew, the most generous frontier ever set before man. To the east stretched the plateau of central Washington, scored by the Columbia, flowing down through its gorges from Canada, past the arid basin of the Grand Coulee, left millions of years ago by the retreating ice sheet. Toward what was later the Idaho border the country rose again in the endless pine-covered mountains behind the wilderness settlement at Spokane Falls. Across this vast region would presently be built the single track of the Northern Pacific Railway, but now for the handful of settlers in their log houses there was no connection with anything.

Before a month was gone a brig from California, coasting along the lonely shore, caught sight of the cabins and anchored. Could the settlers sell the captain some piling to build wharves in San Francisco, then in the throes of its gold rush boom? In three weeks the men had cut 13,000 feet of timber. The brig sailed away and presently returned with pork, flour, sugar, tools, and a kitchen stove. Shortly after this one Henry Yesler, an Oregon immigrant, came looking for a site for a sawmill. He was given one on the shore and there the sawmill was set up. From the town site on the shore, the ground rose abruptly until it reached a series of ridges from which it descended again to a broad sheet of fresh water, which the settlers called Lake Washington. Between this lake and the Sound was still another lake, so that the town was all but surrounded by water. It was simple to set to work felling trees to clear building lots and let the oxen drag the logs down the hill to the Yesler mill.

It was not long before the promoters

in Frisco heard about this region. The demand for lumber in California was constant; it was simple to bring it down the coast in a sailing vessel. So by 1854 the Messrs. Pope and Talbot, two Frisco plungers, and a number of other speculators had appeared in the Puget Sound region. They bought great tracts of timber along the Sound shore for \$1.25 an acre and set up their mills.

In Seattle village the Yesler sawmill became the center of village life; the cook and mess house were used as a town hall and court house. There the sociables were held and swaps made with the Indians. There the settlers got news of what was doing in those Frisco promoted mills. It was possible for them to do logging and sell timber to these mills. As the settlement grew and rude streets were laid out among the stumps, other settlers were venturing out, building cabins in the coves and making wood roads back into the forest. If the logs they sold to those Frisco mills came from the public land, what of it? The promoters preferred to hold on to their own timber anyway and buy and saw the stolen logs. No settler would complain. There was a wilderness of timber; a farmer could with difficulty clear an acre in a year. Let it go. The Federal Government at Washington was more distant than the East Indies. Between Seattle and the East, now on the verge of the Civil War, lay desert and mountains and the plains. So, before ever the West was opened to the homesteader, before the great waves of immigration began, while the cutting of pine in Michigan had barely started, already the gnawing away of the Pacific Northwest forests was under way. Beavers gnawing their way inland from the water's edge!

So there arose not far from Seattle a series of log house company towns. At Port Gamble and Port Ludlow and Port Madison and Port Blakely the scream of the saws attracted the Indians and they too were set to work in the mills and housed in corporation villages. Full blown, the absentee corporation with its

familiar features appeared in the forest primeval; and by the time Jay Cooke's failure rocked the country, these early Frisco lumber companies, the forerunners of Wall Street, interlocked and were controlled as one with mills, villages, and little fleets to carry the lumber away.

Since it was almost a womanless region, an adventurer from Frisco named John Pennell built a bawdy house in 1861, hard by Mr. Yesler's mill, and stocked it with suitably washed and combed Indian girls. There were several hundred persons living in Seattle then but logging was impossible during the winter rains, the fishing season was over by autumn, and one could not farm. But one could go to the village and pass the time of day around Yesler's and the evening at Pennell's. This so disturbed one Asa Mercer, subsequently President of the State University, that he twice rounded the Horn bringing out from New England and the East untarnished females needed for marriage.

The one topic most debated was communication with the East, a railroad. The Frisco lumbermen were not so interested. A magazine correspondent in '82 was asked by mill owners not to publish any statistics since the lumbermen "didn't want people outside the Sound Region to know anything about what they possessed or had done." Immigration was not desired; let them be alone in their silent fastness to pursue their own profitable devices. But the Seattle settlers felt otherwise, and though they had to do without a railroad for a generation and had to see the village of Tacoma eventually made the terminus of the Northern Pacific, they never ceased their railway agitation. While they argued there was going on in the East the slow gathering of the forces that eventually would control both the town and the region.

IV

As the Gilded Age opened at the close of the Civil War there assembled at Washington the representatives of those who

now were ready to possess the earth. Some were busy with wool and iron tariffs, others were set for the exploitation of the West. First there were the railroad men, who for a generation controlled what was west of the Mississippi. Around them were grouped the cattle men, the mining men, and the lumbermen, and—years later—the utility men. Many were promoters in their own right, others were friends and dependents of promoters. While the covered wagons were streaming West and the homesteaders were breaking the sod on what seemed a limitless prairie, the knowing ones were already snatching the prizes in the public domain for themselves. This snatching was reflected in Wall Street and in Philadelphia and Boston. By 1862 Oregon Steam Navigation had been listed on the New York Stock Exchange.

It was some years before the homesteaders discovered that great as the public domain might be, it was finite after all, and that the great title-holders were ahead of them. Those title-holders did not sleep. The stray visitor from the West who saw the Washington mansions of the railroad Senators, the mining legislators, and the saw-log statesmen and heard about the poker games in the Willard was generally moved to admiration and only wished that he could do as well. Philetus Sawyer, the lumberman Senator from Wisconsin, was there and after him John C. Spooner, the railroad lawyer. Henry C. Payne, Villard's partner in Milwaukee street cars, who was famed as a strike breaker far and wide, was one of them and, as Postmaster General, dealt out pie to the deserving. These men—and others like them—were the ones most interested in the parceling out of the West and they felt that the Department of the Interior belonged to them. Often they moved from the Senate into the Interior and back again. Henry M. Teller was thought to have got the title to his mining claims when he was Secretary of the Interior. "I don't believe," he said later on, "there is either a moral or any other claim upon me to postpone the use

of what nature has given me, so that the next generation or generations yet unborn may have an opportunity to get what I myself ought to get."

That was precisely the way the lumbermen felt. In those slow-going offices at Washington with their reels of red tape, the complaining homesteader seldom penetrated. The railroad fare alone to Washington cost a small fortune. It was different with the timbermen. Not only were department heads compliant, and frequently in the business themselves, but underlings could be bribed and were. When occasionally an honest Commissioner of the Public Land Office attempted to clean things up, his efforts were frustrated and special agents who talked about frauds got sacked for their pains.

Meditating upon white pine, the saw-log statesmen argued their case on a high moral note. In the Senate they wept over the plight of the settler and the prospector, leading a hard and precarious life at the edge of the frontier. Was this man, the outrider of civilization, to be denied timber from the public domain with which to build himself shelter? It was unthinkable. In 1878 there was passed the Timber and Stone Act which granted 160 acres of timber to any person or *association* at a minimum of \$2.50 an acre. By the middle eighties it was known that three-quarters of the entries under the Act were fraudulent. But this was too slow for the promoters of the Comstock Lode. They carried off some ten million dollars' worth of timber for use in the mines without wasting time on bribery or fraudulent entries.

While the village of Seattle grew at a snail's pace beside the Sound, the exploitation of the timber in the Lake States and around the headwaters of the Mississippi was proceeding at headlong speed. The day would come when those lumbermen would be ready to move on the Pacific Northwest. Chief among them was the man who came to be known as "the greatest lumberman in all the world," Frederick Weyerhaeuser.

V

Frederick Weyerhaeuser, the German immigrant who eventually became the greatest landlord in the state of Washington, was twenty-two years old when, in 1856, he went to work in a sawmill at Rock Island, Illinois. His coming coincided with the beginning of a great lumber boom. At the moment when the Pope and Talbot mills on Puget Sound had started operations, lumber towns were being built in Michigan overnight and in Wisconsin the great white pine stand in the valley of the Chippewa was opened. This boom, accelerated by the Civil War and the opening of the Middle West, produced the first crop of the saw-log statesmen and their business partners. Legislatures were bought, the public land gutted without mercy; and down the river to the lumber towns—Burlington, Muscatine, Davenport, Rock Island, Clinton, Galena, Dubuque, Bad Axe, and La Crosse—floated the great log rafts, the marvelous pine, making a broad brown carpet that bore fortunes to the lumbermen.

During the height of the rafting season, there were close to twenty thousand men, including the Canucks, who had followed the lumbermen out from New England. Through the long winters the men were immured in the North, subsisting on johnnycake and salt meat, sheltered in verminous bunkhouses. With the break-up of spring they were turned loose on the rafts to go roaring down the river and burn up their winter's earnings in a week's riotous living.

Out of this crowd of wild men arose the myth—invented by the Canucks—of Paul Bunyan, a man who lived in a cook-house as big as a mountain, who dug the Great Lakes, whose prowess as a stallion moved strong men to tears. This god-like being could fall bigger trees faster, swing an axe better, shoot a rapid with greater skill—and work longer—than any man. In proportion other loggers surpassed all other Americans in physical prowess.

These traits did not pass the notice of the lumbermen who employed them. If a frontiersman's vanity could be tickled by such childish means, the heavier would be the clinking of the cash box and in years to come lumbermen would recall with longing the days when loggers were satisfied with "a box of snuff and a bottle."

Most of these lumbermen were New Englanders. New England lumbermen were first in Michigan, first west of Superior, they were early in the South and they eventually controlled Washington, though the forests were a barren wilderness ruin when they departed. A gallery of eminent American lumbermen would repeat the portrait over and over again: the short white beard, the broadcloth coat, the gold cable watch chain, the square toed boots, and, clutched in the right hand, a check for the treasurer of the Republican Campaign Committee.

Into this company of worthies came the "molelike" Weyerhaeuser who, in 1858, had taken over the sawmill of his busted employer. He worked from seven in the morning until ten at night, he read his German bible, he never caroused or spent his gains on display. On the 28th of December, 1870, there was a meeting of most of the Mississippi saw-mill men at the old Briggs House in Chicago, to determine what they were going to do about their log supply. Until then it had been the custom to pick out of the river what was needed and then have a general totting up when the season was over. Each mill man tried to cut the throats of the others in this totting up and the log wastage was enormous. This, Weyerhaeuser could not endure. The result of the meeting was the organization of the Mississippi River Boom and Logging Company which took over all the operations from the northern pineries to the door of the mill and all the mill men became partners in his huge "co-operative monopoly." Within two years Weyerhaeuser was the president of this monopoly. Outside of a few in the lumber business no one knew him.

He began to make little trips north into the Chippewa valley and the pine country, buying timber. Generally he went alone, his squat figure huddled beneath a horseblanket as he drove along in a cutter through the wood roads in the snow or tramped afoot through the forest. He couldn't buy all that he wanted by himself, so he took in partners. He had so many partners in so many different deals that eventually almost nobody knew how many mills, booming companies, timber corporations, logging railroads, and steamboat outfits there were in which Weyerhaeuser was the dominant partner with "a twenty per cent interest." He moved silently and almost without trace and "did not feel that the public generally had, or ought to have, any particular interest in him as an individual."

At last in 1891, as the prosperity of the Mississippi mill towns passed their meridian, it was time to move. The brick house with the veranda at Rock Island was abandoned and Weyerhaeuser moved to St. Paul and went to live next door to Jim Hill on Summit Avenue. The two great exploiters of the Northwest now were side by side. Only one jump more remained—to reach the Pacific. In February, 1890, the various Hill railroads had been combined as the Great Northern and it was presently known that Hill was going through to the coast. It was suitable that where he went Frederick Weyerhaeuser should go too, not only as a lumberman but as a director of Mr. Hill's road. When, in the panic of '93, the Northern Pacific went to the wall for the third time and Mr. Hill reached out to get it, one-half of the great pattern of the Pacific Northwest was complete. There was the great land grant, there were two great railways, with Mr. Weyerhaeuser and Mr. Hill to tie them together.

VI

Through these years Seattle village had been slowly growing. True, it was still nowhere, you could not buy a ticket in the East to get there. The only rail con-

nection was by an occasional mixed train over a stub line to the Northern Pacific at Tacoma. It grew nevertheless and by 1884 there were five thousand persons in the place. Some of the little sternwheelers that plied on the Sound were put together in the village shipyard. In 1885 a little electric light plant was started and Sidney Z. Mitchell, who had come out from Alabama, got a job in it as electrician. There was a newspaper, the *Post-Intelligencer*, and Hammond Lamont, the son of an upstate New York Methodist preacher and elder brother of a future partner of J. P. Morgan, went to work for it as a reporter. Back from the tide flats and Yesler's mill grew the huddle of frame and brick blocks and the false-front stores; farther up the hill were the first timid mansard frame dwellings of the promoters who through land speculation and lumbering and shipbuilding and wholesaling were getting a hold upon the tiny metropolis. Some of the ladies who presided over those mansards had come to the altar via the bawdy houses near Mr. Yesler's mill and there were heartburnings and hard words between them and the virtuous dames who traced their descent from Mr. Mercer's voyages around the Horn.

But there were other differences between this town and other frontier towns. True enough, all comers in one way or another wanted to get on in the world. For instance there was Manson Backus, who had run a small bank in Union Springs, N. Y. Finding Seattle a promising place he brought his family out in '89, over the stub line from Tacoma, and started another bank. This was in the tradition. But when the man who grazes his cow in the stump-filled vacant lot up the road is a Populist who got his bellyful of Nebraska and never stops talking about it, when the German baker reads Marx and never stops talking about it, and when a civil engineer in '88 spends his time trying to tie the miniature labor unions in the town into a council and all these people are neighbors, what is to be done? As it was, the malcontents in

town started a People's Party in '86 and beat the business men by forty-one votes in electing a Mayor. In the construction of the Northern Pacific, Villard had imported thousands of "docile and cheap" Chinese coolies. With the completion of the road in '83 the coolies were left stranded along the coast and would work at anything for any price. This pulled the bottom out of wages and that and the arguments in the bars of the waterfront towns was enough to start killing. There wasn't any in Seattle because the civil engineer, who was against the Chinese, got entangled with Cleveland by telegraph and tried to stave off martial law; and Judge Burke, who was a promoter too and presently a hired man for Jim Hill, through threats and exhortation, persuaded the mob to disperse.

Here and there, back in the woods, were New England lumbermen, the fore-runners of the great lumber migration, who had skipped the Lake States and established themselves in the Northwest. In 1872 the three Blackman brothers came out from Maine and built a sawmill at Snohomish a few miles north of Seattle. There were others like them. Eventually a little railroad was built that threaded these mills together and made a connection with Vancouver and provided an easy way to bring the lumber down to the water's edge at Seattle.

Actually those little mill towns were mining towns; the smoke arising from the sawdust burners told all and sundry that man was passing here but once and in a hurry. The takings were deposited in Seattle banks down the line and Seattle merchants sold the mills hardware, saws, boots, blankets, sugar, flour, and grease. Down out of these camps came the money, the raw materials, that made Seattle move. Presently the mill "town" would vanish when the nearby timber was cut. Thus early, in the "inexhaustible" forests, the shaky underpinnings of the region's economy were set up. This huge storehouse of raw material—the mineral, the soil, the timber, and the fish—was dedicated to boom.

Population in the region was small and there were always jobs and food was cheap and, provided one was not a farmer, one might always move on. The people of the region, said a visiting correspondent, "are strangely nomadic, a fact especially true of the unmarried . . . partly because of their feeling of independence, partly the vagabondish spirit engendered by their long and gradually progressive journey hither from Atlantic states, men are likely to forsake their employer at very short notice and go somewhere else with ill-defined purpose." Ill-defined purpose! There was always some new place to go. The footloose man did not settle down here as he had done on other frontiers; a shingleweaver, a job printer, a logger, a bricklayer could always find another job somewhere else. What the itching foot did not accomplish, the region did. Those who began as newcomers in a wilderness country turned into migrants because, for most of them, their jobs were seasonal and the seasons all but coincided. Salmon fishing was good for the summer months only, logging was all over when the November rains began, the coal mines worked only by fits and starts. The traditional forms of frontier exploitation had to contend with these regional conditions and there developed a widespread economy worked by migrant, unmarried labor. Upon this foundation the town of Seattle was gradually being built up and as it grew, the slow-moving momentum of the westward move of the timber men accelerated.

In 1880—excluding the logging camps—there were but 499 individuals employed in the lumber industry in Washington Territory. Wages were good; from three to five dollars a day. Despite the fact that the Frisco lumbermen "didn't want people outside the Sound Region to know anything about what they possessed or had done" the agents of the Eastern lumbermen were already busy. In 1889 stumpage in the neighborhood of Gray's Harbor was being bought for thirty cents a thousand. In the same

year Chauncey Griggs, Jim Hill's old partner in the coal business in St. Paul, came out and helped to organize the huge St. Paul and Tacoma Lumber Company. The number of those employed in lumbering in Washington spurted up in that year to ten thousand.

On the 22d of February, 1889, Congress passed the enabling Act to admit Washington to the Union. A few weeks later, on the 6th of June, the frame-built town caught fire and within a few hours Yesler's saw mill and pier, the false fronts and the business blocks, the sawdust piles and the shanties were burned to the ground. Barely were the ashes cold when the plans for rebuilding in stone and iron were being drawn. The frontier age was over; the corporation era, which had put its wilderness outposts in the Pope and Talbot company towns and which already had an enormous stake in the Northern Pacific land grant, was now to be formally installed. All the familiar signs were visible. Coincident with the fire, a strike of shingleweavers—an unheard of thing—shut the Blackman mill at Snohomish. Jim Hill's Great Northern was coming through the Rockies; there was a chance that Seattle might be made the terminus. Let the place be swept and garnished for those who possessed the earth.

VII

"Why," said an Honorable Senator from Washington in the nineties, "should we be everlastingly bedeviled by these scientific gentlemen from Harvard College?" What was it that caused the sawlog statesman such agony, that caused Heitfeld of Idaho to sob piteously in the Senate over the settler deprived of his timber? In 1875 there had been founded the obscure American Forestry Association, composed of a few persons who were able to foresee where forest gutting was going to end. There were a few in government who tried to stop the plundering of the Interior, but they were interested in the prevention of stealing, not

in forestry. The public lands were meant for homesteaders, not for a gang of thieves. The attitude of the lumbermen was one of derision. How had lumbermen got on in the past, how was business ever done except by getting all you could? Were not lumbermen as honest as the general run? Was not Weyerhaeuser's name so good that contracts with him were unnecessary?

In 1891, while the lumbermen nodded, a few zealots got a bill through Congress which authorized the President to make forest reserves out of the public domain. In the next year, at the very time the Populists at the Omaha convention were declaring that "the public land is almost gone," Gifford Pinchot had commenced the first systematic forest work in America on the estate of George Vanderbilt in North Carolina. Pinchot was a zealot also and he was rich. When, in 1896, a National Forest Commission was appointed for the supposedly innocuous purpose of surveying the public domain, Pinchot was on it along with a number of persons of scientific reputation.

It was the summer of the Bryan campaign and the farmers were engaged in their last terrific battle with the political power of the moneyed East. The Northwest had been almost prostrated by the panic of '93, the Northern Pacific had collapsed and Hill was after it. A wave of Populist fervor swept Washington and the huckstering of the great landgrant and the railroad control of politics was bitterly denounced. As the Commission moved along through the West their ears were deafened by the clamor and the Populist papers furnished more food for thought. There must be an end, said the *Spokane Spokesman-Review*, of the "shameful and wholesale control of legislation, corporate influences, and the frittering away of the public domain."

The lumbermen sighed with relief when Mark Hanna smashed the "wretched, addle-pated boy" from Nebraska, but in their hour of triumph they were thunderstruck by a blow from a totally unexpected quarter. That Com-

mission had reported; and using the authority granted in 1891, Cleveland the steadfast, the defender of hard money and conservatism, had done them dirt. In February, 1897, in the last days of his administration, he proclaimed thirteen forest reserves of 21,000,000 acres.

The rage of the lumber and railroad men knew no bounds. In a passion of indignation, the Seattle Chamber of Commerce hurried off a memorial to the Federal Government. "The reservations, of no benefit to any legitimate object or policy, are of incalculable damage to the present inhabitants of this state. If they are allowed to stand, not only will the mining industry be destroyed, but the great railroad trunk lines of the Central West which are now heading for Puget Sound will be prevented from coming here. All the passes in the Cascade mountains by which the railroads can reach the Sound are embraced in these reservations."

What was to be done? If the President's proclamation could not be upset, at least it could be delayed. Give the boys a few precious hours to get what they could. In the Senate an amendment was hitched to a money bill which provided that "in cases in which a tract covered by an unperfected bona fide claim or by a patent is included within the limits of a public forest reserve, the settler or owner thereof, may, if he desires to do so, relinquish the tract to the government, and in lieu thereof select a tract of vacant land open to settlement, not exceeding in area the tract covered by the claim or patent, and no charge shall be made in these cases for the making of entry of record or issuing the patent to cover the tract selected."

This was the famous Lieu Selection Act, upon its face designed to offer consolation to the poor homesteader—in the Northwest the poor homesteader occupied the place held in the East by the widow and orphan—whose land had been included in the tracts withdrawn by the government.

"I recollect very well," said Senator Wilson of Washington with great bitter-

ness, "a few years ago a special agent of the General Land Office came to our town who said he was going over to investigate some timber land depredations on Badger Mountain. I said to him: 'When you get over there you will find a very beautiful valley of 300,000 acres of land and you can see that every farm house and all the buildings there are built from timber taken from Badger Mountain and if you think you can get a verdict you had better try it.' He did try it, but he did not succeed."

It was not certain just what part the railroad legislators had had in framing this bill, but it was plain enough that the Northern Pacific was the chief gainer. From the great drawers in the railroad offices the Land Agents might take the maps of that imperial grant and, carefully noting the barren wastes included in it, be off to Washington to exchange those wastes for timber.

One final touch remained. Senator Wilson, beloved as a sawlog artist, introduced a bill designed to carve out of the Pacific Forest Reserve, hard by Seattle, the Mt. Rainier National Park. The Northern Pacific was permitted to relinquish any of its lands in the Park or the Reserve and take, *surveyed or unsurveyed*, land in any state into which its lines extended. McKinley signed the bill immediately and *within three days* the Northern Pacific agents had handed over the plats for 450,000 acres. Those rocky slopes and the white glittering summit, so beautiful to the eye and so inspiring to the poet but so useless as collateral, had been swapped for square miles of timber that had taken hundreds of years to ripen for the saw.

The Lieu Selection Act was passed on June 4th, 1897. Senator Wilson's little Park bill came shortly after, but these jockeyings for position to control the remaining natural resources of the country went almost unnoticed. Two weeks later, on the 17th of June, the wooden steamer *Portland* of the North American Transportation and Trading Company entered Seattle harbor. Rumor had pre-

ceded her and the day before she had been met off Flattery by a tug with an Associated Press man on board. Before the *Portland* reached her dock the news of the Klondike was on the front page of every newspaper in the country. She was the first boat to come down the Yukon River after the ice was out; aboard her were sixty miners and \$800,000 in gold dust. The day before the *Excelsior* had reached Frisco with more riches. The lucky strike which George Cormack had made on Bonanza Creek in August, 1896, turned out to be one of the great gold discoveries of the world.

Within twenty-four hours the stampede was on and Seattle was turned upside down. Clerks, lawyers, longshoremen, and loggers took what money they had and were off. When the *Portland* left for Alaska a few days later, she was packed to the rails and ex-Governor McGraw, a last minute convert, could hardly get aboard. The Chamber of Commerce feverishly sought to turn the stampede to their advantage and uncovered a publicity genius in the person of Mr. Erastus Brainard, who was able to persuade the country that Seattle was the one port on the coast in which to outfit for Alaska. Who had time to pay attention to Senator Wilson? But in the midst of this rush it was noticed that on the 10th of July, 1897, Mr. Hill and his neighbor, Mr. Weyerhaeuser, were registered at the Butler Hotel.

There was precious little publicity over this visit but the reporters got at Mr. Hill. What about that bankrupt Northern Pacific? What was going to happen to it? "The Northern Pacific," said Mr. Hill, with great caution, "is a very good railroad." He did not say that Mr. Weyerhaeuser was buying great timber tracts in Idaho nor that Mr. Weyerhaeuser was interested in Douglas fir, but as a result of the visit Mr. Weyerhaeuser bought 900,000 acres of Northern Pacific timber in Washington and subsequently bought more until his holdings from the landgrant alone reached 1,525,000 acres. But this purchase was different

from those partnerships that had gone before. When the Weyerhaeuser Timber Company was organized the old man kept the lion's share for himself. "Not for us, nor for our children, but for our grandchildren," he said. Some of posterity would have the usufruct of the forest primeval. In 1900 Mr. Weyerhaeuser had seven children; the population of the United States exceeded seventy-six millions of persons.

During this memorable visit thousands were on their way over the icy steps of Chilkoot Pass and down the White Horse Rapids to Dawson. Some of them found the gold they sought but many more made their way back to Seattle, broke, to meet on the docks more thousands who never reached the Klondike at all, more thousands of discontented single men who might now be absorbed as migrants into seasonal labor in the lumber camps and mills as the great timber boom began. It all turned out for the best and Senator Wilson, having done what he could for the preservation of wild life and scenic beauty through the creation of Mt. Rainier Park, conveniently got a loan from Jim Hill and in 1899 bought a controlling interest in the *Post-Intelligencer*.

VIII

Now, indeed, Seattle roared with a boom that did not stop from 1897 until the war. This "unfinished" town with ragged tide flats and patches of forest almost within the city limits, with many of its streets still dust or mud, in 1900 had 80,000 inhabitants. At its fringes the timber speculation absorbed the promoters with feverish interest and in town set off an orgy of real-estate gambling. Outfitting for the Klondike and Alaska was making the wholesalers rich. The truck farms tended by Japanese on the city's edge were extended. In the Sound salmon canneries the "cheap and docile" Chinese worked for fifteen cents an hour beside native labor who got more. Since the Nippon Yusen Kaisha

had established Seattle as its port of entry in 1896, there had been a steady increase in ocean traffic with the Far East, sedulously nursed by Jim Hill who sought to lay down Bethlehem rails in Japan more cheaply than the British could do it, and bring home silk to add to the eastbound lumber traffic.

Around the foot of Yesler Way and in the dark alleys of White Chapel and Black Chapel that surrounded it, all mixed up with cheap hotels, sailors' boarding houses, honky tonks and crimp joints, the Klondike saloons arose in their glory. In the middle of the bar of the Horseshoe Saloon, with its mahogany fixtures from the Centennial, was a solid silver horseshoe with gold nails, toe and heel calks. Behind the bar was a safe where incoming sourdoughs could stow their dust.

The barrel heads on the front of Joe Backer's "Our House" announced "Only Straight Whiskey for Our House Patrons. We could buy them Cheaper but We Wouldn't. We Would Have Bought Them Better but Couldn't." Any logger had to take his calks off to get in here but it was worth the trouble; the giant pillars with their glittering mirrors were known all along the Coast. Upstairs twenty-five games were in constant session—roulette, faro, bird cage, chuck-a-luck, fan tan, black jack, and poker. Scattered about the Square were hotels and rooming houses given over to the girls and a fly-blown assortment of tin horn gamblers.

In such an atmosphere, in a day when the "triumph of business enterprise" had become an established fact and the Wall Street bankers were acknowledged as the lords of creation, there occurred an extraordinary and confused series of collisions in Seattle and the Northwest. Here, in what was a community with a mining-camp state of mind, the Federal Government, in the form of the recently established Forest Service, collided head on with the lumbermen who were in the throes of grabbing the last of the nation's timber. In this collision, in which the

whole question of conservation was drawn in, a number of Seattle promoters and eminent citizens were involved and one of them, as luckless a man as ever lived, was ruined by it and had an opprobrious noun made out of his name. At the same time the Wall Streeters in the shape of the Morgans and the Guggenheims, with lesser satellites, arrived in person. Yet the nature of the region and the persons who inhabited it was such that the forms of exploitation so familiar were wrenched out of shape and fitted to an economy not found elsewhere.

In the background was the political control of the railroads which centered in Jim Hill. He had the Great Northern and the adverse decision in the Northern Securities case in 1904 did not seriously affect his influence upon the Northern Pacific. By 1900 the era of railway building in the Middle West was over, but there were still more than a thousand miles of track to be laid down in Washington. If railroad land companies elsewhere were fading, it was not so with the Northern Pacific's Northwestern Improvement Company. In 1908 it was paying 11 per cent on its capital stock. A majority of the legislature came from the "cow counties" east of the Cascades and their election and control—intermittently contested by agrarian rebellion—was in the hands of the railway agents. Once when a set of anti-railroad county commissioners had been elected, the Northern Pacific agent sent word that he would meet them at the county seat. The meeting was brief. Said the agent to the farmers: "I set a value of two bits an acre on our land in this county. Assess it at that or buy it or go to court." The neophytes were completely taken in by these whirlwind tactics and surrendered at once.

In 1904 Hill's general in the state was John D. Farrell. Anti-railroad feeling in the state was running high when, during a Tacoma convention, it was reported that Farrell's private car had been backed into the yards and three men invited to dine. It was charged that one of these

men was awarded the governorship and another made chairman of the state's first Railroad Commission, a reform which the agrarians had just effected!

In the foreground was the timber rush which by now had become a scramble along the whole coast west of the Cascades. In Marion County, Oregon, fifty quarter-sections of timber had been sold in '99 to a Wisconsin Lumber Company for four dollars an acre. By 1907, Jesse Jones of Houston—the R.F.C. unheard of—was willing to pay \$87.50 an acre for it and hold it at a valuation of \$150. The handful of great timber holders led off by Weyerhaeuser had pre-empted the lion's share and the late comers must bid high to get what remained.

The lumbermen knew well enough what the situation was. It was plain from what had happened in the Lake States that at the rate of cut the forests there were done for and in the South they soon would be. "The day of cheap lumber is passing and will soon be gone," said an official of the National Lumbermen's Association, "but the men who make money will be those who own timber and can hold it until the supply in other parts of the country is gone. Then they can ask and get their own price." A golden future was foreseen in which the grandchildren of Mr. Weyerhaeuser would be rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

All this was not lost upon Seattle business men. Many believed that their town would become the center of a great regional monopoly, and that to their doors the world would come begging for lumber at any price. So they trailed along in the wake of the great lumbermen, speculating on their own. Mr. Backus, the banker, was persuaded in 1897 to form a little partnership on the side. With three men he organized the Port Susan Logging Company with a capital of \$16,000. Sixteen years later the four partners split a profit of a million dollars on their investment.

All hands now fell to to grab the last of the public domain, and the moves of the

great timber companies were assisted by the stream of immigrants pouring into the Northwest, attracted by the boom. The Swedes, Finns, Danes and Norwegians, lured on by the shipping agents in Scandinavian cities, landed by thousands at Seattle and there collided with swarms of mid-Western farmers, railroad brakemen, restaurant waiters, and tailors who figured on taking out a claim.

They had no intention of cutting timber; the land hunger of the first homesteaders did not bother them. This was public land and they had a right to a share. If you can get a piece of this pie, get it and sell it before the big boys hog it all. So William Z. Foster, a fireman on the Portland-Umatilla division of the O. R. & N. proved up on 320 acres in the Oregon Cascades with his brother, and then sold his claim. Communism was then some distance off.

The timber men were not slow to take advantage of so golden an opportunity. Dummy claimants were collected in Seattle, Tacoma, and Portland. Two hundred and thirty-five dollars was enough to pay the Government's price for a quarter section, build the required cabin, and get final proof. Any sum up to five hundred dollars went to the dummy. In this way tracts of from eight to ten thousand acres of the best timber left on the public domain could be assembled at a cost of six dollars an acre. With the deeds safely in the hands of his principal in New York or Chicago, the agent left the woods and adjourned to the more convivial atmosphere of the Horseshoe Saloon in Seattle, there to compare notes with his fellow travelers in the business.

In Washington Gifford Pinchot in wrath and alarm watched what was going on. He had survived the storm over Cleveland's proclamation of the forest reserves and in 1898 had been edged in as Chief of the microscopic Division of Forestry. With a two-bit appropriation, a mimeograph machine, a handful of clerks, and some forest rangers at \$60 a month and a horse, the Forester set out to rouse the country.

Over on the peninsula, across from Seattle, 400,000 acres had been snatched out of the Olympia National Forest in 1900 and 1901 on the pretext that the land was chiefly suitable for agriculture and that "the settlement of the country was being retarded." It was odd that this timberland, ostensibly intended for the lowly homesteader, should be shortly thereafter owned in parcels as large as 80,000 acres. Mr. Pinchot was incensed in his cries over such grabs and presently got some action. The Commissioner of the Public Land Office at Washington was sacked, numerous minor officials were fired, and finally it was discovered that one of the most eminent of the sawlog statesmen, the white-bearded, benignant Senator John A. Mitchell of Oregon, had undertaken to hustle fraudulent claims through the land office for the bargain price of \$25 apiece. He was indicted, tried and found guilty. In the capital, the Bureau of Corporations, spurred on by the agitations of a muck-raker age, was making an investigation of the lumber industry and Mr. Pinchot's agents were scouring the woods, hunting for thieves.

In a rage, the lumber Senators in February, 1907, tacked a rider to an appropriation bill providing that no more forest reserves could be created in Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, or Colorado except by Act of Congress. This took away the power which Cleveland had used and meant that once the bill was signed, the President could no longer proclaim new reserves in the public domain.

At once, Roosevelt and Pinchot and the officials of the Interior Department consulted together. Land office and Forest Service men sat up nights platting maps and tabulating every possible acre and water-power site they could lay their hands on. (All this, of course, was in the public domain.) This done, on the 2d of March, 1907, the President proclaimed twenty-one new reserves. Having safely stowed this away—it was only the remnant, for long since the best timber had

got into private hands—the President signed the appropriation bill. And just at that moment an eminent citizen of Seattle, Mr. Richard Achilles Ballinger, was appointed Public Land Commissioner in the Department of the Interior.

Mr. Ballinger had come out to Washington just as the rush was getting started and in '94 had been elected a judge. Land and mining claims were the order of the day and, as a lawyer, he acquired a large practice. He even found time to codify the laws of the state and write *A Treatise on the Property Rights of Husband and Wife under the Community or Ganancial System*. But the public land was the absorbing question and since, at the height of the boom, Mr. Ballinger had been elected reform Mayor of Seattle, it was rightly judged that he was a man of good will.

Ever since the Klondike rush, ten years before, the Seattle promoters had itched with the idea that Alaska was a land of promise. A number of persons had filed claims on Alaskan coal; the claimants included a number of Seattle worthies, among them a banker, a railroad man, the President of the Federal Lead Company and a former Governor. Already, in the spring of 1906, a syndicate had been formed by the Morgans and the Guggenheims, and a large number of copper properties, shipping companies, and salmon canneries had been lumped together. This syndicate controlled more than half of the traffic between Alaska and Seattle; at the docks it was met by the freight cars of Mr. Hill, also a close friend of Mr. Morgan.

In 1907 representatives of the syndicate had a meeting with some of the coal-land speculators—whose claims had not yet been validated in Washington—and the syndicate took an option to buy a half interest. Mr. Ballinger by now was Land Commissioner and he preferred to let the claims be handled by someone else in the department, lest his action be misconstrued. Then he resigned and went back to Seattle and made a ghastly mistake. As a lawyer he undertook to

assist the promoters in pressing their claims. Then, in 1909, Mr. Taft appointed him Secretary of the Interior.

Over in the Department of the Interior was Mr. Pinchot, and among the agents in the Department of the Interior was a young man named Louis Glavis. Presently the young agent became convinced that Mr. Ballinger could not be trusted with the administration of the public domain and told Mr. Pinchot about it. The years of Mr. Pinchot's agitation for conservation had taken effect; the robbing of the forests was going right on and here were those coal claims and the Guggenheim-Morgan syndicate. Mr. Ballinger had been in Yonkers talking with George Perkins, one of the Morgan partners; he had regretted that his son could not accompany Mr. Perkins on a vacation trip to Alaska. All sorts of rumors were afloat and in Seattle offices and bars the story was rehearsed over and over again. Then Glavis, fired for going over the head of his superior with his complaints, which were judged baseless by Mr. Taft, gave his story to *Collier's*. It was not charged that Mr. Ballinger had acted corruptly, but it was implied, and the article asked, "Do the Guggenheims Control Alaska?"

The uproar that followed was prodigious; the excitement of the fight over conservation reached its crest. Mr. Ballinger had said to a reporter: "You chaps who are in favor of this conservation program are all wrong. You are hindering the development of the West. . . . In my opinion the proper course to take with this domain is to divide it up among the big corporations and the people who know how to make money out of it and let the people at large get the benefit of the circulation of the money."

That was the logical extension of all the ideas of frontier exploitation that had gone before; such sentiments the Seattle Chamber of Commerce could cherish, but there wasn't any logic in the situation. People were roused, there were new ideas. No evidence of corruption could be found. The majority of a

Senate Committee found Mr. Ballinger above reproach, but he had to quit just the same. Mr. Pinchot was fired. Mr. Ballinger went back to Seattle again, pursued by the word "Ballingerism," and after a while he died.

IX

Mr. Hill, the great overlord of this region, was troubled. A genius in the business of transportation, he had now reached his meridian. The control of the Burlington, acquired in 1901, had rounded out the two northwestern systems—undisturbed by the coming of the Milwaukee—and provided a direct route from Puget Sound down into the Corn Belt, and old Weyerhaeuser "would rather have the lumber trade of Iowa than of any three states." Hill had now all that he could get, his years of fighting for swag were over; provided what was his was safe, he might now relax and become philosophical.

On the afternoon of June 1, 1909, Hill was in Seattle to open the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition. The promoters, in their enthusiasm, had determined to emulate Chicago and Omaha and have a Fair of their own, including a Parthenon with a colonnade of untrimmed giant fir logs. There was no hesitation when they came to choose a distinguished guest to dedicate it. Hill was their boss and they gloried in him. Troubled in his mind, the old pirate surveyed the prospect, the still raw and unfinished city, raw and unfinished as St. Paul had been in his youth, but different.

"When capital can be enticed back into railway investments by assurance of proper protection and a reasonable return, the progress of construction will do more for the Pacific Northwest than for any other part of the country." Actually the railroad age was almost over; the man was crying for a vanished past. "The wild flight from experiment, the toying with untried ventures in social conduct and in the laws by which men have learned to live with and serve one

another has gone dangerously far." Had he not given large sums to the Catholic Church in the belief that the church might be a bulwark against those who were so possessed to alter and tear down? There was no rest. After fifty years of undisturbed accumulation, his neighbor Mr. Weyerhaeuser had been got at by a magazine reporter and called "richer than Rockefeller" and worth \$300,000,000. This figure was indignantly denied but it was noticed that no other figure was given. Lincoln Steffens hadn't been able to find out either. "The first and most imperative word is 'Conservation' . . . especially proper for you who are guardians of the last remnants of our wasted store of continental wealth; who have an evil example to avoid; whose mistakes are not yet beyond recall." Beyond recall? Why, only a few months before on the floor of the Senate the National Forestry Association had been derided because one of its Vice Presidents was Frederick Weyerhaeuser. And this city? The controls of New York money were everywhere—Stone and Webster had acquired in 1892 the Union Electric Company, where Sidney Z. Mitchell had worked as an electrician, and thereafter bought up a large group of light plants, street cars and cable railways in Seattle and the neighborhood. Charles G. Dawes and his brother had bought up the gas companies in 1904. Yet this place was different. A group of meddlers and agitators had contrived to set up a city light plant and it was a going thing. The region was restless, dissatisfied, and demanding. "Oh, stand firm," cried Hill, "for the old, simple, immutable things."

The old, simple Get There and Get It First. Was it possible that those days were almost over? Around Hill the lumber men were fighting over the timber in the old familiar way. There was the town with its casual and complacent city government, content with the police graft it got in the old and simple style. What was the matter with these people?

It was because, in this rush to the last

frontier, there was not going to be enough to go round, that many of his listeners were disposed to raise questions about those old things and see just how immutable they were.

In the midst of all the boom and get-rich-quick, there was no brand of agitation that Seattle didn't know about. Small as the town was in '89, there were between thirty and forty assemblies of the Knights of Labor there and a sizable contingent was sent to join Coxey's army in '93. The building up of unions had begun in the 80's when the place was scarcely more than a village. Growing or shrinking with boom and depression, these unions were a defense for the urban wage earners against the great wandering body of migrants who drained into the sink of Seattle every winter to threaten the wages of those who "belonged" there. From time to time cross-fertilization between these two groups occurred and changed the coloration of both, but in the main the division has held until this day when the city unions, under the control of Dave Beck, the teamster boss, are pitted against the C.I.O., who control the loggers, the fishermen, and the waterfront.

Accompanying the labor agitation was a constant political ferment. Populist discontent had been responsible for woman suffrage, the Direct Primary in 1909, the initiative, the referendum and the recall, and the publicly owned power plant. Along with the agrarians were the revolutionaries—led off by the Socialists—and numbering every known brand of radical philosophy. In 1894, in the depths of the depression, Dr. Titus, a Baptist preacher, came to Seattle and in his church at the corner of 6th and Jackson "taught the practical redistribution of wealth." With prudent foresight, the Doctor had studied medicine and got himself a degree from the Harvard Medical School. When his Seattle congregation got too hot for him and threw him out, the Doctor hung out his shingle as a practitioner and joined the Socialists. He speedily became their leader and so

diligent was he in his labors that the Socialist paper speedily had five thousand subscribers.

Populist and Knights of Labor and Socialist ideas had soaked so deep into the supposedly conservative sessions of the A. F. of L. Central Labor Council that the debates and decisions made there regularly threw the Eastern labor bosses into panic. By 1903 the general strike as a tactic had been subjected to stormy discussion in the Council. In 1906 farmers were admitted as delegates from the State Grange, "not from class consciousness but from a realization that both would be benefited by common action at the polls." The waitresses and retail clerks had a union by 1900 and had forced a six o'clock and Sunday closing agreement on the stores.

A generation before the insurgent industrial unionists under John L. Lewis swept the country, the Central Labor Council in 1909 indorsed the principle of industrial unionism and commanded their delegates to the national A. F. of L. conventions to get busy. In the same year the United Mine Workers in the district declared for the "public ownership and operation and management of all those means of production that are collectively used." A frontier was one thing, but a frontier whose inhabitants were beset with ideas was no satisfaction to Mr. Hill.

The trouble was that there was no promise of stability; and doubly so here, for Seattle was no longer a mining camp but was a large and growing city. Yet the exploitation of the region was being carried on exactly as it had been done in Goldfield and Virginia City. Wood was the basis of the regional prosperity and if labor was migrant so was the industry. If too great an investment was made in a mill there was no hope of amortizing the cost before the accessible timber was cut.

Competition between the lumbermen was merciless with an alternate glut and famine. In an industry notable for closely held family businesses, the driving force was an intense individualism

identical with what it had been in Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, Arkansas, and Texas: Get in, cut it, and get out. Indeed, said William Mack of the Slade Lumber Company, a little later: "I don't know of any business in the United States that there is as much individuality about as there is in the lumber business in the State of Washington as it is conducted to-day." Only at the very top among the few great timber holders—the Weyerhaeuser properties were being slowly blocked in in preparation for the golden day when cutting should start—was there any release from the constant pressure.

X

Now the timber men are gathering in Seattle for one of the pre-war logging congresses. The hotel lobby is jammed. A lantern-jawed general manager with a leathery face and gold rimmed spectacles has a badly chewed cigar in his mouth and is making notes on the back of a dirty envelope. Years of hurriedly eaten fried food have tied his stomach into knots, have worn his temper to a raw edge, and account for the pepsin tablets he carries with him. He writes frequent letters to the *West Coast Lumberman* asking why there isn't a greater spirit of co-operation in the trade, but he knows better. If you want to buy a carload of No. 1 Common he will oblige you, but you had better watch your step.

The lobby is crowded with engine salesmen, cable men, timber buyers and sellers and other miscellaneous characters hovering on the edge of business. That lathlike man with the solemn countenance and stand-up collar is Mr. George Long of the Weyerhaeuser Timber Company. The ways of legislatures are no mystery to him. Nor are they a mystery to Mark Reed, the great logger of Shelton and son-in-law of old Sol Simpson. Before he dies Reed will serve seventeen years as Republican majority leader in the House at Olympia. Someone is asking for Howard Taylor of the Page Lumber Company. Mr. Taylor knows about

legislatures too. At the moment he is Speaker of the House.

Ed Larson, a wood superintendent from Cosmopolis, complete with tobacco grains at the corners of his mouth, is sitting in a lobby arm chair near a convenient spittoon. He has no interest whatever in all this gab going on. He is fifty-five years old but a good man still and is brooding on the prospects of a little girl for the evening. Can that man by the cigar counter be Shouting Gus Lind? It is. He has tempered his roar for the moment.

How is business? Do not ask. There never was a good year in the lumber business. Only last year a little lumber mill in Everett up the Sound, representing an investment of \$200,000, cleaned up \$40,000 and complained bitterly. There is some talk about the recent investigation of the state's school land. Somebody's foot slipped and the investigation could not be headed off. The report found that "under a grossly fake cruise in 1901 the timber on this 480 acres of land was sold for \$2,287.50 which to-day is estimated to be worth \$100,000." And again: "The notation on report of sale reads 'Mail deed or receipt to Geo. S. Long, Tacoma.'" Well, well. "The looseness and laxity of the land laws, the dishonesty, incompetency and inefficiency of cruisers, together with other conditions, convince the commit-

tee that the state has been for years systematically defrauded and the people of the state have lost millions of dollars by the sale of state and timber lands for grossly and ridiculously inadequate consideration." Still, this is all in the day's work. But a little while later a shingle man was writing to the Bureau of Corporations in Washington: "The big profits made in both the lumber and shingle business have been made and always will be made by the stumpage owner . . . the Weyerhaeuser Timber Co., the Puget Mill Co., and, to a lesser extent, the St. Paul and Tacoma Lumber Company, which by the way is owned and operated by mighty fine people, have a monopoly of the standing timber in Washington." All these nubbins are discussed at odd moments.

For several days these men will argue, chaffer, go to sleep in sessions, compare notes on cutting their labor costs, consume mountains of beefsteak, French fried potatoes, custard pie, and coffee. At nightfall some will retire to their rooms, ring for more ice, and resume the attempt to draw to a pair. Ed Larson—and others—will move toward bed. Others will sharpen their razors for fellow members who happen to be looking the other way. For the moment the stinging smell of fresh sawn lumber is out of their nostrils and the roar of the donkey engines in the woods is stilled in their ears.

[To be continued]



One Man's Meat

By E. B. WHITE



MY FRIENDS in the city tell me that the Sixth Avenue El is coming down, but that's a hard thing for anyone to believe who once lived in its fleeting and audible shadow. The El was the most distinguished and outstanding vein on the town's neck, a varicosity tempting to the modern surgeon. One wonders whether New York can survive this sort of beauty operation, performed in the name of civic splendor and rapid transit.

A resident of the city grew accustomed to the heavenly railroad which swung implausibly in air, cutting off his sun by day, wandering in and out of his bed-chamber by night. The presence of the structure and the passing of the trains was by all odds the most pervasive of New York's influences. It was a sound which, if it ever got in the conch of your ear, was ineradicable—forever singing, like the sea. It punctuated the morning with brisk tidings of repetitious adventure, and it accompanied the night with sad but reassuring sounds of life-going-on—the sort of threnody which cricket and katydid render for suburban people sitting on screened porches, the sort of lullaby which the whippoorwill sends up to the Kentucky farm wife on a summer evening.

I spent a lot of time, once, doing nothing in the vicinity of Sixth Avenue. Naturally I know something of the El's fitful charm. It was, among other things, the sort of railroad you would occasionally ride just for the hell of it, a higher existence into which you would escape unconsciously and without destination. Let's say you had just emerged from the Child's on the west side of Sixth Avenue between 14th and 15th Streets, where you had had a bowl of vegetable soup and a stack of wheat cakes. The syrup still was a cloying taste on your tongue. You intended

to go back to the apartment and iron a paragraph, or wash a sock. But miraculously, at the corner of 14th, there rose suddenly in front of you a flight of marble stairs all wrapt in celestial light, with treads of shining steel, and risers richly carved with the names of the great, and a canopy overhead where danced the dust in the shafts of golden sunshine. As in a trance, you mounted steadily to the pavilion above, where there was an iron stove and a man's hand visible through a mousehole. And the first thing you knew you were in South Ferry, with another of life's inestimable journeys behind you—and before you the dull, throbbing necessity of getting uptown again.

For a number of years I went to work every morning on the uptown trains of the Sixth Avenue El. I had it soft, because my journey wasn't at the rush hour and I often had the platform of the car to myself. It was a good way to get where you wanted to go, looking down on life at just the right speed, and peeking in people's windows, where the sketchy pantomime of potted plant and half-buttoned undershirt and dusty loft provided a curtain raiser to the day. The railroad was tolerant and allowed its passengers to loll outdoors if they wished; and on mornings when the air was heady that was the place to be—with the sudden whiff of the candy factory telling you that your ride was half over, and the quick eastward glance through 24th Street to check your time with the clock in the Metropolitan Tower, visible for the tenth part of a second.

The El always seemed to me to possess exactly the right degree of substantiality: it seemed reasonably strong and able to carry its load, and competent with that easy slovenly competence of an old drudge; yet it was perceptibly a creature

of the clouds, the whole structure vibrating ever so slightly following the final grasping success of the applied brake. The El had giddy spells, too—days when a local train would shake off its patient, plodding manner and soar away in a flight of sheer whimsy, skipping stations in a drunken fashion and scaring the pants off everybody. To go roaring past a scheduled stop, hell bent for 53rd Street and the plunge into space, was an experience which befell every El rider more than once. On this line a man didn't have to be a locomotophobe to suffer from visions of a motorman's lifeless form slumped over an open throttle. And if the suspense got too great and you walked nervously to the front of the train the little window in the booth gave only the most tantalizing view of the driver—three inert fingers of a gloved hand, or a *Daily News* wedged in some vital cranny.

One thing I always admired about the El was the way it tormented its inexperienced customers. Veterans like myself, approaching a station stop, knew to a fraction of an inch how close it was advisable to stand to the little iron gates on the open type cars. But visitors to town had no such information. When the train halted and the guard, pulling his two levers, allowed the gates to swing in and take the unwary full in the stomach, there was always a dim pleasure in it for the rest of us. Life has little enough in the way of reward; these small moments of superiority are not to be despised.

The El turned the Avenue into an arcade. That, in a way, was its chief contribution. It made Sixth Avenue as distinct from Fifth as Fifth is from Jones Street. Its pillars, straddling the car tracks in the long channel of the night, provided the late cruising taxicab with the supreme challenge, and afforded the homing pedestrian, his wine too much with him, forest sanctuary and the friendly accommodation of a tree.

Of course, I have read about the great days of the El, when it was the railroad of the élite and when financial giants rode

elegantly home from Wall Street in its nicely appointed coaches. But I'm just as glad I didn't meet the El until after it had lost its money. Its lazy crescendos, breaking into one's dreams, will always stick in the mind—and the soiled hands of the guards on the bellcords, and the brusque, husky-throated bells that had long ago lost their voices, cuing each other along the whole length of the train. Yes, at this distance it's hard to realize that the Sixth Avenue El is just a problem in demolition. I can't for the life of me imagine what New York will have to offer in its place. It will have to be something a good deal racier, a good deal more open and aboveboard, than a new subway line.



I SUPPOSE a man can't ask railroads to stand still. For twenty or thirty years the railroads of America stood about as still as was consistent with swift transportation. The gas mantles were removed and electric lights installed, but outside of that the cars remained pretty much the same. It's only in the past couple of years that the railroads, fretting over the competition from busses and planes, have set about transforming their interiors into cocktail lounges, ballrooms, and modern apartments.

In my isolated position here in the country, I have plenty of time to study Pullman trends—which are readily accessible in full-page color ads in the popular magazines. I note that the Pullman Company, although emphasizing the high safety factor implicit in Pullman travel, is advertising a new type of accommodation called, somewhat ominously, "S.O.S." This is the Single Occupancy Section. It is for the dollar-wise and the travel-wise, the ads point out. From the illustration, the single occupancy section appears to have a dead body in it, hooded in a sheet, bound and gagged. There is also a live occupant—a girl in a pink dressing gown, apparently in the best of spirits. More careful examination of the photograph reveals that the dead body is nothing more nor less than the bed itself,

which has reared up on its hind end and been lashed to the bulkhead, while the occupant (who is "single," of course) stands erect and goes through the motions of dressing in comfort.

I feel that the Pullman Company, in introducing the note of *comfort* into their adventurous calling, are perhaps slipping outside the particular field in which they have made such an enviable reputation. This being able to stand erect in an ordinary single berth and dress in something like ease—isn't it likely to destroy the special flavor of Pullman travel? I don't take a night journey on a railroad for the sake of duplicating the experiences and conveniences of my own home: when I travel I like to get into some new kind of difficulty, not just the same old trouble I put up with around the house.

Travelers, I will admit, differ temperamentally, differ in their wants and needs; but for me the Pullman Company will never improve on its classic design of upper and lower berth. In my eyes it is a perfect thing, perfect in conception and execution, this small green hole in the dark moving night, this soft warren in a hard world. In it I have always found the peace of spirit which accompanies grotesque bodily situations, peace and a wonderful sense of participation in cosmic rhythms and designs. I have experienced these even on cold nights when I all but died from exposure, under blankets of virgin gossamer.

In a Pullman berth, a man can truly be alone with himself. (The nearest approach to this condition is to be found in a hotel bedroom, but a hotel room can be mighty depressing sometimes, it stands so still.) Now if a modern Pullman proposes to provide headroom for everyone, it will have to answer for whatever modification this may cause in human character. The old act of drawing one's pants on and off while in a horizontal position did much to keep Man in a mood of decent humility. It gave him a picture of himself at a moment of wild comic contortion. To tuck in the tails of a shirt while supine demanded a certain persist-

ence, a certain virtuosity, wholly healthful and character-building.

The new single occupancy section, besides changing all this and permitting a man to stand erect as though he had no ape in his family background, has another rather alarming feature. The bed not only is capable of being cocked up by the occupant, to resemble a cadaver, but it can be hoisted by a separate control from the aisle by the dark, notional hand of the porter as he glides Puckishly through the car. It does not sound conducive to calm.



I SEE that the Pennsylvania Railroad in its advertising is featuring a "fleet of modernism" with all sorts of new interior arrangements—chairs made out of tubes, beds that "dip down," bathrooms with showers, panels that slide, arm rests that disappear. Things are certainly happening in the railroad world, new names are springing up faster than the public can learn them. In addition to the compartment (it used to be called stateroom, by the way) and the drawing room, we now have a "Master Room" in which everybody sits around in movable chairs and listens to the radio; a "Roomette," suitable for a single woman and containing a servant named "Aladdin," presumably a colored man; and a "Duplex," which is a two-room job with a real flight of stairs. Incidentally, I imagine that an obstructionist like myself who wanted to recapture the old Pullman berth feeling could do it quite nicely in a duplex simply by occupying the downstairs room and sleeping with his head under the stairs.

In the new type compartment the seats next to the window are gone; in their stead we have by day a modern transverse sofa and a movable lounge chair, by night two beds at right angles. It seems funny that merely turning a bed so it runs crossways makes it modern, but it does. And of course, two beds at right angles is almost a setting for a study in abnormal psychology. I don't know what railroading is coming to, unless it be Valhalla.

I N resenting progress and change, a man lays himself open to censure. I suppose the explanation of anyone's defending anything as rudimentary and cramped as a Pullman berth is that such things are associated with an earlier period in one's life and that this period in retrospect seems a happy one. People who favor progress and improvements are apt to be people who have had a tough enough time without any extra inconvenience. Reactionaries who pout at innovations are apt to be well-heeled sentimentalists who had the breaks. Yet for all that, there is always a subtle danger in life's refinements, a dim degeneracy in progress. I have just been refining the room in which I sit, yet I sometimes doubt that a writer should refine or improve his workroom by so much as a dictionary: one thing leads to another and the first thing you know he has a stuffed chair and is fast asleep in it. Half a man's life is devoted to what he calls improvements, yet the original had some quality which is lost in the process. There was a fine natural spring of water on this place when I bought it. Our drinking water had to be lugged in a pail, from a wet glade of alder and tamarack. I visited the spring often in those first years, and had friends there—a frog, a woodcock, and an eel which had churned its way all the way up through the pasture creek to enjoy the luxury of pure water. In the normal course of development, the spring was rocked up, fitted with a con-

crete curb, a copper pipe, and an electric pump. I have visited it only once or twice since. This year my only gesture was the purely perfunctory one of sending a sample to the state bureau of health for analysis. I felt cheap, as though I were smelling an old friend's breath.

Another phase of life here which has lost something through refinement is the game of croquet. We used to have an old croquet set whose wooden balls, having been chewed by dogs, were no rounder than eggs. Paint had faded, wickets were askew. The course had been laid out haphazardly and eagerly by a child, and we all used to go out there on summer nights and play good-naturedly, with the dogs romping on the lawn in the beautiful light, and the mosquitoes sniping at us, and everyone in good spirits, racing after balls and making split shots for the sheer love of battle. Last spring we decided the croquet set was beyond use, and invested in a rather fancy new one with hoops set in small wooden sockets, and mallets with rubber faces. The course is now exactly 72 feet long and we lined the wickets up with a string; but the little boy is less fond of it now, for we make him keep still while we are shooting. A dog isn't even allowed to cast his shadow across the line of play. There are frequent quarrels of a minor nature, and it seems to me we return from the field of honor tense and out of sorts.



HOOP SKIRTS AND BUENA VISTA

BY BERNARD DeVOTO

THERE had been no such crowds in front of newspaper offices since 1918. But those crowds were the least of it, and throughout America radios were tuned in to news-broadcasts all day long, all evening, and up to the early morning hours when the short waves bring Europe in. Europe came in along all avenues of approach as September grew toward October 1938, and the anonymous American citizen who has no voice in newsprint was more aware of it than he had been at any time since the first Armistice Day. The Europe which he had helped to glue together twenty years before was falling apart. What did the anonymous American think of that? Probably what he thought was confused and uncertain, since his ideas about foreign relations are never half so admirable as those of our political correspondents. But it was quite clear that, at his radio, he knew he was involved in this mess, and it slowly became clear that he felt he had better look after his interests.

We have so many political correspondents and they are so articulately wise that there is a tendency to assume that national and international events are what they say about them. We come to think that the realities of government are Dorothy Thompson scoring a point off Mr. Roosevelt's secretariat or the *New Republic* taking Walter Lippmann for a ride. (Let us gratefully remember, however, that for an astonishing moment after the Munich Accord time seemed to have reached its fullness and Mr. Lipp-

mann and the *New Republic* were clasped in each other's arms again.) Well, the correspondents were unanimous in one finding. They felt sure that whereas it took five months, from November to April, to put America into the last European war, the job could have been done this time in a week or less. Some of them expressed a profound regret that the job hadn't been done, and the curious merger of the American Local for Fighting Russia's Wars and the Hands Across the Sea Foundation for Fighting England's Wars held one last lodge of sorrow before dissolving for a long time to come. But the job wasn't done this time, that curious merger has come as thoroughly unstuck as Europe itself, and the correspondents agree that for as far ahead as they can see American internationalism is going to be a dead horse. They agree on that, but they are still quarreling about the unvocal citizen who killed it. They don't know what to make of him, but those who think he is pretty dumb are uneasy about him.

September grew into a memorable autumn, two uninterrupted months of Indian Summer, and three days before the twentieth Armistice Day the anonymous, inarticulate citizen went to the polls. The correspondents dutifully set out to explain what he meant by the vote he cast there. A great cheer rose from the nation's press at the news of the century, the stop-press bulletin that New Hampshire had gone Republican, which implied that the country still belonged to

the people and not, as Mark Sullivan had feared, to Mr. Thomas Corcoran. The reprieve so astonished the correspondents that for some time they neglected to inquire whether there was any relationship between the November election and the Munich Accord. So the Administration was able to score a clean scoop: it announced that America was going to strengthen the army and build the most powerful navy in the world. The Administration had perceived a relationship where the correspondents had not yet looked for one, and it threw them into confusion. They are still groping in that fog as this is written but there has emerged from it an alarm among the most internationally minded, those who are accustomed to suppose that domestic policy is only a reflex response. They have been forced to realize that their horse is very dead indeed and, suffering the shock that an experience of reality always inflicts on a hopeful temperament, they have remembered that various European new deals turned to rearmament when economic planning failed to get their bookkeeping into the black. They find that there are several kinds of reflex response, and the appearance of this one in a quarter that had previously been colored tearose with hope has badly frightened them.

The principal meaning of that scare is that the *either-or* dogma has come home to roost. Our liberal thinkers have docilely accepted the dogma at the bidding of those who stand to profit from it, and so far as the Easy Chair is concerned they may fry in their own dilemma. But it is astonishing that the effort to explain the plain citizen following the Peace of Munich has ignored his support of a tradition exactly as old as the Republic and his awareness of the return of a threat that had been withdrawn for exactly ninety years.

If the Easy Chair turns to women's fashions, it is only following the lead of our advanced thinkers, who have recently become hard to distinguish from Wall Street. The brokers seem to have

given up the zodiac as a guide to the future and now consult Schiaparelli—without finding any unequivocal omen. Thus skirts are sixteen inches off the floor, and that has always been a better signal than the appearance of Saturn in Capricorn to buy for a long rise. But also skirts trail on the floor and consume ten yards of fabric apiece, and Wall Street has always taken that as a signal to sell at any loss in order to forestall a worse one. Social divination encounters a similar contradiction. The muff is back, and the muff's reappearance always means war. But hoop skirts are also back, and pantalettes with them, and they mean that war is over.

The way to resolve a contradiction is to discover that both its components really indicate the same trend, and social diagnosis perceives that the Fifth Avenue shops are leading America in a flight from reality. Here, after decades, is the peek-a-boo waist. Here is the ruffled, starched, multiple petticoat. Here are grandma's snood and hatpin and high shoes and chatelaine and jet brooch. Here even, in the skiing ads, are the old red flannel drawers that Maggie wore. To advanced thought they indicate a forthright conclusion: the present is too much for America and a romantic regression has begun, a nostalgia for a more secure time, a psychic block that shuts out the image of Hitler by interposing an idealized portrait of Mrs. McKinley. The Nineteen Thirties are stampeding back to the sugary unrealities of the Eighteen Nineties.

But there is no sense in consulting a bullock's liver or a woman's petticoat for social omens unless you follow the evidence as far as it will go. When Grandma was a belle she did indeed pin on a hat almost hideous enough to be fashionable in 1939, but her hatpin was also a weapon of defense and she brandished it when news came in from Venezuela. And among the sugary unrealities that the girl with seven petticoats confronted was a famous incident in Havana harbor. Instead of fleeing realities

into the Nineties, America may be pursuing them there. And the pursuit may lead farther. Another fashion note tells us that brassières are being assisted by ruffles, presumably torn off a petticoat, by daughters of 1939 whom nature in a regressive mood equipped with the silhouette of 1925—and that gets us well back of 1890. This winter's hoops are of the Sixties, and crinolines take us farther back still, till with the off-shoulder neckline of our evening gowns we land plumb in the Eighteen Forties.

Now the Forties were a historic crossroads, a turning point on which the entire Western Hemisphere pivoted. If the fashions mean that we have somehow got back to that crossroads, it is permissible to wonder whether the neckline or the crinoline is the end of the matter, whether the corset may not be more important than either. Word comes that mere elastic is not going to be enough in 1939, and our history shows a remarkable correlation between stiffening for women's waists and a stiffening of the military appropriations. The future of our Hemisphere may pivot on the choice of the corset-manufacturers. Is it to be steel, which was right for the Sixties, or is it to be the Forties throughout and whalebone with them?

Our liberal intelligence is afraid that it is going to be whalebone. That intelligence would have enthusiastically supported, during the week when the Munich Accord was being prepared, the raising of an American army to occupy the Ruhr and bombard Berlin. While that seemed possible it was confident that the anonymous American at his radio was a portent of light. But now it is afraid that the Administration's armament program may have a more realistic slant on the ordinary citizen, and that, armed at this ominous moment, he may set out to fight the battle of Buena Vista all over again. The liberal mind is afraid that an old ghost may be walking, that Manifest Destiny may have been loosed after ninety years.

There is little comfort in the Forties

for the *either-or* dogma, and if we have really got to work out the European system, the communism-fascism alternative, then the crinoline is a dark omen. Following Mr. Polk's message to Congress, Lord Russell pointed out in Parliament that the President had withdrawn the Oregon question from the forms of law and diplomacy designed to keep the world at peace, and had appealed to the mob sentiments of his people. The accusation was quite true, and the episode of Texas is even more illuminating. Years before, American colonies had been founded on foreign soil. They were minorities in Mexico and it soon became possible to show that they were being denied civil rights, subjected to intolerable discriminations, and forbidden the free practice of their religion. They revolted, by arrangement, and called upon their blood kin to save them from conquest. Speaking of the national honor, the Aryan God, and the great ideal of international justice, Mr. Polk performed his *Anschluss*, and followed it with a military occupation of disputed territory that would otherwise have been subject to negotiation. That is how we got nearly one-third of the continental area of the United States and ever since that time there has been some regret that we did not fix the boundary far enough south to include the silver mines and the lands that have proved to contain oil.

We probably would have gathered them in, along with other desirable portions of the Hemisphere, if Manifest Destiny had continued its course. But it was shut off by a domestic disturbance which, less publicly but just as surely, the Forties were preparing. The Civil War came from an unresolved social and political paradox in our national life, and from the impact of the industrial revolution. The energies it developed sufficed to keep us busy in our own backyard up to now, but they have been just about used up. Now the nation is undertaking to reduce unemployment by increasing armaments, the oil and mineral lands and trade privileges are fully as attractive

as they ever were before, and crinolines have come back. The mind that holds to the *either-or* alternatives is right in perceiving that the nation has been too thoroughly cured of internationalism to fight anyone else's war. So the *either* alternative is not going to be chosen, and the liberal intelligence concludes that the man at the radio is going to make it *or*.

It would be foolish to assert that the possibility does not exist. It does exist and it is probable just so far as the despairing liberal may succeed in convincing the anonymous citizen that there is only *either-or*. But there is a wide gap between the alternatives, and, though we are certainly going to have that enlarged army and that unanswerable navy, they may provide a way through the center of that gap.

In the Forties the army and navy accomplished something besides Manifest Destiny: they destroyed a threat that had begun the moment peace was signed with England after the Revolution. From that moment on there was always a knife at our throats, the likelihood that Spain, Russia, France, England, or a combination among them would occupy some part of our possessions or our neighbors' and begin an intensive application of the European system. For more than sixty years the United States lived in the shadow of that threat, but the armament of the Forties got rid of it. In the succeeding ninety years it reappeared but once, and that reappearance is instructive.

The Civil War ended, hoops and pantalettes came in, and Great Britain announced that the *Alabama* claims and similar controversies were to be withdrawn from the forms of law and diplomacy designed to keep the world at peace. Her Majesty's Government, however, experienced a sharp conversion to international law when the first of numerous new American cruisers showed on its trial run a speed four knots greater than any British ship of war could make. A navy never used in war saved us from a war then and supplied an excellent object

lesson in applied diplomatics—but the hoop skirts saw an even more vivid one. While we were fighting the Civil War the French Empire set up a dictatorship in Mexico and supported it with an army—after appropriate incidents had been contrived. Following Appomattox, however, peaceful diplomacy had a sudden resurgence when the Military Department of Texas was garrisoned by an army which Europe suddenly perceived to be the best in the world. Hoops meant peace at the exact moment when that army reached the height of its power.

Note that they meant peace, not Manifest Destiny. They meant freedom to work out our own affairs without the renewed threat of invasion by a European system. It is pleasant to remember that, now that for the first time since 1865 our oldest tradition is operative, and the Hemisphere is once more in danger from a European system. It is alleged of the anonymous American, who sat listening to his radio while the news came in from Munich, that his is a very simple mind, too simple to be trusted. Maybe. But maybe his feeling that the invasion of this Hemisphere must be prevented, and is going to be prevented, is a final simplicity. It rests on experience, the hard fact from which the liberal mind is always seeking to escape. The threat has reappeared again after sixty years, and the Administration is right about the citizen—we are going to have that fleet. That much is certain. Beyond it is the liberal fear that the fleet means *either-or*. But that the European system could be held off for ninety years, from the off-shoulder neckline to the hoop skirt and on to the peek-a-boo waist, was made possible by the potentiality of the fleet. And it is only from the actuality of the fleet that the citizen at his radio may intelligently expect that the ninety-year period of freedom may be extended, that the European system may be kept at bay, and that the American system may go on practicing its *neither-nor*. Hoops and pantalettes mean peace—when they are nailed to the masthead.



Harper's *Magazine*

IN AN ERA OF UNREASON

BY NATHANIEL PEPPER

WITH unimpeachable logic it has been demonstrated in these and other pages in the past few months that America can and should keep out of the threatened European war; that America has no vital interest in the European or Far Eastern conflict; that America can do no more good by entering another world war than it did by entering the first world war; that fascism cannot be put down by force and the attempt to do so will only end in fascism for ourselves; and that therefore America should stay within its own borders and confine its military establishment to one designed solely for keeping any enemy at a safe distance from these shores.

All of this is true and also, I think, beside the point. For it will have nothing to do with the decision America makes when the event calls for decision. Action then will not be taken according to the dictates of reason, for the psychological atmosphere will be one from which reason will be excluded almost by reflex. Therefore any conclusions arrived at by rational processes before the event and in

an atmosphere emotionally unstirred may be sound but they are irrelevant. And any concrete political or military measures based on such calculations are unsound and may be dangerous.

To be specific, it may be logical to limit military forces to what is necessary to repel invasion, but it is wiser to build them up on the assumption that they have to be used in a war and in circumstances under which we no longer have control. To be more specific, it is wiser for America to proceed with armament on a grand scale.

The logic is clear but does not signify. This is not unique to America or our time or the war question. For purposes of social or political action the truth is almost always irrelevant. For purposes of action not what is true but what men believe is determinant; or, the truth is whatever enough men believe. A belief, though fallacious, if strongly enough held is no less effective in results than if it were valid. It will be acted on as if it were valid. Truth or fallacy in history is the professional interest of the philoso-

pher and historian. The test of truth is the personal indulgence of those for whom ideas are the supreme concern, an indulgence to be enjoyed in their subjective inner lives and not in social analysis. It is extraneous to the world of affairs, a consideration apart. In the world of affairs the worth of a proposition can be measured solely by the extent of its acceptance and the emotional weight that is put behind it.

In America in 1939 this is to say: America *can* stay out of war, but it won't. It won't, because it will not wish to. The social and political analysis by which it can be shown *now* that America does not have to become involved is irrefutable. Given sufficient resolve and a resignation to the severance of trade routes, formal neutrality would be difficult to maintain but could be maintained. And it is obvious that the loss suffered from the suspension of trade for the duration of the war, though grievous, would be less than the cost of participation. The argument that America could accomplish little permanent good by participation in a European war is almost as hard to refute. The lesson of the last world war is clear and in all probability would be applicable to the next. Not a single one of the larger ends for which America, at least presumably, entered the War has been attained or even materially advanced. There is little reason to believe that it would be different after another war in which America cast its strength on one balance in the scales of European high politics. The European blood feud must be settled from within. If it cannot be settled from within it cannot be settled at all. This may be so; but then what?

Suppose war comes in Europe. Suppose it comes on a background of events such as preceded the agreement at Munich. Suppose the two fascist Powers begin raining bombs on London and Paris, spray both cities with a deadly gas, and invade smaller countries on their borders, spreading terror after their fashion. And suppose there is at least a presumptive threat that London and Paris will be

destroyed and England and France overwhelmed. Consider the feeling that had already set in here in the week of Munich, when war was only threatened under German bullying and Mussolini's bellowing. If war had then come how long would the Neutrality Act have remained in force? If it became patent that England and France could survive only if they could buy American planes, if the alternative to the sale of supplies by America was the visible destruction of London and Paris and the extermination of a large part of their population, with Hitler and Goering and Goebbels and Mussolini stridently gloating—should we refuse to sell even on dubious credit? Can any American believe that?

Remember how the upper classes by both social and economic standards had arrayed themselves already in 1915, when mentally, spiritually and even materially America was really isolated, Europe's concerns were genuinely remote, and the moral issues were at least mixed. How long would it take them to array themselves now and to bring the mass of the American people to their side—against the background of the past few years and now that the moral issues at least appear to be more clearly black and white? How long would all the irrefutable but abstract arguments about the comparative value of trade and war costs withstand the gathering wave of passions? How long would grave deliberations about whether we could accomplish any permanent good by entanglement stay the mounting anger and keep anger impotent? All the reasoned conclusions arrived at by analysis when there was a state of emotional calm would not be swept aside; they would simply drop out of consciousness.

Nor is this just defeatism or abdication of control over our affairs. Any analysis even in pure reason which does not take into calculation emotional allegiances and instinctive preferences is itself not rational. America is drawn to Europe by something more than propaganda and unawareness of its own best interest.

The sense of cultural affinity with the British and in lesser degree the French, the community of political ideas and concepts of liberty and individual rights have a certain reality too, with as valid a claim to expression in action as any finding by the reasoning process. A European war is not a vacuum for the American consciousness. Nor can it be just a dramatic spectacle in which America is an onlooker. By everything in its origins, history, and education America has given a hostage to Europe and more particularly to one side in the European conflict. Is international political action the one form of human conduct from which the instincts can be excluded? No "new" psychology is required to show that they cannot be excluded.

Moreover, are certain nations in Europe just political abstractions? Does it really mean nothing to America if England and France and what they stand for are lost to civilization? And would the kind of civilization that supervened on the passing of England and France mean nothing to America? Would that civilization over Europe have no effect on America?

II

This brings me to the question of fascism. Now, it may be that ideas cannot be extirpated by force. But history offers no evidence that the attempt will not be made to put down an idea by force when it is deemed inimical to those who have force at their disposal. And while ideas cannot be extirpated, the institutions which are their vehicles can very well be destroyed. What there is genuine and enduring in the idea of fascism, though crushed in war, may rise again no doubt. The line of social evolution may be moving toward concentration of power in an absolutist state, without any change in the system of private property and with state idolatry as its spiritual bond, tribalism as its spiritual content, and brute force exalted to the top of the scale of values. If so, fascism can be arrested, not eliminated. But the pres-

ent national exponents of fascism can very well be eliminated. And the distinction is not just an exercise in political theory. Whatever may be the future of fascism as social philosophy and political organizations, it makes an inordinate difference to this generation whether or not the present German and Italian governments become omnipotent in Europe. Perhaps you cannot end fascism through war, but you could very decidedly put a stop to the excesses of organized terrorism, the institutionalized barbarism, and psychotic dictatorships. The madness that now rides Europe and threatens to sweep over the rest of the world could be done away with through war. To say that war never accomplishes anything is to play on words. But whether it does or not, whether in this case war could or could not stop fascism for ever, nevertheless when fascism in its present form attempts the subjection of western Europe there will be war. Unless western Europe has already succumbed to its own form of fascism, it will resist German and Italian dominion. For that matter, even if Great Britain and France have themselves adopted some degree of fascism, war is not ruled out. There could be international fascist wars for supremacy.

In the long run it is undeniable that the surest way to kill fascism is to prevent its birth. This is the sum of Norman Thomas' case in the November HARPER's, and as general truth it cannot be gainsaid. In the long run that is the only sound program for those who see both war and fascism as the disease of an infected society. But we have no long run in which to work. The remedy for the ills of political democracy and the readjustment of the dislocations in the present economic order are not the attainment of a few years, whether by the suffrage of a majority or by revolution. There is a process of education, of persuasion, and of organization to be completed first. And the menace of fascism is immediate. If antidote by social reform or reorganization is the only preventive of fascism, then fascism is as good

as here. This is really defeatism. In fact, if there is to be time for working out a solution of the social problem, then the first condition is the extirpation of fascism, which means to stop the fascist dictators in their tracks.

It is undeniable too that a war to stop fascism might bring fascism in its train. America might indeed plunge into a European war to save Europe from fascism and find itself at the end of a victorious war, in which the present fascist nations were crushed, in the grip of an omnipotent state unwilling to remit the absolute powers it had enjoyed during the war. And that there would have to be full centralization of power for the duration of a war exacting the whole of the national energies is self-evident. There is this risk, and it has to be run, whether by Great Britain if it has to fight to ward off fascist control over Europe or by the United States if for one reason or another it elects to cast its lot with Great Britain and France.

Here, however, the argument of those of the school of Norman Thomas can be turned against themselves. They say that the only way to prevent fascism is to eliminate the causes at home. But by the same token if the soil is not right for fascism, then a war need not end in fascism at home. Far too much has been made of this argument in the current controversy on American foreign policy. Fascism may or may not come in America, but if it does, that will be for deeper reasons than participation in war. As a matter of fact, there is far more danger of infection from the prestige and power which further successes would confer on the fascist countries. It is said much too lightly that America can dedicate itself to the preservation of democracy in its own territory and let come what will elsewhere. This is a kind of closet philosophy. It is unreal. No one can seriously believe that a completely fascist Europe would leave America unaffected. A momentum would be put behind the idea that would make it all but irresistible. Not only would the democratic

idea be discredited, but those elements in the American population that would find fascism desirable and conducive to their own interests would be tremendously reinforced. Their opponents would be on the defensive. It can already be seen how much impetus has been given fascism everywhere by the recent German successes. America could not remain a democratic island surrounded by fascist states. For if all Europe becomes fascist, so do Latin America and most of Asia. Then assuredly America could not remain socially and politically isolationist.

The essential point is this: can America abstract itself from the rest of the world? If it can its problem is simple. And since simplification of problems and their solution is always tempting, there has been a wide acceptance of the belief that America need only have enough armament to keep invaders at a comfortable distance from its shores and it can let the world go hang. The rest is a matter of persuasion: show the American people they had better not get "involved," partly in their own interest and partly because they can do no good by getting entangled. But the problem is not so simple. As has already been said, under certain circumstances America will not want to abstract itself from the rest of the world—that is, if there is a European war in which Great Britain and France are in danger of defeat by fascist dictatorships. Even if it should want to, there is at least a doubt that it could. It cannot deflect the currents of world ideas and world forces around the American continent. That is the penalty of the time and of America's importance. Its best hope, then, lies in molding the forces and ideas to its liking or, if it cannot, then in cultivating the capacity to deal with them. With respect to international relations its best hope lies in contributing its effort to preventing war.

This was the foundation of the case of the League of Nations advocates, and if the League had made a genuine effort to be a League the case would have been impregnable. But the League is dead.

What is left then? Three lines of progression open up. First, the fascist Powers may win control of Europe by default. That is, the fear which Germany has implanted in the past few months will cause a stampede to its side of all Europe east of the Rhine, and Great Britain and France will continue to capitulate until both have been reduced to second-class Powers, retaining full independence at Germany's pleasure. Second, there may be a war of coalitions—on the one side Germany, Italy, and such allies in Eastern Europe as dare not refuse adhesion; on the other side Great Britain and France, probably Russia, and perhaps some of the smaller nations of western Europe. Third, there may be stalemate—Great Britain and France stiffening up in policy and morale and at the same time increasing their armament so that Germany hesitates to precipitate the test of strength.

Despite recent disquieting evidence, the first of these three alternatives—a stampede to the German side—can still be called questionable. Unless there has been an actual metamorphosis of the British people, one cannot visualize a voluntary British surrender, and nations do not undergo metamorphosis in a few years. It is more plausible to assume that the British have been caught off balance, their poise lost in the inability to decide which they were prepared to risk first—their empire and historical position or the chance of revolution in mid-Europe which might spread to Great Britain and imperil the status of the present ruling groups. Perhaps Great Britain has only not yet become adjusted to the fact that it no longer has international primacy and that it can no longer deal with the rest of the world in nineteenth-century terms. England may be decadent, but one can say with confidence that admission of its decadence will have to be wrested from it. Even a drift into a modified form of fascism would not constitute surrender to Germany. It would only change the banner under which England would fight to maintain imperial status.

If that is true, the second alternative—a war of coalitions—is more likely. At least, from the present drift of events the weight of probability is on the side of war—a war between the fascist coalition and the democratic coalition, with the Soviet Union as an unclassifiable ally of the latter. A Russo-German war or a war between the Soviet Union and the non-communist Powers aligned in a new coalition awaits certain antecedent settlements or understandings in the West.

The hope, a not very sturdy one, lies in the third alternative—stalemate; not because stalemate is a solution but because it at least postpones slaughter and destruction and provides an interval in which some event or development might cut across to avert a war for this generation without capitulation to fascism. This was our best hope after the reoccupation of the Rhineland and the Ethiopian war, but it was lost or thrown away. Skilful diplomatic temporizing and improvisation might have succeeded in warding off a crisis such as shook Europe in 1938. This would have meant not letting the initiative pass to Germany, which would have entailed a resolute front at the beginning. The Spanish affair can be called the dividing line. When the Italo-German intervention was allowed to go unchallenged the way was opened to German aggression. And when the seizure of Austria was followed by Anglo-French complaisance in the face of all signs that Czechoslovakia would go the way of Austria, a free hand was conferred on Germany and the present crisis was made. For diplomatic temporizing it is not quite too late, though the circumstances are unpromising. Therein, however, lies America's best chance for escape from an ugly choice, a choice which by all the weight of past events and present tendencies will fall on war.

III

The hope, as I say, is not very sturdy and it can be fortified in only one way—armaments on the grand scale. All the

generalizations about the role of armament in history are inapplicable now. Great Britain's military weakness may or may not have been exaggerated to provide an excuse for the débâcle of last September; but with all allowances made, it can hardly be disputed that larger British and French air forces would have precluded the events between February and September. And only a still larger one will prevent an even worse débâcle in the not distant future. In the broader sense and over long periods, arms may be an evil; but in specific situations and at particular times they are a necessary evil. The ruling principle of international society now is force. It may be regrettable; it may be mournful testimony that the last war was fought in vain; but it is so. And to ignore this fact, unless one is a philosophical non-resister, is to be doctrinaire and perhaps to invite national suicide. The fact is less compelling for America than for Great Britain and France, but it is one from which America is far from exempt.

There is only one argument to be made against an extensive military establishment for the United States, an argument that rests exclusively on the premise that the United States can hermetically seal itself within its own borders or at most have to defend the two Americas. Seclude itself it cannot, however, and the theory of "hemisphere defense" is a formula of agreeable evasion. The theory of defensive war only is illusory. Nations as powerful as the United States do not get into wars only when they are in danger of being attacked. They become involved in controversies which flame into war. And once engaged in war, a nation must win. It cannot sit secure behind its fortified boundaries with a protective screen of ships and anti-aircraft guns. Or if it can, it will not when it has the might and the pride of America. In a time such as ours either a nation as powerful as America resigns itself to non-participation in the world, to self-negation and its consequences, or it must prepare not only to repel attack but to

meet an enemy anywhere under any conditions. In doing so it is better to pay more heed to psychology than to geography and classical strategy.

The theory of hemisphere defense, for example: how much follows from the fact that no European fascist state could send a large fleet to South American waters? And is that true? Suppose Great Britain and France are reduced to negligibility and the fascist bloc is enlarged by compulsory allies. Why could not the fascist bloc send a large fleet to South American waters, especially if Japan created a diversion in the Pacific and there were sympathetic states in South America to provide bases? After all, there are parts of South America nearer to Europe than to the United States, and Italian or German possession of the Azores would put supporting bombing planes within easy striking distance of either Latin America or our own eastern seaboard.

No doubt there is no compulsion on the United States to defend Latin America. No doubt the Latin American republics have a legal and moral right to become fascist. And no doubt you cannot prevent them by force from becoming fascist. But if local coups are executed with German and Italian connivance and support and then such official or semi-official control is given to the Italians or Germans as to constitute in effect a protectorate, it is demonstrable now that no vital interest of the United States is involved or even that the Monroe Doctrine has not been technically violated. Nevertheless, when that procedure goes far enough it can be said to be almost predestined that the United States will seek to dislodge either the Italians or Germans. It will intrigue, it will threaten, it will organize its own coups and set up counter-revolutions if necessary. And if necessary it will send force. Whatever may be proved statistically about the relative economic value of Latin America to the United States, the United States will not abandon the Monroe Doctrine. It will fight for the Monroe Doctrine, whether wisely or no. It will fight di-

rectly or align itself with a European combination against the interlopers. Furthermore, it would be far from hysteria to construe the implanting of fascist cells in Latin America as the possible beginning of a Balkanization of the American continent, with consequences that the European prototype has made tragically familiar.

The same argument runs with reference to the Far East. No doubt it matters little to the United States what happens to China and the trade of China. But it may be noticed that the American government has not receded in the least from its historic position that the Open Door in China must be assured. No doubt also the United States is washing its hands of the Philippine Islands, which will be master of their own destiny and custodian of their own fate. If Japan should succeed in consolidating China as colony or protectorate and resolve to make a thorough job of evicting Occidental interests from the Far East, including the Philippines, juridically, legally, and morally there would be no obligation on the United States. But it is almost predestined that when the first Japanese expedition lands in Luzon to "protect Japanese life and property" another expedition will start from the United States. To argue that in their present state of feeling the American people would not countenance such an adventure is to say nothing that has any pertinence to what they will endorse in the frenzy that will be stirred by a Japanese landing.

Furthermore, it may be taken as certain that the mood of the Japanese for making such an attempt will be in inverse ratio to the size of the American navy. Indeed, one of the surest safeguards against any extended adventurings by the Japanese in the next few years is an American navy capable of striking swiftly and decisively far from its own waters. In fact, there is no other check on the Japanese unless in the meantime they have dashed themselves to pieces in China. It may be uncomfortable to speak

out of the lexicon of admirals in their most conventional Cassandra moods, yet it is a fact that adequate American naval preparedness, while by no means a guaranty of peace in the Pacific, is a measure of insurance against war. To say that it is wise in the interests of peace to keep the American navy so small that it can never take action in distant waters is, again, arid formularistic reasoning—reasoning that takes no account of emotional drives. If and when there is urgency enough, the American navy, big or little, will cross the Pacific to fight. It will never be so small that it will refuse the risk. And if it is not large enough at the start, more will be added unto it in a frenzy of building.

In international politics to-day there is only one certainty: that nothing is certain. The incredible of ten years ago is not only credible now; it is. The phantasm of ten years ago is the reality of to-day. What may appear to-day to be the conjurings of hysterical imaginations may be consummated five years hence. Retrogression it may be, but in a world of unknowables force is a matter of insurance. America will be subjected to fewer tensions if it gives notice that certain infractions will not be permitted and that it has the means to prevent them. If sufficient force be arrayed by the non-fascist countries quickly enough, the fascist phase may play itself out without catastrophe.

There is, to be sure, the danger that the arraying of force may itself precipitate the necessity of its use, in accordance with all international precedent. But in the present state of international society the absence of force is far more likely to do so, and to do so under conditions of desperate disadvantage to those who are without force.

From all this there follow no absolute laws as to the eternal need of preparedness. It follows only that at this particular point in time armament for America is advisable and necessary, notwithstanding all the neat logical systems that currently demonstrate that the world need not be too much with us, that we can stay at home and defend our own.



HUTCHINS OF CHICAGO

PART I—THE DARING YOUNG MAN

BY MILTON S. MAYER

A UNIVERSITY president is supposed to go downtown and get the money. He is not supposed to have ideas on public affairs; that is what the trustees are for. He is not supposed to have ideas on education; that is what the faculty is for. He is supposed to go downtown and get the money.

The trustees may use the money to buy residence halls, stadiums, and chapels. The faculty may use the money, if there is any left over, to buy brains. The president, in the pursuit of his low occupation, must belong to the best clubs in town and agree with all the members. He must make speeches about the advantages of a college education in the great game of life. He must stick to those foggy platitudes which have been tested and found good. And he must not rock the boat.

There have been—and there are—university presidents who defied the tradition and rocked the boat. They have not been numerous. They have not been popular. William Rainey Harper was known, according to his own testimony, as a despot; and the official historian of Harvard says of Eliot that at any time during the first fifteen years of his tenure both the faculty and the overseers would have voted against his continuance by a large majority. But it is men like Harper and Eliot who have advanced American education.

In the office of the President of the University of Chicago there sits—with his

feet on the desk—a man who gets the money and rocks the boat and has ideas continuously. In appearance he compares favorably with a Greek god. His classic profile—which he didn't get by reading the classics—melts into a dark smile as readily as it hardens in stony disdain. His well-proportioned six-foot-three adapts itself just as easily to the true Yale swagger as it does to the terrible stature of a Moses. And though he gets no exercise—or perhaps because of it—he grows no less handsome with the years. If he had been only a nice boy he might have become the most glittering representative of a calling whose chief characteristic is the stuffed shirt. He might have whiled away a few years at Chicago—he was thirty when he took office—and then gone on to higher things, say, the chairmanship of the policy committee of a great national party.

But Robert Maynard Hutchins is not a nice boy. He is a natural-born stem-winding hell-raiser. What Henry Adams predicted of Wilson may be predicted of Hutchins at any stage of his career—that "he will quarrel with everybody at once, and especially with his friends, if he has any."

As the product of a long line of New England preachers, Hutchins might reasonably have been expected to spend his life raising hell with the Devil. But when he was ten years old he saw his distinguished grandfather, conducting a Memorial Day service, get down on his

knees and show the backsliders how Abraham Lincoln prayed. Little Robert gagged at that. He gags still at emotionalism, and that includes the emotionalism that is overflowing the world to-day. So he turned out to be a different kind of trouble-maker.

First he lit into the Yale Law School, where he was called in as dean, at the tender age of twenty-eight. His high-handed zeal shook the ivy to its roots. When a professor whom Hutchins considered mediocre tried to get a raise by telling the dean that he had been offered a place at Harvard, the dean grabbed his hand and said, "Harvard's gain is our loss." Chief Justice Taft is said to have warned a member of the Yale Corporation that the boy would wreck the place. But what had once been a pale imitation of Harvard's became, in two years, one of the outstanding law schools in the country.

As a university president, Hutchins began by raising hell first with one aspect of education, then with another, and finally with everything and everybody. As the hoar of age settled upon him he became more wilful and cantankerous, as old men sometimes are. To-day, at forty, he is the most dangerous man in American education. And there is reason to believe that unless he is stopped where he is he may yet become one of the most dangerous men in American life.

In the midst of serious discussions about serious things he is heard to mutter something about the end being the first principle. Meanwhile the University's football team, short on ends and backs alike, is being shoved all over the lot, and those alumni who are celebrated for normality are agreed that the old school is finished unless they get rid of Hutchins. He's been muttering for ten years now, and the University has gone to pieces: look at the football team.

The world moves faster, faster. Progress is everywhere. Everybody has an automobile, a neurosis, and a gas mask, marvels unknown to primitive man. But the president of a great modern uni-

versity sits at his desk muttering about first principles, last ends, moral virtues, and rational animals—mummery long since discarded for science, technology, the air raid, and the goon squad. A man so immersed in unreality should never be left alone.

Fortunately, he never is. When he isn't attending a donor in labor, he is meeting a faculty committee and snarling, "Professor, when you accuse me of monkeying with the medical curriculum you lie in your teeth." Or he is downtown at the Chicago Club, telling the boys he is not a Communist. Or back at a faculty meeting, telling the boys he is not a Fascist. Or hiring the President of Czechoslovakia. Or trying to hire the President of Harvard.

When he came to Chicago, he was informed by a trustee that there was a Professor Douglas on the faculty "who ought to be lined up against a wall and shot" because he defended labor unions. Hutchins replied that inasmuch as he himself had defended Sacco and Vanzetti there would have to be at least two in the line. The trustee decided that age would soften the boy. The faculty, likewise assuming that he would outgrow his zeal, adopted the Chicago Plan with almost no discussion. But both groups were sadly betrayed.

The trustees are still inclined to hang on to Hutchins because he goes downtown and gets the money. They don't understand his methods; they don't understand how, on occasion, he can get away with telling a fractious donor of \$25,000 that "donors of less than \$50,000 are not allowed to open their heads." But they do understand the results; in nine years of depression Chicago has taken in \$52,000,000—a haul exceeded only by Harvard's and Yale's.

The faculty is still inclined to hang on to Hutchins because he spends the money for education and carries the torch for academic freedom. In the past decade Chicago's position as one of the country's greatest universities has been more than maintained. Its professors breathe

the freest air on earth—or a shade or two freer, it would seem on the basis of recent incidents, than Harvard's, Columbia's, or Yale's. And it is one of the few institutions that has cut administrative salaries without cutting faculty salaries.

Not all of the trustees are entirely happy. There was the time Hutchins insisted on bargaining with a CIO union just because there was a law. There are his published references to the Child Labor Amendment, "which will deprive the little ones of their Constitutional right to mine coal." There are his gratuitous insults to the great lawyers of the Liberty League, "to whom we are indebted for the discovery that the Wagner Act was unconstitutional." There was the celebrated crisis when Hearst, the Chicago *Tribune*, and the financial community ganged up on the University for sedition, and Hutchins looked squarely at the millionaire front-man for the attack and said, "Those who have made these charges are either ignorant, malicious, deluded, or misinformed."

It is said that had Hutchins' few friends among the trustees allowed the question to come to a vote during the "Walgreen investigation," he would have been forced to fire the "seditious" instructors—which he wouldn't have done—or make way for someone who would. But a year later the misinformed millionaire gave the University \$550,000, and the trustees are still wondering who was crazy. They fight the President on his "Rooseveltian finance," since he maintains the crackpot theory that education, unlike other investments, should not adapt itself to a falling market. But they let him run his University his own way.

Or, rather, they let him try to.

II

Hutchins' way is not the popular way in American education. And except for a few alterations in method and structure, the University of Chicago continues to be run according to the popular way in American education and not according

to the educational program proposed by its president.

One of the reasons why American universities are chaotic to-day is that they are so organized that the faculty can't run them and the president mustn't. The higher learning, like the automobile business, has expanded in the past half century. Yale's endowment was \$5,000,000 in 1900 and is \$100,000,000 to-day; Chicago's faculty has increased 60 per cent in the past ten years alone; but the organization of the American university still rests on the assumption that the place is small enough for all the members of the staff to know all about it and to pass intelligently on the problems of any part of it. The most powerful members of any faculty are usually famous for scholarly specialization, but theirs is, by "democratic" tradition, the administration of a general institution.

Honest professors, like other honest men, sometimes suffer from hardening of the vested interests. The university president who regards the departmental system as responsible for the disintegration of education cannot expect the co-operation of very many department heads. The university president who *interferes* with administration, *meddles* with the curriculum, and says right out in public that *every great change in American education has been secured over the dead bodies of countless educators*, is on the very face of things a would-be despot.

So the education that Hutchins proposes is not in operation at Chicago. His college curriculum, the heart of which is the study of great books from Homer to Freud, has been laid before the college faculty three times and has been rejected. Nor, contrary to misrepresentation, has he sneaked his notions in the back way; of more than five hundred appointments he has made, exactly four were "Hutchins men," and two of these are gone, while only one is a full professor. The illusion that Chicago is a Hutchins institution may account in part for the increase in enrollment. It remains an illusion.

Hutchins did, to be sure, succeed in putting into effect the Chicago Plan. But the Chicago Plan—which eliminates compulsory class attendance, reduces residence requirements, and to some extent substitutes general examinations and general courses for the generally abominated credit system—was not Hutchins' idea at all. Liberalization of method has long been the keystone of Progressive Education, and, before that, of the educational system advocated by Plato. Hutchins' contribution was to do something about it at the college and university level, where the idea had been kicking round without a taker. Nor are his proposals for structural reform revolutionary. It is an old notion, and one which is now held by the National Education Association, that the last two years of elementary school be combined with the first two of high school and the last two of high school with the first two of college. Hutchins' demand that this last unit constitute a college education available to every boy and girl has long been materializing haphazardly in the rise of public junior colleges.

But method and structure are incidental to the Hutchins program. "We cannot solve our problems by teaching the wrong things the right way." The repository of "the wrong things" is the curriculum. It is here that Hutchins is the enemy of both great groups in American education. There are, first, the Old Hats, who, since they are in the saddle, do not bother to argue. They rely upon the heroic inertia of American education. They want the content to remain as it is. This means, with thirty thousand curriculums in operation to-day, no general content at all. There are, second, the Young Turks, who want education to "identify itself," in the words of Young Turk George M. Counts, "without reservation with all those liberating forces and movements which have marked the advance of the modern era." To those who may object that any such commitment will bind education to a partial world view, the Young Turk replies that edu-

cation will be only "defending itself." Reading his morning paper, Hutchins is not entirely convinced that the modern era has advanced. But he is sure that an education built on "defense" instead of the search for truth will be no more education than the program of the Manufacturers' Association.

Now the President of the University of Chicago is a reformer and holds the world's record among university presidents for being called a Communist. But he believes that if education is to reform it must do so by giving the future citizens a picture of all human experience in society so that the citizens will be able to figure out for themselves whether or not the reforms proposed by a Huey Long are really reforms. The Young Turks may know all the answers, but until they achieve that direct contact with Omniscience at present enjoyed only by a few European politicians we shall not want to commit the young to their care "without reservation."

Great books, in which the experience of man has been considered by great minds, are the heart of college education in one institution in America. Two years ago Hutchins accepted the board chairmanship of St. John's College at Annapolis and encouraged Stringfellow Barr and Scott Buchanan to leave Chicago and take the presidency and deanship of the ancient Maryland school. The pattern for the great books course at St. John's was John Erskine's at Columbia in the '20's, with Richard McKeon and Mortimer Adler—the two Hutchins men still at Chicago—among the original instructors. The course has just been revived at Columbia in abbreviated form, and is compulsory for all freshmen.

Hutchins' university program is in operation nowhere in America. He would have the university—beyond the present junior year of college—open to every boy and girl who had demonstrated capacity for research or professional work. Philosophy would permeate and unify the faculties of the natural sciences, the social sciences, and the humanities.

"Ph.D.'s," says Hutchins, "might even be doctors of philosophy." As long as vocationalism dominates the higher learning the universities are safe from Hutchins. They are safe also as long as Hutchins calls philosophy "metaphysics." Though "philosophy," like "metaphysics," is a horrid word, it at least survives in the vernacular, where it means (1) what to do when your wife elopes with a prize-fighter or (2) the vermiform appendix of a modern university, where maunders try to erect ideas with the broken bricks of language. But "metaphysics," so one of Hutchins' opponents informs us, is the basis of current education in Germany, Italy, and Russia.

If Hutchins' program is so remote from materialization why is everybody so excited? What makes a one-man cavalcade a menace to our sacred institutions?

III

In the first place Hutchins seems to be lucid and he seems to be concerned with important matters. Few men in or out of education ever seem to be both. His brief statement of his position, a series of lectures bound as *The Higher Learning in America*, is a veritable *Gone with the Wind* among serious educational treatises; it has sold 8,500 copies. His series of articles in the *Saturday Evening Post*, a sort of *Higher Learning* on a lower level, produced more mail than any similar non-fiction the *Post* had ever published. Where educators usually write parochially and nearly always inarticulately (Justice Holmes said that John Dewey wrote "as badly as possible"), Hutchins examines education from top to bottom, and he writes some of the sharpest prose in America.

In the second place he has—in the words of one of his more gallant opponents, Dean Clark of the Yale Law School—raised the discussion of education from the trivial. The impact of his coming, if it has done nothing else, has revealed the ankle depth of previous educational reformism. The reformers had all been

brought up on Watson and Dewey. They differed as to whether Progressive Education should begin at three or five, or whether Latin and Greek, since man was an aggregation of sensory motor integrations without any intellect to train, had any "transfer of training" value. Amid this palaver Hutchins raised an ancient and fundamental question: "What are we trying to do?"

In the third place, though he seems to write lucidly and certainly writes simply, Hutchins is not easy to understand. He uses words and ideas that have been in the discard for centuries. Social and physical scientists, on being told that philosophy will illuminate their work and unify their purposes, are at once resentful; they didn't ask to have their work illuminated. But more than resentful, they are puzzled by the abstractions involved. It is not an overstatement to say that professors are not all philosophers, nor will it require an affidavit to confirm the report of a conversation in which a distinguished scientist recently said: "When those boys start talking means and ends and all that stuff—that's where I walk out."

Some of these uneducated specialists—the term is Hutchins'—simply make no effort to understand; they eventually decide that they don't like the fellow for some extrinsic reason, or they let the whole thing drop as a lot of harmless chatter. Others, however, feel, without knowing that Socrates felt it before them, that they are under the duty to inquire. They turn to the educational journals. There they find an occasional Hutchins supporter, but he too uses abstractions. The opposition writers are much more numerous and their line is much more palatable. They use terms like "reality," "progress," "adjustment," "democracy," and "authoritarian."

It is at once clear to the uneducated specialist that Hutchins is a fascist, or something. An expert on Fascism said that "to be grandly vague is the shortest route to power," and Hutchins' abstractions sound very grand, and, to those who

are meeting abstractions for the first time, very vague. Things become complicated at this point, for the Hutchins who sounds like a fascist is the same Hutchins whose defenses of freedom of thought and expression are, in the words of Dean Clark, "noble additions to our priceless heritage of human liberty." Dean Clark revolves the apparent contradiction without resolving it: "Hutchins does not fit into brackets anyhow."

Not all of those who attack the "paradox" are as frankly baffled. The object of their analysis, in addition to sounding like a fascist and acting like a democrat, is a very irritating fellow. He is brusque. He is cryptic. He is arrogant. He needles the educational fraternity with such expressions as "Please do not tell me," "I insist," and "I shall not be attentive." His way of saying things is so annoying that good men cannot keep their minds on what he is saying.

This goes far toward explaining his reputation for extremism. When he says, for instance, that "the truth is everywhere the same," people break out in a cold sweat. A line like that, torn from its context, has terrifying implications. Hutchins either believes that his audience knows that he is talking about speculative as opposed to practical truth, or that they will take the body of his writings together and find the answer there. Either way, he is naïve. "Truth" has a meaning in philosophy; and educators are not philosophers. And as for taking the body of a man's writings together, that is usually done after the body of the man has been laid away.

Hutchins is cursed with a dogmatic disposition and he knows it. With Mortimer Adler he conducts an undergraduate course in the history of ideas, and the same bright student who at one moment is warmed by his magnetism is, at the next moment, frozen when the mighty man says, "You have favored us with a stirring oration; now tell us what it means." Hutchins, conscious that his manner has been characterized as "baby-baiting," says to the stammering scholar,

"Don't let me intimidate you." The scholar stammers harder than ever, recovering his equanimity only when the professor has left him pinned to the wall and has passed on. Intimidation is in the nature of the beast, and there is nothing he can do about it.

That doesn't mean that the students don't like him. They worship him because, being young and ardent themselves, they go for a stand-up guy. And he returns the compliment. "The faculty," he says, "does not amount to much, but the president and the students are wonderful." The student body was at first disgruntled because it never saw the man. He once addressed the senior class, "for the purpose," he told them, "of dispelling the rumor that I do not exist." But they soon began to take a proprietary interest in all his shenanigans, and to-day the typical bull session at Chicago, instead of being 60 per cent sex and 40 per cent football, is no more than 55 per cent sex, somewhat less than 20 per cent football, and at least 25 per cent Hutchins.

But his colleagues in the academic world are not so easily won. When he addresses them, and he does it on every platform, he is so cold, so sure, and so cocksure that some of the thinner-skinned among them find it hard to resist the temptation to call him names. "Fascism" is the new American devil word. The unphilosophical educator who reads about "Hutchins' rationalistic, authoritarian ends" registers on *authoritarian* without measuring *rationalistic* against, say, *Hitler*. Nor is the unphilosophical educator likely to analyze the discovery by President Cowley of Hamilton College that "*Hutchins' theories are so bad that even the Nazis threw them out.*"

Men who talk like that are innocently or mischievously serving confusion. Undiscriminating citizens, some of whom are professors, fasten upon loaded terms like "Fascism" and "Communism." They forget that men who cannot, or will not, consider ideas use epithets. Such men may be interested in stampeding the crowd or in maddening their adversary.

Those who, knowing Hutchins' record, talk about Fascism may know the temper of their audience, but they do not know the temper of their opponent. Hutchins scorns hysteria, and those who exploit it by calling him a fascist will not have the satisfaction of hearing him reply in kind.

Making faces and calling names are of course irrelevant to the issue. They would be unimportant were it not that they tend to debase a dispute which is serious in itself and, as central to education, of the first importance to the national life. The American people are not very happy. They are losing faith in education, along with everything else. But it is not Hutchins' kind of education that they are losing faith in. If the man has nothing to contribute to the cure of a sick profession and a sick society he ought to be exposed. If he makes sense he ought to be listened to.

IV

There are issues above the "Fascism" level, and Hutchins is trying to bring them to debate. The two men who gave American education its present character are Eliot, the father of electivism, and Dewey, the father of progressivism. Eliot and Dewey reacted against the sterility that developed just before and after the turn of the century when education tried to pour the traditional classical curriculum down the throats of the newly admitted millions of young people who were not going to go to college and were sent to school to learn a trade.

Hutchins recognizes the sterility and says so. He suggests simply that the deathbed of one monster may have turned out to be the childbed of another. We started by throwing the sterility out of education and wound up by throwing out the education. He proposes a swing from the anti-intellectualism which now monopolizes educational practice, a swing to an education which will avoid sterility by preserving the advances in method made under Eliot and Dewey; overcome vocationalism and serve the

common good by providing a *general* education at the college level for every boy and girl; and restore intellectualism by recalling from the storeroom the accumulated wisdom of the race.

Until Hutchins' advent the likelihood was remote that American education would move in our time toward the mean which partakes of the good in the two tried and unsuccessful extremes. Hadley took Hutchins' position thirty years ago; but he was such a nice, mild gentleman that nobody listened to him. Hutchins' rhetoric is violent; it takes more than sweetness and light to break up a monopoly.

The schism between Hutchins and his critics appears at a suspicious point in the debate. Hutchins holds that his program is the inescapable corollary of his analysis. He says that if, as he believes, American education is suffering from confusion, specialization, and anti-intellectualism, it must shift its emphasis to integration, generalization, and intellectualism. His opponents—including Dewey—agree with the diagnosis. They disagree with the cure. They have offered no cure of their own beyond prescribing for the dying patient a few more hairs of the dog that bit him.

The educational world has to subscribe to Hutchins' analysis because its accuracy is self-evident. In the past ten painful, if unilluminating, years it has become increasingly clear to everyone who went through the American educational system previous to and during the era of Permanent Prosperity that something serious was wrong. An education that prided itself on being "practical" instead of "theoretical" produced a populace incapable of solving practical problems. It continues to produce "practical" young men and women. We know that our children, like us, are not well educated, that they do not read books, that they are contributing bewilderment and distraction to a world bewildered and distraught.

We may, perhaps, judge the efficacy of American education by the criteria of

two of Hutchins' adversaries, Dewey and Whitehead. "Abstraction," says Dewey, sounding remarkably like Hutchins, "is the heart of thought: there is no other way . . . to control and enrich concrete experience. . . ." "Fundamental progress," says Whitehead, sounding remarkably like Hutchins, "has to do with the re-interpretation of basic ideas." How many college graduates are concerned with abstraction or know how to be? How many college graduates are concerned with basic ideas or know one when they see it? Under these doleful circumstances, it seems fair to insist that these educators who proclaim education a failure take a more impressive position than the barber who confined his efforts to lathering.

Every educator since Erasmus has promised us that education would transform the world. Education must accept at least some of the credit for the tragically transformed world we have to-day, or it must admit that it has been taking society's money on false pretenses. Whatever the shortcomings of Hutchins' proposals—and they may, if he ever gets round to producing more than a prospectus, contain every sin that is alleged against them—it would seem that education owes something to the man who awakened it to its plight, even though in doing so he felt himself compelled to nudge it with a meat axe.

V

From the age of eight, when his father became a professor, until four or five years ago, Robert Maynard Hutchins confined his crusading to education. There was one interlude; he helped win the War To End War and received the Italian *Croce di Guerra* for being poisoned by a can of army sardines. But education was his specialty. When he came to Chicago he refused to take a position on the depression, the League of Nations, or the American Girl; he would talk about education, but nobody was interested.

In June of 1932, he slid down the banister of the ivory tower and appeared before the Young Democratic Clubs, meeting prior to the Democratic National Convention. Speaking as "a rapidly aging young man," he characterized the history of the Republican Party under Hoover as "a history of inaction, bias, and misrepresentation," and presented his audience with a 500-word platform for the Democratic Party, a platform that included all the rational aspects of the unborn New Deal—tariff reduction, government regulation ("if necessary, governmental operation") of monopolies, increased inheritance and income taxes, government reform of banking (if necessary, "elimination of the motive of private profit from banking"), farm allotment, unemployment insurance and old age pensions, public works ("including the elimination of slums"), and federal relief.

Not a donor or a trustee peeped; those were the dark hours when the business community was completely engrossed in prayer. Two months later he flung a still stiffer challenge when he told a ship news reporter, "I am not a socialist, but if neither major party makes itself any clearer on vital issues I shall vote for Norman Thomas." Hutchins was out in front now, and it was great sport. When, early in 1933, as regional chairman of the first National Labor Board, he found for a striking bus drivers' union, a Chicago newspaper called him an accomplice of Communists and murderers.

His hands full of educational reorganization at Chicago, he seems to have realized, about this time, that he was on the way to doing everything and getting nothing done. He pulled into his hole and once more confined his activities and utterances to education. Mr. Roosevelt offered him the commissarship of NRA; he remained at Chicago. Hutchins as a possibility for public life was fast forgotten. His brilliant battle for academic freedom focused public attention on him briefly, and Mr. Hearst, who believes that if you can't beat 'em you can buy 'em,

proceeded to offer him a job. The Rockefellers kicked in with three million badly needed dollars for the University's general purposes, reputedly a reward for Hutchins' generalship against Hearst and the rest of the nightshirts. Even his own faculty forgave their oppressor. When the Illinois Legislature exonerated the University of sedition but demanded the retirement of the saintly Robert Morss Lovett, James Weber Linn called Hutchins and said, "Bob, if the trustees fire Robert Lovett you'll get twenty resignations from the faculty within twenty-four hours," and Hutchins replied, according to Linn, "I won't get them; my successor will."

There was still time for Hutchins to have ingratiated himself with his faculty and with the educational profession. Relations were strained, but not quite to the breaking point. His opponents knew—though they might not say—that he had not diverted the University from science to philosophy—or to *his* philosophy. Chicago, under Hutchins, had recovered and surpassed its early eminence in half a dozen sciences, and the philosophy department had been elevated from mediocre to excellent by the appointment of men whose thinking was antipodean to the President's. Besides, the Chicago Plan, though it sounded ferocious, hadn't really done anybody any harm. The only actual reorganization had been that of the law school to include such alien subjects as history and ethics, and nobody wanted to argue that ethics had nothing to do with the practice of law.

The opposition had not yet crystallized. Hutchins could have given himself and education one of those "breathing spells" we sometimes read about in the newspapers. He could have abandoned candor for compromise on the pretext that, after all, it was the practical thing to do. He could have set out to woo the faculty with the wit that has given him the reputation of being able to ignite a dinner table at forty yards. A few visits to the faculty club, which

never sees him, would have helped. He might have winked at a few promotions that neither he nor the deans regarded as merited. He might have ignored to-bogganing interest rates and raised salaries, and the normal rule against shooting Santa Claus would certainly have prevailed. There isn't a doubt that if he had left education to the alumni and philosophy to the scientists and directed all his transcendent gifts to shaking down the rich, the campus of the University of Chicago would in time have extended from Memphis to Duluth and Hutchins would have become the Lord Plushbottom of American education.

That was the course indicated, the course known quaintly as "consolidating previous gains." But Hutchins believes that a university president has from five to ten years to get something done. If he stops while he can still budge, he will never get started again. In 1930 the faculty adopted the Chicago Plan in twelve minutes. Each succeeding reform came slower and harder. Last year Hutchins was stopped; the natural sciences division abolished comprehensive examinations. The vested interests had finally regained their feet.

Had he cultivated three or four key men in faculty politics, the battle could at least have been postponed. There are a few distinguished faculty members who would go down the line for him, but they are not the politicians. Holding, with Aristotle, that man is a rational animal, Hutchins insists on reasoning with men. He will reason friendly; he isn't an ogre. But he will not lobby. Though he cannot, for the life of him, divest himself of his inordinate charm, he balks at kissing babies or professors. He prefers to lose a fight rather than win it by mesmerism. His political "It" he saves for those who are already with him, a small and weirdly assorted group extending all the way from Felix Frankfurter in Cambridge to Alex Woollcott in New York and Bill Douglas in Washington.

There are men who are moved to good deeds by bad dreams, and with some such

men a money-raiser must deal on their own level. These men do not, however, claim to be devoting their lives to the search for truth. Professors are supposed to be different. They are supposed to be learned and idealistic and objective; it is a necessary tradition, because it alone protects education from the whims of politicians and business men. Hutchins will not seduce men who identify themselves with this tradition. He will not ask them to do what he regards as the right things for the wrong reasons.

It is not alone that he doesn't want to. He hasn't the time. He is the hardest working man on his campus. Every minute of his day, from eight to five, is consumed by the routine of administration and pocket-picking. He has to go downtown for lunch every day, three or four evenings a week go to donors or visiting firemen, and on these occasions Hutchins curses the destiny that put him into education.

His nights are the only time he has for reading, and in addition to keeping up with current books in every major field, he is trying to justify his right to teach the course he gives on the history of ideas. "I have the education of a sophomore," he says only half ironically, "and all the education I have, I got after I started teaching." Why should he go to banquets or entertain the faculty? He will not see that this self-sufficiency—not to mention the self-sufficiency of his sculptress wife—is an affront to a genial and far from stupid university community. The gossip which follows aggravates his isolation. The third or fourth time he rejects a professor's invitation to dinner or bridge the professor concludes that Hutchins is a snob. The transition from this conclusion to the enemy camp in education is not impossible.

A cold zealot, this man, and a most un-theatrical evangelist. The son of William J. Hutchins of Berea College in Kentucky is a born moralist, and the brother of Francis Hutchins of Yale-in-China is a born missionary. But, though his platform manner is grave and ministerial, he

will not moralize and he will not preach. (Thornton Wilder has written his epitaph: "Here Lies a University President Who Never Used the Word 'Ideals.'") He tells his Commencement audience that he is sure they have learned in college—which, of course, they haven't—that there is an order and proportion of goods whereby man may achieve a degree of contentment even higher than the cow's. It is all dispassionate, somewhat sarcastic. Yet beneath the stony surface, safely repressed by a constitutional mind, a legalistic training, and an intellectual contempt for flamboyance, there burns the "dogmatism and intolerance and insincerity of the Pilgrim Fathers" that George Augustus Sala found beneath the burlesque humor of Lowell.

Here, however, is no ordinary Puritan, who knows he is good and shows it. Here is a revolutionary whose disposition to rebel never atrophied but hardened into habit: the result, possibly, of the fact that wherever the young man went and whatever he did, he was constantly reminded that he was very, very young and must some day settle down. What Hutchins dreads most for himself and for the nation is the moral and intellectual "settling down" that comes with the consuming ambition to be a good fellow.

Now Hutchins never had to worry about being called a good fellow by educators. But outside of education he was beginning to be looked upon, especially after the Walgreen gusher came in, as a good business man. His friends say he was haunted by the prospect that he would walk into a board meeting one day and find all the trustees agreeing with him. So, along about 1936, with the sirens whispering to him to lay off the rough stuff and feather his nest, he extended his challenge from education to the whole world and the things it honors.

He did not descend to the streets with a bread-knife. That technic has been tried before and to date has produced a long line of Napoleons. He turned his attention to the principles of human action, to man's exclusive and rational ca-

capacity for being moral and practicing morality. Hutchins did not come upon philosophy all of a sudden. He had been nibbling at it ever since his deanship days at Yale, where he was proudly running an anti-philosophical law school. The psychology of the law led him to the philosophical Adler, who was then at Columbia, and Adler led him to McKeon, Buchanan, and Barr. Hutchins possessed uncommon philosophical sense, though he'd had no formal training; and when he came to Chicago he was already beginning to learn how to think.

VI

As his educational reforms met opposition at every turn and in every quarter, the rapidly aging young man began to be impressed by the circularity of education and society. He found that education was devoted to the love of money because American life was devoted to the love of money; that the schools could not be reformed as long as the society they served worshipped the god of utility and regarded moral values as fit not for practical men of the world but for convicts and poets; that so long as society saw salvation in a rising market, education would not concern itself with the ancient pursuit of truth for its own sake and virtue as its own reward.

This discovery by our permanent revolutionary coincided nicely with the growing conviction everywhere that, in spite of our modern marvels, society was going to the dogs. Skyscrapers and streamliners and shortwave broadcasts, far from providing emotional security, left the citizenry frightened and confused. Wondrous technics for production, distribution, and communication seemed to be serving Hitler instead of his victims. An age that prided itself on its preoccupation with reality found itself faced with a reality in which barbarians had seized the tools of progress. A world that had scorned the best of the past found itself reviving the worst.

So Hutchins, taking all this to be the

result of man's denial of rationality, lifted his voice with Milton's and cried, "Dark, dark, dark! amid the blaze of noon." He saw a crashing world trying to solve its problems in the same pragmatic tradition that created them, everyone calling for action, action—and as every action worsened man's lot, the wheel of injustice spun faster. "Faster, faster," said the Red Queen. "Now, here, you see, it takes all the running you can do to keep in the same place." And Hutchins entered the arena of philosophy with the same embarrassing question he raised in education: "What are we trying to do?"

His answer will be considered in next month's HARPER'S. But before we learn what Hutchins holds out for the future, we may ask what the future holds out for Hutchins.

When his friends suggest that he develop his philosophy more completely and knock his opponents for a loop, the President of the University of Chicago snorts and inquires how a man can become a philosopher incidental to being a corporation president, a traveling salesman, a trained seal, a high priest, and a police matron. The place to develop a philosophy is a cave.

But the life of action is hard to resist. Even on the sordid level at which the rest of us live, Hutchins has been more than moderately successful. His method of insulting everybody is strangely effective in a world of backslappers. He is one of the country's most notorious money-raisers, and he receives approximately 1,000 speaking invitations a year. He may not have made friends, but he has influenced people.

If, then, he remains in education and abandons the life of contemplation, he may at last succeed in intimidating the higher learning. He will never have to leave Chicago; but he wants to get things done, and he will never get things done at Chicago. (He once told Westbrook Pegler that universities ought to be conducted in tents and torn down every twenty-five years.) Where, in education, can he go? There are other universities,

but if (as Hutchins once told a newspaper publisher in confidence) Yale is a boys' finishing school, the field is narrower than it looks. There is no more eminent presidency than Chicago's because—Cambridge papers please copy—there is no more eminent university.

What he probably itches to do is to start a university of his own—if he could only get the money without getting what goes with it. His proposal to merge Chicago and Northwestern—rumors are about again, though negotiations collapsed two years ago—does not interest him in connection with his own career but because he regards the structural reform of education as important. Not, however, as important as the development of a content. And if the Chicago faculty won't alter its curriculum it is doubtful if the faculty of any other existing institution will.

If he were interested in making money, or if he believed that money-changers could be reformed, he would have taken the presidency of the New York Stock Exchange, which was offered him when the Exchange discovered that everybody had discovered that Richard Whitney had been careless. "What they want Bob to do," said a friend of his, "is to sing psalms to the yokels while the boys go through their pockets." Hutchins declined.

His name has persistently recurred in connection with the last three Supreme Court vacancies. His invariable statement on all such rumors is: "I am not interested in public life." That is not hard to believe; he has been shying from political office since he was thirty, when he declined the Democratic nomination for U. S. Senator from Connecticut. But then there is the inevitable circularity between education and the state that weighs upon him these days: the people get the kind of education they want, and they must be persuaded to want something

different. They cannot be persuaded by a philosopher; they might be persuaded by a philosophical statesman.

His reputation for stiff-necked integrity is rapidly becoming a legend. Last December he resigned as a "representative of the public interest" on the board of the New York Stock Exchange, in protest against the refusal of the Exchange to investigate the ethics of Whitney's confidants in Wall Street. Here was a fellow, it appeared, to whom "the public interest" meant the public interest.

The spectacle of a man who cannot be used by anybody has had reverberations in curious corners. General Hugh Johnson long ago demanded that Hutchins head a committee of Solomons to "find out the facts" about everything that everybody alleges is right or wrong with the country. The Sinclair Lewises have both nominated Hutchins for President. But that any such glamorous possibilities will ever come to pass is doubtful, for Robert Hutchins specializes in being a minority man in a majority world.

Should the time ever come when the American people develop a distaste for soft soap, they may find a use for a man like Hutchins. They may not have figured out his metaphysics, but they may in time be impressed by the behavior of the metaphysician. As long as American educators see no connection between "real life" and the moral virtues of the Greeks, the American public may likewise be mystified. But there is nothing mysterious about a record of morality that extends without a break from Sacco and Vanzetti to the Stock Exchange.

It is a little difficult, however, to picture the rational animal of Aristotle promising the citizens \$31.50 every Thursday or anything else he knows he can't give them. It is not easy, indeed, to picture Robert Maynard Hutchins campaigning on any platform. He would be afraid that somebody might vote for him.

[Mr. Mayer's second article, next month, subtitled "The Flying Trapeze," will deal with President Hutchins' philosophy and its educational consequences.]



EFIM AND THE TARTAR HORSES

A CHRONICLE OF SIBERIAN CHILDHOOD

BY NICHOLAS KALASHNIKOFF

MY EARLY childhood is bound to me by memories which my mother fixed clearly in my youthful mind. It is she who is the invisible author of this narrative. I can only put down in a feeble echoing fashion her interpretation of the incidents and moods of that distant period.

I was born, she told me, on a Siberian farm. Soon after my birth my father decided to leave the farm. He knew a little about blacksmithing and carpentry and thought he could earn a better living in a city. After a long and arduous journey—there were no railroads and the trip was made by canvas-covered wagon drawn by horses—we finally reached the capital of Western Siberia, Tomsk. And there fortune smiled upon Father. He obtained a position as overseer at a mill two or three versts from the city. For two years we knew peace and contentment. But then Father fell ill and died.

My mother—her savings long since exhausted during his illness—was compelled to place me in a municipal orphanage, and for almost two years she worked as a common drudge for families of wealth: scrubbing floors, helping in the kitchen, nursing children, washing clothes. The hours of labor were unlimited, the pay miserable, but harder to bear were the injustices of such a life.

"Everybody insulted me who was not too lazy," she would say.

Mother was a young woman at that

time, not yet twenty-five, strong and straight and with a pleasing personality. It was inevitable that her youth and charm in a menial capacity should attract attention, and very often it was objectionable attention that drove her to leave one place of work for another. The offenders were older servants, superintendents, even the masters themselves. Consequently she erected for her defense a wall of reserve and behind this barrier she lived in loneliness.

Her consuming desire was to save a little money, take me out of the orphanage, and run away from the accursed city to her native village. I was a constant worry because I was endlessly ill. Once she tried to take me from the asylum, only to be met with a decisive refusal. A former employer of hers had told the asylum officials that Mother's moral conduct was questionable, that she should not be entrusted with the care of a child. This was after Mother had refused to return to work because of an accusation that she stole cream for me.

In vain Mother begged and entreated; no one would listen. She then appealed to her only friends—the doctor who had attended my Father, and his wife. The intercession of these kind people not only did not help; it so aroused the officials that the director of the institution threatened her that if she did not cease her complaints she would be forbidden to visit me altogether.

Frightened, Mother at last resigned

herself for the privilege of seeing me two hours each Sunday. From a lawyer, a friend of the doctor, she learned that there was only one way in which she could regain possession of me. Marriage would restore her to a responsible status in the eyes of the administration. But marriage was not in her mind. And she had no effective weapons with which to fight the authorities.

It is not possible to understand this situation without knowing something of political conditions in Siberia in the Eighties and Nineties of the past century. It was a country governed not by law but by arbitrary rule. During the reign of the Emperor Alexander III prompt obedience to those in authority took deep root everywhere. Cockades, shoulder-straps, shining buttons, and bright uniforms were symbols before which the population trembled. Fear was the keynote of the public spirit, not respect for law and its representatives.

The bewhiskered emperor was a despot and a tyrant, in private as well as in public life. The tragic death of his father, torn by a terrorist bomb, did not open his eyes to the evils of an autocratic system of government. Instead, it called from him the most violent opposition to every effort to limit his power. He considered himself monarch by the grace of God. The entire country was in the control of imperial officials who flourished in an atmosphere of flattery. The interests of the people were a minor consideration at the most generous estimate.

"What is the use of complaining," people said, "and to whom? God is high up, the Tzar far away."

The situation in Siberia was an exaggeration of conditions that prevailed over all Russia. The governor of the district was both Tzar and God. He was urged to the performance of his official duties solely by the necessity for prompt and stern enforcement of the Tzar's will.

In a country where only influence and wealth counted, how could my mother, a timid villager, defend her rights? Mother had neither influence nor wealth.

II

At length Mother obtained a position as laundress in the house of the very wealthy Koudelins. There was a large staff of servants. Among them was the master's favorite, the coachman Efim Zuiev, a shy, industrious, exceedingly strong young man. Although Efim was young—he was not more than twenty—he looked much older because of a serious, even stern manner. He spoke to few, avoided the society of other servants, was very abstemious, could not abide drunkards, and despised the licentiousness of city women. In brief, he was a typical shy son of the country. All his time was spent in taking care of the horses or in driving his master. On holidays if he was free he sat quietly in a corner of the servants' large dining room or, providing himself with a large supply of cakes and nuts, distributed them among the street urchins who flocked round him like locusts.

His passion was horses. Because of his many engaging qualities Efim was a great favorite with the entire Koudelin family, but it was his skill in handling the team of three wild horses belonging to Koudelin's eldest son that gave the coachman his tremendous prestige. This team was Efim's special care. Nothing was permitted to supersede it in his attentions.

As for Koudelin, who was managing director of the mercantile firm of Koudelin & Sons, his pride in his team was equaled only by pride in his coachman. This merchant prince knew no greater pleasure than to drive beyond the city limits and there give the horses free rein. With wild hoots and cries he would tear along the broad highway. Frequently it was only Efim's iron grip that prevented horses and troika from crashing into a nodding peasant in his slow-plodding cart.

Koudelin had reason to prize Efim, for on two occasions it was due to Efim's genius for driving that he had defeated his rivals in winter races on the river

Tom. These troika races on ice, which suggested the old Roman chariot races, demanded of a driver strength, courage, and extraordinary skill. The slightest error might result in the most serious consequences. Entrants not only tried to outdistance their rivals; as two sleighs came abreast they did their best to upset each other and tumble out the occupants. Efim's predecessor had been crippled in such an accident, and it was Efim's knowledge and ease in handling the frightened horses on this occasion that had won him promotion from assistant stableman to head coachman.

The older employees had warned him: "Don't take the job—it is the devil's own troika." But in Efim's Siberian soul there was a passion for these mad races that matched the master's own.

After his first victorious race the merchant embraced Efim publicly, and from that time on the merchant's liking for the coachman amounted to infatuation. But he lived in fear that a rival would bribe his favorite to leave him. So he tried in every way—by gifts and courtesies—to anticipate Efim's slightest whim. His concern was wasted; Efim was deaf to seduction.

There were two reasons why the coachman wanted to remain where he was. One was his love for the team of wild horses. Between him and the shaft horse, a graceful, broad-chested black colt, there was a real bond of friendship. He was a large animal, a semi-thoroughbred, possessed of unusual powers of endurance, but his chief quality as a racer was due to the fact that he practically never altered his pace. For a long time it was impossible to match him with off-horses. Only the very best could stand more than a few versts' running with him. Then after the greatest difficulty special agents secured for Koudelin from the Tartar plains two black horses to match the colt. It required patience and energy to accustom these savages to the harness; and even when their fiery wills were apparently subdued by human discipline, danger lurked in their restless

eyes and quivering, nervous bodies. They obeyed the strong hand of Efim only while driving and in a race. Then their wild instinct to outrun the other horses coincided exactly with his own intentions. At any other time the handling of them was precarious business. It was never possible for a moment to trust the new off-horses; bred to the steppes, they had an implacable hatred of harness and trappings. Efim could put the center horse between the shafts without difficulty, but it required two assistants to harness the newcomers. Some day, Efim hoped, these wild ones would be gentle enough for children to drive. Still one felt that this hope was tinged with reluctance. Between Efim and these free sons of the steppes there was waged a silent and continuous struggle.

The second reason why Efim did not care to leave Koudelin—he confessed later—was my mother. She saw him rarely—on holidays at breakfast and occasionally in the evening when the weather was bad and the master did not go driving. Then Efim sat in a corner of the dining room with a small pipe invariably between his teeth. He was always kind in his greetings, but much too timid and modest to make any more direct display of his feelings; while Mother was so absorbed in thoughts of me that she might never have become aware of his interest had it not been for a certain humiliating incident. This incident marked the beginning of their friendship.

In the Koudelin household two laundresses and one girl ironer were kept constantly busy with the washing. The work was done in primitive fashion, in large wooden troughs; and to rinse the clothes they drove to the river—in all seasons of the year and in all kinds of weather. Mother's hands, corroded by cheap soaps, were constantly covered with scabs; when some healed, others opened. It was usual for the women to apportion the work so that during the week when one was engaged in washing,

the other would rinse at the river, then hang the clothes in a specially built room called the dryer. The one detailed to rinse considered herself on holiday, for then her tortured skin had a chance to heal.

It was the end of the week, a cold, windy February day; Mother had just returned from the river. It was pleasant, after the arduous work of chopping through the ice, to be hanging clothes in a warm comfortable room. As she hurried to finish before the half-light of the dying day was completely gone she was in a bright, cheerful mood. The next day was Sunday, and she would spend two hours of her leave with me at the orphanage.

Engrossed in her work and her thoughts, she did not notice that a man stealthily entered the dryer and stood for some time watching her. It was the manager of the estate, a notorious rake of whose love adventures legends were told.

Now suddenly he appeared before her and, encircling her with his arms, tried to kiss her. Terrified and indignant, Mother struggled madly and finally succeeded in freeing herself. She ran to the window. "If you don't leave me this instant," she cried, "I will smash the window and scream for help." The man was beyond reason or he would have known that she meant what she said. He came closer. Mother saw that her position was hopeless and she was just about to break the window when the tall figure of Efim loomed in the doorway of the dryer. Without a word but with a sort of wild roar, he threw himself on the steward.

The expression on the face of the infuriated Efim terrified Mother no less than the pale, beaten condition of the luckless steward. She begged Efim, "For heaven's sake, stop! You will kill him."

Efim regretfully freed his half-strangled victim, who lost no time lingering in the dryer.

Left to themselves, Mother thanked

Efim and tried to explain why it was better that he had not completed the business of punishing the steward: the man would have complained; his name and Efim's would have been coupled unpleasantly with Mother's; Mother at least might have lost her position.

Efim acknowledged the thanks in bashful confusion and left. But from that time on Mother could not help but know that his eyes followed her everywhere and that her smile could light his face with happiness. They seldom met for long to talk, but in the coachman Mother had found a friend as well as a protector.

As for the steward, he was apparently grateful to have been let off with so little fuss. He never bothered Mother again and he never refused her permission to leave the premises.

III

More than two weeks passed. Mother became quite calm, even forgot the unpleasant incident of the steward. And her silent, secret friendship with Efim lent color to the dreary days.

Then one Sunday, as she was approaching the main entrance of the asylum, she unexpectedly met Efim. He was apparently waiting for her. In his hands he held a large, neatly wrapped parcel. Astonished, Mother began to question him:

"What are you doing here, Efim? Whom are you waiting for? What's in that parcel you have there? Why are you so dressed up?"

Indeed, Efim appeared exceptionally handsome in a new, beautifully made cloth tunic lined with kangaroo fur and trimmed with caracul, patent-leather boots, shining high rubber galoshes, and a tall beaver hat. Confused by the questions, he took off his hat and began timidly to explain. He wanted Mother to take him into the asylum to have a look at her little imp. If that were impossible, would she take these presents to him? Mother was touched but doubted

whether she would be permitted to take a stranger into the orphanage. Nevertheless she would try.

As things turned out, they could have saved themselves worry. The woman in charge of admittance, a stout, flirtatious creature, seeing the splendidly dressed Efim with a large bundle in his hands, melted and, without even inquiring who he was, let him in. From his appearance he must be a very wealthy personage and she didn't doubt that the greater part of the presents in the mysterious parcel would fall to her.

There were about thirty of us in the large barracklike room, our ages ranging from two to six years. On this particular Sunday the place was a bedlam. For two hours we swarmed round Mother and Efim, devouring with our eyes the gifts they had brought. I was suffering terribly from whooping cough but not even the recurring spasms of coughing could dim my pleasure in the occasion.

As they left the asylum Mother noticed that Efim was visibly moved. Her own suppressed tears were choking her. She was in no mood for the crowds and bustle of city streets on Sunday evening so she welcomed Efim's suggestion that they step into a restaurant for a cup of tea.

The place was stuffy, noisy, and hot, but they found seclusion at a vacant table in the corner. There, warmed and encouraged by her companion's timid but genuine concern, Mother told Efim the story of her life. Efim listened attentively.

I can repeat every detail of this conversation for I heard it time and again in the years that followed.

There was a pause after Mother finished speaking.

Then Efim said: "Do you know, Pasha, I love you very much. You are a wonderful woman. And your boy too. What do you say to our getting married? We can then take Sergei out of the asylum, save up a little money, leave this damned city and go live in the country.

Really I think this will be best for all of us."

Efim's proposal was so unexpected that for a moment Mother thought she hadn't heard aright. But a glance at his kind, perplexed face and his huge hands which he clasped and unclasped nervously, and she knew that he had spoken only after long and serious pondering. Her answer so elated the big fellow it was difficult now to recognize in Mother's voluble companion the shy and reticent young peasant. He drew for her plans of their future life, somewhere in a country village. He assured her that as soon as I was out of the asylum I was bound to improve rapidly. Finally his voice took on a decisive tone:

"You know, Pasha, while you are thinking whether you will marry me or not, the boy mustn't remain in the asylum. Give me permission to speak to the master. Since our last races he has been pestering me continuously: 'Efim,' says he, 'you've made me awfully proud of you. You surely can handle horses. I wish to reward you. Ask anything you want and if it is within my power, I'll do it!' So now we'll ask him to help us get the boy out. What do you think?"

Mother did not believe that a mere merchant could break the power and influence of officialdom, but not wishing to offend Efim, she agreed that he should speak to the master. Efim was jubilant.

The following day he came running to her breathless and excited. Paying not the slightest heed to others present, he told her of the conversation he had had with the master. The master had said: "A week won't pass and you yourself and the mother will bring the boy here."

Mother would not believe that it was such a simple matter to get me out of the asylum. Had not the doctor himself, a very educated man, failed? Imagine, therefore, her amazement when that very same evening she was called to the master's study. Beside him sat a gray-haired, tall gentleman, with gold-rimmed

spectacles, whom he introduced as "my attorney." The attorney asked Mother a number of questions, wrote her answers down on a sheet of paper, and when he had finished assured her smilingly that in three or four days the boy would be home.

It actually was so. On the morning of the third day an imposing paper was delivered to Mother informing her that the asylum officials, having reviewed her application, failed to find any legal objections why her petition should not be granted and her four-year-old son, Sergei, be returned to her custody.

Later this same day, Mother and Efim came for me. Sitting in the large, roomy sleigh, dressed in a sheepskin coat, wrapped in a bearskin robe and snuggling close to Mother, I was almost stifled from joyous excitement. The pair of beautiful gray horses driven by kind Uncle Efim carried me swiftly through the streets of the fairylike city, past fine brick houses, gayly decorated shop windows, noisy crowds of men and women. In my ears, like music, blended voices and the bells of countless troikas. It was all extraordinary, lovely. I was quite the happiest child in the world.

IV

Efim was right. A noticeable improvement in my health became evident at once. I took on color. I coughed less. I began to gain strength and fill out. Wherever I went—among the servants or into the master's home—I was made much of. Everyone was kind and life seemed an endless holiday. I wanted to grow up and drive a troika exactly like Uncle Efim. He and I were fast friends—and no wonder. It was his joy to invent new games to play, and he joined in them like a child himself.

Mother too lived with new hopes. Right after Easter she and Efim would be married. Every member of the Koudelin household looked forward to the event as something in which he himself would take part.

When I joined the Koudelin establishment, three weeks before Shrovetide, there were great preparations going on—much scrubbing and cleaning and cooking of food. From morning till night the yard was full of arriving and departing peasant sleighs that brought plucked frozen geese, ducks, chickens, hazel-hens, fish of enormous size, and carcasses of venison which were stored with great effort in large pantries; for the week of Shrovetide was to be a week of unbridled gaiety and monstrous appetites. A real carnival was one of the week's attractions—dozens of tents in which clowns, magicians, and sorcerers performed their tricks; a theater and the invariable grand circus. But the most important diversion was the horse racing. Thousands attended and huge sums were involved in the gambling.

The most exciting races were those of the troikas, held usually on the Saturday preceding the last day of Shrovetide. Only the finest troikas were admitted and most of these were the property of wealthy merchants.

Efim lived for these troika races. He was busy from morning to night. He must confer with the master. He must scrutinize the sleigh and harness. He must watch carefully that under no circumstances did a stranger come near the horses.

This particular year public interest in the races was for some reason exceptionally high. Eleven o'clock in the morning was the time set for the assembling of the troikas. Then they would be inspected and dispatched for the starting point. The races would start promptly at one. At eleven o'clock also the officials gathered. Time-keepers were stationed at posts frozen into the ice and flying tricolored flags. The entire shore of the river Tom was black and alive with an excited mass of people. Policemen lined the glossy field of ice and fifty Siberian cossacks in shaggy fur hats patrolled the racing area mounted on small but powerful ponies. Every precaution was necessary to prevent the

restless crowd from rushing on to the ice the moment the troikas arrived.

The day was sunny and windless. The bantering crowds ah'd and oh'd approvingly as each troika, its bells jangling, came up to take its position. The name of the owner of the troika, then the names of the horses and their driver rumbled over the heads of the crowd.

Ten troikas were entered. In a racing sleigh beside the driver sat the owner or some sportsman. Racing rules permitted only two persons to each sleigh. Koudelin's black team, its wealthy owner, and the coachman Efim, known to all, attracted general attention. But other troikas too were worth honest amazement for the beauty and splendor of their trappings.

The clock struck one and instantly the throngs became tense, silent, gazing expectantly down the river. Then: "They're coming!" But all that could be seen was an enormous snowball whirling past, followed closely by other similar snowballs. The first fleeting snowball had won and from thousands of throats issued a thunderous roar. But whose victory was it? No one could recognize the troika under the avalanche of snow.

A shout from the finishing post reverberated through the crowd:

"Koudelin's troika won! Hurrah for Efim! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

In truth it was Koudelin's troika with the owner and the coachman Efim who finally emerged from the snow drifts—victors.

With great difficulty the police finally succeeded in restraining the mad hordes. But not until a crowd of men had broken through the lines and tossed Efim high in the air to show their extravagant joy.

Koudelin, beside himself with delight, invited the owners of the competing troikas and the officials to his home for refreshments. There he shed all restraint, and the simple ancient Russian rite of hospitality was turned into an orgy. Koudelin, completely drunk, kissed Efim before the assembled company and begged him to sit at table with

the honored guests. Striking the table with his fist, he boasted that there was no better troika in the whole of Siberia than his own black team, no better driver than Efim. When he had no more words with which to praise he made the sign of the cross and swore that to him Efim was the same as a brother.

"Nothing is too good for him! I'll share my last shirt with him!" he shouted.

Sober Efim, taking advantage of the first opportunity, escaped unnoticed to the servants' dining room. But when he would have shared with Mother the exhilaration that success had given him, something was lacking in her response. With her new feeling for Efim was growing a mortal fear of the troika, particularly of the two Tartar steppe horses. Perhaps her instinctive distrust of them was a heritage from her own Tartar ancestors. At any rate, she could not applaud a victory that meant a renewed threat to Efim's life. Call it a presentiment if you will.

V

The first two weeks of Lent passed quickly. During the second week Mother and Efim both fasted, went to confession, and received the sacrament, preparing themselves for their new life together.

Since the victorious race the troika was rarely used. Koudelin was immersed in the season's rush of business and had no time for driving. No one else had the temerity to ride, even with Efim. Occasionally he did take the animals out for exercise, but for the most part they lazed in the stables. Even Efim admitted they were inclined to mischief.

About this time Mother spoke to him in regard to the coachman's caftan then in vogue. This ridiculous garment was so long that to walk in it was an utter impossibility unless the wearer raised the lappets with both hands as a lady lifts her train. And to make matters worse, it was the fashion to put pillows under the coat at the back and on the chest. These gave the driver, when he sat on his box,

a solidly monumental appearance but hampered him terribly in his movements. While in his seat he was able to handle the horses, but before mounting, he was bound, hopelessly clumsy.

Mother begged Efim to ask the master if he might leave off this stupid uniform or at least not pad it with pillows. It was a danger in itself. Efim agreed that the caftan was unwieldy, but he knew well that you could demand anything of the master except that his coachman should not resemble all other coachmen.

Mother had to reconcile herself to failure on this score. Nevertheless, in spite of a nagging anxiety, she regained much of her old calm. For one thing she was happier in her work. She was no longer employed as laundress but assisted the chef in the kitchen, a pleasant and not a hard task. By the master's orders she and I had our small, separate room; this she had adorned with pictures and artificial flowers. We felt rich in comforts, and I was getting sturdier by the minute.

Then toward the end of the third week of Lent the terrible thing happened which Mother dreaded. Her exact version of the incident is very clear in my memory:

"The third week of Lent the master himself observed by fasting. On Saturday he was to receive the sacrament. For that day the entire parish clergy and all the master's relatives were invited to dinner. On the previous evening he gave Efim orders to call for him at the church with the troika. Efim, knowing that the horses were rather stale and mischievous from much idle standing, decided to rise early and exercise them a little, to limber up their stiffened muscles. I don't know what happened to me, but as soon as he told me that to-morrow he was going to call for the master at the church with the troika, my heart contracted and pained, pained. . . . All night I could not sleep. Then toward morning I dozed and had a prophetic dream.

"In the dream we three are walking, you, Efim, and I. We approach a wide

river and below us a small rowboat is swaying on the waves. Efim runs toward the boat and waves his hand for us to follow. But you and I cannot find the path leading down to the water, the descent from the shore being very steep. As we run along the shore, we see him jump into the boat and the current instantly begins to carry him away. I shout to him: 'Efim! Efimooshka! Why are you leaving us?' but he only raises his hand, bows gravely to us—his face is sad, very sad—while the boat is carried farther and farther out. That is how he sailed away from us. . . .

"I awoke but could not come to myself, I was so frightened. As soon as I could do so I hastily got into a dress and a shawl and rushed into the yard; there I saw the troika standing all hitched and harnessed. Efim had on his caftan and was ready to mount his seat. Like a fury, forgetting all shame before strangers, I fell upon him, weeping and imploring: 'Efim, darling, don't drive the troika today. I had a terrible dream.' He laughed, like a child, and said: 'Don't you go believing in dreams and you'll have nothing to fear.' With that he embraced me and before everybody kissed me. It was his first and last kiss.

"An old man told me later that he saw Efim driving along the street with the horses steaming awfully. He was driving slowly. Suddenly something happened—all three horses shied; the sleigh overturned; Efim was thrown out. 'I shouted to him,' said the old man. 'I yelled: "Let go the reins, to hell with the horses!" But he either did not hear me or else was so tangled in the reins that he could not free himself. The horses started away like mad, dragging him, poor fellow, along the hard frozen ground. At a turn he was probably flung against a pillar at the curb.' But what actually happened no one knows. I think the trouble was all due to that cursed caftan; he became entangled in it and could not free his legs quickly enough. They say he was still breathing when the doctor examined him. He

opened his eyes; seemed to be seeking somebody. Who knows? Maybe he wanted one last look at us. . . . And so my terrible dream became a reality. He sailed away from us forever."

Efim's death was a tragedy for Mother. A few days after the funeral, she decided to leave the Koudelins, where everything reminded her of Efim, and go temporarily to her old friend, the doctor. Koudelin and his family begged her in vain to reconsider, promising that they would

take good care of me. But she was firm: "Don't ask me, I can't!" She did not confess that the sight of the ill-fated troika was hateful to her.

Failing to shake her purpose, the Koudelins tried to persuade her to accept seven hundred roubles which Efim had saved. But again Mother refused. She would take with her only a picture of the coachman and his beaver hat.

"It became him so well, that hat," Mother used to say.

[*This is the first of a series of chronicles of Siberian childhood by Mr. Kalashnikoff.—The Editors*]

SONNET

BY ELIZABETH SAMPSON HOOPES

T*THIS is the end—the end of all endeavor.
This path, lit by the last rays of the sun,
Is all that's left to travel; when that's done
There will be only rest, and that forever.
And what of those, the beautiful, the clever,
Who went this way? What is it they have won,
In this strange race that all who breathe must run,
Except the right to sleep and waken never?
And whether they pressed on, unfrightened, fleet,
Or faltered by, with dragging steps and slow,
We cannot tell; but here and there a mark,
Faint on the hard rock, serves to show that feet
Passed before ours, along the way we go,
This blind path from the dark into the dark.*



AMERICAN WOMEN ARE COMING ALONG

BY GRACE ADAMS

WHENEVER serious intellectuals—psychologists, sociologists, practicing physicians, Nobel Prize novelists—take time off from their more normal pursuits to scrutinize and appraise the Modern American Woman they turn in unanimously dreary reports. They find her uninformed, intellectually lazy, lacking in ambition, and disgustingly docile in the presence of dominating males.

Now the American woman of to-day may have all of these unpleasant qualities, and even others that are still less admirable, yet I have a sneaking suspicion that the intellectuals who condemn her so highhandedly on these counts are not themselves quite as alert or well-informed as they might be. Specifically I believe that the standards by which they judge her have been arbitrarily and none too wisely chosen. They evaluate the American woman for what, compared to the American man, she has accomplished, or for what, considering all her financial, educational, and political advantages, she *might* have accomplished. They pay scant attention to what she and her predecessors in the fight for women's freedom hoped that she would become.

It is so easy to show how, after winning the privilege of reading Greek and Latin, and algebra and entomology, so many feminine A.B.'s and M.A.'s are still content to wallow intellectually in the vapid modern fiction which, except for the lack of literary elegance, is not so different from the romances that enthralled their grandmothers; to point out how, after gaining the right to vote for any candi-

date they wished, the newly enfranchised females proceeded to mark their ballots exactly as their menfolk advised them to; to prove that after forcing their way into the employment offices of banks and newspapers and department stores, most working women have been content to stay at the lowly jobs to which they were first assigned—or even to quit the responsible positions to which a relatively few of them have attained in order to become run-of-the-mine, baby-tending, bridge-playing housewives. This debit side of woman's record is easily come by, even though each writer who comes by it does so under the profound impression that he has arrived at a wholly new and unsuspected truth. It is much more difficult to estimate the credit side and, especially, to rediscover why it was that the first feminists, women who were mature and aging before a concerted "woman's movement" was even thought of, wanted so desperately to be free.

Once by chance—the kind of simple human chance that seems to come very rarely to seekers after universal truths—I heard a woman say to her husband, with tears in her eyes and anguish in her voice, "Oh God, I wish I had been born in America." Since then any intellectual appraisal of American women has left me fairly cool, for never again have I had any doubt that women who live in the United States are the most fortunate in the world and that, even though they may hold few political offices and even fewer exalted positions in the business world, they have already accomplished

what their ancestresses hoped some day they might achieve when, following the examples of Mary Wollstonecraft and Margaret Fuller, they set out to vindicate women's right to live as freely and enjoy life as heartily as men.

It was on the veranda of a pension in Port-au-Prince that I heard the woman's misery-laden words. She had been born in Barcelona, reared as carefully as any Castilian maiden of the 1890's had to be, and married to a friend of her father when she was seventeen. Two years later she moved with her husband to America. She had lived for twelve years in upper Manhattan, had learned the English language and her way about New York. But she had not, even though she was naturalized, become an American woman because her husband still held her to the Castilian ways of their youth.

Her impassioned desire to be able to change her birthplace was not motivated by any high ambition for advanced academic degrees or by any profound longing to make a fortune in business or a name for herself in either the arts or public life. She wanted to be an American woman for a simpler, but from the point of view of the wide universal values of living, a more important reason.

A large section of the United States fleet was temporarily snuggled in Guantanamo Bay, and a contingent of enlisted men were in Port-au-Prince on leave, disporting themselves in those anomalous dirty little huts which in Haiti boastfully bear the name of cabarets. The previous night my husband and I had spent several hours, over Cuban beer and local rum, watching the sailors make hesitant and, except when they used their hands, quite unintelligible love to the variously hued girls who infest such places as soon as the word spreads round that "the fleet is in." It had been fun for us and we thought the Spanish lady (I would give just the wrong impression if I called her the "Spanish woman") might enjoy it too. When we asked her to go with us to the cabarets that night she was as excited and as eager as a child. But when at dinner

she told her husband where we were taking her he said, "If you go there with them to-night you will find your trunk in the driveway when you get back."

That was when she said with her eyes moist, her fists clenched and her voice, I am sure, more rasping than she had ever let it be before, "Oh God, I wish I had been born in America."

Now she knew and she must have known that we knew too that whenever boats from Cuba, bearing Spanish tobacco buyers, docked at Port-au-Prince her husband spent the evening in those cabarets, because as he explained matter-of-factly to my husband, "When you entertain your friends you must do what your friends do." She also remembered, and so did we, that whenever she had asked, "But, Gonzales, why can't I . . ." ("Why can't I cut my hair? Mrs. B. has. . . . Why can't I have a rum instead of a liqueur? Mrs. B. does. . . . Why couldn't I go to the beach with you men? Mrs. B. did" . . .) he had always replied, "But, Consuela, it's all right for *her*; she was *born* in America."

So there it was, as we four people sat in the tile-floored dining room of the pension, that unfathomable difference between Mrs. Ramos and me. During the six weeks that we had lived in adjoining rooms and shared the same balcony we had become as friendly as two women thrown together in a strange country usually become. We had haggled over the price of mangoes in the market together; giggled together over the absurd airs the wives of the marines tried to put on; talked with grotesque and inadequate gestures to the black children who served as maids and waiters at the hotel; or, if there was nothing more active to do than watch the deepening blue of the bay, compared the after-Christmas bargains at Franklin Simon's with those at Best's and Altman's. We had done all these things together, had this much in common; yet when her husband spoke his little piece he divided us as sharply as though hundreds of years and numberless folkways were rigidly setting us apart.

II

When I recall that scene in the quiet dining room at Port-au-Prince I somehow nearly always think of Cora Mowatt's autobiography and remember how America's first satiric dramatist described her hurt amazement when she realized that she, who had been born an Ogden and had more aristocratic colonial ancestors than any other lady could publicly lay claim to, was being conspicuously snubbed by New York society because, to help her ill and impoverished husband, she dared to appear, before strangers and for money, upon a lecture platform.

And then, getting a little too whimsical perhaps, I wonder what Cora Mowatt and Margaret Fuller and Fanny Wright and Mary Gove and the rest of the early nineteenth-century career women would say if from the hell to which the moralists of their times consigned them they could look up and see the American women of to-day. I suspect that they might judge us a little less unkindly than Pearl Buck did in this magazine last summer. Like her, they too would see that we are no great shakes professionally or intellectually, that we spoil our children inordinately and mess up our bank accounts, that many of us care more about the latest styles of controlling our hair than the newest methods of controlling traffic, and that almost all of us would prefer to have a few men like us than that all the worthwhile women in the whole of Christendom should respect us—that we are, in short, feminine and flighty. Yet, viewing us from the long perspective of history, I don't believe they would rate these deficiencies quite as grimly as Mrs. Buck did. Knowing the whole of woman's history, as they must by now have learned it from the hetaerae and kings' mistresses who were already old inhabitants of the particular part of hell to which they were condemned, they must, I believe, feel not unsatisfied with what they were able to do for us modern American women.

There is only one of us of course who has been honored by the Nobel Prize

Committee, yet the rest of us, without even knowing that we were doing so, have managed to become Mary Wollstonecraft's most substantial vindication. For we—stupid, ignorant, and flippant as we may appear to foreign visitors—have by several strange circumstances, and against odds that even she could not have foreseen, been able to achieve the very things which Wollstonecraft herself considered most essential to a truly happy womanhood. We now have not only the affection and admiration but the sympathetic understanding and the complete confidence of the men who marry us.

It is a strange fact that Mary Wollstonecraft's most ardent feminine adorers have always criticized her bitterly for accomplishing the one goal which from the time she was an unhappy, miserably paid family governess she set her heart upon achieving. The driving force of her whole brilliant, tortured, tragically short career was, in her own words, a dominant desire to know completely the man she loved. Though she had already written her "Vindication" before her first marriage ended in disaster, she was still holding to her first straightforward purpose when she met William Godwin. In him she found what she had for so long been seeking—and a justification of her somewhat hysterical declarations about woman's right to live and love and earn a living—a man who could love and understand her as deeply and tenderly as she did him. Yet for more than a hundred years uncompromising feminists from Canada to Australia have condemned their idol for learning to know a man so well that she was able to give up her religion in order that she might come to know him completely—in order that she could, as she had always known that some day she would, become a true companion to the man she married.

The earliest American feminists—women like Margaret Fuller and Cora Mowatt and Mr. Godey's indispensable colleague Sarah Josepha Hale, who wrote and recited and lectured and edited years before there was any such thing as a con-

certed women's movement, fought hard for the right to make a respectable independent living. But they struggled still more valiantly for two other privileges that are taken so completely for granted to-day that even the most learned commentators forget the long centuries during which they were denied to all respectable women—the privilege of holding serious opinions different from those of their families, and of refusing to marry, or to continue to live with, the husbands selected for them by their relatives.

How influentially women have exercised the first of these prerogatives is still a subject for heated debates, but they certainly use the second for all it is worth, and are roundly praised for doing so.

Until American women gained the right to choose their own husbands (or to separate from those with whom they could not longer live happily, or to find a satisfactory way of life without marrying at all) any wider privileges that might have come their way would have been very nearly useless. There would have been little sense in allowing a woman to control large sums of money in business if the man to whom her family had married her would not let her have a finger in the spending of the family budget. And a wife in a high executive position could have got small satisfaction from directing her employees if she knew that each evening when she quit her office for her home she would have to obey the slightest whims of a husband for whom she no longer felt either affection or respect. Professional freedom without a more fundamental emotional freedom would have been as unsatisfactory as, psychologically, it would have been meaningless.

Along with the right to settle her marital problems in her own, and nobody else's, way there have recently come to the American woman other seemingly minor but actually very important privileges—of being able to live and travel alone, and to talk and behave as naturally when she is alone with men as she would with her female relatives; of being as free in the world of men as was any Gre-

cian hetaera while she remains as respectable as the most sheltered Grecian matron.

III

Among modern nations this kind of freedom is traditionally and typically American, for in colonial times and the early years of the republic women who could wield a loom or a churn or when necessary a plow or a blunderbuss were too familiar and useful to be either ignored or segregated by their menfolk. Thus we find Europeans who visited in America in the early 1800's recording their astonishment at seeing comely young women traveling alone on stagecoaches and packet boats, unchaperoned and unmolested. Yet, from this wholesome beginning, the genuine freedom which women in large cities enjoy to-day was a long time coming—principally because two quite different circumstances tended to separate the sexes and make each of them suspicious and unnatural in the presence of the other.

The first and most far-reaching of these circumstances was that America grew from a loose conglomeration of antagonistic states into a self-conscious nation just as the wave of artificial prudery, which we now describe as Victorian, was washing over the European countries whose social approbation as well as political recognition Americans avidly sought. And so, first the snobs of the newly formed high society of the larger cities, and gradually the lesser folk in small towns and the country, became more prudish than the primmest Europeans. A refined English lady was content to deny in the presence of gentlemen the material existence of her own two legs; the super-refined American lady would not allow even inanimate objects to flaunt such indecencies. So she swathed the statues in her parlor with silk and satin and fashioned dainty panties for the legs of her piano. The farther women went in this absurd perversion of modesty the more extravagant and flowery did men's praise of them become.

Yet just when the American male had accustomed himself to regard the white human female who shared his continent and his home and his bed as a creature as lacking in bodily functions as she was in natural thoughts, there came raucously to his attention an entirely new type of woman: one who neither swooned nor blushed nor flattered, who instead of being frail and soft and demure, was square-shouldered, loud-voiced, and hard-headed. Led by such stalwart souls as Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, Lucretia Mott, and Amelia Bloomer, these strange beings formed the Woman's Party and blatantly proclaimed their social equality with, and their moral superiority to, men. These new women differed not only from the pampered darlings who copied their clothes after the plates in the *Lady's Book* and tried to pattern their conversation after the elegant mouthings of its fictional heroines; they differed almost as much from their immediate predecessors in the cause of woman's liberation, many of whom had written the very stories and sketched the very pictures upon which Mr. Godey had built his immaculate reputation and his not inconsiderable fortune.

The women who had first dared public condemnation by displaying their names in print or themselves upon lecture platforms for money had done so more from necessity than from any conscious dedication to a sacred cause. Most of them were women who had married young, borne and raised several children, and then at maturity discovered that they needed whatever money their talents might bring them, either to help in the support of their families or to gain some measure of independence from the husbands who had grown intolerable to them. Thus the motives which led them to recite before audiences, to write for and edit magazines, or to turn their homes into makeshift hospitals were as natural and genuine as those which for centuries had prompted farmers to exchange the surplus of their crops for commodities which they did not have or for money

with which to buy such products. And although these early authoresses and actresses and editoresses and lady doctors chafed often and sorely at the restrictions that the masculine world had imposed upon them, and even though several of them had come to loathe the domineering husbands whom their families had wished upon them in their youth, their attitude toward their masculine compatriots had not yet grown bitter. In fact they liked most of the men they knew a great deal, were good friends with them, and applauded Mrs. Hale for inscribing her monumental *Woman's Record* to "the men of America: who show, in their laws and customs, respecting women, ideas more just and feelings more noble than were ever evinced by men of any other nation."

In return, many liberal-minded and relatively unprejudiced American males encouraged their female acquaintances to exploit their talents for all they were worth. If men who differed in background and outlook as greatly as did Edgar Allan Poe and John Neal from Josiah Warren had not helped the women of their day to gain public recognition we might not now have any record of what those women did. And if the ladies themselves had not responded so warmly to masculine admiration they might not during their lifetime have gained such thrillingly shocking reputations. For no matter how discreet and exemplary her private life, any woman whose name appeared openly in the newspapers of a hundred years ago was considered by her less adventurous contemporaries a potential if not an actual indulger in "free love."

These amiable and interesting ladies, however, had small influence with the "Woman's Party" which was organized in 1848. There is little likelihood that they were even asked to attend the party's first formal meeting at Seneca Falls; for the ladies who arranged that convention and spoke so loud and violently at its several sessions were of a different breed. No one suspected them of enjoying free (or

even legally restricted) love. They were much too angry—about war and slavery and the awful spirits that men drank—to bother with that soft emotion.

Yet at the time the cleavage between the earnest Mrs. Mott and Mrs. Stanton, who founded the woman's party out of their pique at being excluded from London's international and exclusively masculine anti-slavery meeting in 1842, and the decorative ladies who supplied Mrs. Hale and Mr. Godey with their most succulent prose, was not as sharp as it sometimes seems to us now. For even in the late 1840's women had not yet learned to think of men as being morally inferior to themselves. Indeed if Mr. Stanton and Mr. Mott had not recognized their own wives' intellectual virtues and had not taught them during the tender years of their marriage the glories of Temperance, of Emancipation, and, above all else, the hallowed, though then still rather nebulous, Rights of Women, Mrs. Mott and Mrs. Stanton might have been content to live out their exceptionally long lives as inconspicuous Quaker housewives. Yet just as Josiah Warren had championed Fanny Wright, and first John Neal and then Thomas Nichols helped Mary Gove to solve her spiritual and marital problems, and Edgar Poe praised Fanny Osgood's mediocre prose with suspicious extravagance—thereby making luscious gossip for their moral betters—so did James Mott and Henry Brewster bend their not inconsiderable energies to publicizing their prim legal mates on platforms and in pamphlets. So high did Mr. Mott's enthusiasm for woman's emancipation run that it was he, rather than Lucretia, who presided over that historic convention at Seneca Falls.

Now had the woman's party, for all its militant piety, remained as cozily domestic as it began, other men might have followed Messrs. Mott's and Stanton's example and, like them, sacrificed their own personal ambitions to the careers of their wives. If they had, then women to-day who seek to become heads of banks and factories and hospitals would have

the admiration rather than the grumbling antagonism of their masculine inferiors.

But for the cause of women's progress in America Mrs. Mott and Mrs. Stanton soon made a serious tactical blunder. Not wholly satisfied with what they were accomplishing for the sex, they sought co-workers and successors even more determined and inspired than themselves. The most conspicuous of these younger recruits were Susan Anthony, Amelia Jenks (known to us now as Amelia Bloomer), the Reverend Antoinette Brown, and, finally, Frances Willard—all of them, at the time they joined the movement, spinsters. The Misses Stone, Jenks, and Brown eventually married; and because they succumbed to this rather prevalent weakness for masculine companionship, the Reverend Antoinette is almost completely forgotten, Mrs. Bloomer is remembered only for the clumsy costumes she bequeathed to girls' basket-ball teams, and Miss Stone for the confusion that we followers of her keep-your-own-name principle cause postmen, hotel clerks, and passport issuers. But Misses Anthony and Willard remained single until their deaths and are therefore easily recalled. And there are few women in America to-day who have not in one way or another felt their unpromisingly feminist influence.

Exactly how far-reaching and how deep this influence has been it is almost impossible to estimate. For so vigorous were the personalities and so compelling the example of these two highminded, indomitable spinsters, that they became a type after which the leading feminists and the presidents and professors of women's colleges deliberately or unconsciously modeled themselves, from the time of the Civil War until well into the twentieth century. And no one could imagine a type more cunningly calculated to antagonize and infuriate men.

Susan and Frank (as Miss Willard encouraged her friends to call her) had precious little patience with the women who tried to persuade men to give them the privileges they so sorely needed.

Belligerently they demanded the rights they considered their due. And it wasn't just freedom and equality they asked for, but dictatorial powers over men. So inexorably was the movement for women's freedom bound up with temperance and (until a fratricidal war finally settled that issue) with the anti-slavery movement, that the leaders of the woman's party conceived it to be their sacred duty to tell the men of the South that they could no longer hold slaves and the men of the entire nation that they could no longer drink liquor. And the followers of Miss Anthony and Miss Willard consecrated themselves to the task of deciding what women should and what men must not do.

There is slight wonder that men disliked these strange brusque creatures, and that the majority of women, trained by their mothers to be modest and complaisant and decorative, looked at them with suspicion and distaste. And it is not much more remarkable, though certainly more pitiable, that even in this century intelligent, ambitious girls retreated in panic from the grimness of feature and harshness of manner that seemed to them prerequisites of woman's progress in the world of men; that they forgot their dreams of careers and exchanged the knowledge they had learned at women's colleges and in female seminaries for the domestic arts of their grandmothers, so that they might not incite in masculine minds the ridicule that poured out in cartoons, in print, and in conversation against the typical feminists.

Thus for some seventy-odd years in America we had a curious and unpleasantly complicated relationship between the sexes. Men opposed and made fun of the women who tried to rise in the professions and businesses which had been for so long considered exclusively masculine, yet patronized and condescended to those who agreed to stay meekly at home. And ambitious, educated women looked down their straight noses at the docility and ignorance of their complaisantly docile sisters, who in their turn felt a certain

contempt for the earnest dowdy females who had no men to love and support them. Altogether it was somewhat difficult for even an exceptionally brilliant woman to live a well-rounded life—to keep the admiration of her own sex without losing the love and respect of the other.

IV

And yet quite unexpectedly the curse which had settled over American women began to be exorcised, and by—or at least along with—the very same force that had brought it into existence. The followers of Miss Willard proved in time to have been over-zealous. Their twin goals—that of allowing women to vote and of denying men the pleasure of drink—were attained within a feminist's birthday of each other.

The result of neither of these two victories was exactly what their most ardent sponsors might have expected. Women accepted their franchise dutifully, but with no great enthusiasm; men did not accept their prohibition at all. Deliberately and riotously they set out to disobey the final sentence in their country's noble document. Their rebellion had a most profound effect upon the customs of the time and ultimately upon their relations with their womenfolk. When American men took upon themselves the hilarious task of violating the eighteenth amendment they not only allowed but encouraged their wives and sweethearts and sisters, even their gray-haired mothers and their adolescent daughters, to assist them in its complete and final demolition. Nobody is yet quite sure why they did this, but there is no doubt that they did. And in the early 1920's women who a few years before would have tittered over a single glass of sherry or gagged over a small sip of rum, were downing corn liquor and home-blended gin as expertly as any man. By the time speak-easies had become America's most characteristic ornaments, ladies had learned to carry their liquor as unflinching as gentlemen.

As soon as men and women learned to drink together they also learned to talk together—to tell each other not only their suppressed sorrows and their favorite laughable stories but their spontaneous thoughts about life and death and money and food. And before long men began to appreciate women, and women to understand men, as they had never done before. The centuries-old dividing line between the sexes became blurred. Men began to learn, often by doing the same things themselves, how women spent their time over stoves and sinks and washboards. And women, even those who had no urgent ambition to conquer a man-made world, learned to regard this world as for hundreds of years only men had been able to see it.

Prohibition of course did not, except in a partial and half-accidental way, bring about this new understanding between men and women. If already, at tea-dances, on hikes, and in the classrooms of co-educational universities young men and women had not already begun to know one another more intimately and sympathetically than they realized, then when the eighteenth amendment was passed men would have gone alone to their speakeasies and left their women at home to sulk. What happened was that this understanding was hastened, and that a relationship that normally might have needed many decades to develop was solidified quickly. This better relationship between men and women is still of course more evident in the larger cities, where women, unattended, can enter bars or liquor stores, or even "take a gander" at a few etchings without attracting criticism or attention to themselves. But even in isolated communities and among people who passed their youth and early middle age in self-conscious respectability the bars are rapidly tumbling down. Circumspect young matrons in small towns will describe to casual male acquaintances such queer practices among their neighbors and such gestatory details as would have made them blush with shame had they dared whis-

per them to their husbands twenty years ago.

It was good that this better understanding between men and women came into being as soon as it did, for by the time speakeasies were being replaced by bread-lines and the activities of bootleggers were giving way before those of relief administrators, there was a great need for women to know man's large world and men to understand woman's conventionally constricted sphere. During the dreary years of the depression it has often been necessary for men and women to exchange their age-old roles—for men to occupy themselves at home and women go out to earn a living, just as a hundred years ago women lectured and wrote stories and edited magazines not because they cared so much about the fame and glory that might come to them but because they cared a very great deal for the homes which the money they earned would keep intact.

To-day, instead of teasing their wives about their careers or trying to persuade them to quit working, most young men are fervently thankful that the young women they marry have the intelligence and education necessary for holding jobs; for often it is these very same outside jobs that make marriages possible and enable young couples to live healthy and relatively happy lives.

Women in America, as in all other countries, have a long way to go before they become the true professional and industrial equals of men. But they will probably, unless America itself blows up in the meanwhile, have plenty of time in which to make the journey. And of this one thing we may feel reasonably certain: whatever honors come to women in the future will come not against the antagonism but with the hearty acclaim of the men who know them. And now that women have learned to understand men as they are, to think as men think, and to worry and laugh as they do, they have already found a firmer foundation for their eventual rise to equality than either they or their critics realize.



DOING BUSINESS IN GERMANY

WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE BUSINESS MAN UNDER NAZI RULE

BY GUNTHER REIMANN

ONE of the fallacies about Fascism which still maintains a tenacious existence in many quarters is that it is the shield of private property. How has this worked out in practice in National Socialist Germany? What has happened to the business man there in the six years which have already passed since Hitler came to power?

It may be said that he is still—if he be full-blooded “Aryan”—nominally master of his business. He is *Fuehrer* of his own shop or factory. His orders must be obeyed by all of his employees, or “followers,” as they are dubbed under the new dispensation, even should some of these be old Party members and he not at all. But he himself has to obey thousands of instructions, decrees, laws, and regulations, covering—and interfering with—all of his business activities.

He is still the proprietor of a business intent on making a profit. At the end of every year he still makes out a balance sheet in an effort to compute that profit. But he is no longer an independent operator; no longer may he run his business the way he wants to. No day passes in which he does not have to petition numerous State Commissars, Control Commissions, or other organizations, to find out how much raw material he may have, how he must operate his factory, at what price he may sell his product and to whom, whether or not he may build an addition to his plant, and how he may invest his surplus funds, if any. A great

part of every day is eaten up in such official conference and correspondence. Of the latter alone a member of the Reich Government recently admitted that it now made up sixty per cent of the entire correspondence of a German manufacturer.

What is really happening to German business is a gradual fusion between private enterprise and State bureaucracy. Nor is there anything accidental about this process: it is an essential element in National Socialist economic practice.

Under this new order the whole form of business, its accent, its risks, have been changed. To-day the main thing is not so much to buy cheaply, gauge the right production, and sell well. The most important thing is to win and retain the favor of the local Party chieftains and the State bureaucrats who control your line of business, to secure State orders, State permits for raw materials or foreign currency, and State authorization of a selling price which will allow you to make a profit. Business men who have been able to adapt themselves to this far-reaching change have survived. Others who could not do so, or not in time, have gone under. Only those engaged in the armaments traffic or enjoying very special Party protection have prospered.

In former days the purchasing agent and the sales manager were among the most important members of a business organization. To-day the emphasis has shifted, and all-important now is a curious

new business aide, a sort of combination "go-between" and public-relations counsel. This person, not the least interesting outgrowth of the Nazi economic system, makes it his job to maintain good personal relations with officials of the Economics Ministry in Berlin, to which city he is constantly traveling; he studies all the new regulations and decrees, knows how to interpret them in his firm's case, and can guess at what is allowed or forbidden, or, in other words, how far one can go without being caught.

Any firm wishing to remain in business must have such a contact man. If possible he should be endowed with a good personal acquaintance with some high official. If a firm cannot find a man with such qualifications they will have to content themselves with a man having contact with a lesser official, who can in his turn bespeak their interests with his superiors, and inform them of how the wind is blowing. Should a firm fail altogether to find a contact man and otherwise have bad luck in establishing good working relations with officialdom, purest "Aryan" though they be, they are liable to be forced out of business.

In no field of German business does this apply so much as in the importing and exporting business. The early morning train from Hamburg to Berlin is so full every day of Hamburg import and export agents or their contact men going to Berlin for permits and authorizations of various kinds that it has come to be known locally as the "Permit Express." You have but to take a seat in a compartment of this train to hear, in the three and a half hours of the journey, a fair cross-section of the story of German foreign trade under the Nazis. Your companions are men filled with a great common sorrow and, German-like, need only the encouragement of a sympathetic hearing to bleat it all out; provided of course they know one another, and you don't show too much curiosity as to their identity.

Take first the story of this plump, bald, rounded-headed gentleman whom we shall call Herr A. He is the head of a

wool-importing firm of fifty-six years' reputation, with a good standing on the London Wool Exchange. Recently, after obtaining permission from the Commissar for Wool Importation and Distribution, the Control Committee, and the Commissar for Foreign Currency, he bought a certain quantity of wool from a London firm. The wool arrived in Hamburg, but the Reichsbank failed to release the foreign currency to him punctually, so that he was unable to pay for it. The wool was therefore put in storage in the "free port," where it piled up charges.

Now the Reichsbank has given him the money, but since the London firm naturally insists that he pay the storage charges, in accordance with international usage, the original amount is not enough. To get the small additional amount of foreign exchange, however, Herr A would have to make fresh approaches to the Commissar for Foreign Currency, the Control Committee, and the Reichsbank. His application would not be decided upon immediately; it would take time. There would be numerous inquiries and considerable correspondence before he would know their decision. In the meantime the wool would be accumulating further storage costs, and if he finally received the money on his second application, he still would not have enough. This is a process without end; he is caught in a vicious circle which seemingly offers no outlet. Any profit which he might have made on the deal has already been eaten up with the cost of correspondence and running round from Commissar to Commissar; he has just consumed two fruitless and aggravating days in the latter process, and all he has to show for his trouble is a thick bundle of letters, application forms, and introductions. Now he is going to make a supreme effort to cut through the entangling red tape: he is going to Berlin to see the *Fuehrer* of his Business Group, to get a letter of introduction to an influential official of the Reichsbank, who has close relations with the Commissar for Foreign Currency, who might clear aside the obstacles and give him his wool!

Herr B's is a quite different problem. He specializes in export trade to South America. He has worked up a considerable business in Solingen steel products there, but is able to beat foreign competition only with the aid of a generous governmental subsidy. This subsidy comes from a fund to which all German industrialists have to contribute, but which is an absolutely confidential matter. The exporter must, in fact, sign a declaration that he will maintain complete secrecy concerning the subsidy, on pain of being branded a "betrayal of State secrets."

To obtain the subsidy the exporter must first prove that he actually has a market for the goods under consideration but (because of the artificially high rate at which the German currency is maintained) only at a price which will mean a loss to him. If his petition is accepted he will be granted a subsidy, which will usually run from 25 to 40 per cent, but may in extreme cases be as much as 80 per cent of the selling price. (In early December it was established at a flat 40 per cent, or just the difference between the German mark and the British shilling.)

The Commissar in charge of the subsidy now tells Herr B that he has been selling at an unnecessarily low price, that according to the experience of other importers he might easily have got more, and that if he maintains his present price-scale his subsidy will be curtailed. He may even be accused of having obtained the subsidy in the first place through a false declaration. Friends in Hamburg who have been through a similar experience have given him an introduction to a certain official in the Ministry of Economics who may be able, as a special favor, to help him out of his trouble.

Still another problem is Herr C's. His firm would like to buy cotton from a foreign exporter who is willing to accept German machinery for the full amount. Therefore no foreign exchange will be necessary for the deal, but merely a permit to carry through such a barter under the Clearing Arrangement. Until re-

cently such barter deals were very easily arranged; now a flood of decrees and restrictions has rendered them very difficult. In the first place, no transactions involving less than 50,000 marks will be even considered. Then, both the goods received and the goods given in return must be handled in one lump, equal to the exact amount.

Herr C is very doubtful if it will be possible to manage this. But he hopes to surmount his difficulties through a personal chat with an important personage in the Ministry of Economics, to whom he carries a letter of introduction from a friend in the Economic Section of the War Ministry. With his ability to reach such people Herr C is a valuable—one might almost say an indispensable—man to his firm, and he knows it. Last week the simple intimation to his employer that a competitive firm had offered him a higher salary was sufficient to secure him an immediate and most satisfactory increase in pay.

Such is the life of that once most independent of German business men, the Hamburg import and export agent. In the old days he decided for himself what he should buy and where he would sell it without asking anybody's advice—especially the advice of anybody in Berlin. To-day he cannot move hand or foot without permit or certificate, quota or allowance. He cannot make the smallest purchase abroad without first noting a hundred new decrees and laws, and filling out and forwarding a score of application forms and petitions. No longer his the pleasure and profit of buying raw materials abroad when they are cheap; he can buy only when he can get foreign currency. If while he is waiting for this the foreign market goes up he must console himself with the hope that the Price Commissar will allow him to raise the price to the home consumer. Usually this authorization is forthcoming and, since there is never any difficulty in finding a buyer for imported raw materials, so scarce are they in Germany, in practice the importer who can secure a grant of foreign currency has

virtually insured himself of a profitable deal without any risk.

The free trade for which Hamburg was so long famous has become a myth, and her important agents are to-day little more than State-employed distributors. But there has been this compensation, for those of them at least who are engaged in such lines as cotton and wool, where there is a quite regular allocation of monthly or quarterly quotas: their profit is as steady and guaranteed as the salary of a well-paid government servant.

II

Turning to the wholesale trader we come to a business man whose field appeared to be entirely doomed at the time of the advent of the Nazis to power: for according to National Socialist theory trading is unproductive and to be eliminated as far as possible. Yet there are still wholesale dealers in Germany who do a good business and make a handsome profit. Just as with the foreign traders, however, this is only possible through good relations with the State authorities. Firms which do not enjoy such contacts and protection get less business and labor under a crippling load of correspondence, taxation, and "voluntary" contributions to Party and public causes.

In a way, the scarcity of many lines of raw materials and manufactured goods has strengthened the hands of the trader who is in possession of such goods or knows how to get them. Yet he is constantly being harassed or hemmed in by new State restrictions. The Reich Food Estate, for example, which has control over the sale of all agricultural products, has leaned so far over to favor the farmer that it has reduced the food dealer's profit almost to the vanishing point.

But ingenuity is no monopoly of democrats, and restrictions can be evaded even in totalitarian states. One of the ways of doing this in Germany is by means of "combination deals" (*Kopplungsgeschäfte*). Goods in Germany may be divided into two general classifications,

those such as food products which are completely State-controlled, usually scarce, and may only be sold at fixed prices allowing a minimum profit, and those, including all "luxury goods" and *Ersatz* (substitute) ware of a hundred varieties, which may be marketed freely and without price restriction. Through "combination deals" the wholesaler tries to force the retailer, in order to get a supply of standard consumer goods, which are scarce and in steady demand, to take a certain amount of luxury or *Ersatz* ware, which will secure the wholesaler a certain profit on the transaction. Such combination deals are forbidden, but in practice they are hard to suppress.

So have evasion, circumvention, and even flagrant violation of the law become the everyday rule of business in Germany. They are dangerous for those lacking strong support in the right quarter, and sometimes the Government, in a show of interest in the consumer, will make an example of some unfortunate trader, but they go on. This is the new business risk which has replaced the former one of rising and falling prices.

III

But the most depressed and the most restricted business man in Germany will not be found in the ranks of the importers or the wholesalers. He is the retailer, more especially the small shopowner; the man who has to take the squeeze between the steadily rising cost of raw materials and production and the rigidly governed retail price level dictated by political exigency; the man who supported Adolf Hitler most staunchly in his fight for power and hoped to gain the most by his triumph, but instead has been the most bitterly disappointed in the development of the Nazi economy.

It isn't that his business routine has been affected so much. He still buys from a wholesale house and sells to the general public in competition with other merchants. But wholesale prices have crept constantly upward all along the

line and the Price Commissar keeps a hawklike eye on him to see that he does not pass this on to the consumer. What little he does make, he will tell you, is grabbed by the tax collector. Again, it isn't that his tax *rate* has increased so much, as that the tax officials watch his sales and purchases as never before and require him to record the smallest amount. There is not even open to him the petty evasion which used to lighten his tax load; he works only for the State to-day, he complains.

But this complaining must be done very circumspectly, for of all business people he is most under the eye, and at the mercy, of the Party. Nor does the Party man whose good-will he must have live in faraway Berlin. He lives right next door or just round the corner. This local Hitler gets a report every day of what is discussed in Herr Schultz's bakery and Herr Schmidt's butcher shop. Should he learn that these gentlemen are doing too much complaining about the quality of the food products which they handle or the rise in taxes he may mark them down as "enemies of the State." That would mean at the very least the cutting of their quota of scarce, and hence highly desirable goods, and it might mean the loss of their business license.

The following story may illustrate the trials of the small shopkeeper under the new regime. It tells of a Berlin locksmith, whom we shall call Herr Z. His is a small but long-established shop; his father owned it before him and his grandfather before that. He had a modest but very steady trade in the neighborhood, consisting mostly of contracts to keep the locks of apartment houses in order. He had never engaged in politics.

About two years ago another locksmith, Herr Y, came into the district and opened a shop directly opposite Z's. Now Y was an old Party member and also belonged to the S.S. or Black Guard. He was a regular attendant at Party functions, and many of the neighbors even suspected him of being connected with the *Gestapo*, the dreaded Secret State Police. It was

remarkable how suddenly a little neighborly complaint gathering would break up when Y came along to join it.

Owing to his strangeness and to this aversion Y's business did not prosper particularly at first. Then gradually a change set in, and it was brought about in this way. In each of the apartment houses with which Z enjoyed a repair contract lived a Nazi house-watcher or block-watcher. These are reliable Party members whose job it is to keep their eye on all the people in their apartment house or their city block and report on anyone who may be suspected to be a "dangerous element." Y knew the local Party secretary well and, waiting his time, denounced Z to him as a "dangerous element" who was always going around criticizing the system and stirring up his customers against it. As a result the local Party secretary found it necessary "in the interests of the State" to instruct the Nazi house-watchers to transfer all their repair business to his friend Y.

It might be thought that considering the conditions facing shopkeepers in Germany to-day there would not be many anxious to join their ranks. Yet there are always some, elderly employees who have saved for years with the dream of making themselves independent in their own shop and raising their family out of the laboring class, and young artisans confident in their ability and enterprise. The latter, as will be seen, stand a far better chance than the former. The opening of new shops must be proved to be "economically justified," but in practice if the young man is "politically reliable" and well-connected in the Party he stands a good chance of getting the financial backing of the Labor Front in setting up his shop. The elder-employee type of would-be entrepreneur, however, has to apply for permission to the National Socialist Association of shop-owners for the line of business concerned. This group usually take the only opportunity they have for venting their spleen and showing their authority, by promptly vetoing the request. If they do sanction

the new venture it will only be in consideration of a very nice "contribution" to the Association. Schacht's economic organ, the *Der Deutsche Volkswirt*, in its long rearguard action for the retention of some freedom of enterprise in the German economy, has often taken up the cause of these thwarted elder employees. To no avail; Party connections and political "soundness" continue to prevail over the older qualifications of adequate savings and long experience.

This limitation on the opening of new shops and the final elimination of all Jewish merchants from business have been the only steps taken by the Nazis toward fulfilling the promises so glibly given during election days, to relieve the small shopkeeper from competition. The little man's real competitors, the large department stores and the red-fronted chain stores, have weathered all the threats of destruction once poured on them by Nazi radicals. They have been "Aryanized," and that is all.

IV

Not so easy to generalize about is the position of the industrialist, so varied and peculiar have been the experiences of different firms and industries. One statement at least may be made, however, which covers the whole of German industry, and that is that the manufacturer has had to do what the State wants or close his factory. The functions of the factory-owner, like those of the export-import agent, have been vitally affected by the new economic order. His main preoccupation is no longer how much to produce and to whom to sell. Now he must concentrate on securing Emergency Certificates for raw materials, allowances for foreign currency with which to buy goods unobtainable in Germany, and permits for an increase in his sale price to make up for the higher costs of operation.

Chief of his worries is his raw material supply. Practically all raw materials are now controlled by Supervisory Committees, which establish the supply quota

for each firm or grant certificates of special "urgency," and issue recommendations to the Commissar for Foreign Currency for permits for the importation of foreign raw materials. If the industrialist depends on State orders he will first have to establish his "political reliability" with the Party, and then make the rounds of numerous government bureaus. When it comes to production he may be held up for weeks through raw-material shortage, or he may suddenly be ordered by the Four Year Plan Commission to step up production immediately. If he fails to satisfy them in this a State Commissar, perhaps an officer from the Economics Section of the War Ministry, may be sent in to take over the management—and at a handsome salary which he will have to foot.

When in consequence of all this bureaucratic interference he finds his costs of production mounting, he must submit his accounts to an exacting examination by the officials of the Price Commissariat in order to gain permission to raise his selling price. Should he feel moved to complain about a competitor receiving special privileges he has to register his protest in the appropriate form with his Group Association which will in turn make representations to the State office concerned. And if, in spite of all this, he should have a profit to show at the end of the year—if he is in any way connected with the armament business he probably will—and should want to invest it, he will have first to provide proof to the State financial authorities that his proposed investment is "in the national interest."

All this correspondence and dealing with the State has meant a tremendous increase in administrative staff. Large firms have added hundreds of clerks who do nothing but fill out questionnaires, forward monthly returns to the Group Association and the Four Year Plan Commission, apply for raw-material certificates, and study the never-ending flood of new decrees. The State, on its side, has matched and far exceeded this bureau-

cratic extension. Such an administrative colossus as was not even achieved during the last war has grown up in Berlin. All State organizations have their headquarters there. So do all business and industrial associations. All big firms which are not located in Berlin and did not previously maintain a branch office there have had to open one; while smaller firms keep a special representative in the capital. The state of a firm's balance sheet at the end of the year may often depend more upon the success or failure of this Berlin representation than upon the efforts of its entire technical staff. The small manufacturer who cannot afford such representation in Berlin is at a great disadvantage, as he has to spend most of his own time running there and back.

What has happened to production costs under such conditions may best be imagined. Yet there are German industrialists who would be well pleased with their year's profit showing could they forget all their other worries and banish thought of the future. Those firms which have been drawn into the vast German re-armament effort have learned that in National Socialist Germany, just as elsewhere, the State's purse-strings are looser when it concerns arms than some other, more prosaic, expenditure. In these days of crisis, where quick delivery of planes, anti-aircraft guns, or cement for fortifications is provided, there is not likely to be much quibbling over the cost-sheets.

Thus firms such as the great Steel Trust, which were on the verge of bankruptcy in 1932, have made a complete recovery, have cleared off their bank debts, and even have something to spare. Some of these have changed over from peacetime machinery or motor production to fabrication of the implements of mechanized warfare. Others produce raw materials such as iron, coal, or cement in great demand for guns, forts, or strategic highways. Still others have launched into the production of *Ersatz* materials which have the aim of making Germany self-

sufficient in wartime, like synthetic gasoline, rubber, textiles, and a hundred other ingenious but expensive substitutes. New difficulties and complications aplenty they certainly have to face, but at least the bogey that nearly vanquished them in 1932, lack of demand, has disappeared. To-day the State gobbles everything they can produce.

Alongside the opulent armaments-maker the manufacturer of consumer goods appears as an unhappy Cinderella. Always a poor second in the scramble for raw materials, he has to take the left-overs or use *Ersatz*. This will usually be of a poorer quality, though at a higher price, necessitating expensive changes in the technical process. To complete the contrast, while the armaments-maker gets his price almost without question if he gives quick delivery, it is extremely hard for the consumer-goods manufacturer to obtain permission for a compensatory increase in his sales price. For political reasons it is not desired to have the price of the goods which the masses buy, such as food, clothing, and textiles, raised noticeably.

In consequence of this discrimination and restriction it is not uncommon for a consumer-goods manufacturer to turn from the making of standard fixed-price mass products to "luxury" goods, which have a more flexible price range. The Nazi periodical *Der Aufbau* in its issue No. 1 for 1938 expressed resentment at this. "While in principle," it said, "no increase has taken place in clothing prices, in practice the cheaper lines of men's and women's clothing have become very scarce and the citizen has to accept higher price goods. This is due purely to the passion for profit in the manufacturer and dealer. It must be made clear to these people that the raw materials distributed to them are not to be used in this perverted way."

In the food field the Reich Food Estate maintains a rigid control over products and prices, dictating the quantity which each food-products factory shall turn out and even closing down individual factories at its discretion. A good deal of

such elimination has been carried out in the dairy business, causing no little suffering and discontent. In its issue of July 22, 1938, the *Molkereizeitung*, organ of the Association of Dairymen, gave cautious expression to this dissatisfaction, disavowing before its members all responsibility for the official policy which it was forced to carry out.

V

Of all the battle cries of National Socialism during the years of its climb to power none rings out so fiercely and often as: "Down with interest slavery!" They would make short work of banking for private profit. What, in actual fact, have they done? They have sold back into private hands a number of banks which were "rescued" by the State and left in its control during the financial crash of 1931. The great iron, steel, and coal magnates of the Ruhr have been the purchasers. Flat on their back in 1932, these industrial giants have picked up such profits from the arms traffic as to be able not only to clear off their bank debts but to buy the banks. They have achieved a control of the latter such as even that magnate of magnates, Hugo Stinnes, did not possess.

Now the industrialists are casting about to found some other type of financial institution to handle their surplus funds. For "private" though their banks may be again, they have no shred of independence. They are a part of the State machine for sucking up credit to finance the Government's spending. The better to do this their presidents must watch over their depositors' investments, to see that these are in line with official policy. They can back no new enterprise, float no share issue, without the permission of the Four Year Plan Commission and the Reichsbank. Allowed no freedom and little profit, their only private privilege appears to be the carrying of all the risk.

The big industrialists, and the big agrarians as well, are none too pleased with affairs, in spite of their seemingly

miraculous financial recovery and their strengthened monopolies. They have been forced to throw all of their fine profits and sometimes their original capital too into Four Year Plan enterprises, which they consider extremely risky. One example of these ventures is the vast Hermann Goering Iron Works, organized to exploit exceedingly low-grade German iron-ore deposits. Others are the great plants rushed up to make synthetic gasoline, rubber, and textiles, which may or may not turn Germany into an "economic fortress" in time of war, but whose peacetime usefulness is certainly hard to see, with costs of production running to two and three times the world market price for natural raw materials.

The industrialists wonder how long the State will be able to go on financing the armaments boom, and what will happen to them if it collapses. They are much more anxious about the future than about the present, and would like to find some way to invest their money so as to tide them over the next crisis. But the State does not allow them to do this. These big business men, accustomed to ruling over great trusts, have become as dependent on the State power as the small shopkeeper. If they disobeyed it they would be forced out of business.

There was a time when the German civil service was a model of incorruptibility and German business maintained a certain code. That time has passed. The development of the Nazi economic system has led to a decay of business morality in the Reich. The reader will have already judged, I think, that there was bound to be corruption in a system where powerful political protection is needed to prosper, where State bureaucrats hold the life or death of an enterprise in their hands, and where the basis of that system is still private property and profit. The business man has gradually learned that those who stuck to the old rules of honest and open dealing simply could not survive the economic struggle in conditions such as exist to-day.

Respect for the sanctity of commercial

contracts and treaties has virtually disappeared. Experience has taught that the right of ownership as such no longer exists, but can be variously interpreted by the application of the criteria: "interests of the State" and "welfare of the community." Business men no longer hurry to prosecute for breach of contract; for, sound as their case may be, the defendant may turn out to have better political connections, and in Nazi Germany judges are as responsible as anybody else to Party secretaries. Should they themselves be prosecuted by a foreign firm, however, they are quick enough to adopt the same defense slogan, "interests of the State," and thus it is almost impossible for a foreign firm to win a case in a German court. And even if it be given the decision the foreign firm has won only a technical victory, for the Reichsbank never releases foreign currency to pay such claims. In practice, therefore, German firms may break buying contracts abroad at will, or on the orders of the State Commissar concerned, should the world price drop, and repurchase elsewhere at a lower price.

Under the circumstances most German business men have become cynical. They despise the Nazi bureaucrats who piously claim to be "defending State interests," but at the same time they have to keep up a pretense of respect and good fellowship.

Often they adopt the same hypocritical phrases, "welfare of the community" and so on to cover their own deals, and end up by despising themselves. But they can see no escape, and when in public still take good care to speak of conditions in the country as *wunderbar*.

VI

What conclusions can one set down about the position of business and of business men in Germany? Has the individual operator any private role left at all? Or has he become a mere cog in the State machine? According to National Socialist doctrine "private gain must yield

to the welfare of the community." Private property can be, and is, expropriated with or without compensation, with the sole justification that it is "in the interests of the State." This pretext has sufficed for the confiscation of the huge Jewish property throughout the Reich and large Catholic properties in Austria. Occupation of new territories such as Austria and the Sudetenland will always be accompanied by the wholesale expropriation of the property of those declared to be "enemies of the State." The same convenient phrase has served to cover the confiscation of many a coveted property in the old Reich. This insecurity of private property has produced consternation among those capitalists who thought that the Nazis would merely protect the rights of private property and halt there.

Yet private property still exists in Germany, as we have seen. It has even grown, as in the resale of the former private banks and the State's interest in the Steel Trust. In the same way, competition has been greatly limited, yet there are still firms struggling against one another for very existence. From business men like this the Nazi economy has taken all the profit and zest and left only the risk and worry.

The long-term tendency in Germany is all toward more complete State control of business, and the struggle of the conservative industrial and financial interests for a return to freer enterprise becomes more and more feeble. For a time they enjoyed the powerful support of Dr. Schacht, but his influence has long been on the wane. Recently the chief Party organ *Der Voelkische Beobachter* predicted that "a new type of individual will arise in the economic field who will enjoy living dangerously and who by his individual efficiency will create real freedom of economic action for himself."

To Germany's business men, harassed by the Party, dogged by State Commissars at every move, insecure, worried about present and future, the Nazi "economists" can only toss the slogan "Live Dangerously!"



SETTER AND TERRIER

A STORY

BY PRESTON QUADLAND

STEVE POPPAS, owner of the Marathon Café, smiled as he looked out of the back window at two dogs searching for food in the ash barrel. They never would upset the barrel again, because he had wired it down; and he had seen to it that they would find nothing to eat.

Setter and Terrier were at the barrel. Setter said:

"Just ashes."

"Nothing but ashes," added Terrier disappointed.

"Bones are as rare as graveyards," remarked Setter.

"They are," returned Terrier. "But in my day I've known them more plentiful than butlers' gravy."

As Setter stretched his long forepaws up to the rim of the barrel to give a final sniff, Terrier said:

"You're frightfully thin."

"Not from choice," replied Setter.

"Furthermore, you need a bath," added Terrier.

"Indeed I do," Setter agreed. "On the farm on warm days I'd take a deep breath and wade into the brook up to my neck. A little green frog with gold bands round his eyes used to sit on the bank and gulp at me. If my feet got muddy from the bottom of the stream I'd wipe them off by leaping through the high grass. It's great fun; the long grass tickles your stomach and makes you laugh. Here in the city I don't get a bath till it rains."

Getting down on all fours, he said:

"But we both need a bath."

Terrier blinked pink eyes and gazed sorrowfully at his unkempt coat. "I could still be a gentleman," he said. "My master was a gentleman; he took two baths a day."

"Excessive bathing enervates me," said Setter. "Was your master a lazy fellow?"

"Oh, no."

"Where is he now?"

"Master went to Europe over six weeks ago," replied Terrier gravely. "That very day the butler opened the back door to me and said 'Shool' just as if I were any common house fly. When I didn't budge he gave me a shove with his foot and almost shut my tail in the door."

"I always wanted to be a gentleman," said Setter, "even though they wear red caps when they go hunting."

Carefully Terrier measured him.

"I might find a place for you as a gentleman's gentleman," he said. "You don't bark at the moon do you?"

"When I'm happy . . . when I race through the fields at night."

"Barking will never do," admonished Terrier. "Yipping's more the style. Do you know the old dowager who wears pearls on her toes?"

"I can't say that I do," replied Setter. "But I know the scents in the wind and the weather side of a goat."

"Do you know the men who slip on scatter rugs?"

"Yes, them I know," said Setter. "And I know the sound of the pussy willows."

"Do they go swish, swish?"

"No," said Setter laughing.

"How then?"

"Did you ever hear the mushrooms grow overnight?"

"No," replied Terrier.

"Then I can't explain it," said Setter, "for it's very much like that. It's like the oozing of pitch from the pine trees too, a very peculiar and particular sound."

"Is it like a small mouse running over the attic floor?"

"Not at all. But it is not unlike the sound of a mole walking deep in his burrow."

"Is it like the maid snoring on the top floor when you're down in the cellar?"

"I'm afraid you don't catch the idea," said Setter.

"My dear fellow, your ears are way too keen for a gentleman's gentleman," remarked Terrier.

A door slammed and heavy footsteps came toward the ash barrel. The dogs scampered to a safe distance and then started walking. Terrier had a difficult time catching up with the larger dog.

"I believe," said Terrier puffing, "that we might see if my master's home. He seldom stays away longer than six weeks."

"Is your master happy by nature?" asked Setter.

"Not particularly," replied Terrier. "The happiest I ever saw him was one day he came home late from the office. He was dressing for dinner and I distinctly remember he had a slight bruise on one knee. Patting me on the head, he smiled and called me by name, saying, 'Pepys, old boy, what in the world do you do for excitement?'"

"Is your master tall?" asked Setter.

"Quite."

"Does he wear a beard?"

"Once he did. I was lying on the rug resting when the telephone rang and master began shouting into the mouthpiece. Then he hurried out of the house and I didn't see him for four days; when he returned he had a beard."

"Beards grow fast," said Setter.

"They do," agreed Terrier.

"Some faster than others of course."

"On blond men they show less," replied Terrier.

"On light-haired women too," said Setter.

"Women don't have beards."

"Don't they though!" exclaimed Setter. "My master's grandmother had a gray one."

Setter sniffed the air.

"Is your master old?" he asked.

"Forty-two his last birthday," replied Terrier.

"And stout?"

"Not when I last saw him. But sometimes he changes from middling to stout in a few weeks; and back again to middling in about six months or a year."

"The goldenrod fades to mere stalk in the fall," said Setter, "then grows again in the spring."

"Master never went that far," said Terrier.

Setter gazed up at the sky.

"Is your master nice?" he asked.

"He's fastidious," replied Terrier.

"What's that?"

"That's keeping the towels arranged just so in the bathroom."

"I think I see," said Setter. "Otherwise, does he have any faults?"

"He makes me sleep in a basket."

"In a basket!" cried Setter. "Don't you feel like needles and thread?"

"Every Monday I feel like the laundry," said Terrier. "It's that kind of a basket."

Setter, from nose to tail, seemed very long beside the other. He was in front of and behind him at the same time, so that you could see Terrier only by looking at the two dogs from the right direction.

"One ought to be wary of strangers," remarked Terrier, looking up.

Setter said: "The thistle has a blossom loaded with nectar."

Terrier eyed him with interest.

"You seem a simple chap," he said. "Tell me about yourself."

Setter thought for a while.

"I like to be happy, as few people do," he said finally. "Sometimes I bark at people, but I wouldn't bite them because I love them too much. Sometimes I

even bark at myself. Often I bark for no reason at all, if the wind is cool and the maples are whispering. Sometimes I bark when I hear an animal passing in the night and the hair rises on my back. But most of the time I'm silent and if my stomach is full I'm content just to doze."

"Why did you come here?" asked Terrier.

"My master came to get a job. Because his money ran low I ran away, thinking I'd shift for myself and go back when he was better off, although he always fed me well. I returned a few weeks ago, but he was gone. There was an old hat of his in the alley beside his window."

"You never should let loose from a good provider," said Terrier. "Bread is for them who can teach others to share it."

"The old hen on the farm used to say that you don't build your nest for the sake of the weasels," replied Setter.

"Do old hens know the answers?"

"If minds are sharp and spirits young," said Setter.

They walked along in silence, shying away from automobiles in the road when people forced them off the sidewalks. An old woman tried to pat Setter on the head and he would have liked to stop, but Terrier told him you couldn't trust women and made him hurry by.

Setter didn't like that. Women were all right, he thought. They were part of the Great Scheme. Women were just as necessary as fire or water or pain.

Setter suddenly was struck with the fact that he needed a bath and said:

"You don't miss being clean till you're dirty."

"Cleanliness is next to saintlessness," said Terrier.

"Godliness," corrected Setter.

"I knew it was something like that," said Terrier.

"A common expression; but people do many common things."

"They do," said Terrier.

"Like drinking coffee in the morning."

Terrier said:

"I drink milk. It's good for stomach ulcers."

"Do you have ulcers?" asked Setter.

"No," replied Terrier, "but master does."

"I like milk," said Setter.

Setter stepped back to let a woman pass in front of him.

"Her clothes sound like a light spring frost," he said.

They came into a better part of the city, where the dogs they saw were clean and turned aside their heads as they walked by. Terrier lifted his head and held it high, his carriage cocky as could be, his tail curved upward. Here he felt somewhat ashamed of Setter, whose tail drooped.

"We're not far from home," said Terrier.

"What do you have for dinner?" asked Setter, thinking of roast beef.

"Usually dog food out of a can."

"Out of a can!" exclaimed Setter, who thought only maple syrup and salve came in cans.

"It's specially prepared," said Terrier. "It has all the vitamins."

"What are vitamins?" asked Setter. "Bone and gristle?"

"No."

"What then?"

"A, B, D, and G."

"What?"

Terrier repeated.

Setter said:

"Didn't you ever chase your breakfast before the sun comes up, and leap over stone walls so hungry you could take a bite out of a fence post?"

"My vitamins don't run," said Terrier.

"Honestly," cried Setter in amazement, "haven't you ever raced past a woodchuck just to hear his teeth clatter?"

"No," replied Terrier, "but I have eaten well. Wait till you taste dog food out of a can; it's more sanitary."

Setter declared Terrier's master must be a wise man to get dog food out of a can.

"Do you know who was the smartest man in the world?" asked Terrier.

"Tell me," replied Setter.

Terrier said:

"Solomon."

"I never heard of him," returned Setter.

"Was he smarter than the firefly who sits on your tongue when you bite at him and then lights up your mouth to see where your teeth are?"

Terrier bobbed his head affirmatively.

"What about the old mink who stole the bait out of my master's trap?" asked Setter. "Was Solomon smarter than he?"

"What does a mink know?" scoffed Terrier.

"He's smarter than the trout because he feeds on trout."

"Feeds on trout?" said Terrier.

"Yes," replied Setter. "In that lies the Story of the World."

"All I know is that people say Solomon was the wisest man who lived," said Terrier.

"Wisdom is another matter."

Setter said nothing for a while and then added:

"I wonder if Solomon was wiser than the bud that breaks into flower and perfumes the whole garden?"

Setter knew by the jauntiness of Terrier's step that they were in a familiar neighborhood.

The houses frightened Setter. They were all attached to one another so that you couldn't race between them in a pinch. You could run only in two directions—forward and backward. He felt that a boot might pop out of a doorway at any moment and catch him in the ribs or someone might come rushing down front steps to frighten him away.

"This is the street I live on," said Terrier proudly, as they rounded a corner. "We like it here but it's expensive."

"It's all man-made," remarked Setter.

"Man-made?"

"Yes," said Setter. "They've removed Nature and replaced her with bricks and steel."

"Land is at a premium in the city," replied Terrier.

"There is no land in the city," said

Setter. "Just buildings and pavement."

Setter continued:

"What do you suppose city angleworms do at night when they can't come up to the surface for air?"

"You're an odd chap," said Terrier.

"You know," said Setter laughing, "sometimes in the early morning I used to creep up and grab an angleworm by the nose and then pull backward just to see him stretch."

Setter became thoughtful.

"Ambition does strange things to people," he said.

"You, ambitious!" cried Terrier.

"I was thinking of master," said Setter.

"Oh. What about him?" asked Terrier.

"He wants to be a bookkeeper," replied Setter.

Without the slightest warning Terrier gave a low whine of joy and raced toward a man and woman coming down the steps of one of the houses. Setter followed close behind.

When Terrier reached them he began to leap against the man's trousers.

"Get away!" cried the man, trying to push him off with his foot.

"Scat!" exclaimed the woman.

Setter stood safely at the curb.

Changing his tactics, Terrier started to leap against the woman.

"Why, Robert, it's Pepys," she cried. "The little wretch is positively filthy!"

The man reached down and picked him up by the neck.

"So he is!" he said gruffly.

Setter thought the woman looked beautiful.

The door to the house opened and a butler came down the steps.

"It's Pepys," said the man to the butler. "Here, take the little beast and give him a bath; then see that he doesn't get off his leash again."

The butler took Terrier with a firm hand and accidentally pinched him hard. Pepys yipped.

Setter looked on as Terrier was carried back up the steps and the man and woman got in a car and drove away.



SULFANILAMIDE

THE STORY OF A GREAT MEDICAL DISCOVERY

BY JOHN PFEIFFER

This paper is based in large part on material furnished by Dr. Ralph R. Mellon, of the Institute of Pathology of The Western Pennsylvania Hospital, Pittsburgh. Dr. Mellon, Scientific Director of the Institute, and his associates, Drs. Paul Gross and Frank B. Cooper, are the authors of a recent volume entitled *Sulfanilamide Therapy of Bacterial Infections*.—*The Editors*.

A SIX-YEAR-OLD girl lay on a hospital bed, gasping for breath. She had a temperature of 106 degrees; the peculiar, jerky motions of her eyes showed that the muscles controlling them were partly paralyzed. The girl was suffering from spinal meningitis and this almost invariably fatal disease in such an advanced stage usually causes death within a few hours. The fluid that filled the child's spinal canal wasn't clear and colorless as it should have been, but thick, cloudy, and alive with millions of streptococcus germs. Yet in this case death did not come. Doctors injected small amounts of a drug into the girl's tissues and watched carefully for results. They were prompt in coming; in two weeks the child was cured.

The life-saving drug was a white powder which the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry of the American Medical Association named sulfanilamide. According to Dr. Mellon's book on the subject, the first case to be treated in this country was that of a research worker in the laboratory of its authors. The patient made a speedy recovery from a generalized streptococcal peritonitis following removal of the appendix, which had become so gangrenous that it had sloughed off into the pool of pus which surrounded it.

For years medical authorities had

argued that bacteria were naturally safeguarded from treatment of diseases by special chemicals; now for the first time doctors had a synthetic chemical that produced unmistakably beneficial results in the fight against infectious diseases. Furthermore, sulfanilamide's healing powers are not limited to a single type; this substance and closely related chemicals have produced startling cures in a wide variety of germ-diseases. Every month technical papers on sulfanilamide appear in the world's medical journals, and so rapidly are chemical compounds now being investigated that physicians already find it almost impossible to keep up with the latest research. Thus there is already a bibliography of 305 papers which have been digested for the book on which this paper was, in large part, based. Out of this mass of work, facts on certain diseases may be selected as examples of the drug's most effective use.

Maternal welfare is one of the country's biggest problems. More than half of the annual 2,000,000 births take place in families that are either on relief or whose total income is less than \$1,000, and each year 14,000 mothers die at childbirth. One of the causes of these deaths is child-bed fever, a devastating infection by bacteria that invade the wounds of childbirth. Sulfanilamide was first tried as a

treatment for this disease two years ago in England, where the over-all childbed-fever death rate was 22.8 per cent. Dr. Leonard Colebrook, a research man in London, treated 200 stricken mothers with the white drug and succeeded in cutting mortality figures to about 5 per cent. Furthermore, mothers were able to return to their families sooner, because sulfanilamide administrations halved the time necessary for complete recovery. Tests conducted in a Paris maternity hospital, show that the chemical may also be used to *prevent* childbed fever; well over 2,000 mothers were treated on admission to the hospital and after delivery. Although there were some cases of the disease, not a single death occurred throughout an entire year—a unique experience in the institution's history. As a result of treatments in the United States, it is estimated that 2,000 mothers are saved from childbed fever each year.

In other diseases sulfanilamide is no less effective. Erysipelas, originally called St. Anthony's Fire, is a burning and itching skin disease that usually kills one or two out of every twenty persons it attacks. It is particularly deadly at the extremes of age, its infant mortality rate ranging from 75 per cent upwards. Medical records of 1,000 sulfanilamide-treated cases, however, show a death rate of less than one per cent. Seventy-five to ninety per cent of gonorrhea cases are benefited by the drug—most of them in three to five days—and the list of further diseases that have responded to sulfanilamide treatment includes scarlet fever, epidemic meningitis, acute tonsillitis, septic sore throat, and possibly undulant fever. And medical tests may find as yet unknown uses for the chemical that brings about the destruction of many kinds of germs and has saved thousands of lives and may save millions more.

The initial applications of the drug to pneumonia originated at The Western Pennsylvania Hospital's Research Institute. The investigators selected for their studies the deadliest of all the 32 pneumonia germs, which is Type III. After

finding that sulfanilamide gave splendid results when fed to pneumonia-stricken rats, they gave it to a series of 25 patients who were afflicted with this highly fatal Type III germ. At the same time 54 Type III cases received only nursing care, symptom-relieving medicines, and rest. Four out of five of the sulfanilamide-treated cases recovered; among the untreated cases four out of five died! Since that time other physicians have met with similar success. To-day the application of the drug is being successfully extended to most of the other 32 types of pneumonia infection.

These results were foreshadowed by reason of a new yardstick employed by the Pittsburgh investigators, whose purpose was a forecast of the probable effects of the drug in man. The innovation consisted in using rats instead of mice, the usual test animal, because other investigators had just shown that a typical humanlike pneumonia could be produced in rats. Inasmuch as it has never proved feasible to produce a pneumonia in mice, it was believed that the rat would provide a more valid comparison with the human than had proved to be the case with the mouse.

Most other pneumonia investigators had all but discarded sulfanilamide's possibilities in pneumonia, largely as the result of disappointing tests in the mouse. Meanwhile, the doctors themselves have been supplying the best sort of evidence that the mouse is not too trustworthy when used to assay the possibilities of a new drug for pneumonia in man.

So let us examine what the doctors have been saying through their medical journals during the past year. It is clearly understood by medical men everywhere that meningitis caused by the pneumonia germ is almost 100 per cent fatal, a figure not even remotely approached in pneumococcal pneumonia. Therefore it is obvious that these patients provide an ideal acid-test for any drug suspected of having curative powers against the pneumococcus germs.

Since the year 1888 only 75 authenti-

cated cases of meningitis, according to one authority, have recovered under any and all forms of therapy, including spontaneous cures. Within the past year or so 40 cases of pneumococcal meningitis have recovered under sulfanilamide, a fact that may scarcely be attributed to chance. In fact, it must be interpreted as quite the opposite, in view of recent experiments published from the Research Institute at The Western Pennsylvania Hospital. These experiments showed that in rats it is possible to produce with the pneumonia germ a meningitis which, if untreated, has the same mortality as occurs in man, which is virtually 100 per cent. But when these meningitis rats are given oral treatments with sulfanilamide 60 to 75 per cent of them recover. This percentage is appreciably raised (90 per cent) when the sulfanilamide treatment is combined with the new rabbit serum developed at the Rockefeller Institute. Especially was this the case when the infecting dose was an overwhelming one.

It has already been implied that an appraisal of a drug's successful action in pneumonia requires many more patients than for the more highly fatal meningitis. This is not due solely to the lower mortality of pneumonia, but also to the startling fluctuations in mortality, which depend in part on the virulence and type of the infecting pneumococcus. They also depend on the season and on geographical location, and finally on the "resistance" of the individual patient. It is obvious that these several factors acting singly or in combination make for a highly variable disease, which renders difficult an evaluation of a drug's curative powers even in well conducted clinical studies; in those not so well conducted their evidential value may be well-nigh useless.

Fortunately there is now at hand an excellent study, soon to be published. This report deals with a study of 115 sulfanilamide-treated cases embracing nearly all of the 32 types of pneumococcal pneumonia. By way of comparison they treated at the same time 40 cases

with the well-known Felton serum, and in addition studied 94 patients who were untreated, in the sense that they received no specific therapy.

The mortality rate was 15.7 per cent for the entire sulfanilamide group, and 30.8 per cent for the untreated group. The death rate in 57 cases of Types I, II, V, VII, and VIII pneumonia treated with sulfanilamide was 10.5 per cent as contrasted with 27.5 per cent in 40 cases of the same types treated with serum. In those patients where the infection was present in the blood as well as in the lung the figures are especially striking when it is considered that their mortality is normally from 2 to 3 times as high as in pneumonia patients whose blood is germ free. Thus in 21 blood-infected cases treated with sulfanilamide there were 7 deaths (33.5 per cent mortality); in the 12 serum-treated cases there were 6 deaths (50 per cent); and in 15 untreated cases there were 13 deaths, or a mortality of 86 per cent.

An accumulation of the results from a sufficiently large number of patients, conducted thoroughly from most every standpoint, as was the case here, will eventually serve to define the proportions of the assault which sulfanilamide is making against this formidable disease. Meanwhile there can be no reasonable doubt that in pneumonia therapy the new drug is establishing a substantial place for itself; it is for future studies to answer the question: how big is this place?

We have already touched on the fact that fluctuations in the resistance of different human beings contributes to the mortality of pneumonia, a disease that kills more than 2 million of the world's population each year, and rates fourth among the causes of death. Sulfanilamide-for-pneumonia research has thrown new light on the real meaning of one's "natural resistance"—a high-sounding phrase for a multitude of medical "we-don't-knows." When an epidemic strikes into a thickly settled population research men have always been interested in the

untouched persons who continue to work, eat, and sleep while their fellowmen are dying next door, and even in the same room. The investigators have asked themselves the question: what is the cause of this special resistance of some individuals to infection? One answer at least has been given by The Western Pennsylvania Hospital's experiments. Where formerly natural resistance was a phrase that had been used to describe that indefinite something that the unaffected possessed and the other lacked, it has recently become possible by a simple test to put it into the black-and-white realm of actual fact.

By dipping rabbits in a cold bath and then finding how long it took them to warm up, the investigators found this proved to be a test of the animals' "natural resistance" to pneumonia infections, which in man can be measured by the pick-up in oxygen consumption. If in these cold-bath tests the rabbits warm up slowly they offer little resistance when a few pneumococci are injected into their blood, and most of them die. On the other hand nine out of ten water-dipped rabbits which warm up rapidly can overcome dozens of potent germs without much trouble. The connection between these facts and sulfanilamide treatment is shown in experiments where the drug alone has been able to save only 25 per cent of pneumonia-stricken rabbits with low physical fitness ratings. But when body-strengthening vitamins such as C or B₁ are given to such rabbits along with sulfanilamide, the rate of recovery rises to 75 per cent. Investigators at Harvard Medical School and the Boston City Hospital have found that the weakened heart condition of chronic alcoholics is due to a marked vitamin B₁ deficiency in their diet. Because of the strain put on the heart by pneumonia they have advocated the administration of this vitamin in such cases because of the very high mortality in them. Support for this practice is strengthened by the favorable influence of vitamin B₁ in rabbits whose natural resistance to pneumococci has been low-

ered. In pneumonia at least, sulfanilamide works best in a strong and healthy body. At present an up-to-date physician takes a sample of a patient's sputum and has it examined under the microscope to discover which of the thirty-two types of pneumococci are present. Then, if the patient has germ Type I, II, or VIII in his body, the doctor selects serum I, II, or VIII and injects it into the patient. Where such serum treatments have been used they have cut pneumonia death rates greatly, but the inconvenience and considerable expense incident to sputum typing and serum administration would be avoided were there a single chemical that would kill all or most of the 32 types. Furthermore, there are many rural areas where there are no typing laboratories and, partly as a result of this, it is estimated that only five per cent of the pneumonia patients who would benefit from serum treatment actually receive it. The cost of serum treatment for a single pneumonia patient is upwards of one hundred dollars and sometimes more; with sulfanilamide a nonpatentable drug, the cost would be a few dollars at most.

At present two other chemicals are being tested to combat pneumonia. The Mellon Institute in Pittsburgh has a drug called hydroxyethylapocupreine—nicknamed No. 7; while research men in England are busy experimenting with a substance titled M&B-693. Of especial interest in this connection is the fact that the English preparation is a modification of sulfanilamide. This substance is claimed to be as effective in mice against most types of pneumococci as is sulfanilamide itself against hemolytic streptococci. Furthermore, of 100 human cases treated with it only eight have died; as against 27 out of 100 untreated cases. However, careful scrutiny of this clinical report leaves much to be desired by way of important data that are so necessary in reaching an unbiased conclusion. To a lesser extent the same reservation must be entertained with respect to the animal experiments.

Nevertheless, confirmatory clinical reports have begun to appear from our own country. Dr. Cecil of Cornell Medical School has recently reported several Type III pneumonia cases of advanced age that recovered under this newest drug in the sulfanilamide family. He is quoted as having ventured the opinion that by reason of its action on many types of pneumococci this drug may supplant the expensive serums which have to be made specifically for each type of the disease. In this respect however the drug is not superior to plain sulfanilamide whose action appears to cover the entire range of 32 types of pneumonia.

This point requires emphasis because even among medical men the erroneous impression has grown up that only Type III infections were cured by it; and even here a certain doubt has been expressed because the patients treated had not been of an advanced age where the mortality is very high. However, a very recent study should clarify this point, inasmuch as eight of the series of nine cases reported ranged in age from 53 to 72 years—the ninth case being eighteen years of age. All nine patients recovered under ordinary sulfanilamide! Thus the earlier results of the Pittsburgh investigators are reinforced.

The fact that some of the world's greatest chemists and physicians are joining the hunt for germ-killing compounds, is almost entirely due to the discovery of sulfanilamide. This finding has encouraged believers in chemotherapy, many of whom were formerly regarded as medical idealists or crackpots.

The diseases in which sulfanilamide is most effective are caused by bacteria; but there is another disease-producing entity, the filtrable viruses, called "contagium vivium"—living contagion—by old-time physicians. Viruses are responsible for sleeping sickness, infantile paralysis, yellow fever, the common cold, and a host of other diseases, but because they are of sub-microscopic dimensions, it has been nearly impossible to subject them to modes of study applicable to bacteria.

Yet even in this little explored field, sulfanilamide has set scientists thinking in terms of chemotherapy and some experiments with virus diseases have already been performed.

Investigators at the National Institute of Health in Washington found that for some unknown reason a compound containing this drug, while it was powerless to destroy bacteria, proved strikingly potent in curbing a virus-caused mouse infection known as choriomeningitis. This malady, however, is a comparatively unimportant one, even in mice, and the favorable results here would not necessarily lead to the view that the compound would affect any of the viruses that cause major illnesses in man.

Nevertheless, it may have proved an incentive in this direction and within the past year there have been indications that sulfanilamide is helping to point the way toward the development of a virus-conquering chemical. Investigators at Columbia University used a newly developed compound called sodium-sulfanilyl-sulfanilate with remarkable curative effects in treating the virus-caused distemper in ferrets, rabbits, and cats. Distemper viruses of animals are closely related to those that cause influenza and the common cold in man, and while the Columbia physicians are framing experiments to make use of this fact, others here and abroad are trying sulfanilamide-related substances to combat human influenza infection in mice.

At a recent meeting of the American Chemical Society three research chemists of the Calco Chemical Company in Bound Brook, N. J., announced a sulfanilamide derivative—2,5-bis sulfanilamidobenzene sulfonic acid—that partially immunized 500 mice to human influenza viruses. These men, however, at the same time sounded a commendable note of scientific warning to the over-enthusiastic: "Caution is expressed against assuming that any of the compounds . . . which have been found effective in mice . . . will be equally suitable in human therapy."

Sometimes, however, a little enthusiasm is excusable. It is a rare thing in medical history to find a chemical that is fatal to the germs of even a single disease. But when sulfanilamide came along with its remarkable effects in several wholly different infectious maladies and when substances related to this chemical were found to combat certain mysterious viruses, the whole outlook for chemotherapy was changed. Germs or viruses, whether they are alive or dead, are essentially combinations of chemicals, and sulfanilamide strikes at a large number of these disease-producing agents.

The first report of the successful treatment of sulfanilamide in a virus disease affecting man comes from an army surgeon, and as such is of special interest. This disease causes tumor-like swellings of the lymphatic glands in the groin, and is known to medical men as "granuloma inguinale." Of a series of fifteen cases treated with sulfanilamide, thirteen are reported by Dr. Hamilton to have become symptom-free. Considered as a whole, the results so far obtained in animals and man may be viewed as a promising inroad into the important field of viruses, and naturally raise increased hope for ultimate success in the field of influenza and infantile paralysis.

II

The discoverer of sulfanilamide was a man named Gelmo. He wasn't a famous scientist or a doctor devoting his life to humanity; he was, in fact, an industrial chemist employed by one of the world's largest chemical manufacturers, Germany's vast dye trust: the I. G. Farbenindustrie. About thirty years ago he was busy day in and day out in one of his firm's hundreds of laboratory rooms, making chemicals, many of which had never been synthesized before. Among these was a coal tar derivative with the ponderous name of para-aminobenzene-sulfonamide, which later was mercifully contracted to sulfanilamide.

This chemical was duly classified, but

its medical powers weren't even suspected. Another substance, No. 606 (Salvarsan) was attracting considerable attention as a cure for syphilis, and the great name in medicinal chemistry was that of its discoverer, Dr. Paul Ehrlich, the founder of modern chemotherapy. Then in the 1920's doctors at New York's Rockefeller Institute obtained a quantity of sulfanilamide and combined it with quinine compounds that were showing a remarkable ability to destroy the germs of pneumonia. They hoped in this manner to increase the germ-killing power of the quinine-like substances, but since sulfanilamide had now become locked in a tight chemical bond with these drugs, it couldn't exert its curative powers and its germ-killing ability remained undiscovered.

In 1932 two German laboratory workers linked sulfanilamide to a naphthalene-containing chemical closely related to certain moth repellants. In this manner they obtained a red dye, prontosil, and for three years Rhineland physicians tried it in their clinics. Isolated reports filtered into medical journals concerning the favorable effects of the new drug in treating cases of blood poisoning and other infections; then a series of papers appeared in rapid-fire succession and startled medicine with a series of strange facts.

When prontosil was poured into a test tube teeming with streptococcus germs, the bacteria went on living almost as if nothing out of the ordinary had occurred. Yet the chemical was deadly to the very same germs in the bodies of infected mice. This mystery was finally cleared up by a group of investigators at the Pasteur Institute in Paris, who discovered that the body breaks the bond between the mothball and sulfanilamide components of prontosil and that the latter substance was the one that was doing the germ-killing.

From this time on, the tremendous value of sulfanilamide was rapidly established but, looking back, it is apparent that the events leading to its discovery as

a great therapeutic drug, were governed to no small extent by good fortune. The Rockefeller Institute workers and, later, the two German chemists set out to make a strong, lasting bond between sulfanilamide and other substances. In the 1920's the New Yorkers did this so well and linked sulfanilamide so firmly to their quinine derivatives that it never broke off to effect its healing.

But in 1932 the Germans, who also tried to make a stable, one-piece chemical substance out of sulfanilamide and another drug, didn't succeed in their purpose. What they actually got was a compound that was too weak to withstand the disruptive forces of the body, and one of its parts—sulfanilamide—was released against disease-producing bacteria. Thus, successful chemistry in New York unwittingly delayed the discovery of sulfanilamide as a medicinal chemical for a decade, and the world had to wait until the 1930's when a weak chemical bond broke and resulted in one of the greatest finds of medical history. This is not to detract in any sense from the sterling worth of chemotherapeutic pioneers, past or present; but rather to emphasize a fact long known to medical investigators: namely, that they have known all too little of how even one successful drug works. This being the case, the trial and error method is the only approach to the problem that has been available.

Since sulfanilamide was a lucky find, there is no reason to suppose that the chemical is the best possible substance of its kind. Just as *prontosil* was effective chiefly because it contained sulfanilamide, so the latter may owe its potency to its further modification within the body. Perhaps a rearrangement within the sulfanilamide molecule might result in a far more powerful substance. But future research in chemotherapy would be considerably aided if medical scientists and chemists knew just how the drug worked, but the experiments performed to date have brought only a partial answer to this question.

Billions of living microscopic cells are grouped together to form the human body, and normally there are just enough extras produced to replace those that wear out and die. In certain diseases such as cancer, some of these cells suddenly multiply wildly with no regard for body requirements and may form the large, often fatal masses of tissue called tumors. A healthy person's body, however, is a well-ordered society of cellular units. When this society is invaded by alien microscopic beings such as bacteria, a miniature war takes place with a human life as the stake.

Just as radium rays are effective in cancer treatments because they kill rampant cancer cells and not normal ones, so a perfect bacteria-fighting drug would have to kill germs but not well behaved cells. This common sense doctrine was established by Dr. Ehrlich, and there are hundreds of compounds that can annihilate bacteria in the test tube but are equally destructive to body tissues and hence cannot meet the standards set up by this rule. So far the German chemist was on solid theoretical ground, but today other parts of his theory are bending under the weight of new experimental evidence. Ehrlich visualized an ideal curative chemical that would not only leave the body unscathed, but also would find its way directly to disease-producing germs and kill them. According to Ehrlich the body was a sort of innocent bystander during this process, and the battle between the drug and the germ was the important thing. Finally, he believed each species of germ demanded a different chemical for its destruction.

Although doctors aren't yet certain how sulfanilamide works, they know it doesn't appear to be in strict accord with the rules set up by pioneer chemotherapists. Not only is the drug responsible for killing more than one species of bacteria, but there is good reason to believe it can't act wholly on its own and needs the body's help in its war against germs. Experiments have shown that sulfanilamide is strangely powerless against strep-

tococci in the test tube (as is true for Salvarsan against syphilis germs). It slows the germs' rate of growth, but even when poured into microbe-filled containers in concentrations greater than could ever be attained in patients, the drug fails to kill microorganisms except under special conditions.

Additional supporting studies from the Pasteur Institute in Paris and from Johns Hopkins, are of such an unusual nature that they must be confirmed repeatedly before being accepted as a fact. It was claimed that mice with peritonitis—inflammation of the thin tissue layer that covers the intestines—were not helped by drug injections at the point of infection. But sick mice fed by mouth survived this often fatal disease. The fact that a swarm of germs should escape scot-free when sulfanilamide was injected directly into their midst and yet die when the drug had taken a roundabout route from the mouth through the intestines suggested two possible explanations: first, the fluids of the body in some way increased the drug's power; second, the drug itself reinforced the blood's ever present defenses against bacteria.

In either case it was clear that one of Ehrlich's pet principles was tottering, for the drug *alone* couldn't kill germs. But the idea back of the principle hasn't died yet; for although sulfanilamide may not be a killer, many experimenters still hold a strong belief that the chemical has its own direct effect on germs or on the poisons they excrete, and that the body's forces step in only when this effect has taken place. To explain sulfanilamide's action they offer several theories, one of which depends on the fact that millions of living white blood cells—or leucocytes—float in the blood stream partly for the purpose of eating invading germs. Since sulfanilamide slows down the growth of microbes, it may be that germs thus drugged cannot put up their usual bitter fight against leucocytes and are easily slaughtered. Other investigators who stick to the idea that pure sulfanilamide works directly on germs, suggest that the

drug prevents microbes from forming the capsule-like coating which protects them from injury. Still others contend that sulfanilamide forms a neutral chemical compound with poisonous bacterial waste products or toxins, and in this way curbs disease.

This last theory however may be doomed to a short life, partly because direct experiments have invalidated it, and partly because of the bearing of a recent study of sulfanilamide's action on colon bacteria in infections of the urinary tract. Such inflammations are usually overcome rapidly by comparatively small doses of sulfanilamide but, as in the case of streptococcus germs, the drug doesn't do much to the colon bacteria in the usual test-tube experiments. Could there be some germ-weakening substance in human urine? This possibility was apparently ruled out by simple observations: the germs multiplied to almost countless numbers in urine. In fact, this fluid seemed to furnish an ideal breeding ground for the dangerous microorganisms. Yet paradoxically enough, urine-bred colon bacteria succumbed to small doses of sulfanilamide, while germs raised in usual mediums such as beef broth, were almost invulnerable to the chemical. From this it was deduced that some substances in urine made the bacteria particularly sensitive to sulfanilamide; and by the same token the action of the drug appears to be conditioned by the chemical nature of the body's fluids.

The first ray of light as to the ultimate chemical action of the drug against certain germs has recently come from The Western Pennsylvania Hospital's Institute of Pathology. Its central idea revolves about the consideration that growing germs will eventually kill themselves off if their waste products are not removed or neutralized. It so happens that a conspicuous waste product of the pneumonia and streptococcus germs is hydrogen peroxide, a well-known anti-septic widely in vogue among doctors two or three decades ago. Normally, this substance is destroyed in the blood

and tissues as soon as it is elaborated by bacteria, and thus their continued growth is favored. This destruction of hydrogen peroxide is effected by an enzyme called catalase normally present in the blood and it is obvious that if this enzyme could be put out of commission, the hydrogen peroxide might be free to build itself up to levels sufficiently high to interfere with the germs' growth. Now the interesting point in this connection is, that sulfanilamide is capable of being changed within the germ itself so that it becomes strongly antagonistic to the action of catalase; or as we say, anticatalytic.

As a consequence of the microbe's ability to soak up the drug, an effect is produced whose net result is to permit the germ to "stew in its own juice" so to speak. Thus "stewed," the germ is readily eaten and digested by the white blood cells.

But bacteria aren't easy to kill even when sulfanilamide and the human body unite against them. The microorganisms, like the body's cells, are living beings and they play many tricks in their struggle for existence. Germ-devouring white blood cells can be deceived by the ruses of their supposed victims, for mice that were apparently cured of infections have sometimes rolled over dead weeks or months afterward. A plausible explanation for such unexpected events is afforded by the fact that bacteria can go into a dormant state and thus fool the leucocytes into thinking they are dead. Since germs resent extermination as much as any form of life, they sometimes go into hibernation when they come up against such growth-inhibiting substances as sulfanilamide. That is to say, they temporarily cease to multiply.

This bacterial quietude, however, may only be the calm before the storm. Replanted potatoes go through several months of "sleep" before they snap out of it and start growing, and in the same way dormant bacteria are simply biding their time until sulfanilamide is eliminated from the blood stream. Then this possum-playing stops and some of the bacteria start multiplying and infecting

tissues with renewed vigor. It is for this reason perhaps that doctors have found it necessary to continue administration of the drug even after the patient is apparently convalescent. Some germs are really unable to live even after having escaped from sulfanilamide, and soon die; still others have become so weakened by their fight to withstand the chemical that they are never the same again and can't do much damage. But the fact that germs show varying abilities to cope with the drugs—just as different persons are more or less resistant to a sweeping epidemic—topples another belief in the old-time theory of chemotherapy. For an assumption of the early 1900's had always held that if a chemical could bring about the death of one germ, it could destroy all germs of the same species.

While investigators puzzle over the problem of how sulfanilamide works and how bacteria try to save their own lives, practicing physicians daily come face to face with related problems of a far more immediate nature. Sleeping bacteria soon die, but they may awake and try to re-infect sulfanilamide-containing tissues, for the drug is rapidly eliminated from the body and a single dose remains effective for only about 6 hours. Therefore, to stun at least bacteria it has seemed necessary, particularly in the severe cases, to give a patient large amounts of the drug at first, and then follow this up with smaller doses so that the dormant germs never have a chance to revive—for medicine has no evidence that sulfanilamide, once eliminated with the body's waste materials, leaves any protection behind. When a physician sees that these steps are taken the drug has an opportunity to perform the near-miraculous cures of which it is capable.

Human carelessness, however, can cause as much damage as the deadliest bacteria, and this was shown in 1937 when a drug manufacturing company decided to meet a demand for sulfanilamide in liquid form. A company chemist dissolved the life-saving powder in diethylene glycol, an ingredient similar to automobile anti-

freeze mixtures, and added dashes of raspberry extract, caramel flavoring, and other chemicals. The concoction was called "Elixir Sulfanilamide" and was ready for nation-wide distribution early in September.

On October 16, 1937, the United States Food and Drug Administration received a telegram from Tulsa, Oklahoma, reporting that nine persons had died from the elixir. By November 11, after the Government agents had accounted for all elixir shipments, 73 persons who had taken the potion were dead. Because the law at that time contained inadequate provisions against dangerous drugs, the elixir had to be seized on a minor charge: the word "elixir" implies an alcoholic solution, whereas the product in question used diethylene glycol as a solvent.

Subsequent medical research cleared sulfanilamide of all blame for the tragedies and showed that the killing agent was the diethylene glycol. In the summer of 1938, as a result of this famous case, the Food and Drug Act was changed and it is now necessary to send the Secretary of Agriculture complete information on the composition of a preparation and experiments conducted to test it. From this information the Government has the right to conduct its own tests and prevent sale if necessary.

But even if the new law is completely effective, doctors have to watch sulfanilamide-treated patients carefully. From many case studies they have discovered that even the pure drug can sometimes injure tissues. Cells, like bacteria, are microscopic beings, and although they differ from germs in many ways, it should cause little surprise to learn that they may be influenced by sulfanilamide. The chemical circulates in the blood stream which contains about 25,000,000,000,000 red cells. More than 2,000,000,000,000 of these die natural deaths every day, but the mortality rate may be considerably increased by the presence of sulfanilamide, and the result is a dangerous form of anemia. The number of

disease-fighting white blood cells may also be reduced through the action of the chemical.

Fortunately such cases are not common and they can usually be met by prompt measures calculated to counteract the effects of cell destruction. The fact, however, that unfavorable results can occur is a reminder that sulfanilamide is safest when administered under the direction of a physician prepared to meet any emergencies. The drug is clearly *not* a universal remedy to be bought and used by anyone who bothers to walk to the corner drugstore. A surgical tool is dangerous when the hand guiding it isn't that of a trained surgeon, and this drug can do irreparable damage if it is carelessly used by amateur medicos.

The lesser toxic effects of sulfanilamide vary with individuals. Some persons become drowsy and yet are unable to sleep; others feel dizzy or go into moods of depression. The skin is affected in many ways; often it turns blue as if the patient had nearly suffocated. This condition—known as cyanosis—usually results from a drug's interference with the oxygen-carrying power of the red blood cells, which is their normal function. But sulfanilamide does not appear to disturb this function to any appreciable extent. For that reason the cyanosis attending its use is not particularly dangerous. A more or less plausible explanation of its cause is indicated by recent studies from Mt. Sinai Hospital, New York. It appears that the drug is oxidized by the tissues of the body into a colored compound, which is absorbed almost exclusively by the red cells.

A patient may also feel itching and tingling sensations in his skin, and the drug sometimes makes the skin hypersensitive to sunburn. Blisters form under comparatively little sunlight, and in extra severe cases, rashes spring up accompanied by great swelling. The body temperature may rise to 104 or 105 degrees. As soon as sulfanilamide is eliminated from the tissues, however, this peculiar reaction disappears.

Since many of these minor after-effects are due in part to the size of the dose, they are subject to a certain control. Thus they offer no serious objection to the use of sulfanilamide. The body may resist the entrance of alien matter whether it be in the form of fatal bacteria or life-saving chemicals, and it tactfully puts up a far weaker fight against the latter. All things considered, sulfanilamide has no competitor for the position of the century's greatest medical discovery. For years the more critically-minded of the profession have cast cold, scientific eyes on hundreds of cure-alls that had their day and then passed into oblivion, but a white powder that was extracted from coal tar and whose healing powers were found by accident has aroused many of them to a rare state of enthusiasm.

But medicine is by no means satisfied with its new weapon against infectious diseases. Although sulfanilamide has proved effective in the treatment of many bacterial infections and although related compounds have pointed the way toward

a chemotherapy for virus diseases, chemists in laboratories the world over are still hopefully synthesizing new drugs and seeking new cures.

For example, Germany's I. G. Farbenindustrie alone has already made more than 1,000 sulfanilamide derivatives which are being turned over to animal experimenters for careful testing. There may be years of trial and error in sifting from the many useless compounds, the few that will show any effect on bacteria and viruses; but a single important clue as to how sulfanilamide and other substances bring about the destruction of disease-producing agents, might save many hours of laborious research. Perhaps such a clue has already appeared in the experiments indicating that sulfanilamide, by preventing removal of waste products from the bacterial cells, leaves them to stew in their own juice. In any event, biochemists and bacteriologists are still studying the mechanisms of chemotherapy while physicians are administering its benefits to the world.





NEW TOOLS FOR DEMOCRACY

BY PETER VAN DRESSER

TIBERIUS GRACCHUS could sympathize with Roosevelt's problems; Manco Capac could give Stalin pointers on state communism; Lycurgus the Spartan would understand Hitler's policies. There were million-cities while New York and London were still trailheads; there were exploited proletariats while Europe was yet a wilderness; there were lands soiled to eroded deserts by industrial farming before America was dreamed of.

Is there anything new under the sun? Militant imperialism, "exploitation of the masses," urban congestion, and rural devitalization—problems such as these which face us to-day seem identical repetitions of pathologic patterns into which human activity has fallen since time immemorial.

But hydroelectric plants and giant power lines, airplanes and radio networks and Diesel engines *are* new under the sun. For the first time in the entire history of our planet, so far as we are aware, people possess such tools, instruments, and machines as these. In the long view, what is to come of this mutation in the habits and powers of the human species? Merely further repetitions and intensifications of the same old behavior-patterns? Cities vaster and more dehumanized than imperial Rome or Samaria? Cæsaristic exploits more formidable than those of Caius Julius? National cult-communism more perfectly enforced than that of the Incas? Provinces more efficiently subdued and drained than those of the Ottomans? Is

our civilization actually destined to approximate these super-mechanical utopias which are now the popular fashion, with their arrogant towering cities, their mighty systems and engines for the mass-exploitation of the earth—in short, their sterile reduplication of delusions of imperial grandeur and collective might which were hoary when Rome was a tribal village?

Already the "modern" world has gone far in this direction, in fascist nations especially with a deliberate and desperate mimicry of antique glories. And here in America, by just so much as our States and regions have become provinces culturally and economically enslaved, by just so much as men and women have become state or big-business protégés incapable of economic self-determination—by so much have we drifted back toward an age-encrusted way of life, and away from the urgent new American ideal, which is still new, desperately new, after a century and a half, and by no means assured of a permanent existence.

We have one facile, all-embracing explanation for this drift. It is all due, we say, to "modern science." Things are not what they were in the frontier society of Jefferson's and Washington's day. Railroads and telephones and motor cars have interconnected the nation; mass production and automatic machinery have drastically altered industrial methods.

Phrases such as "modern science has remade America" and "We must adapt ourselves to the march of technical prog-

ress" are constantly on our lips—so constantly, in fact, that we cease to take them in a metaphorical sense. We talk, and think, as if Scientific Technology were a kind of willful genic whose gifts we must gratefully accept while we accommodate ourselves as best we can to his bad habits. If Scientific Technology requires Mill Hill and Coketown, we will build Mill Hill and Coketown and do the best we can with laws to protect the folk who have to live and work in them. If Scientific Technology annihilates the America of our fathers—the America in which the amazing idea of democracy came to life—let the annihilation proceed; we will move heaven and earth to safeguard democracy by judicial decree and Congressional statute.

But not for one instant will we question Scientific Technology itself; will we examine it to see if by chance its evolution might be modified to accord with our ethical and moral and political ideals.

Is this sensible? External form without underlying reality cannot be expected to maintain itself. If we have permitted something to destroy the unique economic structure of the original United States, that structure which, however imperfect, made possible the growth of a self-dependent citizenry which could conceive and put into execution the idea of self-government, then how can we expect to wage anything but a losing fight for democracy? How can we expect in the long run to achieve anything but some such *ersatz* government as plutocracy, bureaucracy, technocracy?

For the entire pattern of organizing society implicit in the ideal of the technological superstate is utterly hostile to the democratic way of life. These towering "cities of the future," these titanic mills and factories and engineering works are of the very soul and essence of imperialism, dwarfing and collectivizing the men who dwell within their shadow—or within a thousand miles of them, for that matter.

But by what right do we assume so complacently that these are new forms

created out of the necessities of scientific technology? It is much more likely that they are primitive forms sprung from the ambitions of aggressive, power-loving men. For technology, scientific or otherwise, is *not* a self-determined entity; it is the child of the wishes and intentions of the men who form it. And it was most certainly not the inventors and pure scientists who controlled the development of technics during the past century; it was the entrepreneurs, the rising industrialists, the empire-builders. Why did the early manufacturers who bought Watt's new steam-engines for their plants refuse to let him improve their operation so that they would run more smoothly and quietly? *Because they liked the sensation of power that went with ownership of immense snorting and clanking engines!* Small wonder that such men and their successors have left us with a heritage of mighty industrial baronies; small wonder that the machinery they have forged thrives best in an atmosphere deadly to humanitarian democracy!

Glance for an instant at the effect, from the humanitarian point of view, that this machinery has had on America in the course of its lavish production of material wealth. It has overcentralized our industries, overbuilt our cities. It has debased our farms and farmers with one-crop agriculture. It has replaced the American yeoman with a growing landless, toolless proletariat. It has robbed our communities, villages, natural regions of all semblance of economic autonomy. It is driving our government (along with those of all other highly industrialized nations) each year deeper into a policy of oil-imperialism, raw-material imperialism, foreign-market imperialism, to supply fuel for a hypertrophied transportation system and justification for our great centralized mass-production industries. It has drafted half our man power into parasitical occupations of salesmanship, packaging, "servicing." It has left much of "provincial" America spiritually and culturally bankrupt, has overstimu-

lated a few great centers to a point of intellectual hysteria. Simultaneously and quite automatically it has steam-rolled democratic methods out of existence wherever possible.

All this we could endure and hope to remedy if we were sure, quite sure, that only through machinery of this general type can we continue to put into effect the indisputable advantages of scientific technology. *But this is a question we have never faced point-blank.* We have been tremendously exercised over the decline of democracy and the rising power of Big Business. We have fought the slow submergence of the rights and securities of the citizen with every political weapon available. But at the same time we have accepted utterly without criticism the blueprints for America's technological future (and present, for that matter) formulated by the industrial empire-builders. We have assumed blindly that Scientific Technology must lead us inescapably toward a state of increasing concentration of power and control, increasing complexity of economic organization, increasing emphasis on mass operation and collectivist technic. Our only resolution of this dilemma has been socialization, to greater or less extent, and by varying technics, of the "machinery of production." And with this socialization we accept the very real risk of converting a technological plutocracy into a technological bureaucracy.

II

Now it is true that in certain departments of its operation modern technology implies on strictly functional grounds the advantages of a high degree of centralization and socialization. These departments are concerned with the production of certain raw materials which occur in concentrated points and can be processed only by large machinery, and for which there is no satisfactory substitute. Giant power is one of these commodities, and the sooner the Federal Government succeeds in harnessing

every important hydraulic power site available and covering the nation with transmission grids the better from an engineering point of view. Coal is another such commodity, and the sooner all coal mined is converted to electricity in large ultra-efficient plants at the minehead the better it will be for the total efficiency of the nation's utilization of such power and the conservation of human and natural resources.

There are a few other basic materials in this class, as, for instance, iron and steel, lumber, even heavy transportation. But if we examine the whole body of modern technics, with particular regard for the most advanced practices and the most significant potentialities, the surprising fact stands revealed that its present evolution is in a direction precisely contrary to the current doctrine of ever-waxing complexity, size, and regimentation! How does it happen that while inventors, researchers, engineers are unanimously striving—and succeeding amazingly well—to make machines and processes more refined, more flexible, more versatile, we find it necessary to construct a social order more rigid, top-heavy, and complex?

Look, for example, at the entire field of applied science which is coming to be known as "electrotechnics." Aluminum, magnesium, alloys and iron with tungsten and vanadium and molybdenum and other metals are now produced in small, clean, effective electric furnaces and cells, and used to fabricate the lightweight, rustless modern machinery. Other types of cells and furnaces produce from coke, water, brine, air, lime the endless compounds of carbon, nitrogen, and other elements that are needed in the useful arts. Arc-welding and electroforming processes furnish new and adaptable means for handling metals. Electric machine tools of all types combine extraordinary versatility and efficiency with compactness and mobility.

This entire family of tools and methods—and their use is growing very rapidly—point toward an organization of indus-

try essentially different from the Nineteenth Century pattern. They can be set up and operated wherever a transmission line can run; they can operate as efficiently in small units as large.

Chemical engineering, which is also one of the fastest growing applied sciences, is another disrupter of respected industrial patterns. To the chemist there are raw materials galore on every American farm. His plastic materials synthesized from agricultural sources are already shouldering their way into the strongholds of metals and minerals. An airplane built entirely of plastics has been successfully flown in England, and our own Forest Products Laboratory has developed material which can be produced from sawdust and is superior to metal for many purposes, including bathtubs!

In power engineering, in transportation, in communications there is the same story to be read. Refinement, versatility, flexibility are always the progressive keynotes. Prime movers grow steadily more economical of fuel. Lightweight trains carry more passengers per pound of weight; track mileage inexorably decreases; busses replace trains; airplanes replace busses. Electrical organs of communication grow constantly more flexible, making less necessary physical concentrations of humanity in order to achieve co-ordination and co-operation.

In agriculture, experts advocate more and more insistently the need for the scientific diversified farm as opposed to the mammoth one-crop agricultural factory. Agrobiology points the way to quadrupled yields per acre. Humus-building biological technics of soil enrichment replace wholesale chemical fertilization.

Urban improvements become constantly more adaptable to the country home. Sanitary plumbing and the septic tank displace the rural privy. Broadcasting networks end isolation. Aero-electricity, from wind-driven plants, lights and pumps for the most remote farm homes.

How is it possible, in the face of this overwhelming trend toward flexibility,

mobility, adaptability in the tools of today's applied science, to continue to parrot the old excuse that "what is happening to America is caused by the complexity of modern technics"? What is "happening to America" is the working out of the same process which Horace lamented two millennia ago from his Sabine farm. Rome needed no railroads and telegraph lines to become the center of the civilized world; without benefit of steam or Diesel she could spawn her urban proletariat fed by grain from Scythian industrial farms; without structural steel or rotary presses or neon signs she could whorl her citizens in from the land and finally reduce her provinces to sterile deserts.

Even the social sciences give the lie to this facile charge that they support the rise of authoritarianism and centralization. Sociologists and regional planners are unanimous in their recommendations of decentralization and economic regionalism as necessary steps toward a more healthy society. Economists and production engineers are questioning the traditional doctrines of undiluted gigantism and universal mass-production in industry. What is good economics for steel mills and automobile plants is no longer automatically good economics for scores of other industries which have aped their methods. The advantages of smaller, decentralized plants nearer to regional markets and in more wholesome surroundings for workers are advanced with increasing cogency. And adding force to these arguments are world-trends whose impact cannot be evaded. Foreign markets wane as the methods of high technology are assimilated in other lands, and the sale of mass-produced goods across the seas becomes inexorably more competitive and suicidal. Even the more progressive military technicians, with their advocacy of decentralized industries as the cheapest effective defense against the *blitzkrieg* of modern warfare, throw the weight of their evidence against the super-city and continued centralization.

III

What changes could be expected in our economic organization if these more advanced tools and concepts of modern science—as distinct from finance and industry—were applied functionally? We should undoubtedly witness a widespread growth of small and moderate-sized factories and plants scattered throughout the various regions and communities of the nation. These establishments would be equipped with the most modern machinery and apparatus, and would make the utmost use of local and regional raw-materials. They would produce a wide range of goods necessary for a civilized society, from processed foods through chemicals, textiles, utensils, electrical apparatus, and machine tools—everything, in fact, except the few basic concentrated raw materials and the heaviest machinery.

We should witness a decline in the number of big plantations and industrial farms devoted to soil-mining monoculture and an increase in the number of smaller, diversified farms supplying local markets and maintaining soil fertility through crop-rotation and organic composting, as practiced successfully in Holland and Switzerland.

We should witness a dispersive movement from the great cities, a gradual building up of "greenbelt" and "broad-acre" communities in rural sections, a development of types of modern country dwelling constructed scientifically of regional materials and adapted to the climate of the locality.

We should witness a decline in the importance of the great coal and steel centers, brought about by the increasing use of hydroelectricity, of plastics and non-corrosive alloys and metals, of more effective methods of reclamation, and by the dwindling importance of heavy transportation and construction coincident with the diminution in the size of cities. This trend would effect enormous savings in coal, oil, and other resources.

We should witness the rapid growth of

the conservation movement and the socialization of certain basic resources, made possible with the replacement of an imperialistic, exploitative industrial technic by a functional technic.

It is unnecessary here to discuss the endless obstacles in the way of such an evolution, the vested interests which oppose it, and so on. The point is that this economic order which modern technics is making constantly more logical is infinitely better adapted to the democratic way of life than the mechanized, socialized, economic superstate which seems to be the ideal, in one guise or another, of each of the great modern industrial nations.

In his two brilliant volumes, *Technics and Civilization* and *The Culture of Cities*, Lewis Mumford has attempted a broad survey of the future possible for America if these potentialities of modern science are allowed to develop and mature according to their own inner logic. His concept of *biotechnics*, the applied science of the age that might thus be brought into being, is inspiring. He pictures its technic as vastly different from the Nineteenth Century technic of brute power and size, of mass-operations and mass exploitation, of endless multiplication and concentration and aggrandizement, under whose influence our ideas are still molded. It is a technic which, as the name implies, is adjusted to the needs and rhythms of human life rather than to the formation of industrial empires; which makes far ampler use of biological processes of growth, of the clean energy in falling water and wind and sunlight than we do at present.

Out of the application of this technic springs a pattern of civilization totally new on the face of the earth—as new as American democracy, as new as electronics. It is an order in which the age-old pattern of all previous high civilizations—arrogant Megalopolis reared on exhausted Province—may be at last displaced. It is an order in which an entire nation—region by region, community by community, dwelling by dwell-

ing—may be developed as carefully and fruitfully as a garden; in which industries are decentralized and functional, designed to fill local and regional requirements rather than to augment the wealth of centralized industrial dynasties. It is an order in which cities are cultural and co-ordinative centers rather than seats of despotic economic power; an order whose citizens, the vast majority, live in the garden-surrounded homes natural to civilized man.

This is the pattern for the future, *based on purely technical and functional considerations*, which is gradually displacing the nightmare visions of super-mechanical, super-urbanized Utopias. And it is obviously a pattern far friendlier to the democratic ideal. It is, in fact, no more than the humanistic, democratic commonwealth of Jefferson—which has been all but destroyed by an overwhelming growth of million-cities and industrial autarchies—implemented by a fully mature, scientific technic.

IV

America's intellectual liberals, of all people, should be most keenly concerned with action leading toward a realization of this concept. They are the ones who have lamented most loudly the forces of reaction and imperialism associated with Big Business and Big Industry. They are the ones who feel most acutely the loss of independent security, the dwindling rights of the individual, the proletarianization of the nation.

And they are also the ones to whom this possible rebirth of decentralized industries and enterprises opens up incalculable vistas of new opportunity. Many of them belong to the forgotten white-collar class living in frayed gentility in the cities and suburbs, hanging precariously to the fringes of corporation employment, or working for the WPA. They are the ones with professional and technical training—and (too often) no opportunity to exercise it, the engineering graduates running elevators and clerk-

ing in offices and shops. They should be the ones ready, eager, and armed to strike out into America, to use their specialized knowledge in creating for themselves livelihoods in independent industrial and technical enterprises, using the tools of modern science.

There is no need to pretend that this course would be easy. Every such venture in technological pioneering would entail years and decades of work, would require an incessantly resourceful struggle against the competition of national distribution and sales organizations, against the inertia of public buying habits. The problem of initial capital alone is a staggering one, to be solved only by individual ingenuity and perseverance. Yet the cards would not be entirely stacked against the pioneers. There are very definite economic advantages in close-coupling to local markets and personal labor relations. There is hardly a community so completely subservient to national advertising that it would not welcome a new and efficiently run local industry in preference to another chain store or filling station or washing machine agency, however sumptuous. The present Federal Administration, with its sympathy for rural electrification and industry, is prepared to lend a helping hand. And the folk of the rural regions, with their co-operatives and credit unions, are more than eager to break the monopolies by supporting independent manufacturers. Above all, there is the fact that not only is such technological pioneering a means of building up personal independence—something which is perhaps still of great importance to Americans—but it is the most directly effective action possible against the forces which are undermining democracy in our country.

Yet it seems a tragic truth that our liberal intelligentsia are still constitutionally blind to the possibility of this course of action. Embattled farmers, Mrs. Roosevelt, and even Henry Ford may have gleaned some inkling of the technological jacquerie underfoot—but not

America's intellectuals. Essentially urban or suburban in conditioning, they seem actually to resent any implication that the cause of democracy may be aided by anything remotely resembling what they refer to contemptuously as "back to the land movements." Long ago they deserted the land for the hothouse environments of the great cities, choosing the fancied security of corporation jobs rather than the discomfort of individual effort in the hinterland. The very thought that they should forego their "careers" in New York or Chicago for a life's work in the provinces is abhorrent to them. America beyond the frontiers of suburbia has now become for them an unfamiliar land peopled by taciturn sharecroppers, militant Farm Unionists, and small-town Babbitts; a region to be penetrated occasionally on slumming trips in search of material for reports and surveys. Irresistibly their attention focusses on the centers of "big time" activities, on the spectacular duels of the Big Fellows, on the maneuvers at Washington, on the latest brilliant book exposing capitalism or the shocking conditions in

Germany. Even men like Charles Allen Smart, Bernard DeVoto, E. B. White—intellectuals who have somehow or other been drawn away from New York to cast their lot with America—seem to feel constrained into adopting a defensive, tongue-in-cheek attitude as they write of their motives and ideals.

It is urgently necessary that somehow and soon, men and women of this class should become generally aware of the technic for the reconstruction of a democratic nation which research is creating. Political action, collectivist action, in which they still trust, alone cannot preserve democracy—there must be an underlying economic structure which permits the survival of the self-dependent citizen.

That such a structure can be built in terms of the highest of to-day's and to-morrow's science is now certain. That there is an immense task of pioneering before the building can be begun is also certain. And it is finally certain that this is pioneering which cannot be done in Metropolis with talk. It must be done in America, with tools.





WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HOUSING?

BY THOMAS HUMPHRIES

I SEE a third of a nation ill housed, ill fed, and ill clad." Never before in an inaugural address had a President spoken of the living conditions of "the people" in such positive and specific terms as those used by Franklin D. Roosevelt on January 20, 1937. Ill housed! For many years the word *housing* belonged almost exclusively to the vocabulary of the social worker. Whatever may have been done in Germany and in Sweden and later in England, it was not done in the United States. Those who got on in the world built or rented shelters of their own; those who did not, lived in "tenements." There was one great, all embracing word: Slum. It is true that there were freak architects who occasionally wrote or lectured about housing and how it ought to be done. In the boom days there were a few experiments like those at Sunnyside, Long Island, and at Radburn, New Jersey, and in Pittsburgh. But for the most part nobody paid any attention and the cities of America were filled with Little Italys and McFadden's Flats.

When the New Deal was installed on the 4th of March, 1933, the housing advocates were installed along with it. Various projects were undertaken by different agencies; the public became accustomed to news reels showing Mrs. Roosevelt visiting subsistence homesteads and girls leaning over the balconies of Stockholm apartment houses. One ambitious plan dissolved into another, new Federal agencies took over plans and projects started by their housing predecessors.

Enough time has now gone by for the citizen to ask for a preliminary accounting. What has been done up to now and what has been learned? Will subsidized housing really be successful? "A third of a nation" means a lot of people. The proof of housing will not be found in Washington but in what has been done in Kokomo, New York, and San Antonio.

The days of the P.W.A. Housing Division—which planned or built housing projects itself—are over. Its successor, the United States Housing Authority, merely dispenses the funds—while the local housing authorities are given the opportunity of planning, constructing, and operating their own low-rent housing projects. Consequently, in all the innumerable cities and towns where participation in United States Housing Authority's \$800,000,000 housing program has become a vital local issue, people are debating such questions as "Can the United States Housing Authority help us to re-house slum dwellers?" "Shall we set up a local housing authority?" "Where should we locate a housing project—on slum or vacant land?" and "Should we agree to tax exemption?"

Unfortunately, most of the "experts" who have recently had their say against United States Housing Authority housing seem to know next to nothing about what is actually going on in the local communities. As a result, their arguments have been lacking in realism and singularly devoid of constructive criticism.

There are a number of general steps in the life of any USHA housing project: setting up a local housing authority in accordance with the State housing laws; securing an earmarking; qualifying for loan and subsidy contracts; buying the land; constructing the project and operating it. At each step the local community and its housing authority are faced with certain specific problems that must be solved before they can progress to the next step.

The eagerness with which the first step has been taken is one of the brightest spots in the housing picture. While the Wagner-Steagall Act was still being debated in Congress, State legislatures began to pass laws enabling the creation of local housing authorities. By the time the USHA was born, 29 such laws were on the statute books. Since that time 4 more have been enacted. In nine States the final courts of appeal have already handed down decisions upholding various aspects of State housing laws, decisively laying the specter of unconstitutionality. There are now only 15 States (embracing only 20 per cent of the population) in which housing authorities cannot legally be appointed. The legislatures of these States, however, are now in session and housing bills are already in the process of shaking their way through the legislative hoppers. Naturally, there are always those who cry out that there is no housing problem or that USHA projects would shatter the foundations of capitalism. But there is a persuasive reply to these contentions: Unless favorable action is taken the State's taxpayers will be helping to finance a program whose benefits will be garnered by other States. As a result, many legislatures which sidetracked State housing bills in 1937 will pass them during the coming months.

In two States where housing laws are already in existence—Rhode Island and North Dakota—opposition or indifference has forestalled the creation of any housing authorities. In certain other States the smaller cities have appointed

authorities while the more important cities have balked. There are about 20 authorities in Indiana for instance, but in Indianapolis the enemies of public housing have prevented the creation of an authority. There are authorities in Virginia, but not in Richmond; in Wisconsin, but not in Milwaukee. Although an authority has been set up by the usual procedure elsewhere in Oregon, the question of having one in Portland was voted upon in last November's referendum. Real estate groups assessed themselves five dollars per building for an anti-housing slush fund. Flying in the face of the 1934 Real Property Inventory, which listed more than 15 per cent of all dwellings in Portland as needing major repairs or unfit for use, they flooded the city with slickly-written leaflets proclaiming: "The United States Housing Authority Was Designed to Clear Away Slums, but PORTLAND HAS NO SLUMS. . . DO THE RIGHT THING BY PORTLAND. VOTE 'NO' AGAINST HOUSING AUTHORITY. As a result, the "No's" outnumbered the "Yes's" 2 to 1.

On the whole, however, the cities have responded well. At this writing there are about 225 local housing authorities and more are being born every month. Nor are they mostly in the industrial East. Although Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, and New Jersey have from 10 to 20 authorities apiece, Texas and Indiana have just as many. There are authorities in such metropolitan centers as New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Boston, Cleveland, and Detroit and there are authorities in small towns like Kokomo, Indiana; Sarasota, Florida; and Mount Hope, West Virginia. Only a dozen or so county authorities, however, have been set up for more sparsely populated regions. In a few cities, as in Denver, councilmen have heeded the promptings of reactionary real estate interests and have stubbornly held out for months against setting up an authority, surrendering only after considerable public indignation has been aroused. In Scranton

ton the same sort of pressure prevented an appropriation of \$3,000 for an authority technical staff. But more often the politician's recognition that popular sentiment usually favors public housing has led him to look with a friendly eye upon the question of having a local housing authority.

II

The overwhelming majority of housing authority members are business men. Only one authority out of three includes a representative of labor; there is a relatively small number of professionals—architects, engineers, physicians, and educators. Social workers are even more in minority. There is only a scant handful of women. There are not many more than a dozen Negroes.

The majority of the authorities, as they now stand, are not representative cross-sections of American urban life. This is unfortunate, and should be corrected, but it is not a major failure. In many cases business-dominated authorities have done highly commendable work. Many business men, who never before have been interested in anything but the scramble for profits, show a genuine desire to devote their energies to the housing movement. Others have become sincere "housers" because of their belief that public housing is good business, that it provides an important stimulus toward greater activity by private industry. Usually they have seen to it that the authorities are run on a sound, businesslike basis.

Few of the more than 2,000 authority members are yet intimately acquainted with the complexities of housing, but they are learning. The number of members like the excited little man from New Jersey, whose first interest upon being appointed to his local authority was trying to get an official badge that could be flaunted in the faces of traffic cops, is dwindling.

The first action of a housing authority, getting an earmarking, is the easiest. All an authority has to do is show some

interest in starting a housing project, demonstrate that it has some real support from the city government, and give the USHA a general idea of the extent of bad housing in the town. Then the USHA will lay aside a certain amount of money for use in that town whenever the authority has drawn up most of its plans and can qualify for a loan contract.

Such earmarkings range from \$270,000 for a small town like Morgantown, West Virginia, to many millions for the larger cities, and are distributed among 155 authorities throughout the country.

An earmarking is essentially little more than a publicity stunt. Then the zero hour arrives and the authorities must either beat a retreat or else plunge into the wearisome process of securing a loan contract for the earmarked funds.

The fact that by the beginning of this year loan contracts were already signed for 75 cities is a tribute to the sleeplessness of both the local authorities and the USHA advisers. Before such a contract is signed a detailed local housing survey must be made. It must be decided just what social groups are to be housed. Alternate sites must be chosen. The local government must pass an ordinance promising that for every dwelling erected one substandard dwelling will be condemned, demolished, or repaired; it must be persuaded to exempt the project from real estate taxes. Low rents must be planned for in advance. Ten per cent of the total development cost must be raised locally. Site plans and dwelling plans must be started. Assurance must be given that construction costs will be less than the maximum set by law (\$4,000 per dwelling in small cities and \$5,000 per dwelling in larger cities) and not more than for similar contracts for private housing.

Many people who have been disturbed by the fact that no projects have yet been completed have criticized the USHA for demanding too much preliminary work from the authorities. "The money is there. It's crying to be spent," they pro-

claim. "For God's sakes why doesn't the USHA loosen the purse strings and help get some houses built." Though well-intentioned, this criticism is based upon a naïve belief in the haphazard methods of the private construction industry and upon complete ignorance of the principles of good housing and good city planning. If the money were put in the hands of the housing authorities immediately and they were told to build at once, the projects might be built much faster, it is true, but at what a cost! Many projects would be located within the shadow of smoke-belching factories or else, as in Germany, too far from employment centers. The Italian example of ten or eleven storey walk-ups might be duplicated. Small apartments might be built in towns where large families are most prevalent, or vice versa. Rents would most certainly be fifty or a hundred per cent higher than if they had been planned beforehand. As it is, contingencies like these are being avoided. Local authorities are asked to consider these possibilities in advance. Not until reasonable proof is given that a project will have a genuine low-rent character and that it adequately answers local needs will the USHA advance the money which has been entrusted to it by the taxpayers and the holders of government bonds.

Nevertheless, there has been unjustifiable delay in getting many projects into the loan contract stage. The fault lies with the local communities rather than with the USHA. Many authorities have not yet fully realized the importance of hiring a full-time competent staff to draw up all the necessary plans. Occasionally local governments have refused to advance funds for the hiring of a staff—even though such money can be repaid once funds have been received from the USHA. In Jersey City, for instance, everything was held in abeyance for months while Herr Hague pondered the question in his mind and did nothing. Funds are seldom sufficient. The average authority struggles along on a

shoestring. Volunteer workers are used. Lawyers and architects are forced to work on a contingency basis. On the other hand, the situation has been helped considerably by WPA, though no amount of municipal funds or of WPA assistance can solve the problem completely. Competent staffs will be possible only when a competent, trained personnel is available, and that will take time.

III

The biggest local stumbling block is tax exemption. Two annual subsidies are involved in every USHA housing project: a local contribution in the form of tax exemption and a Federal contribution of either $3\frac{1}{2}$ or $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent (the going Federal rate of interest, plus one-half per cent) of the total development cost. The purpose of these subsidies is to guarantee low rents. Without them—no matter how many economies are made in the planning of a project—rentals would be little lower than the \$10 to \$14 monthly room rentals charged in the large-scale FHA projects constructed by private industry. The Federal subsidies are at present limited to \$28,000,000 a year; they may be continued over a maximum period of sixty years, totaling \$1,680,000,000. Few national expenditures add up to such a small figure for a sixty-year period. Local subsidy is what makes trouble.

Tax exemption for USHA projects, declare the local enemies of the housing program, will mean a greatly increased tax burden upon the shoulders of other property owners. If this were really true both the tax-oppressed small-home owner and the tax-psychotic anti-New Dealer would have cause to complain. But it is only a half truth, a one-sixteenth truth. Waiving taxes on a housing project does mean that certain municipal services for the tenants of the project will have to be paid for by the local taxpayers. But as spread over an entire town, the cost is minute. In a typical town with a population of a million, tax exemption

of a project to rehouse 1,000 slum families would mean that the owner of a \$5,000 property would have to pay only twenty cents more per year in real estate taxes. Moreover, it should be remembered that the rehousing of slum dwellers usually decreases the cost of police and fire protection and health services—expenditures generally greater in slum areas than in other neighborhoods. This lightens the total tax burden. Without tax exemption a housing project's rentals would almost double, and force slum families to stay where they are, maintaining the present high rate of delinquency and disease. A non-exempt project would attract medium-income groups and provide stiff competition for the same private real estate interests who oppose tax exemption.

The tax fanatics scored their great victory in Illinois, where over fifty million dollars of USHA funds have been tied up by the State housing law's failure to permit tax exemption. At last summer's special session of the Illinois legislature, amendment of the defective law became a vital issue. For a while it seemed that a suitable amendment would be adopted. But at the last moment a legislative "revolt" was staged, led by the *Chicago Tribune*, one of the few papers in the country which have consistently opposed the USHA housing program. A telegram from USHA Administrator Straus to the effect that Illinois would receive no housing funds unless the State law were amended was seized upon and made the basis for fantastic charges of federal dictatorship. Amid an atmosphere ringing with declarations of Illinois' rights as a sovereign State, the amendment was defeated.

A much more comical drama has been enacted in Bridgeport, Connecticut. Bridgeport is one of the three American cities with "socialist" administrations and the only one of the three where the administration has a majority in council. Mayor Jasper McLevy, as befits an American representative of the municipal socialism which elevated subsidized housing to its greatest heights in Vienna,

had always been a stalwart champion of better housing. He backed the Wagner-Steagall Act and long before its passage appointed a housing authority. The authority secured one of USHA's first earmarkings—a promise of \$6,500,000, enough to make a sizable dent in Bridgeport's serious housing problem. But when McLevy learned that tax exemption would be necessary his sentiments underwent a sudden change. If he agreed to tax exemption, what would happen to his reputation as a budget-balancer, as an economy expert, as a tax reducer? What would happen to the conservative support upon which he had built his power, without which the New Dealers could easily oust him from office? Disturbed by these questions, McLevy threw in his lot with the opponents of the housing program. Consequently Bridgeport has been the scene of topsy-turvy housing politics. Business men's groups, on the one hand, have denounced McLevy for his stand against tax exemption. "Socialist" aldermen, on the other, have attacked the housing program with quotations borrowed directly from Anti-Socialist Ham Fish.

In communities where the local administration has taken a stand similar to Mayor McLevy's the housing authorities have often offered to compromise by making annual "payments in lieu of taxes." These payments usually range from two to five per cent of the shelter rent. Though this means an increase in project rentals, it is better than no project at all. Almost one half of the authorities with loan contracts have been forced into this position. Some of them have even had trouble in getting their local governments to agree to payments in lieu of taxes. In Philadelphia, for instance, the Council bluntly refused. The Philadelphia projects might have been held up indefinitely if the CIO, the A. F. of L. and local tenant leagues had not descended upon Council and forced a show-down.

During the first few months after the passage of the United States Housing Act

it was freely predicted that the program would be stalled by the law's provision that the government could put up only ninety per cent of the initial cost of a project and that the local housing authority would have to raise at least ten per cent. Since then, however, the prediction has proved groundless.

First, they have secured a portion of this 10 per cent by having the municipalities deed over to the authorities various forms of city property at the site of construction: land, streets, paving, sewers, parks and playgrounds. Second, they are raising the remaining portion of the 10 per cent by issuing bonds in their own name. The response to these bond issues has been surprisingly good—so good in fact that one wonders whether local banks and private investors could not be convinced to put up 90 per cent of the cost of many projects, instead of 10 per cent. Interest rates of 3 per cent and less are being secured.

The only fly in the ointment is that indiscriminate sale of the bonds to all sorts of investors may soon result in indiscriminate disposal of these bonds below their par value and a consequent tendency on the part of the banks to demand higher interest rates. In order to prevent this, a system should be developed whereby local authority bonds can be distributed on a nation-wide scale and purchased in large quantities by heavy investors.

Naturally, there have been a number of city officials who, like George U. Harvey, satrap of Queens, New York, have objected violently to deeding over streets to the local housing authorities. And there are many authorities totally unskilled in the mechanics of floating a bond issue. On the other hand, the provision has enticed an additional \$88,000,000 into the housing program. More important, it has given private capital a concrete, selfish interest in protecting housing projects from any political maraudings which might endanger private capital's investment.

IV

There is another provision of the United States Housing Act, little noted at the time of passage, which promises to be a source of trouble. This is the "equivalent elimination" clause (introduced by Senator Walsh), which requires that for every new dwelling unit built with USHA funds at least one substandard dwelling unit must be condemned, demolished, or repaired. As the act was originally written, it was just a housing act and made no mention of demolition. Eager to get the bill through Congress, its backers agreed to the insertion of the "equivalent elimination clause" as a sop to the banking and real estate interests who felt that a program increasing the number of dwellings would relieve the housing shortage, decrease the value of their housing investments, and reduce rents. Housing lobbyists were then able to claim that the program would merely rehouse people and that it would not add to the existing number of houses.

As a result of this compromise, the USHA program has often come to be known as a slum-clearance experiment rather than a housing program. The emphasis has often been placed more upon tearing down than upon building up. More than half of the USHA projects have been planned for slum sites, where demolition must take place before construction can start. In a way this has made public housing more acceptable in many communities. Perhaps it explains why so many chambers of commerce and real estate boards have asked for the creation of local housing authorities and have been so eager to get their representatives appointed to membership on the authorities. Slum projects have a triple value in the eyes of the moneyed groups; they prevent the housing shortage from being relieved; they tend to increase realty values for many blocks in the slum areas, and they provide individual property owners with an opportunity to dump their bad investments upon the local housing authorities.

But from the point of view of the community, the use of slum land—especially for a city's first projects—is unfortunate. The high cost of slum sites usually results in fewer dwellings for the money available and higher land densities. Moreover, the acquisition of slum sites involves endless delays: tedious title searches, endless haggling with greedy landowners, court litigation, and demolition itself. Furthermore, when Little Italys or McFadden's Flats are torn down to make way for a housing project, the present tenants are often worse off than ever before. Other slum sections become more overcrowded. Many slum dwellers of course will move into the project when it is completed. But a considerable number will be unable to do so—either because they can't afford the rents or because the project won't house as many as the slum on the same site.

The way to avoid this is to build on vacant land, which is cheaper than slum land and easier to acquire. In most communities, however, real estate interests fight the use of vacant land. The National Association of Real Estate Boards is pressing for an amendment to the United States Housing Act outlawing all vacant land projects.

Fortunately, there are two loopholes whereby the evils of equivalent demolition can be avoided. The first is provided for in a clause which Senator La Follette got into the United States Housing Act. It allows the postponement of equivalent demolition wherever a local authority can prove that the housing shortage is so acute that demolition would aggravate bad housing conditions—and that means practically everywhere. Only a half-dozen cities have yet taken advantage of this clause. The other loophole in the bill permits the repair or improvement of substandard dwellings to conform to local building laws. This tactic has now fallen foul of the courts and few housing authorities are inclined to try it.

Whenever demolition is undertaken, new accommodations, at least no worse and no more expensive than they had be-

fore, should be found for all tenants of buildings that are to be torn down. This usually means a city-wide listing of vacancies, such as is now being carried on by the WPA in New York, Pittsburgh, and a few other cities. Moreover, demolition of the site of a project should be planned in accordance with a long-range housing program rather than take place in the usual hit-or-miss method. In many cases one-half or three-quarters of the buildings in a city block which is regarded as a likely site for another project can be torn down. Consequently when the local housing authority begins to acquire the land it will be relieved of the necessity of paying for substandard housing. A city like Philadelphia demolishes well over a thousand scattered dwellings a year. If these demolitions were concentrated at two or three of the city's worse slum areas, the Philadelphia Housing Authority would soon be able to build on these spots without paying the high prices which are preventing it from building there to-day.

V

There will be few if any architectural gems among the new projects. The profession itself has not yet recovered from the halcyon days when an architect's job was to build baronies for Babbitts and post-card castles for captains of industry. Few localities have architects who know how to build for large groups of people living simply, or who can make any original contributions to the design of local housing projects. Most of the architects hired by the local housing authorities are content to use the standard designs provided by the USHA. The result will be economy to the point of bareness, simplicity to the point of dullness. The one saving grace is that the monotony of most projects will be broken by a fairly wide variety of dwelling types. A typical project, such as Baltimore's, will consist of 2-storey row houses, 2-storey flats, and a combination of 3-storey row houses and flats.

Certain minimum standards have been established by the USHA. Every living room must be at least 150 square feet, every first bedroom 120 square feet, and every second bedroom 90 square feet. But minimum housing standards have the same fault as minimum wage standards. Without organized pressure to prevent it, they tend to become maximum standards. This is exactly what is happening with the USHA projects. And there is little pressure whatsoever for larger rooms. Not one local group—not even among labor, which professes to represent the prospective tenants—has yet considered the question of room standards or taken a position on whether or not the minimum should be surpassed.

At the beginning of the USHA program, Administrator Straus and most housing authorities were seriously perplexed by the problem of meeting cost limitations and still building homes larger than chickencoops. Private industry could build within the \$4,000 limitation—\$5,000 in large cities. But the construction industry was not in the habit of observing the three requirements necessary in the public housing program: paying prevailing wages to building labor, observing minimum standards of decency, and building homes that would last for sixty years. How could housing authorities ever hope to live up to these requirements and still build homes at less than \$4,000 per dwelling unit?

The first year's activity has answered this question better than any amount of theorizing. The first batch of construction contracts awarded by local authorities have made housing history. The Lakeview project in Buffalo is the only one which has yet reached the \$4,000 limit—despite the fact that the \$5,000 maximum really applies in a city of Buffalo's size. The average cost per dwelling has been less than \$3,400 per unit. Furthermore, costs have been consistently lower than construction costs in private industry. In New York City, for instance, during the first ten months of 1938 (according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics)

dwellings built by private industry cost more than \$3,400 apiece. Yet at New York's Queensbridge project the average cost per dwelling—computed on the same basis—has been only \$2,880. In Youngstown, Ohio, private costs amount to more than \$4,670, USHA costs to only \$3,095! In Austin, Texas, private costs average more than \$2,640, USHA costs only \$2,300.

Decentralization has proved to be the most important factor in cutting costs. Local agencies are better able to deal with contractors than government representatives. The contractors themselves are willing to eliminate the extra margin of safety which hyper-critical supervision has usually forced them to include in contracts with the government. Moreover, large-scale construction expands every petty saving—such as the use of stock sizes of lumber or the back-to-back combination of plumbing fixture groups—into a major economy. In addition the payment of prevailing wages and the co-operative attitude of the building trades unions are reducing to a bare minimum the amount of time and money lost through strikes.

There is a very real danger, however, that costs will mount in the near future. If public and private construction keep on increasing, the building materials manufacturers and distributors can be depended upon to exploit the situation by jacking up their prices. There are indications that this process is already beginning. In 1924 a similar situation threatened to hamstring the English housing program. At that time the Labor Government saved the day by drawing up a bill designed to control prices and profits in the building-supply industry. Using this bill as a club, it forced the manufacturers and distributors into a "gentlemen's agreement" not to raise prices—a sort of shotgun marriage. In the United States a similar procedure can be followed. The files of the Department of Justice are heavy laden with evidence concerning violations of the anti-trust laws by the building-supply indus-

try. If Thurman Arnold were to show intentions of taking each violation to court, the industry would undoubtedly be willing to avoid prosecution by signing a "consent decree" under the terms of which they would promise to keep their prices within definite bounds.

VI

Contrary to popular belief, the cost of construction is only one of many factors which enter into rents. The costs of financing, insurance premiums, and operating expenses are just as important. In many cases the costs of operation alone—of administration, janitor service, repairs, and renovations—often far exceed initial construction costs. This is true of all privately built homes. It is even more true of homes built under the USHA program. The annual contributions paid to each project by the USHA are a little less than enough to pay the interest and amortization charges on the local authority's borrowings from the USHA and private investors. USHA rentals are only slightly more than is necessary to foot the bill for maintenance and management.

"Will USHA rentals be low enough?" Although this is the most important question that one can ask about the program, no definite answer can be made until the first projects are completed.

Even at this early moment, however, it can be predicted that rents will be fairly low. Many local authorities have wrought miracles of scientific planning for low rents. Corners of stairways are being rounded to facilitate cleaning. Where there are no incinerators, garbage and trash-removal systems have been devised whereby the tenant himself will place his refuse at a point of disposal where city collections can be made. Long public corridors which would have to be serviced by project labor are being eliminated by building row houses instead of apartments. The cost of maintaining project grounds is being reduced by giving each tenant a plot of land to cultivate. Because of the cost of exter-

mination, walls are usually made completely vermin-proof. As a result of foresight, monthly room rentals (excluding water, gas, and electricity, which will generally be secured at wholesale rates) will range from \$3.50 to \$5.50 in the North, from \$2.00 to \$3.50 in the South. At these rentals slum families will unquestionably be re-housed. In fact, even WPA workers and—in communities where relief payments are above the minimum subsistence level—families on relief will be able to move into the USHA projects.

There is still room for progress. If more authorities followed the lead of Austin or San Antonio and used materials such as glazed tile walls—which never require painting—more projects would approximate Austin's monthly rentals of \$2 per room. Yet even in Austin rents would be much lower if it were not for payments in lieu of taxes. At least one-third of the cities where projects are under way—New York, Philadelphia, New Orleans, Knoxville, and other towns—are in the same situation. Rents are anywhere from 2 to 5 per cent higher because of the local governments' unwillingness to grant complete tax exemption. Moreover, local governments have not yet been willing to foot the bill for certain administrative and operating expenses connected with USHA projects—such as salaries of project managers, office expenses, and janitor service—or to assign regular city employees to work upon the projects. If they ever go in for such assistance they will be able to lop anywhere from 15 to 30 per cent off rents. The cities can also reduce rents by making grants of city-owned land to the housing authorities. The Lakeview project in Buffalo, for instance, will rent at a figure substantially lower than similar projects in other Northern cities. The Lakeview site, which is worth almost 10 per cent of the entire project's development cost, was donated to the Buffalo authority by the city. Accordingly the authority will have to borrow very little money to make up the required ten per cent and the por-

tion of the annual federal subsidy which would pay interest on local bonds can be used almost entirely for maintenance. Unfortunately, few cities own land which is suitable for low-rent housing. Until our cities make serious attempts to acquire more land project tenants will have to pay higher rents.

VII

Once a loan contract has been secured, the local authority can move full steam ahead. USHA funds are at last available. But woe to the authority member or politician who thinks he can get USHA money in a lump sum and manipulate it to his advantage! Instead of turning all the money over to the local authority, the USHA releases funds for local use only as the bills fall due and not a day before. Moreover, USHA experts carefully scrutinize each request for funds before honoring it. Although some of the bills might be padded in order to allow architects, owners, or contractors the extra profit which is necessary for kickbacks to authority members, such padding will seldom be very serious. Nor is there much reason to believe that the projects will suffer more than any other municipal construction or more than private construction from contractors' habitual tendency to use cheaper materials and methods than in the specifications. The only real opportunity for making personal profit is in connection with land. Advance knowledge of the whereabouts of a project site will allow authority members to cash in on the inevitable rise in the value of surrounding properties—a rise which, in the case of PWA projects, has often amounted to a doubling or tripling of land values.

The important land problem, however, is not how to prevent one private person or another from reaping the benefits of increased land values but how to reserve these benefits for the community. Unless this problem is solved, it will be almost impossible for the authorities to expand their projects in the future with-

out paying excessive land prices. Within five or ten years the housing authorities will find themselves in the same predicament as the English housing authorities and have to buy cheap land in out-of-the-way and unsuitable places or pay the prices demanded for good land and even up by reductions in housing standards.

Happily, the framework for solving this problem already exists. The USHA permits the local authorities to spend any reasonable amount for excess land surrounding their projects. Yet the Cincinnati authority is the only one which is planning to buy any excess land worth talking about. Few authorities are aware of the vital importance of excess land purchases. Even if most of them understood the issue involved, it is doubtful whether large-scale excess land purchase would be at all practical at present. USHA funds are still too skimpy for the authorities to invest much of their money in land for the future. At the moment the real burden of land acquisition rests with the cities themselves. If they can be prodded into following the example of Swedish cities and—through foreclosures on tax delinquent properties or other methods—building up large areas of municipal land, a sound basis will be laid for low land costs and low rents.

VIII

Management is the biggest question mark in the whole housing program.

No one can yet predict whether the authorities will appoint project managers who will regard their position as a profession of social importance rather than just another job. No one can tell whether these managers will avoid the paternalistic approach which has created an institutional atmosphere in so many other housing projects. Will the Southern housing authorities shelve "white supremacy" and appoint Negro managers for Negro projects? Will politics play a role in tenant selection? Will repairs and replacements be made efficiently?

Although time alone can answer these

questions, one thing is certain. Arrant mismanagement will not last long. Despite the decentralization of the program, the USHA holds a trump card—its annual contribution. If a project is managed in such a way that its low-rent character is lost, the annual contribution can be withheld. This is one of the wisest provisions in the United States Housing Act. An actual withdrawal of USHA contributions would evoke a storm of local protest from both tenants and citizens at large. The possibility of such action will always face the local authorities and project managers and give them good reason to walk the straight and narrow.

For at least two excellent reasons the decentralized low-rent housing program will not be a failure. First, decentralization has not gone too far all at once. The United States Housing Act provides admirable checks upon local authorities; the USHA itself has provided not only checks but invaluable assistance as well. Second, low-rent housing has actually caught on. It has cut across party lines and won support from all sections of the community.

This does not mean that the USHA program is a solution of the housing problem. Only a drastic change in the economic system could escape the problems of inflated land values, steep interest rates, handicraft methods of construction, costly building labor, still more costly building materials, and crushing real estate taxes—the same problems which hog-tie the hands of the private builder who tries to build good homes for low rents. But it does mean that low-rent housing will soon be a reality in scores of communities, that slum families will be re-housed in clean, wholesome dwellings. For the USHA program is supremely realistic. The assumption is that in the present state of affairs decent, low-rent homes can be built and operated only at a loss. The aim of the USHA is to get the homes built anyway by having the local and Federal governments shoulder the loss through payment of yearly subsidies.

Unfortunately, the USHA's present

loan authorization of \$800,000,000 is sufficient to produce no more than 150,000 dwellings over a period of two or three years. This will be but a very small drop in a very large bucket. America needs at least six times that number built every year. Congress will make a grave error indeed if realty and banking interests bully it into curtailing the USHA's funds. From the point of view of enlightened conservatism alone, if from none other, the USHA program should be expanded.

Despite the raven croakings of professional "Yes-but" men, the housing program will not be a failure. Whether or not it will be a resounding success is another question. This will depend upon the way in which the local authorities and communities solve the difficulties described.

Housing authorities will have to stop carrying on all their business behind closed doors. A distinction must be made between those things which must be kept secret—in order to prevent land speculation, for instance—and those things which can profitably be publicized. As in Louisville, housing authority meetings often should be open at least to newspapermen. The public should be given an opportunity to voice its approval or disapproval of all site plans and designs—before, not after, final decisions are made.

There is a great need for better housing education in the schools. A small beginning has been made. The Cleveland Board of Education has prepared a splendid housing course for use in senior high schools. At a Pittsburgh high-school in the vicinity of Pittsburgh's first USHA project the boys in the manual training classes build miniature projects, the girls in home economics study room lay-outs and budgets, and the students in the civics classes consider housing's broader implications. Some universities include housing as a subject for discussion in architecture, engineering, sociology, and economics classes. There is still a great need for courses devoted to housing alone. A housing course should be

developed for use in WPA adult education classes. The government and the universities should stimulate better research in building materials and design and should promote more intensive studies of bad housing and of the operation of low-rent housing projects. A nation-wide survey should be conducted in conjunction with the 1940 census.

Housing activities must be organized in a less haphazard manner. The four Federal housing agencies—the United States Housing Authority, the Federal Housing Administration, the Farm Security Administration, and the Federal Home Loan Bank Board—should expand the activities of the government's Central Housing Committee, upon which they are all represented. A revitalized Central Housing Committee could do important work in the co-ordination of the New Deal's multi-sided housing program and perhaps point the way toward the creation of one central housing department. Labor must get back of the housing program even more energetically than it backed the Wagner-Steagall Bill. The A. F. of L. should issue a concrete statement of housing policy similar to the CIO's housing handbook recently published. The CIO should take a leaf from the notebook of the A. F. of L. and provide its Committee on Housing with a full-time personnel. Both organizations should spare no efforts in promoting the organization of ill-housed families into tenants' leagues. In the near future the tenants' organizations of New York, Philadelphia, and Pittsburgh should hold a conference at which their problems can be discussed and plans can be laid for bringing the tenants' movement not only into other metropolitan areas but also into the Southern mill towns and the company-dominated mining villages. A semi-popular housing magazine should be pub-

lished—something like *Shelter* but less expensive. The various State Housing Boards now in existence should buckle down to the task of state-wide educational campaigns.

Most important of all, some method must be found of co-ordinating the work of national housing organizations (the National Public Housing Conference, the National Housing Federation, the National Association of Housing Officials, the American Federation of Housing Authorities), the various professional associations interested in better housing, and the innumerable local housing committees and councils which have sprung into existence since the inception of the USHA program. At the moment, there is a needless duplication of effort. One group knows little or nothing of what the other is doing. Petty jealousies and jurisdictional squabbles are rampant. Some sort of all-embracing housing federation or congress is definitely on the order of business. There is talk in Washington that Mrs. Roosevelt is thinking of organizing such a federation by calling a White House conference of housing leaders. Perhaps this would do the trick; perhaps government should stay out. Whatever means are used, however, a unifying housing organization must be established which will not only form an intelligent, clear-cut policy but assist local groups in every community.

If the housing movement grows along these lines, the expansion of the USHA program into billions of dollars is possible, as is the enactment of "Little Wagner-Steagall Acts" in those States where the housing problem is most acute. Then the housing adventure, which is truly an experiment in democracy, may succeed and the foundations of democracy in America will be immeasurably strengthened.



TEACHING AT BERKELEY

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

BY LEONARD BACON

UNLIKE other Western institutions the University of California had and has many imperfections. But this does not prevent it from being one of the really pleasant places on the planet. The ease, the simplicity, the friendliness, and the genuine distinction of many of the faculty more than made up for deficiencies it would take no genius to point out. I doubt if a more unlicked cub than I became a member of any teaching force in the land in 1910, and yet in spite of overwork for which I was under-equipped, I had a splendid time. Also I was from the first treated like a man and a brother. All of which goes to prove my statement that it is a pleasant place.

No university whatever is more beautiful for situation. Set on the lower slope of the leonine hills that look out between the headlands of the Gate, near but not in the great city, it is sufficiently close to the main highway to the Orient so that all manner of men pass by and some pause to converse. Kipling has remarked that the lobby of the Palace Hotel is one of the four places in the world where sooner or later everyone of power or interest will appear. The observation is very nearly true. The university maelstrom sucked in men of distinction, who whirled in its eddies for a day or two before going to their own place, and though such connections are often unsatisfactory because brief, I am glad I had so many of them.

The noble place with its tremendous

view of bay, mountains, and "the crocodile silhouette" of the city, which at night becomes a Wagnerian dragon, has been adorned not unfitly by man. Great groves of eucalyptus and acacia, in spite of the prejudice of old Californians, have taken nothing from the magnificence of the original secular live oaks and have the further virtue of hiding certain buildings. Though some of these are fussy, feeble, or downright hideous, the Mining School seems to me a shining example of good architecture, and there are others nearly as effective. White stone and red tile fit well with the burnt khaki and dusty jade-greens of an arid land. And I do not share the views of purists whose sensibilities are hurt by a capital lacking a pilaster or a doorway too closely resembling the mouth of the Cloaca Maxima, when the general effect is on the whole appropriate and not without distinction. By and large John Galen Howard, his colleagues, and his successors deserved well of the University.

When I got off the suburban train which bore me from the "Overland" to Berkeley, Tom Bacon, Professor of History and the most entertaining great-uncle known to science, was there to welcome me, as always wagging his red beard. It seemed almost a dear ambition of his to get that hairy spike pointed horizontally out in front of him. It never descended vertically like reasonable beards. And in some manner it was an accessory to his penetrating and perpetually divert-

ing conversation. Uncle Tom ("Tommy" to twenty-five college generations) was incapable of dullness, though he had been a clergyman. His wit could be mordant, and whether or no he feared God he did not regard man. As toast-master at a banquet, he remarked after an elaborate and terrifically extended speech by Whitelaw Reid: "The Gods of the Mills grind slowly but they grind exceeding long." And his revision of the psalmist, when he beheld Timothy Dwight and Jeremiah Day together on Yale campus, may be quoted once more: "Day unto Dwight uttereth speech, and Dwight unto Day showeth knowledge."

Under his roof I spent my first anxious days in Berkeley, once again a new boy in an old school, but informed and encouraged by as pleasant a guide as heart could desire.

Uncle Tom's chum and alter ego was my chief, Charles Mills Gayley, without competitor the best boss in the world. It would be wholly impossible to do more than suggest the fire and life of the man. He crackled with energy, and yet he was never wearisome. And I hadn't expected anything like him at all. His very first words to me, as he came, a beautiful straight soldier of a man, to the door of his study, where I waited for him and fate, were of this order: "I've not had breakfast. Come to the dining room. I've got the most magnificent peach that ever was seen. You shall eat it." I felt we were going to get on. And never was an intuition better justified. From that day forward no moment passed when I did not feel protected and instructed by him.

Gayley's mind was universal and ecumenical. I have known few men with more information on more topics. Yet he was invariably accurate and succinct. Out of the Great Pacific Deep of his memory came the book you needed, the whole allusion you had only in part. Maimonides, Rabelais, W. S. Gilbert—it hardly mattered.

And there was soundness in him too, as well as the all-inclusiveness and the

glancing brightness. I think he was the first man of parts and position to raise his voice against the systematic absurdity of the German process of higher education in the form foisted on America by President Eliot. Mr. Gayley's little book, *Idols of Education*, was a much needed blast against the soul-slaying, brain-shackling, youth-withering, methodological, bureaucratic regime that has made our graduate schools what they are. Furthermore, he practiced what he preached. Quite early in my career he told me in so many words not to take thought how I should add the pharisaic cubit of the doctorate to my stature. "I'll take care of you," he said. And he did, with the result that I was, I suppose, almost the last man in English studies in any great American university to be promoted assistant professor without having passed through that Valley of the Dry Bones where, contrary to Ezekiel, flesh does not return upon them.

For that only Mr. Gayley's name would be blessed in my sight. But a day hardly went by without giving me other reasons. Suggestions so ingeniously insinuated that one acted on them with delight; hints that cleared away the small difficulties that beset every inexperienced teacher; quaintly expressed precepts, at which I might have laughed had I not grown aware of their immediate validity—these were the characteristics of a guidance of which I was hardly conscious. And it was the same in our games and diversions. He pleased me once on a golf fairway, when I had brought off a magnificent left-handed shot, which had changed his jubilation at my difficult lie into a sick certainty that he was going to lose the hole. "Hm," he said in disgust, "I didn't know you were ambisinistrous." Even his comic rages made life bright, much as his generosity did. I was his subordinate for thirteen years, when times were good, when they were evil, in sickness, and in health, in the hour of death, and in the Day of Judgment. And I feel about him now as I felt always about him—bright, beautiful, enchanting, incarnate vitality.

II

But though Mr. Gayley was the nearest great planet, he was by no means the only luminary. There were at least twenty-five men of mark, most of whom I came to know and some of whom since they affected me especially I propose to mention. There was for instance Hilgard, the gentle old German, disciple and heir of Liebig, who during the Civil War had saved his college in the South from being burned by each of the maddened armies. The greatest agricultural chemist of his time, he was much unlike too many of his specialized successors, for he was a man of simply enormous cultivation, and in no sense the exploiter of an apple disease, or a blatherer about farm economics.

Lawson, the geologist, who opined that the Cro-magnards were clearly a remarkable race because they had exterminated the inferior Neanderthal men "without whiskey or missionaries," was and is as vivid an animal as it is necessary to know. In conversation he gave no quarter. And my crest bowed in the dust when, after I had uttered some amiable irrelevance, he turned tigerishly upon me, almost shouting: "Speak first and think afterward seems to be your principle," in spite of which we became friends. He had a real gift for phrase and could express contempt so that the shingles came off the roof. It was told him that someone had been made a dean. "Dean!" he snorted, "he's only a transcendental clerk." Last year I saw Harvard honor him at the Tercentenary among his peers.

As important a single influence and force as a man ever encounters anywhere was Arthur Ryder, Professor of Sanskrit. When he died alone in his classroom with the solitary girl student who was taking his course as the sole attendant of his end, a light went out. Gilbert Lewis, himself no slouch, said to me that the greatest mind in the University was gone. Nor do I feel any inclination to deny it. A wit of the first order (his description of the history department as consisting of "a sham giant surrounded

by real pygmies" has the very smack of Voltaire), a poet of vivid and sharp distinction, and a translator of the Sanskrit Classics absolutely without peer or parallel, he had, to borrow an image from the Hindu poets, at once "the danger and the benignity of the cobra that spread its hood to keep the sun off the infant Krishna." He was the greatest antidote to stuffed shirts I have ever known; and the greatest friend of innocence and simplicity. From the beginning of our friendship he strengthened and confirmed what I dimly knew, namely that all subjects are not of equal value and that some facts are significant and that some, often quite picturesque ones, are not. He made me live the belief that it is necessary to read Chaucer, whereas civilized intercourse is possible between reasonable persons without a special knowledge of Walter Pater and Oscar Wilde, both of them at that moment still stars in the ascendant. Also he rubbed my nose in William James and Tolstoi. I cannot be sufficiently grateful that, at the end of the ultra-violet decade and the beginning of the infra-red, I could talk with him about great books I was digging into for the first time. His violently individual opinions were unimaginably refreshing to the slave of split infinitives, hanging participles, and the other attributes of thousand-word themes. Merely to talk with him over the chess-board helped me to put in some sort of order an intellectual house which had been shakily constructed and sketchily furnished.

One belief to which he permanently converted me was that critical writing is a base activity. If Arnold really liked writing "On Translating Homer," why then so much less Arnold he. The only form of the habit which Ryder could even tolerate was what has been called "*O que c'est beau*" criticism. A man who writes in a burst of enthusiasm for a new work of art is doing what is natural, however unnecessary. But a man who is concerned with trends and tendencies and schools, who rebukes Sinclair Lewis be-

cause he isn't like Willa Cather, or Pope for failing to resemble Keats, is talking through his hat and possibly suspects as much. Ryder put it concisely in an aphoristic definition: "A professional literary critic is a man who hates literature." What a lot of them there are! However sweeping the definition, in my sight there is much truth in it. Yet he was the first man in my world to recommend to me Lytton Strachey, whose *History of French Literature* enchanted him with its brief causticity. That must have been nearly five years before *Eminent Victorians* was reviewed on the front pages.

The long table under the skylight in the Faculty Club dining room was to me a focus of mirth and excitement. I saw Gilbert Lewis there once when his dark eyes were blazing with triumph. Edington had just wired from Australia that the displacement of a star seen in the eclipse was of the order predicted by believers in the relativity theory. There I beheld Bill Williams, most pacific of physicists, unsheathe the sword against Sommerfeld himself in the flesh—Sommerfeld who, whatever his knowledge of the forces that operate within the scientific atom, did not understand the unscientific atom—and proved it with German thoroughness. Richard Tolman sat at that table. He was always diverting, never more so than when most in earnest, and interesting about anything from the Pentateuch to the actinium series. Walter Hart might be there, astute as he was learned. From his lips the epigram came so easily that you were hardly aware of it till the burst. It was like being shot by a gun with a silencer. One Yale man, I am happy to say a chemist, learned not to take him on. He twitted Hart about a miscreated effort of the Harvard administration to apply efficiency engineering to education. The newspaper headlines read: "Harvard men must now work." Hart's rejoinder: "Yale will watch the experiment with interest," is the height of instruction and edification.

These men and others were always

in my background or my foreground, whether as allies or as companions, and, living or dead, have not ceased to be my friends. From the beginning they gave me aid and comfort of which I stood in some need in a two-sided struggle against my own ignorance and that of others.

III

By the time my first recitation hour came to an end I saw that there was a sharp distinction between college students East and West. The average Eastern undergraduate, at least in my time, behaved a good deal as if college was his unquestioned right and he could do what he pleased with his own. In comparison with the Westerner he was a good deal better prepared for, and a good deal less interested in, the intellectual matters to which he from time to time directed his wavering attention. Generally his background was better too, and not infrequently he had had opportunities to travel, to hear music, and to visit the theater, which had not necessarily enriched his mind. Of these last the Californian knew almost nothing. But he was correspondingly, if superficially, eager. He wanted the outline of a subject anyhow, whether or no his interest was deep enough to dig into the details. To him the university was a palace of art, a focus of the desirable, in which it was difficult but creditable to remain. This amiable weakness had at least one satisfactory result from the standpoint of a beginning teacher, namely that one problem in the instruction of adolescence scarcely ever arose. The maintenance of order just didn't have to be thought about.

A ludicrous example of the difference in attitude, West and East, occurred in my first term. Five minutes after the hour began the supposedly quenched coal in my pipe ignited a handful of matches in my coat pocket. A great puff of smoke rose up, and I burned my hand, putting out that highly personal fire. Had such a thing occurred at Yale, with me among

those present, eighteen months before, I shudder to think of the uproar that would have bewildered a young instructor, and the general delight at the spectacle of learning in flames. Those young Californians looked at me with grave and flattering concern, and seemed as relieved as I was when I conquered the conflagration.

There is a lot of fun in introducing young ranchmen from the San Joaquin or girls who know no delight beyond a Bakersfield drugstore, to poetry, when not one of them has ever seen *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. And that part was all right. But I found to my horror that I hardly knew enough grammar to teach it, as I plowed through my first batch of thousand-word themes. It was three mortal years before I even began to feel adequate, nor am I sure I ever was. And there was no shade of despondency and sense of defeat with which I was not familiar. This in a way was as it should have been. For it made me regard every recitation with such painful interest as a commander may feel about a battle where the enemy shows signs of possessing incalculable reserves.

Yet from the first I was lucky. In my second division on my first day sat a boy with whom I was instantly on delightful terms, which continue to this hour. Presently there were others. And as far as personal, apart from educational, matters went, things were on a good basis. I can look back on that part of my relations and feel a certain legitimate pride.

Mr. Gayley believed in having his boys do varied things, and in process of time I found myself giving more advanced courses. One of these had a pleasant origin. A poet in a Freshman division asked me if I would help him and a friend of his with their verses and talk to them about prosody. I agreed to do this and gave them a couple of extra-curricular hours a week. It was great fun, though it took time, for they were in desperate earnest, and the little class forced me to arrange my ideas. At the end of that year the only begetter of that extra-legal

instruction promised to get fifteen good students if I would offer a formal course in verse-composition. Thus English 106 was born and no one ever had a more diverting experience than the instructor.

The boy was as good as his word, but he went far beyond it. For past all doubt the fifteen most brilliant creatures in a student body of eight or nine thousand were in that class. They had minds of real distinction then. And to-day practically all of them are people of mark. And they were perfectly charming into the bargain. It would make any teacher's mouth water just to remember that lot and the things they did and have done since. A leading dramatist, a first-rate college president, the most prolific pot-boiler of the times, who beyond that is a brilliant poet, a poetess of real power and distinction for whose posthumous volume I wrote the introduction only last year, and a fine translator from the Slavic! My lord, what fun I had! The verses they wrote were adolescent and immature, but what bright gleams of parts, and what fire and drive. I was as near happy with that class as a teacher ever gets. Not that I can be said to have taught them. But I take some credit for having the sense to stand aside and let the Liverpool Packet go.

Even after that aerie graduated the course stormed along with the momentum they imparted. There were nearly always exciting persons in it. And the mere threat of making something seemed to keep it healthy. I never felt any sense of sterility or bookishness about it, as I was too apt to feel about my more formal lectures. What tosh I gave English 106 was tosh in good faith. And I never felt about it one twinge such as a man feels who must cover certain ground with examinations in the background. The whole thing was a profitable pleasure, and it was good to have encountered the bright engaging minds of Frederick Faust, of Sidney Howard, of Jacques LeClerc, of Genevieve Taggard.

There is no hospitality like that of the legitimate Californian. The difficulty is

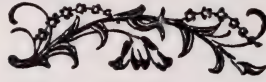
not to abuse it. A busy man will drop his affairs to take care of some Easterner with a letter of introduction. And what they must think, after breaking their backs in the West, when they are told in the East by a secretary over the telephone that Mr. So and So is in conference, I leave to the imagination. I got more than my fair share of that hospitality in Berkeley, in San Francisco, and the adjoining towns. And there was a liberality and absence of stiffness about the little parties that was new and exciting. The Victorian cloud had never been thick and had lifted early in that sunny world. Young people to-day may think it idiotic that I was startled when I discovered, soon after I arrived in California, that it was absolutely the thing to take a girl to dine in the city *à deux*. But no one in any set I knew could do it in the East in 1910. The chaperon, still enthroned by the Atlantic, hardly existed on the West Coast, and if she did at all, was, as debutantes say now, a bit of swank like a Rolls. Manners, however, if anything, were better and easier. I liked it.

At the time of my arrival in the West, the town of Berkeley might be said to be a department of the University, let us say the Home Department. Though there were many business men who commuted to San Francisco, the whole life and tone and pace of things depended on the University. The place had the pleasant quality of a small New England town, in spite of the fact that it was already a considerable city. It made you think of a gigantic Farmington, a Concord in Brobdignag. Extreme simplicity, due in part to good taste and no doubt also to academic poverty, marked the pleasantest conditions of living I have encountered. Thorsten Veblen was fifty miles away at Stanford then, but he could have found little conspicuous waste and no competitive display. The very few people of means lived as simply as their neighbors. We were almost snobbish about it. Yet the gatherings at twenty houses where I loved to go were productive of happier laughter than one always hears

and of conversation as good as it gets.

Largely responsible for this were a half-dozen old ladies, every one of whom had wit, elegance, and intellectual style. Persons of whatever sex or age were welcome in their informal salons, where everything got discussed in a vital and epigrammatic manner past my praise. San Francisco is said to have had more good talkers in the seventies than any American city, and I can well believe it from my contact with charming old women who had been young in those days. They talked as precisely and gracefully as Jane Austen heroines, and they were not one whit interested in the rise or fall of their neighbors' finances or in their connubial infelicities. Mrs. Palmer, her beautiful dark eyes blazing with pleasure and excitement if the subject were George Sand or Goethe or Mark Twain, and equally entertaining, twitting or being twitted in some famous triangular conflict with Mrs. Charles Blake or Mrs. Howison, could make an evening for anyone. And there wasn't a trace of any hateful high-brow business about it, no factitious Eleusinian pomp of the intellectual. On the contrary, only wit, learning, brilliant common sense, and kindness, which made a bridge for her to any other human being between ninety and nine. No spiritual engineer can do more.

Mrs. Palmer and her circle were typical of New England, transplanted, and at its charming best. And it was that transplanted New England that had founded the University and given it tone. The poverty of the faculty was more than compensated for by grace and brains, in a city where even *nouveaux riches* subdued a disposition to splurge. On the whole it is my considered opinion that I have never been in a place where people were more genuine and attractive, and where there was so little disposition to keep up with the Joneses. What America may yet be, a country of uncompromised and uncompromising intelligence, was, it seems to me, foreshadowed in the unpretentious town. We have drifted very far from all that. But we could return.



SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

THE EDGE OF THE LAST FRONTIER

PART II

BY GEORGE R. LEIGHTON

NORTH, south, and east of Seattle to the slopes of the Cascades; west on the shores of the Sound and the Pacific, scattered about on the slopes of a hundred ravines, were the logging camps. There, in the days of the pre-war lumber boom, was the confluence of many streams of men. Lying in vermin-ridden bunks, huddled round the sheet-iron stove under the swinging kerosene lamp, the men dried out their soaked flannel shirts, dungaree pants, and wool drawers, pasted cuts from the *Police Gazette* on the walls, played cards and swapped Skidroad experiences.

Some were Swenstroms and Linds who had followed their jobs out from the Minnesota woods to be joined in the camps by Scandinavian immigrants who had landed at the port of Seattle. Here and there were Duprays and Rossnols, remnants—with battered names—of the Canucks who had come to Maine and Michigan so long before. There were McGraths from Brunswick and Lillards from Ashtabula, intended Klondikers halted at the waterfront without the two hundred dollars it took to get to Skagway or the grub without which they could not get past the Mounted Police at the border. Along with these was a miscellaneous crowd of wanderers, single men who had fled the settled East to ease their unrest near the last frontier. Some had worked in the copper mines at Butte, oth-

ers had been in Sierra stamp mills, others were firemen who had been "Rule G-ed" off every railroad in the West, and others still were roving, misfit sons of the rich or the godly. Frank Flickwer had left a wife and children in Chicago fifteen years before and had never seen them again; John Dollarhyde came from a Missouri farm.

Some of these men—but not many—were "stump ranchers," farmers interested only in earning a little money to help them clear land they were homesteading. They did not tarry very long in the camps. The larger number sometimes, but not often, stayed a season through, going down to the Skidroad on the 4th of July to blow it in and returning to the same stamping ground when the fall rains began and logging shut down. There were others, the itching-footers, forever on the move; these were the sharpest-eyed, the most nervous and rebellious. At rare intervals a hobo would turn up, but he was a man of leisure who only gave work a whirl occasionally. His aim was to accumulate ten dollars and retire at once to the nearest jungle.

The buckers, who worked by themselves in the woods, included many Finns. They disliked to be bossed, seldom spoke, and were thought certain to lose their minds sooner or later. They could lie in their bunks in the evenings for hours be-

fore going to sleep, staring at the lamp, oblivious of arguments about whether grub and bunks were better at Rucker's at Everett or at Reed's camps—the two best outfits in the State in this respect—or whether they could be any worse than what you got around Gray's Harbor.

Work was from dawn to dusk in the woods, frequently so in the mills. Wages were no longer what they had been in the early eighties; the alternate glut and famine in the industry could swing wages up or down 40 per cent in one year. In 1914 the Page Lumber Company's pay averaged \$3.48 a day, and Mr. Page thought with longing of the late '90's when "there was not so much unrest" and "we paid ninety cents a day in the yards and didn't pay it in money." Most of the men got their jobs from Skidroad employment agencies—"the slave market"—and collusion between foremen and these agencies to split fees was common and often thought to be a foreman's perquisite.

The life was dangerous and the risks great. For many years no compensation law stood between the loggers and shingleweavers and the possibility of a crippled and armless middle age. Hospital charges were excessive, hospital care often hopeless. Favored doctors with medical contracts often held lumber company stock. In the woods there would be a sudden scream and grinding from a spinning drum; a rotten cable snaps and a choker setter jumps—but not in time. In an instant his body is lying over a log, his skull a bloody pulp. Did not old McGrath yell to his boy? Not in time, and old McGrath will not tell much of his mourning. Let not your heart be troubled; there are many more loggers idling along the Seattle Skidroad who will take his place.

Was it not "the policy of the companies to employ, as far as possible, unmarried men and encourage a migratory body of labor"? Was it not the custom for foremen to "highball" their men, exhausting them within a week and forcing them to quit from fatigue? Such tactics accelerated migration until in 1911 a camp

could be found where seven men were hired in one week to keep one man at work. In 1914 the average Washington camp turnover was five hundred per cent.

Not all quit from fatigue. Plenty simply liked to be perpetually moving on, proving their independence by "walkin' out" whenever they chose, plunging into uproarious and savage barroom brawls when all left the woods for the fourth of July. Though some wondered in a blundering way where they were going and why, and though others, when they reached forty, began to lose heart and furnish reasons why the suicide rate in Seattle shot up in October when logging was over, still others gave no quarter.

These "womanless, homeless, voteless" men, forever looking for an untraveled world whose margin faded as they moved, were the foundation labor of the entire Pacific Northwest. As it was in the camps and often in the lumbermills, so it was along the Seattle waterfront with the sailors on the beach, with the roving harvest hands, and the migrants among the coal miners.

So there, spread out, was the economic pattern of the region. There was the great Northern Pacific landgrant; out of it and round it were blocked in the great timber holdings of the principal lumbermen, patchworked together out of speculations, homesteader purchases, school-land steals, and the plunderings of the Interior Department. Through this region ran the Hill roads to connect at Seattle, Tacoma, and Portland with the maritime traffic and the Orient. Seemingly it was almost an integrated raw-material economy—timber, lumber, coal, fish, fruit, and grain. The metal industries of Seattle, such as they were, existed to supply chains, cables, sheets, and steel and iron supplies to lumber, shipping, canning, and mining. But lumber was chief of all.

If the business represented the last stand of intense individualism among the operators, so did it also among the loggers. No mathematician existed who, calculating in a sort of fourth dimension, could estimate what the loggers had paid

in cash—over a hundred years' time—for their itch to move and their you-be-damned, Paul Bunyan attitudes. Never did human beings indulge themselves in a more expensive luxury. But they had it. It was not surprising that, as the lumber boom roared along, there arose a strange and wonderful organization, the final flowering out of the militant migrant, the farewell defiance of the discontented at the edge of the last frontier: the Industrial Workers of the World, or, as they were better known, the Wobblies.

II

It was an ironical circumstance that the very region in which the I.W.W. eventually achieved its strongest hold should have all but baffled the Wobblies at the start because of its peculiar economy. In the end Seattle became one of the great strongholds of the I.W.W. but its formal organization occurred in Chicago.

The political ferment of the early 1900's had been at work. The muck-rakers were busy with police graft; the "golden age of Socialism" was marching along in step with the golden age of business and of agriculture; preachers, real estate operators, atheists, and lawyers were flocking into the Socialist ranks. The revolutionaries and the direct actionists watched all this with acidulous contempt, but they were affected too. Numbers of them believed that the moment was at hand to convert the workers of the country to the One Big Union. Jack London told Charles Beard that some time in 1912 the hour of revolution would strike—this time positively.

After much preliminary discussion and correspondence, a determined group of about 200 radicals met in Chicago on the 24th of June, 1905. Debs was there and Mother Jones with her bonnet and reticule. Father Hagerty, a priest who preached industrial unionism, was with them and so was the elegant and dandified Daniel DeLeon, formerly a lecturer in Latin American Diplomacy at Columbia and thereafter the leader of the So-

cialist Labor party. But the most influential of all were the delegates—chief among them one-eyed Bill Haywood—of the Western Federation of Miners. The tie that bound these disparate personalities was a belief in industrial unionism and a virulent opposition to the organization and ideas of the American Federation of Labor.

"This is," said Haywood, "the Continental Congress of the Working Class We are going down into the gutter to get at the mass of the workers and bring them up to a decent plane of living." The delegates strove mightily and put up the scaffolding for gigantic unions into which all the working men and women of the country, skilled and unskilled, were to be enlisted. They produced a constitution, the preamble to which—written by Father Hagerty—was committed to memory by thousands thereafter who roved the harvest fields, the mining camps and the bunkhouses of the West:

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life. Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

There was nothing discussed in this Chicago conference that had not in one form or another been threshed out years before along the Skidroad and the Seattle waterfront. Even in the Central Labor Council, the citadel of the very A. F. of L. craft unions that the Wobblies so much despised, the issues had been debated. The Northwest was a fertile soil for the new organization and in the autumn of 1905, three months after the Chicago meeting, little branches were springing up in Seattle and the neighborhood and presently the doctrine was spreading to Port Townsend, Tacoma, Aberdeen, Hoquiam, and North Bend.

But, after a running start, the One Big Union slowed down. Not until the or-

ganization had come to terms with both the region and the people in it, could it achieve its brief and flaming influence. Then, indeed, the Wobblies became, as they said, the "high divers of the labor movement."

However great the enthusiasm in the I.W.W. halls in coast towns, the great appeal must be made to the unorganized. That meant lumbering and logging. Jaunts from distant lumber camps down to the Skidroad hall were too much for all but the most resolute. Migrant labor, forever on the move over a wide area—"Freight trains run every day"—would have to have a different sort of organization.

So the I.W.W. delegate came into existence. This was the wandering organizer, riding an icy blind over Snoqualmie Pass, sometimes a solitary figure waiting for a manifest freight at a desert water tank, an official whose headquarters was where he hung his hat. Gradually it came about that the Skidroad I.W.W. Hall was a sort of regional headquarters and forth from it went the delegates—"early Christians" they were sometimes derisively called—to spread the word.

Those at the first convention in 1905 who came from settled eastern cities—DeLeon and his round-the-radical-evening-lamp circle, the German immigrant socialists with their well-thumbed Marxian texts—these with many native American revolutionary unionists from the cities regarded political action as essential. But the Westerners, especially the migrants, had no use whatever for such ideas. Forever on the move, they had no ballot and wanted none. The functionaries of government they knew were the deputy sheriff, the constable—better known as the "town clown"—and the local judge with his routine jail sentences. The small householder who trustingly cast a vote was the particular butt of their jokes; one of their favorite caricatures was Mr. Block, the thick-headed citizen who thought to better himself at the polls. They despised contracts. "We have not got an agreement

existing with any mine manager, superintendent, or operator at the present time," Haywood had said in 1905. "We have got a minimum scale of wages" and "the eight-hour day and we did not have a legislative lobby to accomplish it."

It was a crowd of such highrollers, the "overall brigade" gathered up in Seattle, Tacoma, and Portland, who rode the rods into Chicago in 1908 and steam-rolled the I.W.W. convention. They taunted DeLeon as "the Pope" and threw out the political actionists. Thenceforward the I.W.W., perpetually racked with faction, belonged to the West. Their forays into Lawrence and Passaic and McKees Rocks and Philadelphia were spectacular but short-lived; Seattle became their great center and their home-place.

To this organization were drawn the most nervous, rebellious, and quick-witted of the western migrants, "the pork chop philosophers," who favored direct action, stripped of all excess baggage. They were very conscious of their own merits and frankly declared that the Wobbly was "infinitely less servile than his fellow worker in the East." "The tang of the wild taints the free and foot-loose western nomad to the bone," said *Solidarity* modestly. "Nowhere else can a section of the working class be found so admirably fitted to serve as the scouts and advance guards of the labor army. Rather they become the guerillas of the revolution, the franc-tireurs of the class struggle."

In the Seattle Hall on the Skidroad, in Missoula, Spokane, and Goldfield, as well as along the Northwest waterfronts, could be found battered upright pianos, blackboards chalked up with announcements and warnings of lumber camps with bad grub and bunks. Each hall had a library that included dog-eared copies of *Capital*, Jack London's *The Son of the Wolf*, Gustavus Myers' *History of the Great American Fortunes*, Ragnar Redbeard's *Might Is Right*, and a dozen other volumes. Here the wanderer might pause and sleep off his jag of the night before, compare

notes on complaisant waitresses, or write a piece for the Wobbly papers. *Solidarity* and the other I.W.W. sheets published quantities of roving correspondence. If there was a free-speech fight on, the Wobs gathered here to stuff their caps with newspapers, "free speech helmets," protection against night sticks. The cellar print shop, hard by the Skidroad saloons, vomited up a stream of pamphlet literature, and these were conned, criticized with no minced words, or applauded.

Striding along a wood-road or hooking a ride on a speeder, the brim of his felt hat pushed up in front and his calked boots slung over his blanket roll, the delegate from Seattle turns up in camp. The loggers have seen his like before, many of them know the Wobbly "songs to fan the flames of discontent." At night the bunkhouse resounds:

Fifty thousand lumberjacks, fifty thousand
packs,
Fifty thousand dirty rolls of blankets on
their backs,
Fifty thousand minds made up to strike and
strike like men;
For fifty years they've packed a bed, but
never will again . . .
Fifty thousand wooden bunks, full of things
that crawl;
Fifty thousand restless men have left them
once for all . . .

It didn't take the lumbermen long to discover what was going on. One Seattle woman who spent her childhood in her father's camp remembers the occasions when her father would come in at night tense and silent. It meant that a Wobbly delegate was in camp. Let the saws be watched: a spike concealed in a log or a handful of emery powder meant a new Disston ruined.

In Seattle consultations among lumbermen were frequent. Perhaps the thing that infuriated them most was that the Wobblies talked in accents identical with their own. One night in Seattle there was an informal meeting to discuss ways and means. One operator, steaming with wrath, demanded the raising of the vigilantes and direct action. When he finished, another operator, who had lis-

tened intently, observed: "If you lost your money, you'd be the best I.W.W. in the State."

Old J. V. Patterson, President of the Seattle Construction and Dry Dock Company, was caught off base by the I.W.W. In 1914 this admission was forced out of him: "If they (the I.W.W.) are in error, I believe in the utility of error . . . the contrast between the I.W.W. and the unions is tremendous to me. The I.W.W. appreciates the individual. He has got something to offer above the sordid rotten existence. He has got ideals. And he is nearer to Almighty God than any other political propagandists that I know of." As an official of the Slade Lumber Company had said: "I don't know of any business in the United States that there is as much individuality about as there is in the lumber business in the State of Washington."

So, in this uneasily shifting population, a number of roughly defined groups gradually emerged. Round the railroad men and the timber men and the absentees headed by the Guggenheim Syndicate were grouped—often unwillingly—the little lumber and shipping operators and the local promoters. The control exerted by these groups threatened to exhaust the raw materials on which the region depended. There was nothing else for them to do. Opposed to them were the agrarians, the Populist remnants, the Grangers, the I.W.W., the labor unions, the schoolteachers, the Socialists, the Skidroad revolutionaries, and the conservationists engaged in this "dim battle in the West." It was plain that sooner or later a fight was inevitable. And at last it came, shrouded and still more confused by the World War. As though to mark the end of an age, on the 4th of April, 1914, old Weyerhaeuser died. Most of his generation had gone before him but his philosophy never wavered and was handed on intact to the Washington timbermen. The size of his fortune was not revealed, he made no endowments, his charities filled a table-spoon. In death as in life he was the

great Square Toes and his colleagues and competitors mourned him. "He was," said the *American Lumberman*, "their recognized leader of whom they were always proud and never ashamed."

III

The opening and closing engagements of this fight brought the Wobblies into a violent and bloody collision with the timbermen. Between those two engagements—the first in 1916, the second three years later—lay the War, the great lumber strike, and the establishment of the eight-hour day. When it was over the I.W.W. was all but completely broken.

In 1900 there had been only half a million people living in the State of Washington. By 1914 there were twice as many and most of them were crowded on the narrow shelf between the Cascades and the Pacific. Lumber production shot ahead, the harbor was filled with shipping, and since Seattle was two days nearer to Yokohama than San Francisco, a large part of the Japanese silk traffic was dumped on Seattle wharves to be put on Jim Hill's freight cars. The restless ambition of the local promoters had leveled many of the hills on which the city stood. The flow of money was great enough to sustain a generous municipal corruption. In 1910 the genial Hiram Gill ran for Mayor on an avowed red-light platform and was triumphantly elected. Gill had begun life as a waiter in a waterfront café and believed in "the sacredness of graft." Word was broadcast that Seattle was more open than ever and every train brought its quota of peroxide blondes, gray-cloth-topped shoes with pearl buttons, and smooth gentlemen in rich brown suits and diamonds.

Up the hill at the corner of Seventh and Spring was the brick basilica of the First Presbyterian Church. Over this church presided the Reverend Mark A. Matthews, a fundamentalist exhorter, who had succeeded in gathering together one of the largest congregations in the United States. Gill had migrated to

Seattle and Matthews was a migrant too. He came from rural Georgia and had a strong leaning toward evangelism and the flames of hell. After some thought Matthew determined to get Gill and with no difficulty whatever amassed a quantity of evidence. A recall election in 1911 threw Gill out and Matthew, by now a real political power, was known as the Black-Maned Lion of Seattle; he was a go-getter, the friend of the powers that be; he "belonged to the leading clubs" and preached on "Hell, Heathenism, and Holiness." His was a boom church in a boom city.

Outwardly Seattle was rich, yet a closer examination of the neighborhood showed how topheavy this 1914 prosperity was. Most of the camps and lumber mills were shut down. A lumberman was writing: "In December, 1913, and at the present time there are probably more unemployed persons in the State of Washington than there have been found there in any past year." (This was from a town where "there was always a floating population of 10,000 in the winter.") The old Providence Hospital had been taken over and set up as a great flop-house, the Hotel de Gink, under the direction of Peter Pauly, King of the Hoboes. There was, in Seattle, as Mr. McAdoo found elsewhere, "a strange, listless unrest."

August, 1914, brought the War. At first little attention was paid to it. But presently the first ripples of the coming war boom could be felt. In the lumber mills, as the fringe lumber operators plucked up hope again, there were increasingly bitter complaints about wages, for the cost of living had begun to rise. The urban unions grew apprehensive; only with difficulty were seven anti-labor propositions defeated on the referendum in 1916. On the other hand shipyards were springing up overnight; the railroad switching yards were swamped with Russian orders; the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern sheds could not accommodate the cotton, automobiles, locomotives, barbed wire, and munitions bound for Vladivostok. It was the war boom

labor shortage that saved the unions.

In this confusion the I.W.W.—whose Seattle membership had dwindled to fifty persons in the pre-war depression—began to revive. The Wobbly loggers convened on the Skidroad and determined to make a drive on the camps. "All speakers are instructed to recommend to the workers the necessity of curtailing production by slowing-down and sabotage. All rush work should be done in a wrong way." This was the "conscious withdrawal of efficiency" that might force concessions. (It should be remembered that, whatever the strength of the urban union might be, in the mills and the woods there had never been a union worth the name—except among the shingleweavers—and the I.W.W. was far more an agitation society than it was a union.) The tension increased, the Wobblies agitated incessantly. Then the storm broke.

Everett, Washington, is just thirty miles up the Sound from Seattle. With a population of 35,000 it was the perfect example of a frontier promoter's town set down in the twentieth century. Long before, the town site had been bought by Rockefeller agents. Then the timbermen took it over. At the waterside was a great Weyerhaeuser mill. Among the leading citizens was David M. Clough, a lumberman in the New England tradition, born in Grafton, New Hampshire. On his slow way westward he had paused in Minnesota long enough to be Governor of that State. He kept his logger tastes even in old age. Once in the Commercial Club at Everett he was seen to tip his hat repeatedly to a man standing in the lobby. "I always tip my hat," he said, "to a better woman chaser than I am." Along with Governor Clough was his son-in-law, Roland Hartley, who subsequently served as Governor of Washington. The town site men and the timbermen controlled the banks, Stone & Webster held the utilities, and most of the inhabitants in one way or another were dependent on the lumber mills.

In 1916 there was a strike of shingleweavers and the timbermen didn't waste

time attempting to break it. At once the Wobblies intervened and drove the timbermen into speechless rage. "We propose," said Governor Clough, "to clean Everett of all members of the I.W.W. and to forcibly prevent the incursion of any more of their ilk." There was a succession of free-speech fights and finally some forty of the Wobblies were taken to the outskirts of Everett where they were forced to run a gauntlet of clubs, revolver butts, and blackjacks.

At once the Seattle I.W.W. office was roused to action. A notice was chalked on the blackboard that on the following Sunday—the 5th of November, 1916—there would be a meeting on a forbidden street corner in Everett. The Wobblies took collections and pooled their resources. There weren't enough Inter-urban cars to take them over in a crowd; hiring trucks cost too much money. Finally they struck a bargain with the owner of a small steamer, the *Verona*, to take them to Everett. For days they advertised the meeting far and wide. In Everett the deputies were laying in a stock of rifles.

Early Sunday morning 250 Wobblies—along with a salesman who wanted to see the fun—crowded on the *Verona* and set off up the Sound. As the boat entered Everett harbor they could see the rising ground and a viaduct crowded with spectators. As the *Verona* approached the dock the Sheriff hailed her. "Who," he said, "is your leader?" The whole boatload were splitting their lungs with "Hold the fort for we are coming" but the hail was heard and the reply was characteristic: "We are *all* leaders!"

The next instant, as the steamer was made fast, the ambushed deputies opened fire. Pandemonium broke loose and before the *Verona* was able to back away from the dock, there were two dead men on the dock, five dead Wobblies on the boat, and more dead in the muddy water of the harbor. When the *Verona* reached Seattle the police were waiting; they found in the bloody and bullet-riddled boat some packages of red pepper,

some stockings with stones, and some empty cartridge shells, but no firearms. The Wobblies themselves were borne away to the morgue, the hospital, and the jail.

It was a crucial time. The War had involved the emotions of the whole population; the sentiment against American participation—the Grange was bitterly opposed, the Seattle Central Labor Council voted unanimously against the War and condemned conscription—became entangled with the war boom. By degrees the I.W.W. became the spearhead of the opposition to the War in the Northwest, just as the lumbermen finally became the most rabid patriots.

"You ask me," said a Wobbly, "why the I.W.W. is not patriotic to the United States? If you were a bum without a blanket; if you had left your wife and kids when you went west and had never located them since; if your job had never kept you long enough in a place to qualify you to vote; if you slept in a lousy, sour bunkhouse and ate food just as rotten as they could give you and get by with it; if deputy sheriffs shot your cooking cans full of holes and spilled your grub on the ground; if your wages were lowered on you when the bosses thought they had you down; if there was one law for Ford, Suhr, and Mooney, and another for Harry Thaw; if every person who represented law and order and the nation beat you up, railroaded you to jail, and the good Christian people cheered and told them to go to it, how in hell do you expect a man to be patriotic? This war is a business man's war and we don't see why we should go out and get shot in order to save the lovely state of affairs we now enjoy."

Such was the attitude of the organization brought to trial in the King County Court House on the 5th of March, 1918. It was a strange occasion. Technically this was a murder trial. Actually it was a struggle of the established order against the rebels, but with a difference never known in Lawrence and Passaic and McKees Rocks. On the one side were the

timber owners and the town site promoters of Everett, frontier magnates in a business in which technology had scarcely made a dent. Opposed to them were a crowd of itching-footed, free-for-alls. And this case was to be tried before a jury on which the regional agrarian sentiment had placed women; and the trial itself—there had been a change of venue—was to take place in a city in which agitation had been constant almost since the day of its founding.

Seventy-four Wobblies had been charged with murder in the first degree. Of these seventy-four, but two had been born in the State of Washington! Twelve were foreign-born; sixty were Americans, migrants from every State in the union. Swamped with defendants, the prosecution had finally selected one: Thomas H. Tracy, aged thirty-six, a teamster from Nebraska and a member of the Industrial Workers of the World.

As the trial went on and the story was rehearsed, the whole machinery of the regional economy was revealed. When Fred Savery, a Canadian logger, born in Russia, took the stand, he wore the only clothes he had: a red mackinaw shirt, stagged-off pants, caked shoes, and a battered felt hat. When Tracy, the Nebraska teamster, was turned over to the prosecution for cross-examination he was asked:

"Where did you vote last?"

"I never voted."

"Never voted in your life?"

"No. I was never in one place long enough."

On the 5th of May the teamster was acquitted. (The I.W.W. had raised \$37,000 to defend him—including a contribution of \$3.75 from the Benevolent Society, for the Propagation of Cremation of Yonkers, New York.) All the Wobblies still jailed in both Everett and Seattle were discharged. At once they set out for the cemetery, there to mourn over the graves of the Wobblies who had died on the *Verona*. None of the Everett deputies or vigilantes ever saw a court room.

In April, 1917—while the Everett pris-

oners were still in jail—the United States entered the War. And at almost precisely the same moment, twelve years of Wobbly exhortation took effect: the long-awaited Northwest lumber strike for the eight-hour day began.

The lumbermen were in a fix. The War brought them golden opportunities—lumber rising to fantastic prices, cost-plus contracts for cantonments and war supplies being shoveled out—yet now the strike which had started in Idaho with the early spring log-drive was spreading steadily to the coast. On the 9th of July they formed the Lumbermen's Protective Association and determined to raise half a million dollars to break the strike. They would maintain the ten-hour day; any mill that cut hours would be fined \$500 a day for so doing. They refused government mediation. Within a few days thereafter the loggers had walked out *en masse*—between forty and fifty thousand of them, all over the Northwest.

All summer long the loggers hung round the Skidroad until by September their money had run out and the resources of panhandling were exhausted. The men began drifting back to the woods and the lumbermen believed that the strike was broken. The Federal Government was clamoring for airplane spruce, production had dwindled, and lumber prices were going up like a rocket. Then the Wobblies sprang their surprise by "striking on the job." Since the demand was for an eight-hour day, the men would quit after eight hours and start moseying toward the bunkhouse. An enraged bull-of-the-woods would fire the lot and take on a new crew, only to have the tactic repeated.

At this juncture the Government, to get spruce at any cost, organized the Spruce Production Corporation with several of the leading timber magnates of the Northwest on its Board of Directors. At the head of this organization was placed Colonel Brice Disque, who had resigned from the army not long before to be Warden of the Michigan penitentiary. His business, in co-operation with

men who had been cutting one another's throats for years, was to get out the spruce. Colonel Disque was not familiar with lumbering and he was assisted in his endeavor by young officers who did not know a spruce from a sumac.

It was almost impossible to get lumber for cantonment building and ship-carpenters wouldn't handle ten-hour lumber. In desperation Disque sent soldiers by the regiment into the woods, drafted men taken from behind desks, ribbon counters, machine benches, and ticket windows, men who had never used a saw or set a choker in their lives. Finally, on the 1st of March, 1918, Disque threw up the sponge and, by the authority of the Government, decreed the eight-hour day. This was not all. There must be an end of lice-ridden bunks; camps would have to furnish sheets and bedding. With grinding teeth the operators gave in—save one, who shut down for the duration of the War rather than yield.

There was a catch to all this, of course. The catch was the most ambitious company union ever devised—the Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen—in which the loggers and their traditional enemies were organized together. But here again the situation demanded and the region forced upon the Government an industrial union. It was that or nothing. To put a stopper to the I.W.W. each man must pledge that "I will stamp out any sedition or acts of hostility against the U. S. government which may come within my knowledge and I will do every act and thing which will in general aid in carrying this war to a successful conclusion." The Wobblies' reply to this was to join the 4L's at once!

On the 1st of May, 1918, their efforts brought to a triumphant finish, the Wobblies in the camps solemnly burned their blankets. They did not know it, but their day was almost over.

IV

In Seattle, meanwhile, the war prosperity inundated the city. The labor turn-

over was prodigious. If you don't like your job there's another waiting. More than twenty thousand men worked in shipyards that had not existed before the War. The average number of wage-earners in Seattle jumped from 11,523 in 1914 to 40,843 in 1919. Rents were out of sight. Wages couldn't keep up with living costs, but they rose. The union organizers worked without stint; union memberships skyrocketed; and as the union treasuries swelled, the Central Labor Council resounded with more demands. Get our share of the cost-plus swag while the getting is good.

There had been intense opposition to the War. When in 1917 Banker Backus became chairman of the Washington Committee of the Military Training Camps Association, the radicals' only comment was "What do you expect?" The first Federal espionage and sedition laws were passed in June, 1917, and before long the Federal dicks were busy in Seattle. A former president of the Central Labor Council was arrested, tried, and convicted under the Espionage Act. The President of the State Grange was arrested on a sedition charge because of his opinion that it was a "business man's war." At a city election Miss Anna Louise Strong, a social worker and daughter of a local parson, was recalled from her job on the School Board. A town in which, for forty years, there had been continuous agitation of one sort or another, offered a rich haul for the patriots and the Department of Justice. The State Council of Defense—of which Mr. Henry Suzzallo was Chairman—found that there was "a very considerable pacifist element among the school teachers of the State" but "the prompt and fearless action in canceling teachers' certificates . . . where the offenders' disloyalty was well established was one of the most effective and wholesome steps taken by any public official in the State."

It was remarkable that as this fervor burned so brightly, the malcontents only increased their agitation. The labor forces in the region had reached the

zenith of their strength; in the lumber camps, along the waterfront, in the shipyards, and uptown it was all the same. They were a strange assortment; old-line A. F. of L. delegates in the Council had Wobblies as neighbors and all mixed in were the Socialists, the newly born Communists, and other revolutionary splinters. On many the upheaval in Russia had acted like champagne; the longshoremen called upon the President to withdraw troops from Russia, and throwing a picket line round the *Delight*, loading munitions for Kolchak, they shunted her back and forth along the Coast until the Red army had taken Vladivostok. Just before the Armistice, on the 9th of November, 1918, the metal-trades workers of the Coast convened at Seattle and—anathema to Gompers—called for the organization of one great metal trades industrial union throughout the country. There wasn't anything they couldn't do!

The fury of the shipping men and the lumber operators knew no bounds and when, on the 14th of January, 1918, the legislature passed the criminal syndicalism bill over the Governor's veto, it was a storm signal. Already on January 3d the Metal Trades Council had voted for a "Soldiers, Sailors and Workmen's Council" to help the demobilized and enlist the disillusioned veterans in the unions. It was plain enough that cost plus was over, that a wave of unemployment was coming—but there was one of the yards with a contract for 68 large steel vessels not even started! On the 21st of January 30,000 shipyard workers struck and 15,000 from Tacoma followed them. At once the Metal Trades Council asked the Central Labor Council to call for a general strike—they had debated it for a decade!—and unanimously the Council called for a referendum. There were many persons in Seattle who actually believed that the hour of revolution was at hand.

V

Seattle, Washington, February 6, 1919.
Cloudy. Moderate westerly winds. Di-

rection SE, velocity 12 miles per hour, lowest temperature last night: 37°. The *Post-Intelligencer* reached the sidewalks with a screaming headline: "Strike Begins at Ten To-day." On the front page was a cartoon with the caption "Not in a Thousand Years!" showing a flagstaff over Seattle with a red flag flying above an American flag. Unfortunately in the excitement the cartoonist lost control of himself and drew the flag with but twenty-one stars. This raised some doubt as to whether the *Post-Intelligencer* knew just what nation it was supporting.

The Seattle General Strike was one of the most extraordinary exhibits ever put before the American people. Miss Strong, ousted from the School Board, was an editorial writer on the unions' own paper, the *Union Record*. The day before the strike she wrote, "We are starting on a road that leads No One Knows Where." This was a precise statement, as was soon to be apparent.

At the center of the strike was the Labor Council with the unions grouped round it. The political insurgents were on the fringes of the strike and had, supposedly, little to do with it. But many of the insurgents were members of unions and furnished most of the fervor and the steam. One after another the unions fell into line; some—like the carpenters—with dread, and others—like the lady barbers and the newsboys—with enthusiasm and excitement. Indeed the newsboys offered a resolution, hastily squelched, providing that if the strike was prolonged and employers refused a settlement, the committee should take over the shipyards and run them. When the General Strike Committee, consisting of delegates from 110 unions, from the waterfront to the hotel maids, fixed upon February 6th as the day for the walk-out and began to plan what they would do, there was no consensus of opinion. A committee from the Labor Council, all of them old-timers who foresaw the end, strove desperately to set a limit of from 24 to 48 hours to the demonstration; they were voted down.

After five days and nights of continu-

ous session the haggard General Strike Committee succeeded in arranging that the hospitals would be taken care of, that there would be lights, that food-stuffs would be convoyed into the city, that special eating houses would be opened, that the dispensing of drugs would be assured. Then, on February 6th, the hour came. Sixty thousand working men and women knocked off work. The entire city came to a halt, and at nightfall the town was policed, and successfully, by the strikers' gunless police.

On the morning of the 7th the distracted mayor—Ole Hanson, an irresolute man full of high sentiment and gab, who always had Americanism on tap and subsequently became something of a Chamber of Commerce hero everywhere but in Seattle—demanded that the strikers quit. He threatened martial law and the importation of soldiers. He declared that he had 1,500 police and 1,500 soldiers and called upon the citizens to go about their business. Nobody paid any attention to him. The city was tied up, but what were the unions going to do next? They did not know. On Sunday the 9th, after a session of twelve hours, the Committee determined to continue the strike. But the lines were weakening already; some of the street cars were moving. The next day the barbers and the teamsters determined to go back while the cooks and longshoremen stood fast. On the same day it was known that the Tacoma Committee—in charge of a similar strike in Tacoma—had determined to call it off. The weary Committee threw in the sponge and voted to adjourn the strike on Tuesday noon. Already raids on the radical organizations were going on, Wobblies were being pulled out of every alley and cellar.

No sooner had the strike collapsed than the already rising reaction redoubled. The shipyard strike dwindled. The men went back, and presently yards began to close. The collapse of war prosperity was at hand, and while it sagged the red raids were incessant. They reached their climax in the autumn.

On November 11, 1919—Armistice Day—the American Legion was to parade at Centralia, a little lumber center not far south from Seattle. The whole truth of what happened will never be known, but for many weeks the lumbermen and local patriots had been consulting about what should be done to rid the place of the Wobblies. It was rumored that violent action of some sort would be taken on Armistice Day, and the Wobblies armed themselves and stationed men in their Hall and at various points nearby. The line of march was so arranged that the parade must pass the I.W.W. Hall twice. When the parade passed the second time, the procession halted. Probably no one knows who fired first. The Commander of the Legion, a local lawyer and one of Gil Dobie's football stars at the University, was killed and so was a Legionnaire bootblack and two others. One of the Wobblies, a veteran also, escaped from the Hall and killed the son of a prominent lumberman in his flight. He was overtaken and lynched that night. Two Wobblies were killed; the job was completed with the sacking of the I.W.W. Hall.

There was a great murder trial—the West Coast Lumbermen's Association gave a thousand dollars to help prosecute the Wobblies and many lumber companies followed suit—with crowds of Legionnaires crowding the courtroom day after day. The Wobblies were defended ably, but it was no use. Though later on they revived a little and pulled one more lumber strike, actually their day was over.

As intense a crowd of individualists as ever lived, it had been their function, in a region populated with belligerent individualists, to cry out the hopelessly lopsided nature of the economy and to burn with the wrongs of the migrants. They had done it, and from one end of the country to the other the story of the lousy bunk-houses, the accidents, and the terrible hours had been shouted from the house tops. Now they were all done and there was little left except the fitful pub-

lication of a few Wobbly papers. In 1915, the night before his execution on a Utah murder charge, Joe Hill, the Wobbly poet, wrote his last poem. It sums up perfectly the state of mind of the I.W.W. in the days of their migrant prime:

My will is easy to decide
For I have nothing to divide;
My kin don't need to fuss and moan,
"Moss does not cling to rolling stone," . . .
This is my last and final will,
Good luck to all of you. Joe Hill.

Just before he died he sent a telegram to Haywood. "I have lived like an artist," he said, "and I shall die like an artist."

VI

No sooner had the depression of 1921 shown signs of lifting than there began in Seattle and the surrounding countryside—as throughout the rest of the nation—a surge of speculation. The forces of the labor agitation had been broken, the Sailors' Union of the Pacific and the Longshoremen's Union were prostrate, the I.W.W. was drifting into history. Now business men felt they could go ahead. There was an epidemic of mergers. What had once been Mr. Backus's Washington National Bank, and had been consolidated into the National Bank of Commerce in 1906, was put into the Marine Bancorporation, a holding company. The influence of Amadeo Giannini, who was bringing banks all over California under the sway of his Bank of Italy, was potent in the States to the north: in combination there was strength, it appeared, or if not strength, at least an opportunity for financial speculation. If the lumber business was not gaining in strength, at least the paper and pulp business was, and here again there were mergers as smaller concerns joined to form the Rainier Pulp and Paper Co., the Grays Harbor Pulp and Paper Co., and the hundred-million-dollar Crown-Zellerbach. There was a new infiltration of absentee ownership: Hearst bought the *Post-Intelligencer* and the chain stores were invading the North-

west. A revived real-estate boom moved the business district even farther north from Pioneer Square and the Skidroad. Even the urban unions of Seattle, struggling to hold their own, succumbed to the speculative habit, and there arose strange enterprises supposedly owned by the unions but with a distinctly wildcat flavor: the United Finance Company, the Padilla Bay Land Company, the Federation Film Company. And as the stock-market boom gathered headway, security speculation became a mania here as elsewhere.

The Yakima Valley, just over the Cascade Mountains, blossomed as never before. Almost everything would grow there and did: apples and peaches and pears and apricots and cherries: the State of Washington was on its way to producing one-third of the commercial apples grown in the United States. The apples moved out of the port of Seattle on new refrigerator ships, thus providing a traffic that took up some of the slack left by the declining silk trade from the Orient. True, the apples were picked by migrants working their way northward each season from the truck gardens and citrus groves of Southern California; to harvest the Wenatchee and Yakima apples requires 15,000 persons, but only for a period of thirty-six days; at the very moment when a few logging operators were making a fitful attempt to encourage the settlement of family groups near their camps, the agricultural Northwest was becoming more and more dependent upon the services of homeless and voteless—but not womanless, for they worked as families—nomads, forever on the move in their rusty Fords and Chevrolets. But who could look upon the smiling Yakima region or the Puyallup Valley with daffodils turning the countryside to gold and not see in it a land of boundless promise?

The basic resource of the region, however, was the forest industries. As the population of Seattle swelled there gradually appeared small industries not dependent upon the forests, but for the region as a whole wood was vital. More

than half the wage-earners of the State were directly or indirectly dependent upon it. And despite the growth in the paper and pulp business, the forest industries were not flourishing. The high point of lumber production in the United States had been reached in the first decade of the century, when the Northwest timber boom had been at its height. Since then, though production in the Northwest had increased, there had been a decline for the country as a whole. The competition of new materials cut down the demand for wood, the great days of railroad and mine construction were over, and the farms of America, the most valued market of all for lumber, had been in the grip of crisis since just after the War. As the national consumption of lumber declined, competition among the lumbermen of the Northwest became more desperate. What chance for farsighted forest husbandry when the only way in which an operator could make a profit was by slashing headlong through the forest? The Forest Service found in 1928 that six and a half million cords of sound wood were left behind in the Douglas fir region every year, "a million more than the entire amount of pulpwood produced in the United States." As lumbering pushed back farther into the hills, the task of getting to rail or tidewater became more expensive, the seasonal character of the industry became more accentuated, the obsolescence of plant became more rapid. Only the great operators, like the Weyerhaeusers, and little fly-by-night "gypos" could survive. By 1926, when the slowing-down in production finally reached Washington and Oregon, the accessible timber in Washington was mostly cut and the yet undeveloped forest regions of Oregon became the last great timber stand. More rapidly than in any other part of the country—with the possible exception of Oklahoma—the economy of the region was passing through the familiar stages of promotion and boom and bust.

Then came the stock-market disaster of 1929. It swept through Seattle like a

scythe, cutting down the stenographers and filling-station attendants who had been speculating on margin, throwing out on the street the young graduates of the University of Washington who had found careers as bond salesmen, and striking amidships the jerry-built structure of the timber industry.

VII

The descent of the depression smote the little lumber towns, the feeders of Seattle, with paralysis. Sash and door and plywood mills and box factories nearer at hand followed in their wake. Lumber production in the United States in 1932 dropped to less than it had been in 1869, when the country had had a third of its present population. The little town of North Bend was on the verge of starvation when relief came to the rescue, taking over the support of virtually the entire population. Aberdeen and Hoquiam, larger towns already threatened by the receding timber supply, were almost as hard hit.

The cumulative effect of these collapses gave force to the second wave which struck Seattle after the stock-market crash. To the traditional floating population of unemployed migrants was now added a flood of mechanics, truck-drivers, and stenographers. Before long there were 30,000 unemployed in the town, and the number continued to mount. To meet this desperate state of affairs there was founded the Unemployed Citizens League, the first of the self-help organizations that presently cropped up all over the country. The jobless harvested fruit, mended shoes, cut wood, and did most of the other things that the other self-help ventures did; but in Seattle there was this difference: it was certain that the organization would be plunged into politics. Such bitterness had not been known since the days of the General Strike.

The unrest was not confined to the unemployed; it was duplicated among other groups—the schoolteachers, the small householders, the old people (Washing-

ton ranks high among the States in the percentage of its aged), and the middle class generally. A region which had always been hospitable to political notions now offered a fertile field for Townsend and his pension scheme, the Utopians, Upton Sinclair's "Epic," the Technocrats, and many others. Clubs were formed to resurrect and study the ideas of Edward Bellamy. Those who were both unlettered and reactionary found a refuge in William Dudley Pelley's Silver Shirts and other organizations of an avowedly fascist tinge. Franklin Roosevelt's power speech at Portland during the 1932 campaign stirred the Northwest and offered a point of coalescence for many of the dissident groups. The city churned round and round in ideas, while the alarmed employers held the dykes for business.

The unrest brought to the surface—as always in times of stress—a variety of extraordinary characters. There was John Dore—famous subsequently as "the revolving Dore"—who when he was running for Mayor in 1931 and asked for the votes of the Unemployed Citizens League, declared that he was "in favor of taking the huge fortunes away from those who stole them from the American workers"; and who later said he would preserve law and order with machine guns if necessary. "to keep the unemployed from demonstrating." There was Vic Meyers, a Seattle jazz-band leader who became Lieutenant-Governor. There was Howard Costigan, a former barber and follower of Upton Sinclair, who became one of the most successful of left-wing exhorters. One of the most remarkable things about Seattle is the number of residents who, in the promotion of ideas, have gone through numerous sea changes: the town may justly be called a museum of idea-promoters. What was there in that environment that took E. C. Ault first to an "Equality" Socialist Colony and thereafter through a spell with Parson Titus on *The Socialist* to the proud editorship of the *Union-Record*, the trade union daily of the Northwest, and finally left him with a little printing company?

What made Doc Brown, the advertising dentist, run for Mayor as a Socialist, just miss election, and then roll over into the Democratic ranks and win? What took the brilliant but eccentric Marion Zioncheck, the campus independent, to Congress—and to suicide from the window of a Seattle office, with a note left behind him which said, "My only hope was to improve the condition of an unfair economic system . . ."? And what took Johan Nygaardsvold from his job as a Seattle longshoreman and made him at last Prime Minister of Norway?

In the political turmoil of the worst depression years the remaining Socialists and the scattered Wobbly veterans had a part, but their strength was gone and now the Communists took their place. All three groups had been jockeying to capture the control of the Unemployed Citizens League and by February, 1933, the Communist contingent had got it. On the first of March, 1933—as the banking panic was sweeping the country and Roosevelt was preparing for his first inauguration—a contingent of the unemployed advanced upon Olympia, the State capital, and the Vigilantes rose against them. A week before the march an organizer for the American Vigilantes had gone to Olympia and organized a thousand citizens; as their bulletin put it, "Temper your severity to suit the occasion and if forced to fight don't forget that nothing so swiftly sickens a mob as brutal, stomach-wrenching, soul-sickening force, fearlessly and judiciously applied." When the demonstrators approached Olympia they were met by the Vigilantes and the deputies, and the crowd was broken up. The end of the Unemployed Citizens League was in sight. Their cooperative projects dwindled—as did similar enterprises elsewhere in the country—because there was no capital on which to operate; because the business element opposed them, not wanting to see any movement succeed which might divert retail trade; and because the radicals in their own ranks were not, at that time, interested in the success of the League as a

means of self-help, but wanted to turn it into a political organization. As the relief policies of the Federal government were set in motion the League began to shrink and the radicals turned their attention elsewhere.

In the autumn of 1935 they formed a great coalition movement which united in one body most of the depression-born dissident groups. It was called the Washington Commonwealth Federation. Without making nominations of its own it proposed to endorse the candidates it favored in the Democratic primaries. The Communists were formally debarred but as individuals they promptly got in anyhow. The Federation took over the publication of the *Commonwealth Builders*, renamed it the *Sunday News*, and made it the chief mouthpiece of the political leftists in the Northwest. (In 1938 the name was changed again, to *The New Dealer*, thus symbolizing the metamorphosis of the progressives and radicals.)

The discontent of these days was reflected also in a wave of labor organization which swept the Northwest in the wake of Section 7a. At the moment in 1934 when the President stood at Grand Coulee and described in glowing terms the promise of the great hydro-electric development in the Northwest, the labor forces on the other side of the Cascades were in motion.

This movement eventually grouped itself about two contrasting personalities. One of them was David Beck, once a Seattle laundry driver and now head of the teamsters' union in the Northwest and one of the most belligerent leaders in the A. F. of L. He was alert, clever, and ruthless. Beginning as the boss of the teamsters, he speedily came to dominate most of the Seattle urban unions. He created what was termed a "Voluntary NRA": in exchange for recognition of his unions, Beck would undertake to "hold down competition." In this manner he speedily entrenched himself in the laundry and dry-cleaning businesses and began to extend his sphere of influence. "There

are," said Beck, "too many filling stations in Seattle. More are threatened. We're going to close some of them. First, I advise promoters against starting new stations. If that doesn't work, the Teamsters' Union simply will refuse to serve them. They won't last very long." Many employers welcomed this sort of an alliance; others feared and hated it, more especially those little businesses which the high-handed Beck methods forced to the wall. Index figures showed that the cost of certain commodities rose fast in Seattle, and the "Voluntary NRA" was considered in large degree responsible for the climbing cost of living. But Beck was friendly with the Mayor, John Dore, and presently had him completely under domination; Beck's attorney, George Vanderveer, who ironically enough had made his fame defending the Wobblies in the wartime espionage trials, was an able ally; and thus Beck seemed on his way to becoming the unquestioned boss of Seattle.

But he had an adversary in Bridges, the leader of the Longshoremen. Bridges did not live in Seattle. Born in Australia and for many years a sailor, Bridges was making a precarious living as a longshoreman in San Francisco when the waterfront strike of 1934 brought him to notice. The Longshoremen's Union was then all but moribund, with a flyblown assortment of officials in the East who for years had done little more than hold to their jobs and keep on good terms with the shipping companies. It was the same with the International Seamen's Union: Andrew Furuseth, a great power in years gone by, was still its President, but in name only: he was old and enfeebled. Nor were the shipping companies, for that matter, in health. The hundreds of boats built at cost-plus during the War had subsequently been sold at a few cents on the dollar; speculators had bought many of them; there had ensued a period of murderous competition for freight traffic between the two coasts by way of the Panama Canal; some of the steamship lines existed only by grace of subsidies

granted by an acquiescent government, and were run by promoters who sought to enrich themselves through these subsidies. Roused to their opportunity, the sailors and longshoremen on the Coast reasserted themselves; there were tie-ups which held ships at Seattle and other coast ports for months at a time.

Meanwhile the great basic industry on which the whole region depended was in worse straits than ever. After generations of land-grabbing and throat-cutting, the timber-owners found themselves with a shrinking market, rising costs, high taxes on standing timber, and labor that demanded a living wage. They were caught in the jaws of a multiple vise. Their one hope of escape lay in the aid of that agency which in the past they had either fought or attempted to control—the government. The Pacific Northwest Planning Commission said, in one of the gentlest understatements ever uttered: "The report recognizes that past public land disposal has placed more land in private ownership than private owners are now able and willing to manage for continuous production upon a basis approaching sustained yield." The report suggested in effect that the government should buy inaccessible standing timber and cut-over land; that it should provide "long-term public credits at low interest rates for timber operators working on a sustained yield basis"; that it should reduce taxes and "liberally aid the forest owner in protecting his forest land." If these things were done, argued the Report, the timber companies could afford to undertake "sustained yield"—in other words, could select only those trees ready for cutting, and not mow down everything as they moved. In short, let the government with money and men rescue the chaotic industry; in return for this aid the industry will refrain from butchering the remaining forests! In 1937 a member of the Washington Planning Council estimated that on the basis of the average cut for the period 1925-29, the timber in Washington classed as merchantable under present logging and milling practices

would be depleted within fifteen years. To such a pass had the lords of the Northwest timberland come.

The best of the timber was still privately owned; indeed, ownership had changed little since 1910, when the Corporations Bureau published its report showing the vast tracts owned by Weyerhaeuser and the Northern and Southern Pacific Railroads. The supply was dwindling but the old line-up was still unbroken. These were the leading timber owners of Washington in 1938:

	<i>Acres</i>
Northern Pacific Railroad Company	794,000
Weyerhaeuser Timber Company...	740,000
Cascade Lumber Company.....	166,000
Crown-Zellerbach Corporation	128,000
Milwaukee Land Company.....	121,000
Northwestern Improvement Com-	
pany.....	86,000
Long-Bell Lumber Company.....	86,000

Still the land grant stood! And round it were the old familiar names. This, of course, was but a part of the Weyerhaeuser properties. In Idaho, Minnesota, in the South and East were many more. The tie-ups of the Weyerhaeuser companies are difficult to trace, but their ramifications are far-reaching. In 1934 the Weyerhaeuser corporations throughout the country exceeded 36 in number.

If the plight of the timber companies were not trouble enough, it remained for the whole industry in the Northwest to be plunged into a labor convulsion. In an industry so little mechanized, with so much dependence upon unskilled labor, labor cost must represent a large fraction of the whole cost of doing business; operators, with their eyes on this figure, will do all possible to sweat their men and shave wages. Labor conditions had worsened during the nineteen-twenties ("We have treated these men like school-boys long enough," said a Grays Harbor operator in 1923; "we are going back to the old policy"); the blanket stiff had appeared once more (evidence that bed-springs and bedding were being abandoned); and when the crash came, bringing long shut-downs, the condition of the loggers and mill hands became desperate.

No sooner was Section 7a in existence than these men began to organize.

As we have already seen, there had never been a union worth the name in the woods; the I.W.W. had been an agitation society with a small membership even at the height of its power. Now, by the law of the land, organization was encouraged; the loggers were organizing; but what were they to join?

The American Federation of Labor had sunk into apathy and corruption; its leaders had become little more than job-holders. From the beginning its administration, always in the East, had had no conception of the far Western temperament. Yet there it was, the only refuge in sight. So the Sawmill and Timberworkers' Union was organized and given over to the control of the Carpenters, whose national executive, William Hutcheson, was one of the old A. F. of L. crowd. Neither he nor his subordinates had the vision or competence to handle this huge crowd of loggers and mill hands, and when, in May, 1935, 40,000 of them struck in the Northwest, the conduct of the strike was up to the men themselves. In Washington they were beaten through the use of the National Guard and every repressive measure available; but the union had been established.

Then, in 1936, came the earthquake that shook the A. F. of L. to its foundations and led to the formation of the C.I.O. under the leadership of John L. Lewis. The very basis of this movement was the idea of the industrial union, the only form adaptable to the great mass-production industries and to the unskilled. The arguments for industrial unionism had been a well-worn theme in Seattle for forty years; the I.W.W. had set up One Big Union as an ideal; "Resolutions" Duncan for years had argued for it to the deaf ears of A. F. of L. conventions. With a rush the longshoremen, then the lumber workers, then the Newspaper Guild, and then the fur workers in Seattle and the Northwest, climbed into the C.I.O. Bridges, the leader of the West Coast longshoremen, was appointed

Lewis's general on the coast. The Communists supported the move lustily and, in politics, the Washington Commonwealth Federation did likewise.

Beck's rival had come to power. What would happen now to Beck's teamsters, to his "voluntary NRA," to his rule as boss of Seattle, and to all the tight, efficient little business methods that had put him on top?

There ensued a war, long drawn out, in which almost every sort of violence was used, with coast ports tied up, and A. F. of L. carpenters refusing to saw wood cut by C.I.O. loggers, and the whole economy of the region moving toward a standstill. Prizefighters and thugs were hired for the teamsters and the famous "goon squads" were formed. Seattle newspaper boys were mauled and beaten, dissenting members of the Central Labor Council were threatened. To these tactics the longshoremen and timber workers of the C.I.O. replied with brawn and bludgeons, Beck's mayor threatened to run them into the Sound. Hell was let loose.

This violence and confusion did not impress favorably that vague part of the city's population known as the "general public"—the people who had no stake in either of the unions or in the businesses which might be able to maneuver such a situation to their advantage. Once more, with labor hopelessly divided, the way was open to reaction. In the spring of 1938 a conservative Mayor and City Council were elected. In the summer of 1938 the reaction had proceeded so far that signatures were found to put Initiative 130 on the Washington ballot—a proposal which would have all but emasculated the labor unions in the State. Similar moves were being made in Oregon. Terrified by such tactics, the two sides began to look for a common ground, and eventually found enough to enable them to beat the proposal at the polls last November. By a narrow squeak the unions had pulled through. They are more friendly now; the president of Beck's union, Daniel Tobin, led a demand for unity with the C.I.O. at the

A. F. of L. convention last fall. But still the fissure between them runs deep. Now as always, in depression as in prosperity, this region of individualists is an arena of quarrelsome strife, of lawless direct action, of hot if constantly shifting animosities.

VIII

So there she is beside Puget Sound: Seattle, settled by migrants, resting upon a region in which migrants still predominate. Her chief industry is in trouble, her shipping and her forests are dependent upon government aid, a large proportion of her population relies upon that aid for subsistence.

Her pioneer days are barely over. As late as 1920, Washington was still a frontier State in its population; only thirty per cent of its inhabitants had been born in the State, and there was still a large excess of males over females. The scars upon her countryside are still the scars made by pioneers who came briefly, used up those resources of the land which could be slashed or dug away, and moved on. All up and down the line of the Seattle and International Railway are crossing signals for vanished towns. In desolate clearings are vast mounds of blackened sawdust; at Cathcart the schoolhouse is a windowless shell. Here and there the undergrowth of the Northwest jungle has crept out over the denuded terrain and covered the skeletons of abandoned mills. A bleached hollow between two hills reveals abandoned company towns with broken panes and floors littered with old way bills; abandoned company stores with rusted scales; abandoned company houses. Beside the right of way of a logging railroad—the rails long since removed—a sagging water tank leans, its rotted posts ready to give way at any moment, but the water running still, trickling down over the tufted moss and yellow ferns that have overgrown the tank. Day before yesterday this region was a wilderness; yesterday it was a frontier; now it is a place of ghosts.

Yet still the migrants come. To those

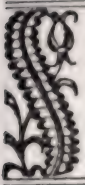
who trek north for the apple-picking in the Yakima Valley have been added now a multitude of desperate farmers from the drought-stricken Middle West: it is estimated that up to 1936, over 42,000 persons fled the drought to Washington, planning to become permanent residents. The itching-footed wanderers of the early days, with the "tang of the wild in their blood," have become, at last, a great horde of wretched families with children who never saw the inside of a school—in a State which boasts its literacy—and who live from hand to mouth. If Square Toes, the lumber man of legend, is in deep water, the descendants of Paul Bunyan cannot be sure from day to day whether they will eat or not.

Round the world, industrial economies move closer toward centralized control; the strangulation in which capitalism finds itself is visible everywhere. The prospect ahead of Seattle differs only in degree and in detail from that which confronts Shenandoah and Louisville and Birmingham and Omaha. But the differences must be enumerated. The forests are not all gone and there is yet time to save them. The soil of the region is fertile beyond belief and, having once


blossomed like the Garden of the Lord, may do so again. There is space here for millions of men and women, if only they can learn to build an economy which does not force them to destroy the very resources that might make them rich. At Grand Coulee rises the dam that will furnish both water and power to resuscitate the central plateau; already power is being generated at Bonneville and the first distribution is made, and not as the absentees would have it.

And there is the character of the people. In all the storms and trials that have beset the region there has been as much freedom here as in any part of the country—perhaps more. Beck is mortal, Bridges is mortal, the Weyerhaeusers are mortal; but the atmosphere which has spawned ideas and brought people here to realize them, the courage to break away from precedent and boldly strike out for new solutions—these are here still. Stricken the region is now, its pioneer economy a wreck. But its people still are free. And they do not accept failure. "I have got to go over to Olympia to-morrow," says the Seattle housewife, "to help put pressure on the Governor."





One Man's Meat



By E. B. WHITE

A SEACOAST farm, such as this, extends far beyond the boundaries mentioned in the deed. My domain is arable many miles offshore, in the restless fields of protein. Cultivation begins close to the house with a rhubarb patch, but it ends down the bay beyond the outer islands, hand-lining for cod and haddock, with gulls like gnats round your ears, and the threat of fog always in the pit of your stomach.

I think it is the expansiveness of coastal farming that makes it so engrossing: the knowledge that your fence, on one side at least, shuts out no neighbor—you may climb it and keep going if you have a boat and the strength to raise a sail. The presence in the offing of the sea's fickle yield, those self-sown crops given up grudgingly to the patient and the brave, is an attraction few men are proof against. Beyond one blue acre is another, each one a little farther from the house than the last. On a summer's day I may start out down the lane with a pail to pick a few berries for my wife's piemaking, but there is always the likelihood that I shall turn up hours later with two small flounders and a look of profound accomplishment. A man who has spent much time and money in dreary restaurants moodily chewing fillet of sole on the special luncheon is bound to become unmanageable when he discovers that he can produce the main fish course directly, at the edge of his own pasture, by a bit of trickery on a fine morning.

Below the barn are the asparagus and the potatoes and the potato bugs in season. Beyond is the pasture, where, amid juniper and granite and lambkill, grow the wild strawberries and the tame heifers. Keep walking and you come to the blueberries and the cranberries. Take

off your shoes, advance, and you are on the clam beds—the only crop on the place that squirts water at you in time of drought. Beyond the clams are the cunners and the flounders, hanging round the dock piles on the incoming tide. Near the ledges, off the point, are the lobsters. Two miles farther, off the red rocks, are the mackerel, flashing in schools, ready for the Sunday afternoon sociable when the whole village turns out for the harvest of fishes. Mackereling is the accepted Sabbath engagement in summertime; there are two or three spots known to be good and the boats bunch up at these points, a clubby arrangement for man and fish. It is where you meet your friends, and, if the tide serves you, reap the benefit from your friends' toll bait, which drifts down over your hook. Farthest from home are the cod and haddock. You must rise early the day you go to bring them in.

The saltwater farms hereabouts give ample evidence that their owners have a great deal on their minds. Rocks and alders are the most conspicuous crops, and if a man can get a job firming the public highway he gives small thought to loosening the soil in his own garden. With the whole sea bottom to rake, he isn't going to spend all his time weeding a bean row. He puts in a vegetable garden in spring, gives it a few vicious pokes with a hoe in June, and devotes the remainder of the year to lustier pursuits—grinding the valves of an old boat-engine, or mending a weir. My neighbor Mr. Dameron, who goes after the lobsters from early spring till late fall, tethers his cow a few paces from his landing, so that he can pick her up handily when he comes in from hauling his traps. The two of them walk up together through the field,

he with his empty gas can, she with her full bag of milk.

There is a lively spirit here among us maritime agriculturalists. My neighbors are mostly descendants of sea rovers and are stifled by the confinements of a farm acre. The young men fit easier on an Indian motorcycle than on a disc harrow. And I have noticed that it is the easy-going ones among us who have the best time; in this climate, at the rate a stove eats wood, if a man were to grow too thrifty or forehanded he'd never be able to crawl out from under his own woodpile.



ALTHOUGH winter is still in possession of the land, the days are perceptibly longer. Skating on the frog pond under an early rising moon, I am conscious of the promise of pollywogs under my runners, and my thoughts turn to seeds and the germinal prospect. Snow, which came with a bang at Thanksgiving, is an old story to the little boy now; winter's charms fade slowly out like the picture of Charlie McCarthy on the back of his sweatshirt. Sears Roebuck's midwinter catalogue is shelved in favor of seed catalogues. Before another week is gone I shall have to map out a poultry program and decide whether to reduce my egg farming to reasonable family proportions or step it up to a commercial scale.

Last spring I started eighty-four day-old chicks under a coal brooder stove. I assumed that if I began with eighty-four I might, with good luck, wind up with an even dozen. The others I expected to meet a horrible death, since I had read that this is what always happens when a man starts to keep chickens. As things turned out I lost only three birds. One sickened and died, two were spirited away by a killer in the night. The others—eighty-one of them—grew so tall and handsome, and responded so well to loving-kindness and to rich food, and the young cockerels crowed so loudly at daybreak, that they became the talk of the countryside. We ate or sold forty-five broilers and roasters, and ended up with

thirty-six pullets, all laying like a house afire. During the month of November I presented my little family with a frightful total of six hundred and seventy-two eggs, several of them double-yolked. In December production fell off slightly, because of the short days and long cold nights, but on the average we've been getting about twenty eggs a day, of which we consume maybe six or eight. The others have to be disposed of by one means or another. I haven't yet recovered from my surprise.

For a few days, after the barrage of eggs started in the laying pen, my game wife tried to keep pace with the preposterous influx. She scheduled egg dishes daily—all sorts of rather soft, disagreeable desserts, the kind convalescents eat doggedly and without joy. We grimly faced a huge platter of scrambled eggs at breakfast, a floating island or a custard at noon, and at night drank eggnogs instead of Martinis. We even gave raw eggs to the dogs; it would improve their coats, we said. And once I saw my wife slip an egg to the pig when she thought nobody was looking. It was no use. For every egg we ate, my pullets laid two. Secretly I was impressed and delighted, although I got darn sick of floating island.

It was perfectly obvious that we now had a first-rate farm surplus problem on our hands (along with a heating problem, an earning-a-living problem, a Christmas gift problem, and six or eight other problems which bloom in the fall). Unless I proposed to set up a target and throw eggs at it each afternoon for diversion, we should have to act and act quickly. Eggs don't keep. I turned instinctively to Sears Roebuck, and after studying the poultry section sent a hurry call for an egg scale and some cardboard egg cartons, the kind that hold one dozen eggs and have a picture of a hen staring fatuously at a nest. Six days later I timidly presented myself at the local store, bearing three dozen strictly fresh twenty-four-ounce fancy brown eggs, neatly packaged, to be credited to my account.

I don't know anything that ever embarrassed me more, unless it was the day in St. Luke's Hospital when I misunderstood the nurse's instructions and walked into the X-ray room naked except for my socks and garters.

The steady palming off of surplus eggs on a storekeeper who used to be my friend has done more to unnerve me about the country than anything else, although various people have assured me that I exaggerate the gravity of the situation, and some even say that the store turns right round and resells the eggs at a profit. I don't know. I certainly have never *seen* anybody buy an egg in the stores where I trade. I've often hung around watching. It reminded me of the early days of authorhood, when I used to sneak into Brentano's book store and hang around the counter where my book was kept (one copy of it) hoping that I would some day witness a sale. I never did. I have a suspicion the storekeeper takes my eggs home and eats them himself—or throws them at a target. The eggs simply disappear mysteriously behind the counter and show up as a sixty-cent or a ninety-cent credit on my slip. It has reduced my bills appreciably, but it has damn near destroyed my spirit. I am sure it has left its mark on the storekeeper, whose embarrassment equalled mine and to whom for all I know it has meant the difference between operating my account at a profit and at a loss. Anyway, it has shown me clearly that the personal-contact side of agriculture will never be my forte: I can handle production, but someone else will have to take over the marketing if I am to live through the ordeal.

The truth is I am unfit for barter, being of an apologetic rather than an acquisitive nature. And unless I can raise enough eggs so that I can ship them away impersonally in a standard thirty-dozen crate to the Boston market, I shall have to curtail my activities to a mere subsistence basis.

There are of course more ways than one of dealing with a surplus. One of my favorite people around here (although

I have never met him) is an old fellow who has a place on the ridge and who is reputed to be a man of original mind. According to report, as I have it, he wears an overcoat winter and summer—just the same in summer as in winter, his theory being that if an overcoat can keep out the cold then by God it can keep out the heat too. A bachelor, he keeps two cows with whom he dwells contentedly, in peace and in filth. He is a master of surplus. There are days when he gets as much as twenty-four quarts of milk. Somebody once asked him what he did with all that milk.

"Drink what I feel like and throw the rest to hell," he replied testily.

Such strength of character is seldom met with on a farm, though a farm is where it is most urgently needed.



I WAS sorry to hear the other day that a certain writer, appalled by the cruel events of the world, had pledged himself never to write anything that wasn't constructive and significant and liberty-loving. I have an idea that this, in its own way, is bad news.

All word-mongers, at one time or another, have felt the divine necessity of using their talents, if any, on the side of right—but I didn't realize that they were making any resolutions to that effect, and I don't think they should. When liberty's position is challenged, artists and writers are the ones who first take up the sword. They do so without persuasion, for the battle is peculiarly their own. In the nature of things, a person engaged in the flimsy business of expressing himself on paper is dependent on the large general privilege of being heard. Any intimation that this privilege may be revoked throws a writer into a panic. His is a double allegiance to freedom—an intellectual one springing from the conviction that pure thought has a right to function unimpeded, and a selfish one springing from his need, as a breadwinner, to be allowed to speak his piece. America is now liberty-conscious. In a single gen-

eration it has progressed from being tooth-brush conscious, to being air-minded, to being liberty-conscious. The transition has been disturbing, but it has been effected, and the last part has been accomplished largely by the good work of writers and artists, to whom liberty is a blessed condition which must be preserved on earth at all costs.

But to return to my man who has fore-sworn everything but what is good and significant. He worries me. I hope he isn't serious, but I'm afraid he is. Having resolved to be nothing but significant, he is in a fair way to lose his effectiveness. A writer must believe in something, obviously, but he shouldn't join a club. Letters flourish not when writers amalgamate, but when they are contemptuous of one another. (Poets are the most contemptuous of all the writing breeds, and in the long run the most exalted and influential.) Even in evil times, a writer should cultivate only what naturally absorbs his fancy, whether it be freedom or cinch bugs, and should write in the way that comes easy.



The movement is spreading. I know of one gifted crackpot who used to be employed gainfully in the fields of humor and satire, who has taken a solemn pledge not to write anything funny or light-hearted or "insignificant" again till things get straightened around in the world. This seems to me distinctly deleterious and a little silly. A literature composed of nothing but liberty-loving thoughts is little better than the propaganda which it seeks to defeat.

All sorts of strange amorphous problems infest the literary scene to-day. I sympathize with, but don't really approve of, Simon & Schuster's decision to recall from publication a book by Jerome Weidman about a disagreeable Jew. Again, one understands clearly enough why, with Jews being persecuted mercilessly, the author (we'll say) of *Having Wonderful Time*, which was a tender

and funny play about a Jewish summer camp, might hesitate to write another play of that sort. I feel reasonably sure his pen is busy arguing the cause of tolerance on earth. And I have no doubt that the creator of Hyman Kaplan, the Jewish night-school student, is similarly in no mood to perpetuate this lovable and ungainly character. The Muse in these cases undoubtedly appreciates why she is being stood up. But I wouldn't want her to be kept waiting too long. In my opinion Hitler has more to fear from Hyman Kaplan than from Thomas Mann.

The most comical of such problems in libertyhood was the one the magazine *Time* faced when it discovered that Adolf Hitler was the unmistakable candidate for "Man of the Year." Fearing that the award might be construed as an adulatory gesture, *Time* refrained from publishing Der Fuehrer's picture on its cover, substituting in its place a bit of symbolism. This, unintentionally of course, was the subtlest compliment ever paid to an international heel by a responsible publication. To have been the one man in our generation to win this strange distinction must have given Hitler a feeling of godship even greater than he got from the Sudetenland.

In a free country it is the duty of writers to pay no attention to duty. Only under a dictatorship is literature expected to exhibit an harmonious design or an inspirational tone. A despot doesn't fear eloquent writers preaching freedom—he fears a drunken poet who may crack a joke that will take hold. His gravest concern is lest gaiety, or truth in sheep's clothing, somewhere gain a foothold, lest joy in some unguarded moment be unconfined. I honestly don't believe that a humorist should take the veil to-day; he should wear his bells night and day, and squeeze the uttermost jape, even though he may feel more like writing a strong letter to the *Herald Tribune*.



The Easy Chair

WISDOM LINGERS

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

FOR the last few days before Christmas the corridors have a blessed quiet and the campus is as solitary as it was in late August. The professors may sleep later in the morning, take an unregardful third highball in the evening, and help the children trim the tree without thinking of to-morrow's nine o'clock lecture. Optimism comes back, and on December 26th the railroads carry a freight almost as genial as the one that crowded them on December 21st: the scholars are off to their trade conventions. The convention city has been chosen with proper regard to the average fare, hotel accommodations, the neighboring university, and geographical impartiality—not to mention the horse-trade by which St. Louis will get next year's convention and Princeton a second vice-president. If it is Chicago this year, it is likely to be Baltimore next year; but if it should be Baltimore then the administration must be induced to put the local delegates on an expense account, at least those who are on committees and those who will read papers.

The professors are joined by their colleagues from the private foundations, from the research departments of the national government, and from the laboratories of big corporations. Post-Christmas week draws the learned together from all over the country, to exchange information and advice, to report on the year's work, to plan for the coming year—and beyond it as far as thought can reach. A layman in search of enlightenment

could choose among at least two dozen congregations of wise men. No formula can be given here to guide his choice. The American Association for the Advancement of Science gets the best press and puts on the most interesting show. The American Historical Association has the best time. The American Sociological Society is usually the windiest and always the funniest. The Modern Language Association is the dreariest and most fretful. If none of these suits the layman's taste, however, he may try the Association for Research in Nervous and Mental Diseases, the Seismological Society of America, the Archeological Institute of America, the Association for Symbolic Logic, or the trade organizations of geographers, philologists, speech teachers (*sic*), physicists, geologists, chemists, mineralogists, metaphysicians, anthropologists, economists, paleontologists, psychologists, oceanographers, and many others.

Offstage a convention of the learned is just like a convention of shoe salesmen or investment counsellors. In the hotel corridors and the delegates' rooms the same activity goes on, the renewal of friendships, the manipulation of influence for committee appointments and next year's program, reminiscence of livelier days when we and the world were younger, the nurture of candidacies for President in 1943. Anxieties swell and tragedy is close at hand. The dean has given warning that you must produce; perhaps a ten-minute paper will hold him

off for another year or a thirty-minute paper turn the corner for good. Or the last year of your appointment is here, the appointment is not going to be renewed, and somewhere in this convention you must find a department-head who is looking for talent. Or your feud with the vitalists or the revisionists must be settled now by a redistribution of committees. Or the inadequacy-feeling that is endemic among the learned comes to a head and can be assuaged only by permission to read a paper—any paper, a paper on any subject, embodying any data and conclusions so long as you are vindicated before your fellows by an exhibition of technic utilized and work done.

For the convention exists, ultimately, that papers may be read. The main body breaks up into sections of specialists, and in the meetings of the sections, so theory has it, scholarship renders account of its trust. Here the results of research are presented, here the progress of knowledge is declared. Here the learned communicate to one another and to the world the end-products of their labor, from the earth-shaking to the inconceivably inane. And, since scholars have as much flesh as any man, the inane predominates. The layman can get a picture of the state of learning in America from the specialists' papers, but he will spare himself shock if he assumes that the median line of scholarship must be very much like any other median.

It was the American Speech Teachers who this year heard about recordings of Hitler's speeches. The records reveal that Hitler is frequently angry. His strong emotion and his use of the higher voice level tend to put the German people in a passive state. Hitler, the paper concluded, frequently reaches a condition bordering on hysteria. . . . The Folklore Society learned that Mexican peasants have a contemptuous epithet for political jobholders. . . . A professor told the Student Union that "every classroom in the nation must be converted into an outpost in the struggle for democracy," and professors were saying things quite as silly as

that in all the conventions. . . . Another one told the Archeological Institute that Virgil was the first modern, just as Bruce Barton used to tell Rotary International that Jesus was the first advertising man. . . . The American Sociological Society heard that "American language behavior" is "a societal epi-phenomenon, a form of oral hyperkinesia, a kind of chronic and acute but highly contagious blabitis." That means that Americans talk a lot. It is typical of the sociologists' language-behavior and contains a stately academic joke, and it shows that the lust for semantics which recently raged through sociology did not strike inward. . . . Always excepting Professors of Education, sociologists tend to be the most pretentious of scholars. A certain insecurity, a repressed fear that their four-dollar words may not mean anything and that their shiny, scientific-looking gadgets may not make them scientists after all, produces an aggressive clamor that isn't hard to diagnose. They beat gongs to keep the spooks away. . . . Insecurity takes a different form in the Modern Language Association, where professors of literature grieve over the dullest of all papers read during this supercharged week. What depresses these scholars is a realization that their discipline is supposed to deal with literature, whereas of sixty-odd papers annually read to the society only about ten have any bearing on literature and only about five of those understand that it is an art, that it is related to the dreams and heartbreaks and aspirations of mankind, that the odd creatures who write it have the blood and emotions of living men. They feel that culture is in their keeping, just as Professors of Education feel that progress and revolution are in their keeping, and five out of sixty seem a small proportion and they fall into despair.

Well, dispatches come in from the frontiers of knowledge: Solomon's port on the Red Sea is being excavated. . . . The serpents carved on Roman lintels were meant to ward off evil. . . . Amish hymns have been recorded for the phono-

graph. . . . It is now clear that a British naval officer was lying, a hundred and four years ago, when he claimed to have invaded the Antarctic ice. The map he drew was phantasy and the sea he named after himself was discovered at his desk. . . . White Leghorn chickens have had their feathers colored with pigment taken, in the embryo, from a robin's wing. . . . Professor Yerkes says that his chimpanzees are very much like human beings, and no lover of justice rises to denounce this libel of a mild and prepossessing animal. . . . The Association of American Geographers hears that we have started on the hot-to-cold part of the weather cycle and so may expect the kind of events correlated with that half of the curve. During the next five or ten years, that is, the dictatorships will probably perish. . . . But this heartening news is contradicted at the Geological Society of America, whence word comes that the earth is growing warmer as it continues to emerge from the latest glacial period and that the attempts of the "have-not" nations to get more metals will soon lead to war.

But now of course we are in an area where knowledge wears brighter clothing. The planet Neptune began to be disorderly in 1925 and is now five seconds ahead of where it should be in its orbit. But that may be because the earth wobbles so much that an error was made in the observation—and, considering the earth since 1925, the suggestion sounds reasonable. The metal-bearing ores of the wobbling earth dwindle fast but might be conserved for another century, though because of armaments they probably will not be. But new oil fields are being laid down on the ocean floor off California and will be ready for use in a few million years. Study of the chromosomes has revealed a gene which accelerates the rate of mutation. The discovery helps us to understand evolution, supplies a new instrument for those who are studying cancer, and suggests that a new type of mankind may appear in time to mop up the mess. Photographs in color were taken of the recent lunar

eclipse, and the earth's crust is rising toward its pre-glacial level.

A chemical called histamine, which is carried by the blood-cells, produces anaphylactic shock and is held responsible for various sensitivity diseases, including asthma. (So the Association for the Advancement of Science heard in Richmond. But papers read to the Association for Research in Nervous and Mental Diseases recorded cures of asthma by psychiatric methods and suggested that some asthma may be psychogenic.) A better analgesic than morphine has been found: cobra venom, which does not produce insensibility but has a pleasant reaction and so fulfills one of medicine's oldest dreams. And the audience at Richmond saw a new kind of microscope. It focusses not light-rays but electrons, magnifies up to a million times, and effects separations as small as one twenty-five millionth of an inch. They saw it reveal the shape of the smallpox virus and of the *staphylococcus aureus*, which no optical microscope can make visible. And while they watched, its fluorescent screen picked out the atomic pattern of a tungsten crystal and with their naked, virgin eyes they could see residual molecules of air shimmer against the sides of the vacuum tube. . . . Elsewhere scholars might fret and chill with doubt of what they were doing, but not these scholars. Here was the advance of knowledge and a tool to carry it farther still.

They are a more serene, more confident group than their colleagues in the social sciences and the humanities. Physical and biological scientists, medical men, even psychologists know what they are talking about, as sociologists and their kin commonly do not. They know it is worth talking about, which is not a conviction that the members carry away from the Modern Language Association. They know that even the humblest paper of the humblest chemist reporting that one hundred compounds which mathematics said in advance could not be produced in the laboratory cannot in fact be produced there will be useful to someone,

whereas the reports on cultural vestiges shown in the drawings on outhouse walls in Wilkes-Barre that humble sociologists compose and the studies of Cowper's syntax which the abashed M.L.A. produces will just be dumped forever on the garbage heap of a self-perpetuating vested interest. They see instruments of hope and growth and healing and mastery put at the disposal of the human race, if the race should ever care to take them up, and not even Professors of Education, who claim everything, can claim healing or mastery. And they know that sometimes in small, drowsy rooms where a few aging men gather, papers are read which will ultimately change the face of nature and the form of society. No paper read at the Modern Language Association or the American Sociological Society, past, present, or to come, will ever have any effect whatever on either nature or society.

But, out of their laboratories, the scientists also are uneasy. They were told in Richmond that they must assume responsibility for social changes produced by science (talking like a Professor of the Science of Teaching the Science of Teaching, the speaker remarked that the main duty of our secondary schools is to teach civics and manners, science and discipline) and they are willing and even eager to accept that responsibility—if they can find out how. That, however, is one research for which they have no instruments. One of the foremost physicists in the world tried to tell his colleagues how; but his speech had as little meaning for the layman as if he had been talking about the mathematics of cosmic rays, and had far less meaning for the physicists. Like all other learned societies, the physicists passed resolutions in favor of democracy and against absolutism, and dedicated themselves to free inquiry and social advance, and denounced the perversion of learning to evil ends; but in the bitter glare of the modern world they saw that a physicist was indistinguishable from a sociologist and even from a

Professor of Education, except that, a million-power microscope in his hand, he looked more forlorn. He had only his microscope, and it would be quite as futile as a study of cultural vestiges in outhouses or one of Cowper's syntax when he took it out into the freshening winds and the rising waters.

Yet the physicist is not so forlorn as he looks, and the layman reflects, when the week is over, that the other scholars are not so disheartening as they seem in a close-up. It is a mistake to look at them in close-up, unless one sedulously remembers that no human activity is very impressive under a magnifying glass. The average of anything human is—a human average. Measured against eternity, measured against hope and desire, measured against even the scholars' own aspiration and pretense, most scholarly researches do indeed look trivial, futile, and ridiculous. But measured against history, even the slightest of them does not look so bad. For their kind has been certainly the cleanest and by far the most fruitful activity the race has given itself to, and has built the one Republic that has withstood darkness and storm. And when you turn away from human mediocrity to the best, you come close to what is just about the only source of hope the storms have not obliterated. They are plain, imperfect men, plentifully bewildered, plentifully mired in human ignorance and human stupidity, but they do their job, their job goes on in peace, it slowly widens, it moves along. Even the statistician of outhouses or of ethical datives works against chaos, works toward rationality, is a conduit of the mind's freedom, a tender of an imperishable light, an indispensable item who, if he should fall, would bring all down with him. And the physicist's microscope may be but a small bastion against the winds and waters but you will find no other quite so large. . . . And they meet in freedom and in peace, and, meeting so, are an earnest and a prayer and—a fortress.



Harper's *Magazine*

WANTED: A SANE DEFENSE POLICY

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

OF ALL the acts being put upon our national stage there is none to compare with the drama of national defense. Annually the show appears and always on a larger scale, always costing more and more millions, always featuring the pitiful appearance of our two national orphans, the Army and the Navy, who exhibit their rags before the footlights, bewail their absolute indigence, their lack of everything necessary to make them great and powerful and capable of affording one hundred per cent protection to our entire country. Year by year the Congressional audience is deeply moved by this distressing picture and year by year it hands out larger and larger sums to meet those tragic wants. This year, according to the Assistant Secretary of War, there are grave and dangerous "shortages in artillery, tanks, combat cars, airplanes, machine guns, semi-automatic rifles, anti-tank guns, anti-aircraft guns, ammunition, gas masks, searchlights, telescopes and quadrants," and all gun-carriages are of "an old model designed more than forty years ago."

Yet since 1933 the Army and Navy have received a total of nearly \$5,000,000,000. In 1933-34 these orphans got a beggarly \$540,356,000; in 1934-35, \$709,931,000; in 1936-37, \$935,114,000. In 1937-38 the services rejoiced in gifts of \$1,027,841,000, and perhaps by the time this article appears their last demand for \$1,668,283,000 will have been honored. If so, that joint Army and Navy bill will be \$954,227,000 more than the *entire cost* (\$734,056,202) of the United States Government in the year before we entered the World War. It would seem as if even in these days of dictators and of alarums of war that might satisfy our military mendicants, but he would be a fool who would prophesy that we shall not reach the two-billion mark within two years.

The more we give the fighting services, the less they have and the more they want. Only one thing is clear year by year: The fear which pries these vast beneficences out of the national till grows steadily. Each year we are bidden to look upon the tragedies on other stages

overseas, and when we do, we open up our purses and count no cost; after which we taxpayers go about our business confident that now we are really protected and that all is well and secure—until the show goes on again.

As a matter of fact no one knows whether the last billion and a half has really advanced our security or not. If we peek behind the defense curtains we find on the testimony of many of the actors themselves waste, extravagance, incompetence, a babel of contradictory voices, confusion. We discover that there is no established defense policy, that our military and naval objectives have never been defined and adopted. Nor have we decided on the foreign policy by which these may be shaped—has not President Roosevelt just told the Washington correspondents that probably only a newspaper columnist could work out a complete and rigid foreign policy? Hence the government is demanding the impossible of Army and Navy, since we ask them to defend us and yet do not tell them what they shall defend. Nobody knows whether Army and Navy are merely to guard our coasts, or are to be prepared to fight overseas, as in 1917-18, or are just to defend all the Americas, or must protect our coasts and also keep open our trade routes to South America. It is not even established whether we shall or shall not fight for the Philippines, independent or otherwise.

One by-product of this is that there is no single joint defense plan. Moreover, there is no adequate co-operation between Army and Navy—nothing approaching it; the hostility between them is so great that it was announced on January 1st that combined maneuvers would not be carried on in the Caribbean this year because of the bitter feeling engendered by the last joint war games—a situation which must make the dictators hold their sides for laughter.

Our defense policies change literally from hour to hour as the President is swayed by some gust of emotion or some admirals have bright new ideas about ex-

tending our defense lines farther into the Pacific. A year ago the President declared that we must have two huge navies, one in the Pacific and one in the Atlantic, each able to defeat any two adversaries that might together attack us. He did not stop to consider what that would cost or how many years it would take to build such a fleet, even if we had shipyards capable of undertaking it. That was too much even for the admirals. Persuaded to abandon this scheme, the President, profoundly alarmed perhaps by talk of Nazi intervention in South America, turned to aviation. The first trial balloon suggesting a total of 10,000 airplanes having met with a bad reception, he then decided to ask for a mere 8,000, of which 500 are to be manufactured at once.

At one time Mr. Roosevelt assured the Daughters of the American Revolution that we were planning only to defend our coasts and never to send troops abroad—he had previously appealed to all the nations in an address before the Woodrow Wilson Foundation to join him in building no offensive weapons and in pledging themselves never to send troops beyond their boundaries. Next he decided that we must meet and defeat the enemy 500 miles from our shores—500, not 600, or 1,000—so that no single shell might fall upon our shores. Meanwhile Mr. Roosevelt has never himself sat down with the high commands of both services, plus leading members of Congress, to tell the Army what role its forces shall play if the country is attacked. So far as anybody knows, the part of the Navy in relation to our coast defenses (manned by the Army) and our mine fields, and what is to be the relation of the Army air fleet to the Navy air fleet when the country is attacked, have never been defined; a major-general recently sarcastically remarked that if war should come a collision in midair of Army and Navy flyers would not be impossible, since neither force would know which way the other was going! Yet the President must recall that it was the long-delayed unity of command under Foch which made possi-

ble the Allied victory in 1918, and must be aware that unity of purpose and action is the primary requisite for successful defense of any territory.

It would seem as if the first requisite for a sound and intelligent defense program would be a most careful consideration of what dangers actually confront us. Who are our potential enemies? Next, we need to know whether such potential enemies can actually invade this country or undertake serious air attacks. The layman believes, as the result of unceasing Army and Navy propaganda as to our defenselessness, that we are liable to attack coming through the oceans or the air, and supposes that all military and naval authorities are in agreement on this. It is for this reason that, according to the Gallup poll, a large majority of the voters consent to the voting of those billions of defense dollars which they or their children, or their children's children, will some day have to pay. As a matter of fact there is great division of opinion among military and naval experts as to whether this country can be successfully attacked. Since this is the crux of the whole defense problem, it is astounding that only a handful of Senators and Congressmen is really concerned with a serious study of the actual existing world situation in connection with our own safety, and cares enough really to ask whether we are or are not in danger. The rest vote the sums asked, like a flock of sheep.

II

Now let us inquire if invasion is possible. Here are some of the outstanding opinions: Speaking to the National Foreign Trade Convention, the late Rear Admiral W. W. Phelps declared on November 18, 1935: "Of course there is no possibility ever of any hostile attack on either of our coasts." Admiral Yarnell, who has so admirably commanded our fleet in Asia during the war in China, testified in Washington that Japan would need twice as large a fleet as we have in order to attack us—her present

fleet is by no means as large as ours; to build a fleet double the size of ours would be beyond the financial possibilities of Japan or any other country, except possibly England. It will be recalled that Admiral William S. Sims, the admirable commander of the American fleet in Europe during the World War, told Congress shortly before his recent death: "No foreign Power or group of Powers can operate across the ocean and stand in combat with the American navy and planes operating from home bases."

As for other opinions, Hanson W. Baldwin, the military and naval expert of the *New York Times*, writing in *Foreign Affairs* in April, 1938, before the huge naval expansion program of last winter, wrote that: "The Army and Navy are at present prepared to defend both coasts of the United States against simultaneous invasion, and at the same time to protect Hawaii, Panama, Alaska, and probably South America, from any attacks that can reasonably be foreseen." Major George Fielding Eliot, the author of *The Ramparts We Watch*, which has attracted so much attention, exclaims that: "We should thank God that to-day we can pursue our national way, secure as yet from the fear of invasion." Major General Johnson Hagood in his book *We Can Defend America* (1937) declares that: "Considered from a defensive standpoint, America is the strongest military nation on earth—that is, it is the easiest nation to prepare for defensive warfare. *It would not take much* [italics mine] to make it invulnerable against any nation or combination of nations that could possibly be brought against it." In another place he says that it is the fashion to discount "the enormous difficulties" that "the trackless seas would impose upon our would-be invaders." Finally Major General William C. Rivers, retired, another lifelong soldier, stated after the President's address to Congress in January that an invasion of the United States by any considerable force is out of the question. Major Eliot after most careful computation believes that:

"The full force that might possibly be brought against us" by any other Power than England, or combination of two Powers in one ocean, "is in the neighborhood of 200,000 combat troops."

Why then do we have the persistent public belief that we are in danger, first of all from an invasion by the Japanese? The only explanation is that from this field reason has fled, and that there is a determined effort to deceive the American people by those who want us to go to war in the East in order to assert our rights and the Open Door and to rescue China from the Japanese. The most extraordinary about-face is that of Franklin D. Roosevelt himself. Writing in the magazine *Asia* in 1923—*Asia* thought so much of this article that they reprinted it in March, 1934—he said:

If, with a fleet double the size of Japan's and our vastly greater resources, invasion of the western shores of the Pacific was admitted to be probably impossible, certainly impracticable, for us, how much more formidable was the corresponding problem presented to the military strategists of Japan!

Yet the author of these lines now insists on our pouring out hundreds of millions of dollars, presumably for preparations for a war which he here admits is impracticable, probably impossible, and, as he elsewhere says, certain to result in a military deadlock with "Japan and the United States . . . making faces at one another across a no-man's-water as broad as the Pacific." If it is urged that this opinion was expressed sixteen years ago and that conditions have changed during that time, the reply is that nothing whatever has been altered in the strategic situation of Japan to the United States and vice versa. The ocean is just as large; it is still impossible for a bomber to fly 7,000 miles to the United States with a load of bombs—the longest single flight ever made is 6,295 miles, and, as Major Eliot points out, in wartime "the military radius of action is roughly about one-fourth of the maximum range; that is, the plane must go out from its base and return, which cuts the range in

half. . . ." He then affirms that the maximum range of a bombing plane today is only 1,500 miles—750 out and 750 back.

This statement, which is of fundamental importance in the consideration of American defense, has been confirmed by the highest naval authority, Admiral Leahy, who has just testified before the House Committee on Naval Affairs that the fortifying of Guam would not be a threat to Japan because planes loaded with bombs *could not reach Japan proper from Guam*, although the distance is only 1,400 miles! This testimony alone should end the ignorant talk that America is in danger of airplane attack, not only from Japan but from the other side of the Atlantic. Here Major Eliot has something further to say:

While it is theoretically possible for single planes to fly across the Atlantic with a very small military load, drop a bomb or two and return, as a practical operation of war even this is out of the question and will remain so as far as can now be foreseen; a serious attack by a large air unit is still less to be envisaged. Planes which did not expect to return might raid our coasts, but no nation has enough long-range bombers and highly trained crews to waste them in enterprises of this nature.

Yet only the other day in Washington a high official told me that Hitler has 1,500 bombers ready for action which could fly across the South Atlantic to Rio Janeiro in twenty-six hours. I have wondered ever since how there could possibly be sufficient fields in the mountain-surrounded Rio Janeiro to take care of them—there are not; whether there would be hangars for even fifty; whether they would bring their trained mechanics with them—for every flyer the German army details fifteen ground men to keep him in the air.

If reason were applied to this problem we should recall that the making and repairing of aircraft is a highly specialized business requiring special machinery and specially trained mechanics; that the President is asking for millions of dollars in order that airplane factories in this

country may be put in readiness for mass production if war should come. Yet one constantly hears the glib assertion that there is nothing to prevent Germany's establishing, more or less secretly, an airplane base in Mexico or Nicaragua or Guatemala or Colombia and then raiding New York City or Washington. Admiral Leahy's testimony is the complete answer to that. That sporadic air raids could be made upon the United States from an airplane carrier lying 500 miles out at sea is quite possible. An Army officer who has been studying this problem for some time tells me that no country can hope to protect itself absolutely from airplane attack. English and French maneuvers have shown that some airplanes are bound to slip through any defensive cordon and escape anti-aircraft batteries, especially if there is low visibility or fog. This officer laughs at the suggestion that it would be possible to line the coasts of the United States, more than 7,000 miles long, with anti-aircraft batteries. Furthermore, it should never be forgotten in considering warfare in the air that, as a French general has put it, it is not the airplanes that one has in hand at the outbreak of war which win a war, but the airplanes made after war has begun.

Whether Admiral Leahy and Major Eliot are right or wrong, it would certainly seem as if Congress could profitably inquire into just what the situation is, either through a joint committee of its own or through the appointment of a competent board (two bills for this purpose have been introduced) like the Howell Board authorized by Congress on June 12, 1934. Surely Congress could inquire now whether the President is right in asserting that aviation conditions have undergone so sudden and so radical a change as to demand of us a total air force of 8,000 planes.

III

Right here it should be pointed out that if Congress really desired an efficient

airplane defense it would have acted immediately upon one recommendation of its own creation, the Howell Board, which was officially known as the Federal Aviation Commission. This was that another board should be constituted immediately to consider "the whole problem of military organization and of inter-service relationship," which, it felt, called for "extended examination by some appropriate agency in the near future."

The Howell Board stated that "the present degree of mutual understanding between the Army and Navy is less than might be desired, that the machinery for settling differences in matters of detail lacks something in effectiveness, and that the arrangements for keeping commanders in the field notified of their respective responsibility in joint operations with neighboring units of the sister service are strikingly inadequate." But Congress has not acted. It has paid no attention to the fact that Lieut. General Bullard has said that "there should be a separate unified air force equal in rank and importance with the Army and Navy, and the three services should be united under a single department head." The former Chairman of the House Military Committee, John J. McSwain, also told Congress of his conclusion that "all the fighting forces of the nation, organized solely for the defense of the nation, in order to accomplish economy, in order to accomplish effective co-operation in training and fighting, must be under a single authority, and in a single department."

Nineteen of the principal nations—all except the United States—have a single head for defense. Congress must realize that a war cannot be carried on with three separate air forces, to say nothing of the co-ordination of the ocean forces and land forces. We now have a Marine Corps air fleet, a Navy air fleet, and an Army air fleet, and even a small Coast Guard air fleet. Apparently Congress is willing that the co-ordination of these organizations should be left until the coming of war, if and when one comes. How

could that be done efficiently, economically, and wisely in the terrific stress, turmoil and confusion of a modern war?

IV

Turning now to the question of invasion by a foreign army, I suppose that someone is thinking of a statement by our former Secretary of War and Secretary of State, Henry L. Stimson, in his letter opposing the Ludlow resolution for a referendum on war. In this letter he stated that "a hostile expedition which had defeated or evaded our Navy and approached within 200 miles of our coast, not only could within twenty-four hours strike a devastating blow upon one of our great cities and its neighboring industrial centers, but could within a week thereafter land a hostile force of at least 100,000 men upon our shores." With all respect to Mr. Stimson, this statement shows an astounding lack of realistic understanding of the military and naval problems involved. If this hostile armada had merely "evaded" our Navy it would certainly never dare to land at any point on our soil until it had fought and defeated our fleet and so established a safe line of communication with its home territory. If it had defeated our fleet, Mr. Stimson forgets that it would still have to encounter our submarines, our mine fields, our coast defenses, our Navy airplanes, our Army airplanes, thousands in number, and would then have to land its 100,000 men at some place on our shores in the face of a large part of the 400,000 men of the mobile army which the War Department states it will soon be able to put into the field on the outbreak of war. The mere statement of the above proves the absurdity of the Stimson statement; but if a man of his military experience in France during the World War is capable of writing this it is easy to forgive the ordinary newspaper reader who really thinks that the Japanese could land 50,000 men in San Diego and deprive him of his Hollywood movies.

Had Mr. Stimson given a little study to ocean tonnage and the speed of ships he would not only have learned what Major Eliot has pointed out: that 200,000 is the maximum force which the tonnage of any country or pair of countries outside of England could move to our shores, he would never have written that 100,000 men could have been landed in seven days after its war fleet had dodged our innocent and unsuspecting Navy. Had he taken the list of ships of more than 20,000 tons, for example, he would have found that Germany has only twelve, and only a part of these are capable of crossing the ocean in seven days under the most favorable weather conditions. If one interprets Mr. Stimson's words to mean that the transports containing the 100,000 men would come along with the fleet, then fleet and transports would be kept to the speed of the slowest merchant vessel. Taking Major Eliot's measure of four tons to every soldier plus eight tons for his equipment, medical supplies, gas, tanks, motor cars, headquarters equipment, etc., Mr. Stimson's force of 100,000 would require 1,200,000 tons of shipping or three-fifths of Germany's entire sea-going shipping of 2,000 tons or over. Such an armada might "evade" the United States Navy, but in that case the Navy would have to be sound asleep indeed, for the assembling of no less than 300 transports plus the entire German navy and their leisurely voyage across the ocean would certainly put the Navy Department on notice that something was going to happen in the course of ten or twelve days.

The same thing would be true if England should undertake to raid our shores. On the 24th of November, 1937, 1,545 British cargo vessels of more than 2,000 tons were at sea, and 705 were in harbor, with less than 300 more unaccounted for. The drawing in of enough of these 1,500 ships at sea to make up the necessary transport fleet would make any country aware of what was happening, whether ourselves or Italy or Germany, weeks before the event. The Stimson type of

alarmist invariably gives the impression that the invaders, whether Japanese or European, could suddenly turn up on our coasts in great numbers without ever having been discovered en route and reported by wireless or naval airplanes. And what would 100,000 men do if landed at Norfolk or Boston, or Charleston or Savannah? The smaller the harbor the worse off they would be; for, as Major Eliot also points out, they would have to bring with them lighters, armored barges, movable piers, cranes, base equipment, reserve stores, ammunition, and special landing devices. How fast could a transport fleet move towing all these impedimenta? Major General Hagood declares that there are not more than five ports in the United States at which an enemy could find the harbor equipment necessary to unload the huge artillery, the great combat tanks, the vast amount of ammunition for the artillery, etc. Few ships of the merchant type have adequate cranes for any such service. Here the difficulty is that the average American still thinks in terms of the Civil War or our war with Spain; in the latter we landed Shafter's army upon a beach on a couple of fine days without a hostile shot being fired, and equipped them with a few antiquated cannon. The army of Shafter bears no relation whatsoever to the army of 1939.

If further proof of this is necessary, the reader should recall some of the facts of our peaceful invasion of France. That required a stupendous effort. We controlled the Atlantic, but it took us from May, 1917, to November 1, 1918, to move 2,032,883 troops. Of these only 884,647 crossed under the American flag. Yet we used 599 merchant vessels, 116 captured enemy ships, and 87 forcibly requisitioned Dutch vessels. In addition we gradually put into service some 700 vessels—900 up to July 1, 1919—built after the War began. Yet British ships transported for us 1,095,258 men. In July, 1918, alone were we able to transport 300,000 men in a month. General Hagood asserts that not on a single day

up to the time of the Armistice did we land more than 25,000 tons of supplies and equipment, although we needed 40,000 tons daily to keep the army going—the Allies made good the deficiency. This is the more striking because we had only just begun to land airplanes and cannon when the War ended. If this is all we could do with those gigantic efforts, what could Japan do with only 637 ships in its entire merchant fleet, with double the distance to cover going and coming? What Germany, with only 2,321 ships of all kinds and sizes? I have no space to waste on those who assert that if 100,000 soldiers got a foothold in one of our important cities they could maintain themselves and manufacture all the supplies they needed; I refer them to Munchausen.

Next let us consider a little bit farther Mr. Stimson's hypothetical defeat of the American fleet. Admiral Sims once stated to me and others that if we went to war with Japan our fleet could reach the main Japanese island, could fire a few rounds at the coast and kill whoever happened to get in the way of our shells and then turn round and come back. "But, Admiral," said I, "what would the Japanese fleet be doing to us during this time?" "If they know their business," he replied, "and I am sure that they do, they would be hiding behind one of their one thousand islands and waiting for us to go home. They know as well as we do that we could not stay off their coast so why should they risk any of their battleships in a combat with a superior force when we should have to retire of our own volition?" I spoke of our having many tankers, colliers, and cargo boats capable of bringing supplies. He waved that aside. "A battleship fleet," he said, "is tied down to its base and has a radius of not over 2,500 miles." He added that in his judgment all the money spent upon the fortification of Hawaii might just as well have been thrown into the Pacific Ocean, and he scoffed at the idea that the Japanese navy could ever reach our California coast and bring with

it fuel enough to get there, to maneuver and fight, and then to return 7,000 miles to its home.

All writers on the offensive range of modern fleets agree that that cannot be put above 2,500 miles. Denlinger and Gary in their *War in the Pacific* put it at 2,000 miles. In this connection it must be remembered that we do not know to-day that any of the new German battleships carries sufficient fuel to cross the Atlantic. Secretary of the Navy Daniels after examining the captured German ships before they were sunk at Scapa Flow publicly stated on his return that not a single German cruiser or battleship had bunker capacity to have enabled it to attack any American harbor. Yet the American people were frightened into believing in the propaganda years that Germany was all prepared to rush into one of our harbors and carry off our women and our wealth.

V

What this chaotic situation calls for is plainly a study of the whole question of national defense, including the effectiveness or ineffectiveness of our present services, the dangers of invasion, and the question of what we are prepared to defend and should be prepared to defend. In this connection Congress might remember that the national defense plank of the Democratic platform of 1932 called for: "A Navy and Army adequate for national defense *based on a survey of all facts affecting the existing establishments* that the people in time of peace may not be burdened by an expenditure fast approaching \$1,000,000,000 annually." [Italics mine.] Others besides the writer have been urging this for some time, among them Raymond Clapper of the Scripps-Howard newspapers and General Hugh S. Johnson. Mr. Clapper urges a temporary joint committee of the House and Senate to undertake an intelligent and balanced consideration of a general program. I should prefer a body constituted like the Howell Com-

mission, representing all points of view. General Johnson declares that the War Department has been "politicalized" and "demoralized," that "what is needed here is an independent commission of Congress and outside experts to study this mixup and suggest a solution before we are too far launched upon spending billions for defense." He has scored General Arnold for his refusal to answer in public the question what specific dangers the General Staff had in mind when it endorsed the great new aviation proposals. "To dub as military secrets conjectures as to just who may attack us, when, where, how and what strength is pure hokum." He is opposed to keeping secret broad aspects of military plans and policies in a democracy and says that you cannot do it.

In this study of our national defense it is vital to bear in mind the imminent danger that the rising tide of military and naval preparedness will in itself drive us well along the road to fascism. The proposal to subordinate all further expansion of our electrical-power industry to the possible needs of our military machine in wartime speaks for itself. The voting by Congress of \$12,000,000 for "educational" orders last year which the President asks be increased to \$32,000,000 this year, is a most dangerous precedent. It not only violates for the first time the rule of not awarding federal contracts save on competitive bidding, but, by inducing corporations to install new machinery and equipment for producing goods for military purposes and to enlarge their plants, will make them yearly supplicants for more and more orders to justify their capital outlays and to keep their additional employees at work. "Education" of this kind may never end.

What will it avail us to arm to the utmost limit, to subordinate our national and industrial life to preparations for war, if thereby we lose our democratic soul—that soul we are supposed to preserve by pouring out armament expenditures without end?



NO MORE EXCURSIONS!

THE DEFENSE OF DEMOCRACY BEGINS AT HOME

BY C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

THE proper policy is clear: No American shall ever again be sent to fight and die on the continent of Europe.

Powerful currents of emotion and opinion to-day are running against this policy in America. We are being asked to defer to emotional hostilities without further ado and take them as basic data in the formulation of public policy. We are asked to accept uncritically the opinions of both the military and the hysterical enthusiasts. But this is no time to throw reason out of the window, to raise the shout that the time has come to abandon all we have learned at such heavy cost since 1914. To do this is to declare oneself bankrupt.

We are told that democracy is in danger. It is. We must defend it. It is endangered by war. We must oppose war—unless forced upon us by the absolute necessity of defending this continent.

In the First World War the emotions of the American people were deeply stirred by President Wilson's eloquent glosses on the word "democracy" and we went out, like the good democrats we are, to implement our extremely liberal emotions with lethal weapons. We did not do so because of "entangling alliances" (we became an "associated," not an "allied" power); we did it because we lost our heads, failed in our job—which was to maintain neutrality. When it was too late we found that while we had sincerely thought that everyone was agreed upon the composition of the star

to which we had hitched our wagon, our failure to ask for a spectroscopic analysis of the star had led to our undoing.

No candid reader of the literature of the First World War can fail to recognize the deep sincerity of President Wilson and the American people at large. One may regard them as misguided, stupid, bull-headed, ignorant, or a variety of other things, but they had as large a measure of moral certainty about their position as usually gets involved in human affairs. The difficulty came in reconciling this profound sincerity with the conditions under which it had to be implemented, conditions which eventually led to its utter defeat both at home and abroad. From the events which followed one can extract profoundly pessimistic conclusions or derive considerable sardonic amusement; but whatever it is one gets, it certainly is not any great admiration for the powers with which we were associated or for the men who rushed to Washington to guide the American government in its enterprise.

The slogans used to move us toward this unwonted end are being refurbished to-day, filled with a content only slightly different from that of 1914–1918, and obviously designed to lead toward a repetition on a more appalling scale of the débâcle of 1919. The alleged moral certainty is as fervent as that which misled us twenty-odd years ago. Don't forget that it wasn't the going to Europe and engaging in the fighting that disillusioned us

with the First World War; rather it was our failure to solve Europe's problems, and also what we later discovered about domestic goings-on during the course of the War. The Versailles Peace Conference of 1919, the findings of the Nye Committee, the well-ventilated scandals of administrative incompetence in the State Department, the story of excessive regard for special domestic economic interests during the war period—these were the things which really disillusioned us. Our moral certainty turned out to have been founded on rather smelly quicksand.

As a slogan and as an actuality democracy is two quite different things. It engages our fervent allegiance when used to stir our emotions; but when we ask ourselves or other peoples to translate it into practice we find how little we know about it. Did we not go into the First World War with the firm purpose of making the world safe for democracy? We all know that the objective was not achieved. This is a time to examine the reasons why, not to forget them.

It was largely because we were so uncritical—because we failed to remember how many ambiguous factors are wrapped up in the word democracy—that we were taken in. If we had been cautious enough to distinguish between the infinite number of social policies which can be pursued under the shelter of democracy we should have guessed that some of our associates were more concerned with defending and preserving privileges—individual, class, and national—than with creating the conditions which would make the realization of the democratic ideal possible.

All hands agreed to the slogan of democracy; but there never was any agreement as to the program which would make democracy possible, and a great many attitudes and policies can flourish under that blanket term. The record is now clear: not a single foreign government with which we were associated ever really accepted Woodrow Wilson's Fourteen Points, and none had the slightest intention of implementing them at the

Peace Conference. When Wilson formulated his fourteen commandments (even God required but ten, as Clemenceau remarked) he knew about the secret treaties of the Allies under which they had disposed of the prospective spoils of war. All debate on this point is closed by volume seven of Ray Stannard Baker's official life. But Wilson thought he could override the narrow and destructive attitude which the treaties reflected by exploiting his high moral prestige to the limit. He draped that morality in Alexandrine rhetoric and won the applause of the people of the world—the true democracy, shall we say?—but he gained very, very few influential converts among the rulers of the world. Sir Robert Borden, wartime Prime Minister of Canada, tells in his recently published *Memoirs* how he tried to make it clear to the British authorities after America entered the War that they could not pursue any longer the reactionary line they outlined to him. But at the Peace Conference both Great Britain and France acted to make the realization of the American proposals impossible and reduced what was to have been a final settlement to the level of a gigantic exercise in horse-trading conducted, as Harold Nicolson has written, in a fog. One of the most democratic countries in the world, according to American notions, the Commonwealth of Australia, fought for the reactionary right of annexing German territory in the South Pacific to the point of arousing the personal hatred of Wilson for the Australian representative, William Morris Hughes. All this was done by men acting in the name of democracy.

When Wilson, plainly appalled by the difference between the actualities of the Treaty and his dream, concentrated his emotions on the League of Nations, the American Senate, seeing a bad treaty and an imperfect League tied together, rejected both. In the 1920 presidential election the people clearly told the world that they were sick of Europe. It was because we had given in to our anger at

certain highly irritating policies being pursued by some foreign powers in Europe, and had thrown reason out of the window, that we were let in for this disillusionment, for this gigantic lesson in the difference between democracy as a slogan and democracy as an actuality.

Now we are being asked to repeat the experiment in selective forgetting. Is there any greater warrant for it to-day than in 1917? Are things different this time?

They are not. To say that the moral issues are clearer to-day than in 1917 is fantastic. In truth, they are more confused than ever before. The forces which led to the war in 1914 and which were, to so great an extent, impossible to control in 1919, are still operative, and in many respects present a more horrific face to the world than they did a quarter century ago. Men still give allegiance to decaying values; they still seek to preserve the *status quo*; they still talk of recreating the good old days, not the good new days; they still give allegiance to the principles and values which are reducing Europe to a shambles. Those who profess to see a clear moral issue in the European mess are precisely those who also announce that they want us to throw cold reason out of the window.

What gives these people the illusion of clarity is the fact that certain powers have resolved the problems confronting the world in what nine Americans out of ten regard as the wrong way. Instead of wrestling with the vexing and gigantic problem of solving social conflicts by peaceful means and in the interest of the majority, these powers have tried to solve them by violence and in the interest of a minority. That this method is final, we all very much doubt—every day news reaches us that nothing has really been solved; but almost to a man we recognize that the immediate results of the effort, both at home and abroad, are very shocking and highly dangerous to neighboring peoples. In this world we are all in some degree neighbors; and it is therefore argued that American blood and material

power should be used to "stop the fascists."

But we shall be led far astray if we think that we can eliminate the dangerous fascist policies by war. To go to war for an unanalyzed negative objective—stopping fascism—would be the quintessence of folly. It is not true that war accomplishes nothing; but what is true is that war never accomplishes what the leaders of it proclaim it is to accomplish. It always leads to something else. In itself war is a dynamic thing. You start for one objective and, because of the forces which participating in war releases, you end up at a quite different point, usually one which is displeasing to those who believed most fervently in your first appeals. Is not that a summary of what happened in the First World War?

It cannot be assumed that eliminating fascism will release forces of a variety pleasing to American democrats. What forces were released by the First World War which strengthened democracy in Europe and America? Men on the street and learned specialists in economics and government are equally aware of the fact that the First World War closed an epoch in human history and miserably failed to open a new and better one.

II

To understand an issue one must get behind the slogans. A clear view of the consequences of action must be obtained before a rational aim can be formulated.

The word democracy is being used to-day to impose an artificial clarity upon a very murky issue, to give the American people, who believe in democracy, a moral certainty about the issues of the prospective war for which there is no warrant. Democracy is being invoked to spur us to uncritical action. War is uncritical action. Because democracy is being used in this fashion we should look pretty sharply at democracy before committing ourselves to a line of conduct the consequences of which are unknown.

Democracy as we know it to-day is inti-

mately associated with the capitalist system. It came into existence almost simultaneously with the rise of industrial capitalism; and while the basic democratic ideal—freedom for the rounded development of the individual human personality—does not appear to be integrally associated with any particular economic configuration, the fact remains that we have not yet discovered how to dissociate it from the traditional capitalist system. That is now one of the great tasks before the human race to-day. We customarily dramatize this very deep conflict by pointing out the incompatibility of political democracy with economic inequality and we apply our minds, when we are in a sober mood, to the job of ironing out the economic inequalities which capitalism has seemingly made inevitable. Compensatory social legislation designed to increase the security of the masses of the people has this purpose as one of its foundation stones. Regulatory legislation looks to much the same end, though the approach is quite different, and the exact consequences to the individual not so readily measurable. No alert person thinks either of these policies will lead to a final solution, and most close students have their ideas as to what other steps should be taken, but whatever the measures proposed, the ultimate objective is a greater measure of economic democracy.

Because we have never yet succeeded in resolving satisfactorily the contradiction of political democracy and vastly unequal economic power within a single society, we also have never yet succeeded in resolving the enigma which may be phrased as the ruling class versus the majority. Even when political power is as widely diffused as it is in theory in the United States it still remains true that those really running the political machinery—the policy-making groups—are far nearer to the holders of great economic power than they are to the masses of the people. Under the American system of government it is the purpose of government to redress the balance of power as far as possible. As long as the general social and

economic position allows for a measure of flexibility, wide differences of policy are possible, from radical to reactionary. The most favorable environment for the continued flourishing of a liberal government such as most Americans favor is the environment of peace. It is such a government which will continue, in whatever fashion, the search for ways of minimizing the economic inequalities which plague our democracy. But the environment of war will effectively stop that search and throw the governmental power into the hands of those who, at the moment of its outbreak, are in possession of superior economic power.

That this is what happens, a review of the Wilson Administration shows. It should be recalled that the Wilson Administration was a reformist government and was almost as much feared by the "natural rulers" of the nation as that of Franklin Roosevelt—and as falsely, as events showed. Wilson's acceptance of war delayed reform in this country for almost two decades. It brought the reactionaries to the top in American life and postponed the solution—in some instances the very definition—of problems which survived to complicate matters during the depression. The First World War put a stop to all efforts to resolve the ambiguities of democracy, and the post-war mood was against such efforts also.

The lesson is plain. War is the enemy of democracy. Far from assisting in the resolution of the basic social problems of the Western world in a desirable direction, it rather throws the social balance on the side of the holders of economic privileges. Peace is essential if we wish to continue democratizing our democracy. And the greater the success we have in that task the better off we, and the world, will be. This is the deepest moral justification for keeping out of war that can be imagined.

III

In our off moments we think we can impose our ideals on other people, can

create the conditions which will make them realizable, by force. We really know better—much better. All such ventures can do is to damage our democracy without doing any good elsewhere. The war-mongers want to catch us in one of those off moments. We must watch them sharply, especially sharply when, as at this time, we are facing a reactionary Europe.

What is the use of evading that plain fact? The difference between the opposed powers of Europe are not sufficiently clear-cut to justify sending Americans to fight and die for one side or the other. We shall be led far astray if we do not take infinite care to keep in mind the continuities between capitalist-democracy and capitalist-fascism. Any candid person must admit that the policies which are characteristic of the great capitalist-fascist states are, in a painful number of fundamental instances, simply the policies of capitalist-democratic states raised to the *n*th power of exacerbation; or they are antisocial trends well known to be in existence in the capitalist-democracies, raised to the dignity of state policies. Europe has in effect given notice that it sees no way of finally resolving the social conflicts which beset it without resorting to violence. Two of the four nations which chiefly figure in our calculations have resorted to domestic violence already. The other two have not yet done so, but they may, and if war comes they will. Thus far all one can positively say is that they have found it possible to devise economic and social measures which achieve some capitalist stability without open resort to domestic violence. They are but shoring up the *status quo*.

Two of the four powers have resorted to violence in effectuating foreign policy. France and England have accepted violence in this sphere under protest but, seeing no interests of theirs directly violated, they have not yet replied in kind. Their attitude, however, is reactionary. The illustrations of this are devastatingly clear: Czechoslovakia and Spain. It is

somewhat confusing to find people ardent for co-operation with England and France against Germany and Italy and equally ardent in condemning the former for their role in the Czechoslovakian and Spanish tragedies. Of what use are these events if not as clear warnings that these two powers have larger game in view than the preservation of democracy? What evidence is there that the United States can liberalize the view of the leaders of these countries during the course of a war? We couldn't the last time.

Can anyone claim that the England of Chamberlain and George VI is on a higher moral plane than the England of Asquith, Lloyd George, and George V? Or the France of Daladier and Lebrun than the France of Clemenceau and Poincaré? Of course it is true that in neither country is anti-Semitism a state policy; in neither country is the destruction of the trade unions advocated or executed by the government; in neither country is the entire press under state control; and so on through the repertory of Nazi-fascist policies. But the governments of both of these countries are far more concerned to preserve the *status quo* with regard to the ambiguities of capitalist-democracy than to resolve them. This aspiration guides not only their domestic policy but also their foreign policy. It is only in part because they feel themselves unprepared for war that they avoid it. Equally weighty is the fear that war will upset the social balance at home and abroad; that war will provoke general social revolution. English leaders other than Lord Baldwin have said so in terms as clear as these.

Many people are convinced that there is a very good chance that Europe will come under the domination of Germany and Italy; that these countries will either achieve indisputable hegemony through "peaceful" means or through war. It is upon this proposition that not only are arguments for a heavy American arms program based, but also arguments for participation in a European war. People of this persuasion allege that once the

two fascist nations have Europe in hand they will co-ordinate their power and embark on a transoceanic adventure against the United States. For this reason it is alleged to be our obvious policy to co-operate in stopping them before they can get that far. These people are not even prepared to wait on events but rather wish to rush to the scene of the fighting the moment war breaks out. They argue that if we wait it will be all over but the shouting, and the implication always is that the triumphant shouting will be done by the Germans and the Italians.

This point of view is essentially unrealistic. It involves a surprising overestimate of the strength of Germany and Italy and an underestimate of that of Great Britain and France. If Europe can preserve its present precarious social balance and prosecute a war—which is very doubtful—then any careful casting up of accounts certainly gives the verdict to England and France. If it be objected that Germany and her associates came very near to defeating the Allied Powers in the last War, and would have won had not the United States tipped the balance, the obvious reply is that all Europe is admittedly much weaker than it was in 1914–1917 and what evidence is available points to the conclusion that Germany has been weakened more decidedly than her prospective opponents. England and France, while their position with regard to accumulated lethal weapons (the *actual* factors in war strength) may be less formidable, are in a much stronger position as to *potential* material factors and morale. On balance they would, in the end, emerge the victors. But there is little chance that there will be victors in the next war.

Nor does it seem reasonable to advocate sending men and materials to Europe to be used against the fascists because they are engaging in destructive trade practices in South America and elsewhere. It has been platitudinous for years now to say that the struggle for trade would become sharper and sharper as time went on and that the vicious

trade competition would be loaded with the dynamite of war. It is rather amusing to discover how many people apparently thought that the trade wars would be conducted in a gentlemanly fashion. They were under the strange delusion that gentlemanliness was characteristic of trade competition in times past. Not at all. The Germans and Italians have unquestionably introduced some very vicious new wrinkles into the business but it is difficult to see in them anything more than what one would expect in an era of desperate trade competition. It is strange to see how many otherwise estimable Americans respond to the situation. Instead of gloomily saying that this is, after all, pretty much what was to be expected, they suddenly fly off into an emotional support of imperialism. They confuse the preservation of democracy in South America (there is irony here!) and the preservation of American trade interests so thoroughly that no man can say where one begins and the other ends. They express uncritical delight in the measures the American government is taking to protect American interests in South America, and become so converted to the idea that American imperial interests are sacred that they use them as an argument for participation in a war on the continent of Europe. If this is not utter bankruptcy of mind, then what is bankruptcy? If these estimable people think that polishing off the followers of Hitler and Mussolini will solve the enigma of the international market for food, raw materials, goods, and services, and the matter of how to view the domestic policies of semi-colonial nations, then their economic and political understanding rates at zero. They should be rejected as leaders in the matter of war policy.

We cannot go to war in Europe and destroy the obnoxious and menacing social policies of Germany and Italy without further weakening the social fabric of Europe. We cannot through war return the fascist powers to the conditions obtaining to-day in France and England.

We cannot through war make it possible for current conditions to continue in France and England. A major war in Europe will have the immediate result of intensifying reaction—for war is a reactionary enterprise in present-day society—and the long-range prospect is that under the stress of war Europe will disintegrate. And by disintegration I do not mean that the European powers will go bankrupt financially, but rather that they will experience the kind of collapse associated with mass hunger, mass loss of morale with regard to existing leaders and institutions, a condition which will be expressed in mutinies in the armed forces and strikes among the civilian workers, resulting in the rapid spread of revolutionary sentiment, the flight of the rulers, and all the associated phenomena we had the opportunity to observe in Germany, Central Europe, and Russia at the close of the First World War, and which were brought under control only by the use of armed force in France and Great Britain.

This being the case, let us get our role clear. Are we going to war in Europe to preserve the *status quo* in England and France and to impose that version of the *status quo* on Italy and Germany? Or are we going to war to preserve the *status quo* for England and France but with the idea of seeing it crash in Germany and Italy? Are we going to war to realize the objectives of England and France as capitalist and imperialist powers, to preserve the British and French Empires? Or are we going to war without inquiring about the upshot anywhere? Are we really prepared to stomach the results, be they what they may? Well, we weren't last time and it is an easy guess that we won't be next time. It is to be suspected that if we enter the war we shall be faced at the end either with the problem of getting out of a Europe in chaos with what grace we can or staying in Europe in a desperate effort to stabilize the continent, perhaps in much the role the White Armies played in Russia following the First World War.

The choices before us, if we go to war, will presumably be: (1) Fight and get out: the futile policy which we followed in the First World War. (2) Impose a settlement on Europe which implies on our part both a messianic conceit and an omniscience we do not possess. (3) Lend our power to maintain something resembling the *status quo*: an undesirable policy because a static Europe is unrealizable, as was demonstrated between 1919 and 1939.

In view of these prospects, neutrality is the only sensible policy for the United States.

IV

It may as well be admitted that neutrality will not be easy to sustain. The First World War gave us a deep understanding of the difficulties. The pace of developments in the next war will be much faster than in the last. In all predictions the time factor is the hardest to calculate, but it would not be at all surprising if the pace were twice as rapid. Since one of the characteristics of war is that it forces all nations to redefine their position toward it during its course, it is possible that after we have observed the war in Europe for a year or so the neutrality policy will have to be scrapped. But certainly neutrality should be the policy for the United States when the prospective war breaks out.

Whether or not we sustain the policy to the bitter end will depend upon the course of domestic events. The difficulties will be great. The government must be prepared to institute a sustenance and work relief program of at least the magnitude characteristic in 1933 and 1934. Only by keeping our people occupied with socially creative activities within the United States can we even begin to hope to maintain the conditions which will allow for continued neutrality. It must also be kept in mind that we shall be "punished" for our non-participation even more systematically than we were in the last war when the Allied powers used their control of certain indispensable raw

materials, like nickel and rubber, to influence the course of American industrial activities and, incidentally, American opinion. To fend off the consequences of such an effort we shall have to utilize the vast body of information about sources of such materials accumulated in the M-day files of the Army—to sustain neutrality rather than to assist fighting. We shall be blackguarded by the propagandists of the fighting powers even more thoroughly than we were from 1914 to 1917. We shall be branded as immoral, degenerate, cowardly, contemptible. (In British countries to-day our “stock” goes up and down in proportion as we do or do not propose to use our vast power along lines of benefit to Britain!) It will not be easy to buck these currents. In every department it will be a knock-down, drag-out fight. But it will be a fight worth making.

For if we do rush into a European war, early or late, democracy in this country is finished. There will be a complete cessation of social reform, dictatorial controls will be instituted, and the “real rulers” of this country will ride high. If anybody doubts this let him dig up his file of the Nye Committee reports and review them. The struggles for the restoration of liberal democratic traditions which went on in this country in the years following the last war are but a pale forecast of the difficulties which will be encountered after the next war. And if Europe falls into utter chaos, desperate efforts will be made to retain a tight control over this country on a permanent and continuing basis.

It is not to be assumed that even if we should successfully remain neutral we shall be unaffected by the course of events in Europe, during the war or after. Quite the contrary. Whatever the American line may be in the beginning, the war will force upon us the task of constantly redefining our policy. As matters stand, no one has a very clear idea of what that policy really is, least of all those who want us to rush to war. But it is my contention that it will be much easier to

redefine public policy if we are not in the grip of the war machine. Under war conditions there will be no opportunity to question and debate public policy. The chances for keeping the United States on a reasonable and liberal line with regard to domestic concerns and foreign policies are far better this side of M-day than the other. Since it is quite certain that we are to go through a most difficult period of world-wide readjustment, let us be in a position to go through it with our hands free, not tied with the thongs which will be tied on M-day.

V

This is not the time to give way to emotional hostilities. This is the time to consider coolly just what we should do to avoid war. “When the voice of reason is silenced, the rattle of machine guns begins.” Taking as a fundamental proposition that no American shall ever again be sent to fight and die on the continent of Europe, I suggest this five-point program:

(1) It shall be the public policy of the United States not to participate in any efforts to solve the domestic problems of Europe or of particular nations of Europe by force of arms, this clearly meaning that we shall neither aid in maintaining capitalist-democracy in France and England or in eliminating capitalist-fascism from Germany and Italy, or in imposing any version of the *status quo* any place. Our neutrality policy shall include (a) the prohibition to American citizens of the right to travel on belligerent vessels and vessels carrying contraband of war, by whatever nation it may be defined; (b) the absolute prohibition of the export of arms, munitions, and all lethal weapons of whatever character; (c) the rigid application of the principle of *caveat mercator* (let the trader beware) to all commercial transactions with belligerent powers, thus clearly dissociating the United States Government and the American people from all responsibility for such transactions; and (d) the

application of the principle of "cash on the barrel head" to all commercial transactions with belligerent powers. This means that facilities for borrowing shall be denied to belligerent powers, while the liquidation of the financial stakes of belligerent powers in this country shall be conducted under rigid public control in order to prevent their use to create an economic boom which will be exploited to draw us into the war on the side of the richest powers.

(2) No rearmament program shall be accepted which is not clearly designed to implement the above policy and the above policy only, this meaning beyond dispute that no equipment shall be provided that implies adventures abroad. It shall be a strictly continental arms policy.

(3) It shall be the public policy of the United States to facilitate the provision of food, clothing, medical attention, etc., to non-combatant refugee victims of the efforts to "solve" Europe's problems by force.

(4) It shall be the public policy of the United States to launch a domestic, pre-planned program of sustenance and work relief to take up the slack occasioned by trade and financial dislocations incident to war in Europe or elsewhere.

(5) It shall be the public policy of the United States to encourage by active co-

operation all programs of an international character which promise to keep the peace, or to bring peace when war is being fought; but no peace policy shall be followed if it must be implemented by American armed force.

This program would serve the national interest and satisfy the national honor. It would be an unconventional way of accomplishing these ends; but it would bring more satisfaction to the American people in the long run than any alternative that has yet been proposed. It is a program for those who have not cast out reason just because things are going on in Europe which they sincerely abhor.

In every great crisis there are intellectual leaders who choose to go down the chute to war with a whoop and a yell. Let them go! Look at the wreckage which strewed the world after the First World War: gutted personalities, pale simulacra of once great men, vast reputations irretrievably tarnished, traitors all to their calling. This is no time to imitate the familiar story. It is rather the moment to take the aggressive against the men, emotions, opinions, drives which are pushing this country toward the charnel house once more. It is the exact moment to reaffirm the simple dogma: No American shall ever again be sent to fight and die on the continent of Europe.





COURAGE FOR TO-MORROW

BY AVIS D. CARLSON

IN THE course of a few hours not long ago I heard a series of remarks worth quoting for their similarity. A business executive said, "I am so uneasy about everything that I find it hard to make decisions." A physician said, "Nothing can induce me to part with the forty acres of land I own. Whatever happens in the next years I propose to eat." A woman said, "I adore my children, but lately I have caught myself almost wishing I had never brought them into the world." Here were three intelligent people who were afraid and suffering acutely because of it. Nor are they alone. On every hand one hears it. People who have seemed tight-lipped and sufficient suddenly let fall a remark which startles one with the intensity of the apprehension it reveals. Less sturdy personalities are simply fleeing from reality into some form of mental disease.

Fear is an old, old emotion laid down deep in the nervous system. Without its promptings no species of animal life could have survived and civilization could not have developed. Certainly we could not live among our thermostats and wirings and crowded highways without it. Nevertheless it has always been a real problem for man. For the animals it seems to serve a purely beneficent purpose, because they know only the instinctive urge to escape an enemy which, their senses warn, is in the immediate vicinity. Men, however, are afraid not only of specific enemies, but of death in the abstract. They have to be afraid not only of certain malignant organisms like typhoid germs,

but also of the concept of ill health which the race has built up. Hunger troubles an animal only when his stomach begins to gnaw, but a human being is afraid that he may be hungry to-morrow or next year or in old age. He has other troublesome fears too, fears that he may not be loved and approved of, that he may not be able to make or hold a place in society.

These fears are part of the tribute we pay to our humanity. We have always had them and we always shall. In our efforts to deal with them we have developed religion, science, and many of our most valuable social institutions. Tempered with reason and faced with an amount of fortitude not beyond the reach of most people, such fears have been tolerable, though of course unpleasant.

But the apprehension with which so many Americans are just now regarding their world is a different thing. When an executive for a period of months and years is so afraid that he loses not only sleep but faith in his ability to make decisions, he is coming dangerously close to an anxiety neurosis. When a doctor declares by implication that he would part with even his instruments before the bit of land which has come to represent for him a little island of security in a terrifying future, he is on the threshold of panic. When a mother is so afraid of the future that she half wishes she had no stake in it, although that stake is what gives meaning to her present, she has passed beyond the limits of the normal, useful, easily tolerable emotion. All three of them must in the very nature

of things work at much less than their highest effectiveness. And all of them are in an emotional state where every fresh headline increases their sense of impending disaster.

Consider something else. Just now a perfect flood of books and articles are appearing on "saving our democracy." Writers and speakers are analyzing with almost morbid thoroughness every weak timber in our social and economic structure. In the so-called quality magazines and the best radio forums the note is as strong as among the newspaper columnists. Ministers and educators dwell upon the theme with passionate anxiety. These are not politicians intent upon cleaning out the rascals of the other party, but the makers of our public opinion. Evidently our intellectuals are as jittery as anyone else. The very word "jitters," which is upon everybody's tongue, is a product of the 1930's. Translated into dictionary English, it means a racking fear which shakes its victim out of poise and nervous integration.

Fear is infectious. Children catch it from their parents, and acquaintances from one another. When it is in the air, as it has now been for several years, it can become almost a mass hysteria, an instrument for any demagogue or any unexpected event to play upon. In this connection two recent events are extremely interesting. The first is, of course, the famous Martian invasion. Every time it is mentioned people rock with laughter. Even those who had some bad minutes from the broadcast laugh, though rather shamefacedly. I am not sure that mirth is an altogether sensible reaction to the incident. Its significance is not funny. Thousands of people all across the continent could not go into a frenzy of terror over a dramatization of invading monsters from another planet unless they were already subconsciously prepared to do just that thing. Even in the center of the nation, eighteen hundred miles from the announced scene of the invasion, people fainted, prayed, and jammed newspaper and radio switchboards with

terrified pleas for the truth, and at Tulsa a man actually threw his children and a few belongings into his car and headed for the country. From Tulsa, Oklahoma! Such mass hysteria does not just happen. And it is not a healthy symptom.

Some of the behavior exhibited in the last election is also significant. I suppose I am as nearly non-partisan as anyone, and I was probably as well fortified with facts as most people. But as I listened to that constant pre-election barrage of black prophecy about the outcome of the Administration's "orgy of spending" and "Un-American concentration of power" I could feel unpleasant sensations at the pit of my stomach. Nobody except perhaps the most delicate pulse-feelers in Washington expected the complete turn-over which happened in several States. But any of us could have predicted it from the feeling in his stomach. I know people who ran, laughing and sobbing with joy, across to jubilate with their neighbors when the election returns began to come in. The country was on the way to being saved!

II

The fears which produce panic and mass hysteria are not the normal, beneficent fears by which animal life exists. Nor are they the normal human fears which represent the price of our ability to reflect and which we have been able to soften by such devices as vaccination, hospitals, and life insurance systems. These fears which are afflicting us just now stem from the others, but they are so complex and stated in such new language that they seem to be of a different order. They belong to the historic moment.

How true this is can be seen by a brief analysis of the things we are most afraid of. First of all, we are afraid of losing our place in the scheme of things. This is a time when hardly anyone who works for wages or salary can be sure that next week or next year he will still have a job.

Literally millions of people take to bed with them every night the fear of "services no longer required." They wake up in the morning to face it, and they carry it with them through their day's activities. Even a lay-off or an interval of job-hunting means hardship and the wrecking of carefully laid plans. Prolonged unemployment, the prospect of dropping to the status of a "reliever" (another word invented in the 1930's), is enough to send into panic even a stout-hearted person who lets his imagination rest on it.

A kindred fear is that of the small business man or farmer who sees how precarious is his hold upon economic independence. By struggling frantically he has barely been able to keep his head above water. All round him are other men who have lost their business or their land, and so he knows that it *can* happen. The loss of income and accumulated reserves is bad enough, but when one adds to that the loss of self- and social-esteem which is still the lot of people who "fail" the prospect is almost overwhelming.

If we may believe the almost universal testimony of physicians, people usually face death with a good deal of fortitude when they finally know it is coming. But the thought that perhaps this pain or this rise in blood pressure may be the first warning signal of some disease that may mean death often sends them into a devastating terror which completely saps their ability to live normally. The fear of unemployment or bankruptcy is in some respects analogous: the thought of it in advance seems to be more shattering than the actual experience. It is during the weeks and months when one is facing the possibility and thinking "How can I ever endure it?" and "How will my family exist?" that the suffering is most cruel. There was never a time when so many people were in this kind of torment over such a long period of time.

Another specter which haunts us is war. Heaven knows war is nothing new in human experience. But whole populations did not always tremble at the thought of it. For a variety of causes

which are so well-known that I do not need to list them, it has now come to obsess our imaginations as almost the ultimate horror. I remember seeing my father pick up the paper and look at the headlines on a certain August morning in 1914. "They're at it again," he said sadly. But when he had read the headlines and perhaps the first third of the story he turned to the market page. His was probably the typical attitude of the Americans who opened their papers that morning. They were at it again in Europe, but it did not greatly concern the United States. When one contrasts this with the feverish way in which we bought extra editions and hung over the radios in the days before Munich, one has some idea of the change which has come over us in these twenty-five years.

Once war had a certain glamour. Now to many of us it seems only butchery and barbarism. Once it offered an opportunity for self-fulfillment to adventurous young men. Now it seems like some gigantic monster waiting to devour us all, civilian and soldier alike. It is the sport of the dictators to taunt the democracies for being easily unnerved by the prospect of war. But if the feeling were confined to the democratic peoples, Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini would probably not find military parades and the constant oratorical justification of war so necessary. The thought of war has become horrible to people everywhere.

For better than five years, however, we have lived in a world where the war clouds were never absent and at frequent intervals boiled up into menacing proportions. From our hopeful feeling in the early 20's that war was over, we have begun to feel that it is inevitable. We are like an audience at an old-fashioned play in which the villain toys with a revolver. If the playwright has succeeded in convincing the audience that the revolver is going to be fired, suspense grows with each moment of waiting for the shot. Finally it becomes almost intolerable. If the audience remains convinced that the shot will come, presently some of the

most easily unnerved approach or break into hysteria. That, I am afraid, is part of the explanation of what happened on the night of the Martian invasion. It is probably also the explanation of the alacrity with which Americans are agreeing to our unprecedented armament program. It may explain a good many other phenomena in the next decade.

There is another set of fears abroad. They are perhaps even more difficult to bear, simply because they are vaguer, more veiled in verbal formulæ. We are afraid of "the alien isms," of the machinations of Moscow and Berlin. Some of us see reds lurking in the church, school, labor unions, peace movement, and government, and are dreadfully upset by the thought. Others, who find absurd the idea of fearing a few thousand professed Communists and their somewhat more numerous fellow-travelers, detect sinister "fascist tendencies" on every corner. One attitude may be a little more intellectually respectable than the other, but the fact remains that liberal and conservative alike are afraid that values they have cherished are imperiled. Some of my friends in both camps seem to me dangerously close to the mental habit of anxiety which psychiatrists call anxiety neurosis.

We are afraid we are going to lose our democracy and freedom. We are afraid we are coming into a time when there will be no chance for private initiative, when people will move in an economic lock-step. We are afraid the national debt will become so large that some fine morning the printing presses must be set to work, and then shortly it will cost us a million or so dollars to buy a breakfast. Perhaps our imagination even conjures up a situation in which social organization itself fails and doctors and engineers have to try to get their living with a hoe and flock of chickens. Even if we do not go to that length of misgiving we can still be dreadfully afraid. As we look back over the past few years we see that great changes have been made in our ways of doing. Adjustment to them has not

been easy, and we are afraid that still sharper changes are on the horizon. We don't just say it in so many words, but we have become afraid of the new and unblazed trails which lie ahead—so afraid that we are prevented from easy adjustment to changes which are manifestly necessary. It is a time when conservatives see their familiar world toppling into chaos and liberals have visions of concentration camps. On top of all this, the psychologists and psychiatrists have so educated the more literate portion of us to the destructive effects of fear that we are afraid of fear itself. For such people this capsheaf of anxiety adds greatly to the general burden.

These fears are bad enough in themselves, but they are greatly intensified by several of the factors which surround them and make them seem so new that there is nothing in the racial experience to help one cope with them. One such factor is the modern annihilation of distance. Most men have not relished the idea of death on a battlefield, but until now the battlefield always seemed somewhere out in the distance away from their home and city. Moreover, we are aware of impending danger as we never were before. In the years just preceding 1914 the masses who were to be affected by it went about their business mercifully unaware of the coming storm. In the new world of flashing communications we have to be aware of every incident which piles up international tension. The impact of a fearful world is upon us all the time. We cannot escape it except in sleep—and sometimes not then.

Perhaps even more painful is the feeling of helplessness with which we must watch and listen. The individual worker has absolutely no control over the economic exigencies and human decisions upon which his job depends. A new invention or a war 6,000 miles away may force thousands of cotton growers and hundreds of small business men to the wall. A farmer may lose his land because dictators in Europe desire to be independent of foreign importations of

wheat or because farmers in Argentina or Australia have a series of bumper crops. This economic interdependence has been growing for a long time, but it is only within the past few years that the average person has become aware of it. In the same way we are afraid of war, but as individuals we can do almost nothing to prevent it. We are afraid of new social, economic, and political forms of behavior, but we can feel ourselves being relentlessly pushed into them.

This sense of individual helplessness, of dependence upon grim and for the most part only vaguely understood forces over which the individual has and can have no control has come upon Americans at the very moment in history when they have finally realized that the Western frontier with its opportunity for escape is irrevocably closed. . . . We have to stand and take it. We are afraid of things which we, as individuals, can neither escape nor control.

III

And yet it is as individuals that we have to live with our fear. Some novelist once said that dying is solitary business. So is living, and never more so than now when the protections of distance and economic self-sufficiency have been destroyed. Unless we are willing to surrender ourselves like children to the father-image of some *fuehrer* or retreat into some form of mental disorder, we have to meet our fear as individuals. No amount of social resources or organization can give us courage. We get it from within ourselves or we do not get it.

I cannot believe the task is impossible. Newspaper correspondents say that the residents of a city under frequent aerial bombardment apparently come to accept it as a way of life. Surely if the human spirit is as adaptable as that, there must be a way of dealing with our present fears. Surely there must be attitudes and disciplines which the individual can cultivate to help him live in such a time.

It is very difficult to get these attitudes

and disciplines into words. Psychiatrists know a great deal about the mechanism of anxiety and how to relieve it in its classic forms, but their literature has scarcely begun to deal with the brooding mass anxiety and individual insulation against it. Ministers become skilful in helping people face death, but most of them have not yet faced this need. Religion, the spring from which fortitude has flowed for the race, is also in a difficult moment, because its traditional vocabulary has lost content for many of us and is only at the beginning of the process of restatement. One approaches the subject hesitantly and humbly.

In the first place it seems to be helpful to understand our fear, to get it out and look at it, instead of being ashamed of it or trying to ignore it, laugh it off, beat it down, or "forget" it. Martial, a wise old Latin who lived in a very troubled time, put this truth into the epigram, "He who weighs his burden can bear it." The modern psychiatrist puts it a little differently: "Find out what your real fear is and why you have it, then you can deal with it." The noise of stealthy footsteps on the stairs ceases to be frightening when we remember that we forgot to shut the dog in the basement. A disturbing physical sensation like shortness of breath may worry us half-sick. If we keep thinking of it and dwelling on the unpleasant possibilities it may foretell, presently we can think of scarcely anything else. This period of brooding is usually much harder to bear than the physician's diagnosis, no matter how serious.

Some fears seem literally to melt away when one understands their origin. I know a woman who was from childhood terrified by a strong wind. Whenever the wind began to rise she had all the disagreeable sensations of acute fear. Her nightmares were of a great wind swooping her into destruction. Since she had to live in Kansas, where windstorms are frequent, this was a genuine handicap. Then two things happened almost simultaneously. She read a discussion of the effects of infant and early childhood ex-

periences upon adult emotions, and she remembered that someone had told her that when she was about sixteen months old a tornado passed through the neighborhood, killing several people and destroying much property. From that day to this she has never been made panicky by the wind. She still does not enjoy being awakened by rattling windows and thrashing trees, but her feeling is something she can live with comfortably.

A similar technic is applicable to the fears under discussion. It is helpful to understand them. If we get them out and look at them coolly, we can see that all of them are fears of the future, of an unknown reality which perhaps we shall not be able to meet according to the standards we set for ourselves. We keep fixing our thoughts on that, instead of the other possible outcome, which is that we may come through handsomely, both as a nation and as persons. When we begin to analyze exactly what we are anxious about, it is the prospect of change. Under our high-sounding verbal formulæ what we are really afraid of is an as yet unknown and unknowable reality. Most human beings are so constituted that the unknown is the most terrifying thing in existence.

I hesitate to refer to my own experience, but since I am no psychiatrist with a file of case histories at my command, perhaps I may be pardoned for using the one I know best. Early in 1932 I attended a conference in which for several days economists, trade experts, and political scientists lectured, one after another, for about six hours a day. As I listened to them discuss the things they felt would have to be done if we were to get capitalism back on an even keel, I knew very well that Congress and the American people would never consent to have them done. I came back home frightened half-sick for myself and for society as a whole. Up to that time I had been trusting to the "natural upturn" which was due and over-due. Now I was stripped of faith in it.

For a few weeks I struggled along with

my fear, but it was so painful that I could not endure it. Instinctively I felt that I must try to understand the situation a little for myself. I had a background of professional training in philology and English literature, about as useless equipment for my need as one could have. But I began. In the next months I toiled through unfamiliar vocabularies and concepts until I had a notion of what the classic and best modern studies in economics were about. I also took a turn at American and world history.

Out of this reading I got a picture of the human race blundering along through the centuries in its struggle to master its environment. Occasionally it invented new technics, new machines, or new philosophical ideas. Inevitably these were followed by the headache of new types of social, political, and economic behavior. I began to see that from time to time society gets into a period of turmoil when new patterns of social organization are emerging, when forces only vaguely understood at the time work themselves into the everyday life of perplexed and anxious men. These are always difficult periods to live in, but at least since the beginning of modern history mankind has always emerged from them with more than it went into them.

It may not have been a strictly accurate picture, but it served my purpose excellently. When I had it I could deal with my fear. I could begin to trust Time, the Life Pageant, God—whatever one wishes to call it—to bring things right in the long run. Whenever a freshly troubling event or "crisis" arose I could say to myself something like this: "Don't be afraid. Remember, you happen to live in one of those periodic upheavals. Of course some of the values you cherish will be jeopardized or even discarded in the shuffle, and no doubt the class to which you belong, the individuals you love most, and you yourself may suffer hardship. It is just that kind of a time. But it is also a most interesting time, when a new chapter in the greatest serial story of all

the ages is in every morning's paper. Why be afraid of it?"

My emotional panic was gone. I have been afraid sometimes, of specific things such as not getting bills paid before the tenth or that a certain candidate whom I particularly detested might be elected, but not afraid of the Future with its unforeseeable terrors. For the first time in my life I could lay hold on the counsel, Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

The value of understanding is not confined to getting a broad picture of the sort just sketched. It applies to each issue which becomes the subject of clashing wills and interests. When one takes the trouble to discover the facts about it, to strip away the emotion-words in which it comes wrapped, most of the fear evaporates. One can then take sides about the issue and fight for or against it, but retain perspective about it, so that if the decision goes against him it does not seem to imperil democracy, free speech, the sanctity of the home, the whole profit system, and one's own economic position.

No one can make an honest attempt to get at the facts connected with the specific issues and events of to-day without soon realizing that his fears are being deliberately and scientifically whipped up, either by interests and persons who have a definite axe to grind or by people whose personal tremors or journalistic necessities impel them to dramatize and sensationalize events. As a simple illustration, take the case of the reorganization bill. During the Congressional fight last year, that bill was so thoroughly emotionalized that for some people defeating it became equivalent to saving all our American institutions. Vast numbers of sensible citizens felt the physical sensations of acute fear every time they thought of it. But if one took the trouble to read it carefully and get the facts about its history and authorship, one could not possibly be afraid of it. It might seem faulty in certain respects, but not alarming. Another fact stood out as clearly as the nose on a face. The mass emotion concerning that bill had been

deliberately generated by linking it to one of the most potent fear-words of the moment: "dictatorship."

The facts and the detection of masterly propaganda provided perfect insulation against that particular bit of mass hysteria. They will help, I believe, with most of the events and issues which are to shuttle across the next decade. Anyone who has average intelligence and the ability to read can develop skill in getting at facts and in picking out the boggy-words which are the principal stock in trade of propagandists—if he really wants to. (Sometimes I think we take a certain perverse pride in our trembling. It seems to show that we are more farsighted than the louts about us!)

When one has acquired some sort of understanding, it is easy to cultivate another attitude helpful in dealing with fear, which is accepting it as a natural consequence of the historic moment. It is not a bad discipline at times when one's favorite columnist has been unusually foreboding to remember that life has always been hard. People have always suffered and found courage to endure. By a series of historical accidents our generation of Americans was allowed to forget this fundamental truth. Our ancestors happened to emigrate to a new country, which happened to be much larger and much richer than they imagined. It also happened to be sparsely peopled by a backward race which could make no effective resistance. Its fabulous natural resources were exploited at a time when capitalism happened to be in a great cycle of expansion. As a result our childhood was sheltered and protected more than childhood can usually be. Our literature and movies carefully provided a happy ending to all distress. Small wonder that life seemed to be a broad, smooth highway on which a good motor car could travel confidently and easily, or that everybody who had the proper sort of stuff in him seemed to be guaranteed a pleasant, successful ride. In the shock of finding that this was not a true picture of reality, too many Americans have let

themselves teeter over into an apprehensiveness which visualizes the road as a dim trail through jungle deeper and more perilous than humanity was ever before called upon to travel. It is well to remember: life has always been hard. One meets it better by accepting the facts of suffering and fear as part of the normal human scene. If they are part of it why expect to be exempt from them?

It is also useful, I think, to cultivate the attitude which accepts the fact of change with all the hardship and anxiety it creates, reminding oneself that while this is a time of unusually swift and numerous changes, change is the very law of life. We cannot prevent its coming—we may as well accommodate ourselves to it. Neither can we prevent fears from arising as change appears; but if we accept both the change and fears as *normal*, we can keep from being made afraid by them. Which is to say, we can as individuals save ourselves from hysteria and settled anxiety. There is a vast difference between having qualms of fear and being afraid!

We can also deliberately cultivate an attitude of tolerance. It is dreadfully easy to associate a personality with a trend or a series of changes which we do not approve, and then transfer responsibility for our suffering to this personality and hate him as the source of all the devilry afoot. Hate is never a wholesome emotion, but it has a particular importance in this connection because it inevitably proceeds to beget more fear: every word the hated personality utters seems to breathe hideous secret meanings, and his every act to be charged with sinister motives. This of course intensifies the hate and spawns more fear. Love casts out fear, John wrote in a thoughtful mood. Certainly hate begets it, and the cultivation of good will is a valuable exercise in times like this. When one finds one's hair beginning to rise and muscles to tense every time a name is mentioned, it is well to say to oneself, "This is not a devil, but a human being like myself. If I knew him personally and were familiar with all the experiences which have

shaped him, I would understand how he can think and act as he does, and I might find myself liking him. I don't approve his ideas or his course of action, but I refuse to let myself be whipped into hatred for him." (If this sounds easy, try saying it about one of your pet objects of hate.)

All of this may sound too passive to suit the temper of Americans, but in reality it is anything but passive. The deliberate cultivation of attitudes and disciplines which go counter to prevailing moods must always be a very active process. No one drifts into them, and no one acquires them by sitting passive and indifferent under the turn of circumstance.

Furthermore, there is nothing at all in them to preclude what we more commonly think of as activity. We can join all the organizations, make all the speeches we like. Action of this sort is a natural means of relieving tension. If an animal can *do something*, fight, run, or freeze into immobility, his fear does not damage him. Our nervous system functions most easily when we are able to act in response to fear. A friend of mine confessed recently, "Whenever I find myself frightened by the look of things, I accept the very next invitation that comes to talk to some group about the problems of the day—even though it cuts down my scant leisure and probably does nobody but me any great amount of good."

Even if the action seems unimportant in itself, it does help to drain off anxiety. Everyone who has ever dealt wisely with an anxious human spirit has advised, "Go and do something."

The function of the attitudes and disciplines I have sketched is two-fold. They keep the action itself from being hysterical and irrational, with probable bad consequences. And they give the actor perspective, so that if he sees that all his effort is in vain and the decision of events going against him, he is saved from the feeling that society is skittering straight down into chaos, Fascism, Communism, or any other sort of damnation. He has courage not only for to-day, which is comparatively easy, but for to-morrow.



ANSCHLUSS

A STORY

BY KAY BOYLE

SHE had come out in July to Brenau for two years now, and back twice at Christmas: Merrill, the fashion-editor's assistant coming from Paris for her vacation in Austria, stepping off the train into this other world of mountains and seeing the dark forests' shapes lying unaltered in the grass or snow. Fanni was at the station every time to meet her, the strong black silky braids pinned up high round her head and wearing her homemade dirndl and apron.

It might have been Fanni that brought her back: they reached out their arms to each other and kissed each other's face; but even while the slow, low American voice was saying, "Fanni, here I am again. Here I am back, Fanni," the travel-weary and fashion-weary eyes were looking for something else besides the scenery and the voice was waiting to say it.

Fanni stood looking at her, the smile fixed on her mouth, seeing again not in desire or envy but with awe the mascara on the lashes, the hats that varied from summer to winter, from Descat to Schiaparelli, marveling at the undying scent of Chanel in the Paris clothes.

"Is it possible, Fanni, I'm back?" the voice went on saying, the naïve youthfulness and blitheness masking for a little while the satiety and the concern, calling attention wildly for a moment to something fresher than the scars from thirty years of being gallant and bright. "Fanni, you're looking so . . ." [this or that or the other thing.] Or, "I simply

love your dress or your shoes or your jacket—it's quilted, isn't it? You must tell me which shop it came from. I've got to have one to take back to Paris. They'd be crazy about it."

If the hotel porter didn't come at once Fanni, being the younger, stooped and without difficulty picked up one of the pigskin bags. They would argue about it, one of them wearing high heels and the other broad hand-stitched soles, because Merrill said it was much too heavy for her; and then when the porter came at last the American woman began laughing her soft, quick, youthful laughter. She couldn't think of the German words to say any more—only "*Guten Tag*" and that was as far as she could remember. Out of the station the three of them went, the hotel porter carrying the bags and laughing, and the two young women holding arms and laughing, out into the unfailing miracle of the wintry starlit world or into the stormy blue summer evening's light.

Outside in the square, Merrill knew all the horses and she had saved sugar for them from the dining car. Sugar for horses, said the eyes of the porters and eyes of all the drivers on the boxes of the open carriages or sleighs, and even Fanni's dark, quiet eyes said it. It was a thing they never got used to seeing: just one more of the lavish, unthinking gestures foreigners made over and over, like ordering whisky in the face of poverty. At one season they would be carriage-

horses when she came, drowsing there in the sun with their feed-bags on their noses; and the next time they would be wild eager creatures with their breath white on the air before them, shaking their harness bells and pawing at the thick-packed snow.

Only when the two women got to the Gasthaus and sat down at the long, clean, polished table in the public room did Merrill say the words that had been there every instant, what she had come across these countries alone to utter, had waited, mouth shut and eyes worn with despair over cocktail glasses, manicure tables, typewriter keys, programs of *couture* openings, shorthand notes, to ask month after month, "Fanni, how's Toni? How is he making out?"

She looked away when she said it, taking her gloves off or her cigarettes out, or seeking for her lighter in her bag. Nothing was ever changed in the warm dim room except the season's changes: one time the tall tiled stove hot to the hand and the next time cool, and hot red wine in the glasses instead of beer. Or else the changes in the waiters' faces: this one in jail for political agitation and another one moved on to somewhere else because he had worked his three months out of the year there and could go home and collect his dole in leisure for the months ahead. And Merrill, drinking the beer or the wine and chewing at the big tough pretzels, would look at something else and say:

"How's Toni, Fanni? I must say he's the most unsatisfactory letter-writer! What's he doing now?"

Fanni would take a swallow from her glass and shake her head.

"Doing?" she'd say, wondering anew that this useless and uneasy thing must be asked. "Oh, nothing. You know the way it is here. There is nothing for anybody to do. He makes things out of wood of course a little, and he plays, you know. He plays the harmonica most of the time."

That was the sign for them to burst out laughing again, screaming, shrieking,

rocking with laughter together, as if Toni were the name for half-wit, for village nut, for the queer white-headed boy; or as if this were a family joke they'd never get over if they lived to be a hundred, a pain in the side, an ache in the face season after season instead of the two syllables describing glory, naming at last the animal and golden-flanked Apollo toward whom their love turned, sistered by his power. Here they sat, summer or winter, laughing fearfully at it: Toni, my brother, said Fanni's slow, silent, loving tongue, and Merrill strangled in her nervous fingers Toni, Toni, my strange, wild, terrible love—the two women laughing and laughing as if the time would never come to wipe their eyes and speak coherently of him.

This year they had left it like this: whether there was the Anschluss or whether there wasn't, they would meet in Brenau toward the middle of the summer just the same. You can't change a people's ways or their faces overnight, Merrill said for two months to herself in Paris. Her right hand was free of its good glove, and the silver-mounted pencil in her fingers flew at the paper while the mannequins in winter suits, fur wraps, ski ensembles came down the carpeted floor toward the double row of seated women, hesitated, turned lingeringly, and mounted the salon's length again. "Really adorable fur buttons, leather-frogged," she jerked down, "like your very smartest Hussars."

Her left fingers took the cigarette from her lips and snuffed it out in the metal engraved dish while her right hand blocked quickly down in the still girlish American script: "Upper sleeves built to assist any filly beyond her first carefree youth to shoulder the responsibility of looking sixteen and spirited this winter."

Outside was the Paris heat, July's, and Merrill thinking: once this farce of the openings is through I'll set my lovely profile toward the heights. Everyone, mannequins, sister-journalists, sales ladies to be split into two categories if you

caught them unawares: those who went upward out of choice and looked a mountain in the eye and those who took their clothes off at once and went to sleep on beaches. The Nordic and the Mediterranean blood, each manifestation of it going back to its source, like eels up out of the water with a flick of the tail and covering ground, field, thicket, swamp, wood, returning to their own latitude to breed.

"Hats this winter," she wrote, "are likely to be taken by your little girl to put on her Dy-dee doll if you don't watch out." All the seas in the world could dry up and the beaches turn to oyster shells and I wouldn't care, she thought, noting that wimples were worth a word or two, as long as they left Austria and the mountains and the people exactly the way they were.

All because of one winter, and the depth of snow at Brenau that year, and the night air that stabbed you to the heart when you put your furs on and stepped in fur boots on to the packed white road. Not the scenery or the ski-jumps or the country making history, but one man's face and the muscles in his jaws flickering like breath in and out when he played the mouth-organ, his fingers on the metal and the music held clear and steady in the palm of his thin tough hand.

That was the first year out, and the Englishman she'd talked with on the train came into the hotel dining room that night and sat down in his place at table with her, his jowls freshly shaved, the gray at the temples brushed back with oil and forethought. Outside the road, carved through the stiff pure drifts, led off toward St. Johann, and the moon and mountains halted in the vast icy, paralytic light.

"By the way," said the Englishman, clearing his throat. "Have you looked out the window to-night? It's really stupendous. Full moon, you know. A night for—"

"Romance?" said Merrill wearily, and she lighted a cigarette in the middle of the meal as any American would.

The ex-army officer's eyes turned rather fearfully on her, then down the room's length while he laughed.

"Well, I don't know as I'd go quite that—I don't know as I actually—" he began, looking for help down at the thick black sauce and slices of the game. "I was thinking of tracking down a sleigh," he said, not daring to make it definitely an invitation yet. "Thought of taking a little run as far as the next village." He cleared the hesitation from his throat again and let his blue frightened eye rest on her face. Rather pretty, he might have been thinking; or damned pretty but a little worn, or thinking: chic, blonde, I should say not over thirty. There might be something in it for a chap. "Would you—would you be—would I be able to persuade you," he said, "to throw a few togs on and—"

The sleigh-driver lifted the three rugs, like three long-locked gray, shaggy animals with shape and life and obstinacy of their own, up off the floor and laid them across their legs, thrust them behind their feet, beat them into submission around them, and then he mounted to the seat and took the reins up and spoke the word the horses' ears were twitching in the moonlight for. The instant they moved, the bells they wore broke sharply into speech and then settled with the horses' gait into a high, clear, puny chatter which the silent indifference of the fields and the hills and the moon's marble eye neither awed nor subdued. Beneath the rug's uncombed hide the Englishman's hand moved tentatively toward Merrill's and halted when she said:

"The human race might just as well die of its own insignificance on a night like this. But please give me a cigarette before you do."

So there was American wit at its best for you, she thought, the poor helpless American girl's defense; and there was the poor English army bloke, without his army and without his medals, shorn of his pith helmet and stripped of his crop and saber, sitting mortally wounded by her side. He was telling her about the

French, holding the lighter to the cigarette's end for her; chap knew he was being done in as soon as he put his foot on French soil. The lighter's flame lighted up his features for an instant, the packed rosy jowl, the graying temple under the Tyrolean hat's brim, the bulging, blue, glazed eye. He'd seen all he wanted of them in the War and the state they'd left their billets in for decent troops to move into after.

He was saying this and other things like it to the aloof bright wastes of the night, and Merrill felt her blood moving wearily in her, wearily harking and hating, without hope or passion knowing: This is the way life goes on, just like this, this is the way it will go on forever; when without warning the harness, strap, trace, yoke, or whatever nameless link of security it was, snapped or unbuckled and the lefthand horse broke partially free. He skipped to one side on the ends of his hoofs in panic, and the sleigh jerked half-way into the drift as the second horse rose his full height in terror into the sharp air.

There was nothing to do but climb out of the tipping sleigh and undo the frightened beasts completely now, the Englishman and the Austrian driver working together at it while Merrill walked back and forth in the cold, stamping her fur boots softly on the snow. The thing was not to be repaired; even with the handful of knotted cord out of the driver's pocket there was no way to lash the rotted leather end to end. So they must set off on foot toward the lights of the first houses which were St. Johann, the man leading the two animals by their dark hanging heads while the bells at their necks murmured in chastened complaint; the ex-army man, in that intimacy born of peril, had put his arm through Merrill's and they followed behind. Now and again the horses' droppings fell before them on the moonlit road, dropped and lay steaming in rich, warm indecorum in the heart of the night's icy austerity.

"Listen to the way our footsteps cry in the snow," she said. "Listen, listen." His fingers were feeling down her arm for

her naked wrist, and if he touches me, she thought in quiet fury, I'll strike his face, I'll kill him. Her blood and being were filled with grief, weighted and numb with an inexplicable sorrow as she watched the breath shaping white from her mouth on the frosty air. This is the way life goes on, and now I am old and nothing wonderful can ever happen. "Listen," she said, with the tears of weakness and pity ready to fall from her eyes, "listen to our footsteps crying," and then the girl's voice could suddenly be heard singing, singing loud and joyous from the houses, shouting out of the dark walls and the small, shut, lighted windows the perfection of belief or youth or love in warbling wonder, the yip-ai-daidy-day, lari-liti-loe.

In a minute the Englishman had opened the inn's door before Merrill and the clear block of light fell yellow across her furs and her face and on to the road where the horses and man were turned toward the stables. Before them in the room, near to the high green stove, three people sat at a table: a young woman with black braids round her head, and the two others older—perhaps the woman and man who owned the place because they stood up and bowed when the strangers came in.

"God greet you," they said, and Merrill answered eagerly: "God greet you."

It was the first time she had laid eyes on Fanni or heard her voice, Fanni sitting drinking hot wine with them, not friendly or unfriendly, but casually, insouciantly there. She would speak her slow, solemn English to them as much as they liked, her eyes black, bright, merry, like a peasant's with a craftiness and a conjecture hard and good as flint behind them. She lived in Brenau but she had driven down with her brother to see their aunt and uncle for the evening. Her brother's horse and sleigh were in the stable, she said. If their driver couldn't get the harness fixed she and her brother would take them back to Brenau.

"I must say, that's awfully kind of you," said the Englishman.

"Order them more wine," said Merrill without looking at him but at Fanni's face. "That was you singing when we came along the road, wasn't it?" she said. "I know it was you. It was the most beautiful voice I've ever heard. I'd give my whole life, I'd give anything in the world to be able to sing like that." She looked at the plump warm cheeks, and the full neck, and the girl's bare, hard, white arms crossed on the table, her own ringed, nervous hand with the painted nails touching the glass of sweetened, steaming wine. "It's wonderful to sing like that because it means you're *happy*. It's like the mountains and the moonlight, like these wonderful old houses that aren't like any other houses in the world. You just can't help singing like that. That's what makes it so marvellous."

"Yes, I'm happy," Fanni said, speaking slowly, casually. "They let my brother out of jail to-day. I'm happy," and now that Merrill heard the word "brother" said again she knew it was this that had brought them out at night in the cold and snapped the harness in the frost and wooed them like the singing to this place. "My brother's horse and sleigh, my brother's this, that, and the other thing, my brother's political work, my brother's sacred blood and bone," the song was warbled high and low.

"What is his name?" Merrill asked. Now she had drunk she felt the color in her cheeks and her flesh was hot and quick with promise: the fur hood tied still round her glowing face, her muff laid on the table in expectancy so that the hands were free to seize on whatever was to come.

"Toni," Fanni said, and at once she began to sing.

"Order another carafe of wine," said Merrill without looking at the Englishman, and the old Austrian stood up from the table with the empty pitcher hanging from his hand and waited while the girl's voice rose and dipped and sprang with grace and sinew about them, yodelling as clear as water falling the ohs, the ahs, the lees, the lies in silver beads of sound.

"Oh, lovely, how lovely!" Merrill cried out in sweet hysteria when it was done. Looking at Fanni's hard, bright, merry eyes she felt the brilliance, wild and unbearable, of her own; the suddenly re-kindled blaze of what animal beauty, after years of fashion sketches, fashion notes, hints, cribs, boat trains, special articles, the British royal family's wardrobes and decisions, still remained. In a minute the door may open, she thought, to what, to what? She held her breath, her eyes fixed in intoxication on Fanni's face. In just a minute the door may open and it may happen, even to me it may happen.

But it was merely the Englishman who cleared his throat and said to Fanni:

"Ah, just what is it you do, if I may ask? Are you a singer? That is, I was just wondering what it is you do—"

"Do?" said Fanni, looking up in surprise. "Do?" She bared her white small teeth, not laughing, perhaps not even smiling. "*Mein Gott!*" she said, "what does anybody in Austria do?"

The innkeeper came back to the table with the pitcher of smoking wine and set it down, and the Englishman said "Ah!" cheerily and stretched out his hand for it. This movement and every other sound stopped short when the door from the back-room opened suddenly and quietly.

"*Grüss Gott, die Herschaften,*" said the man who closed it behind him. He must have just come in from the cold for his face was fresh with it and his jacket was buttoned up close from his narrow hips to his chin. He was neither short nor tall, light nor dark, heavy nor lean, but his shoulders stood wide in the jacket's cut and the sides of his face were hollow. He took off his skier's beaked cap and slung it on to the peg by the door, and his hair was lighter than his sister's hair and even touched with yellow at the temples. He wore jumper's trousers, funneling to the ski-boots' leather lip, and as he crossed the room to the table where the others sat he pulled off his gloves and unbuckled the strap of his jacket with one strong, quick hand.

That was the first night; that was the beginning. That was in 1936 when he drove her home on the seat beside him while Fanni and the Englishman rode behind. That was the winter he taught her to ski, and they climbed the mountains on skis at night and slept in huts and refuges together. Being young in a country where the young had no function because no occupation, they were none of them, none of the young Merrill met with them that year, either rich or poor, workers or idlers, successful or not. The standards other countries knew were gone, slipped down the mountain like the avalanches that thundered their long way down in the spring. One season Toni was a ski-teacher, and the next a guide on Sundays, a carpenter in the week, a harmonica player, a carver of small wooden monstrosities. Like this, one day was pieced on to the next as one schilling paid out by foreigners was added to another. The whole little town, the entire country perhaps, with no choice but to make shift with this way of doing: eating what was cheap and drinking only a little and dancing because dancing could be had for nothing, and all of it so casually accomplished, with such a fugitive, careless abandon, as if they all knew that something else was going to happen in a little while.

"What will you do this winter, Fanni darling?" Merrill would ask. She might be doing her nails or putting fresh rimmel on her lashes, but when she thought of the future and put these questions to them there would be the intense American anxiety in her face to be enlightened, to have the thing arranged, to know. "What kind of work do you think you'll be able to do this winter, Fanni?"

Or climbing the hills in the night's dark with Toni, the uncertainty of what the end would be would smite her again and she'd say:

"Toni, my love, my love, what kind of work can you do when the snow's gone? How will you ever manage to live at all?"

"But I live," said Toni. "I live. I'm stronger than any man in Paris. Sit

down. By the tree there, sit down. I wish to tell you."

The snow had melted at the roots of the tree and they sat on the black pine needles that had fallen thickly there. He did not put his hand out toward her or draw her close in his arms, but here was his power, cold, marvellous, aloof, dismantling her, weakening her, leaving her no speech.

"I eat, I drink, I love a woman, this woman," he said, and he was looking down at the lights in the valley below.

"Yes, but what does it lead to. It doesn't lead to anything," she said, hearing her own voice weak and aimless in the night.

"Yes, it leads. It is being alive. It is being a man," he said without turning his head.

"But it doesn't lead," she said. "I go back to Paris, the snow melts in the spring, you can't give any more ski lessons, you have no money. It doesn't lead to anything. It doesn't lead to marriage, for instance," she said.

Nowhere else in the world could it happen, she thought in irritation: the future depending on the amount of snow that fell or didn't. Nowhere else could one join that procession of women who went out from the church after midnight mass into the graveyard, carrying their little Christmas trees to the dead, crossing the snow with the ribbons and tinsel shining and the match-small candles flickering in the air. There the women kneeled down in the wintry midnight, shielding the candles' flames in their hands, and set their trees out in a lighted forest on the graves. Nowhere else could one share in this strange unnamable yearning, this sweet sad longing which spoke its own humble tongue to the lost and the bewildered who traveled from other countries to attend this miraculously staged performance of economic disaster.

In January, just before she must get back to Paris for the openings, they arrested Toni again and put him into jail. But there was no shame or even wonder

to it as there would have been in any other place on earth. It was merely another part of the spectacle to see him at the high barred window, his ski-jacket on because there was no heat inside those walls, and his harmonica playing fast and recklessly. Fanni and Merrill went down the back-street at night and tried throwing a comb up the height of the Rathaus to him, and it struck three times against the bars and fell again before he got it, and each time he missed it he giggled like a girl. That's what I love, she thought wildly; that's what I love—that dark faceless shadow leaping like a fool for a comb to do his hair with, laughing like a nut when perhaps they'll hang him to-morrow, and she turned to Fanni with her voice shaking in her throat.

"Political agitation," she said fiercely, as if she had not said the same thing a hundred times before. "But what kind of political agitation? Why can't he have a lawyer and a room to himself if he's a political prisoner?"

"*Mein Gott*, it's nothing!" said Fanni. This softness, this female fury in the strange foreign woman was enough to take even the significance of truth away. She stood, a little shorter than Merrill, in the snow-covered back-street, both of them held and hidden in the shadow of the Rathaus wall. The street lamp was farther along, but even without its light Fanni could see or else remember the beauty of the other woman's face, fragile, nervous, balked, with the little lip trembling and the eyes painted blue and starry as a child's, and the child's hood fastened underneath her chin. There was the actual sight or else the photograph of it fixed indelibly in Fanni's dark, shrewd, merry eyes. "He'll be out again in three or four days," she said, wanting to touch Merrill's arm perhaps but not knowing how to make the move. "It's happened so often. It happens to them all if they go round lighting the fires. It's treason—is that the word you said it was?—yes, treason, a small treason, very little, to light the swastika fires on the hills at night."

"Peaches!" Toni's voice called down to them. "Merrill, can you got me peaches?"

"Get, not *got*!" Fanni called up the wall. "It's a joke," she said to Merrill. "He thinks that is very funny. He saw those pictures with colors on them about peaches in the American magazines you have."

"Fanni, I can't bear it," said Merrill in a low, fierce voice. "I can't bear it. I'll get him diamonds. I'll buy his way out if they'll let me."

All the way back to the middle of town they could hear the harmonica playing, the little grief in it now nursed in the hollow of his hand and asking in warbling nostalgia for a homeland that had perhaps never been or for a hope without a recognizable or possible name to give it. Night after night he played until the evening he came out, and Fanni walked on ahead to let them kiss each other by the wall.

"Merrill, I like the perfume again," he said against the hood's fur.

"Toni, Toni," she said, holding to him, and she felt the tears running down her face. "Toni, we can do something together. You don't have to stay here. You could go to France with me—you could—"

"I've never been into a city," he said. In a minute he might begin laughing out loud at the thought of himself wearing city clothes. "I have to stay here in my country. I'm too poor a one for you."

"I'm old enough to take care of you, much older than you," she whispered and he held her hard against him.

"You are my doll," he said, saying it savagely and hotly against the hood's white fur. "You smell good like a doll, and little small teeth like that. If I wanted to do it, I could break you as children do with a doll, pull your arms out and break all your little bones in your skin—"

He bit quickly at her cheek and chin and lip, soft, dry, nibbling bites at powder, scent, and rouge, and she looked up at him with the tears still on her face.

"Toni, I've put red all over your mouth and my mascara's running," she whispered.

"I'll keep your red like that," he said. "I'll keep it like that on my face. I'll never wash it away."

Then in 1938 it happened; it happened in the spring. The German troops went over the border without a word and there was the Anschluss, and maybe he'll be singing a different tune about it now that he's got it, thought Merrill. Perhaps he'll want to get out of the country by hook or by crook now he's got what he's been wasting behind bars for. They won't be able to change his face or the shape of his hands or his mouth singing what words he did; not love ditties on top of a mountain, nor popular airs, nor things of classic pricelessness, but the pure loud clarion call of "Austria, Awake, Awake!" Awake and in your right mind by this time, I should hope, thought Merrill, buying the ticket to go back; united and awake and in her senses she can't cast the pearls of his teeth before swine nor squander the fortune of his glance on one direction. His country nor no other can make a lawabiding man out of what he is. He'll go on rebelling, shouting the Nazis down as he shouted the Catholics and the Communists and Schuschnigg out of countenance, revolting now in the same cool, careless way against what he's been wearing the flesh of his bones to get.

For the first time, stepping off the train at Brenau, she could not fling her arms out to Fanni or kiss her face, nor draw that first deep draught of other air in before she said, "Fanni, it's like falling asleep again and finding the same dream still waiting for you." This time she must stand waiting on the platform alone, turning from the far sight of snow on the mountain tops to the shady, summery road leading off under the heavy boughs toward the first hotels where the swastikas on the flagpoles folded and unfolded languidly on the breeze. Fanni did not come running late down the pathway worn along the rails nor call her name

out across the picket fence. The sun shone hot in the waning afternoon, thunder clouds were gathering on the rocky horns at the valley's end, and the horses sneezed in their feed-bags on the square outside. In a moment the hotel porter came through the station door, took off his cap, and said, "Heil Hitler" and shook her hand.

"Grüss Gott," said Merrill brightly, and then she started laughing as usual because she couldn't think of the German words to say. "*Und Fräulein Fanni—und—Fräulein Fanni?*" She said it over several times to him, but he only shook his head and stooped to pick her bags up. All he knew was that the hotel had raised his wages and that the place was full of Germans, full of them, just like the old days again before the frontier was closed, and they'd put a new uniform on him. He made her feel the cloth of the jacket. "Oh, gut!" said Merrill, having forgotten the right word to say. "Perfectly lovely! *Très gut, Hermann!*"

At the Gasthaus the letter was waiting for her, and standing in the room where Fanni had always been she read it once quickly, and then reread it slowly. After she had folded it in the envelope again she took it out and stood reading it over. You will forgive me for not being at the station, Merrill, or words similar to this it said. Now I am district nurse and I cannot choose my own time. To-day I must go on my bicycle to Kirchberg to arrange about the vacations for some expecting mothers and I shall then have to report what I have done at the office when I get back. So, please, may I come in this evening and see you? We are all very well organized now. Toni is Sports' Organizer at the lake, so if you go swimming this afternoon you will see him. He is also Director of the Austrian Youth Local. Of course he is very proud. If you do not see him swimming, he too will come in and visit you with me to-night. So until we meet, my dearest friend.

Even the little bathing cabins, set out in rows on the south side of the lake, were topped by swastika banners, small ones

fluttering in dozens against the wide somber mountain waters. This place, where before so few people had come, was now singularly alive: the refreshment tables crowded and bathers lying on the wooden platform that sloped to the edge, swimmers basking on the floats, bathers stretched reading their newspapers and smoking on the summer grass. Enormous, thick-thighed, freckled-shouldered, great-bellied people, not Austrians but invading cohorts come across the border with heads shaved close to baldness, speaking the same tongue and bearing vacation money to a bankrupt land. The air was filled with their voices as they called across the echoing waters, the hullabaloo of monstrous jokers gurgling at the surface, the shower and impact as the great bodies dropped from the diving boards and smote the tranquil currents with their mighty flesh.

Their bathing dress was dark and plain, the women wearing skirted ones with modest backs and necks, and Merrill changed into her pale-blue two-piece suit in the cabin and looked down at the strip of delicately tanned skin between the top and trunks and wondered. I never minded wearing this before, she thought. Why do they make me know I'll look a queer fish among them: hair curled, mouth painted, thin as a rake, and half-naked? With something almost like shame she stepped out of the cabin door into the cool mountain air. The storm was gathering quickly in the valley and in a little while the sun would be gone.

Once she looked up she no longer saw the people: the heavy sloping shoulders, the shaved narrow pates, the folds of obscene hairy flesh at neck or chest, or cared for whatever insult or censure now stood in their eyes. Toni was on the springboard, ready to take the high dive, the heels lifted, the calves small as fists with muscle, the knees flat, the thighs golden and slightly swollen for the movement not made yet but just about to come. The throat, the lifted chin, the straight brown nose were set with cameo-clarity for an instant against the deepening sky,

his arms thrown back and laying bare his breast as if for this once, just now, and this time forever, the shaft of love might pierce directly and the blood might flow at last.

"Toni," she said in silence, "Toni, Toni," watching his hands part the surface and the body slide perfectly into the water's place. Once he had risen, visible as light floating upward from the depths, and shaken the drops from his face and hair and thrust the locks back, she was at the edge and knelt there, waiting. "Toni," she said out loud, and immediately he turned his head, wiping the water from his mouth and chin, and treading water. He took the five long strokes that brought him to her and reached his fingers to the edge of rotted timber and hung there, the hands tanned yellowish, the square nails clean, his upper lip drawn back upon his teeth, and then he lifted himself out, dripping, and stood on the wood.

"*Mein Gott*, Merrill, you look like somebody from the theater," he said quickly. For a minute she might not have heard him, sitting there mindless, heedless, watching his wet bare feet stain the boards beneath them with water as if a shadow were spreading imperviously across the weather-rotted and time-rotted wood. She looked at the small, strong, perfectly molded ankle-bones with the skin drawn over them like tight, sheer silk, and suddenly, as if at that instant she heard the quickly uttered words or just at that instant understood, she jerked her eyes up to his face.

"What time did you get in?" he said. "Fanni showed me the letter you wrote. I thought you said this week some time—"

"No, to-day," said Merrill. She sat squinting up at him, trying to shade her eyes and face although no sun was shining, feeling in panic her half-nakedness, the thinness almost skeletonlike among these people, the strip of body between breast and navel obscene, infecund. "It's quite gay here, isn't it?" she said, making a gesture with her naked pale arm and hand. "Quite different, isn't it?"

"No, it is not gay," he said. He was smoothing his upper arms dry with the palms of his hands. "They are not like the English and American people who came here before. They know we are a country, not a playground. They respect us. They do not come to dress up for parts in a musical comedy the way the other people did."

She sat there at his feet, squinting up at him, watching him turn to pick the bath towel off the springboard's trellis and start rubbing his shoulders with it.

"It is very serious here now," he said. "You see how they dress? Fanni will tell you how things have changed for us." And then he said quickly, "The nails of your toes, Merrill," squatting down on his thighs to come nearer to her and so say it the more violently and brutally. Merrill looked startled the length of the legs curved under her to the ten dull red medallions varnishing their extremities. "Wear that in Paris. Wash it off before you come here to us," he said. "Now we're busy we haven't time for people masquerading. We aren't the tourists' paradise any more. People can't come and pay to see us dance and roll over on our backs like bears with rings through the nose—"

"Toni, you got what you wanted, didn't you?" Merrill said in a low, quiet voice, sitting there without movement, even the nervous hands lying still. "You got what you were working for, didn't you, Toni?"

"Yes," he said, "yes," and then he said, leaning again, "Merrill, don't go, but just put a bathrobe round you. Everyone here is looking at you like something out of the Tiergarten. Nobody's used to suits like that or paint like that on the mouth—"

That was the next to last time she saw him. The last time was when she took the train the day after at the station, and he was there on the platform with half a dozen others, all young, all neatly uniformed in gray and green and smartly belted at the waist. They were there to meet the Innsbruck train which must have been bringing officials on it, and when he saw her on the other side of the glass his face altered and he took a step forward as if he were about to speak, as if it were not too late to say it. But the movement of the car passed like a veil between them and he brought his heels sharply together and lifted his right hand and she saw his lips open as he spoke, either "Heil Hitler" or "*Aufwiedersehen*," and that was all.





MUSIC GOES INTO MASS PRODUCTION

BY DICKSON SKINNER

AMERICANS are using Pegasus for a dray-horse. The pet of the Muses must transport some twelve or fifteen million readers into the advertising pages of popular magazines, deliver motor cars and toothpaste to radio audiences, and earn dividends for Hollywood stockholders. Never before our own era have the arts been so harnessed. Have they been able to carry these millions to the heights or has the unwonted burden held even Pegasus down to earth?

Not all of this mass production has been commercial in purpose. The development of symphony orchestras during the past twenty years is now a commonly noted phenomenon, although it has received somewhat aboriginal treatment. Advertising men in particular have shown less tendency to regard it with scientific curiosity than to try to exorcise it by mumbling the magic spells of their tribe.

The facts do not lend themselves to such treatment. Before the War there were seventeen symphony orchestras in the country—the "Big Ten" and seven others. At present the National Orchestral Survey has records of more than two hundred and seventy. The great development began in 1919, when three new ones were founded, and reached a peak with the establishment of eighteen during 1932. The so-called "major" orchestras now number sixteen, but all the two hundred and seventy-odd are of symphonic size and devote themselves chiefly to the symphonic repertoire. And all of them play to large audiences. The Grand

Rapids Symphony is one of the "minor" orchestras, yet the paid admissions at its concerts have varied from 3,200 to 5,000. Others with smaller attendance records nevertheless pack the available auditoriums and sell standing-room.

Financial support is a criterion of popularity and it has always been a crucial matter with symphony orchestras. Because they require highly trained musicians they are expensive organizations. Since most of the minor orchestras have comparatively short seasons and make minimum demands on the time of their members, they seem able to support themselves by the sale of seats. But it has never been possible to maintain the major orchestras out of normal operating revenue; until recently they all relied upon a few prosperous patrons who made up the annual deficits. When the economic stress of the past few years wiped out this backing, the orchestras had to appeal to the general public. The results have been significant.

In some cities millions have been raised by popular subscription to endowment funds, and elsewhere thousands of individuals contribute to annual maintenance funds. In a recent year in Rochester the annual campaign brought 7,791 subscriptions. The New York Philharmonic raised a half-million by a nationwide appeal in 1934, and 15,000 of the responses came from radio listeners. At the present time 10,000 contribute one dollar, five dollars, or more for an "annual radio membership"; they are scattered through the forty-eight States, Can-

ada, Mexico, Cuba, and the Canal Zone. But perhaps the most impressive single exhibition of genuinely popular support has been furnished by San Francisco, where the people voted a half-cent increase in the tax rate for the benefit of the orchestra.

This widespread devotion to symphonic music has great evidential value when it is considered in connection with survey statistics. It has been said that there are three kinds of lies—lies, damn lies, and statistics; and one writer proposes the addition of a fourth kind—surveys. Figures regarding music are subject to double skepticism when they deal with such terms as “classical,” “semi-classical,” “serious,” “light,” and “popular”—terms of which the definitions must be either too vague or too arbitrary to permit any precise measurement of the categories they represent. Here the fact of the remarkable growth in the popularity of symphony orchestras supplies a relatively concrete foundation upon which to base an interpretation of statistics and a criterion by which to gauge their probable accuracy.

Nothing in any other art occupies a place exactly comparable to that held by symphonic music. Not all of it is great music; not all symphony orchestras are of the first rank. Yet in general it seems to be agreed that symphonic music is within the category of the superior and that fondness for it is a mark of discriminating taste. Its mounting popularity is, in itself, evidence that in music at least mass production has actually furthered the development of the art. But it is also corroboration for survey figures that show a growth in the popularity of “serious” or “classical” music; for whatever else those terms might be meant to cover, they are certainly used in common speech to include the symphonic.

II

Most of the surveys have been made for the radio networks, which must learn as accurately as possible what their vast

unseen audiences wish to hear. Two years ago the Columbia Broadcasting System issued a memorandum introduced by the following statement: “Even a brief analysis of the broadcasting of music on the Columbia Network reveals the current trend in favor of serious music on the air. There is an abundance of evidence to show that more and more listeners find such broadcasts much to their liking; also, that there has been a commensurate increase in the broadcasting of such programs, both by the Columbia Network and by its clients, in response to the interest shown by the audience.”

The memorandum revealed the fact that, according to the Coöperative Analysis of Broadcasting (a field study to determine the relative sizes of audiences for all commercial programs), the audience for the Ford Sunday evening hour (Detroit Symphony) showed in January, 1936, an increase of 28 per cent over January, 1935, and in 1937 an increase of 70 per cent over 1936, 118 per cent over 1935. A survey in 1938 placed it fifth in nationwide popularity, surpassed only by the news broadcast and three other commercial programs.

Probably the best-known musical events of the regular weekly radio schedule are the Metropolitan Opera on Saturday afternoon, the NBC Symphony the same evening, the New York Philharmonic and the Ford hour on Sunday. By the most careful and most conservative survey estimates, the combined audiences for these four programs are put at approximately 10,230,000 families each week.* Even when allowance is made for duplications, it is still evident that a very considerable percentage of the whole population of the country listens to one or more of these programs every week.

Such figures, taken together with the remarkable increase in the number of

* The estimate for each program alone varies between about 1¼ and 3½ million families. The statement has been published that the Philharmonic has an audience of 9,000,000 individuals. That figure seems to have been obtained by multiplying the number of radio families by an estimated number of listeners per set. There is less probability of error in taking the figure for families. It has been estimated that there are about 32,000,000 families in the country, of which about 27,000,000 own radios.

symphony orchestras, give strong support to an exceedingly interesting group of statistics which might otherwise be regarded with surprise. This past year a nationwide survey was conducted by an organization of recognized authority. The questions were asked, "Which kind

with those who prefer it for comparison against those indicating a preference for the "popular" alone. *

Save for some rather curious variations in the population table, these figures show the trends that might be expected; "classical" music has more devotees in the

Preference	Total	Age 20-40	Age over 40	Men	Women
Popular.....	42.5	48	36.6	46.8	38.2
Classical.....	21.5 } 52.8	16.5 } 49	26.8 } 56.8	18.6 } 47	24.4 } 58.6
Both.....	31.3 }	32.5 }	30 }	28.4 }	34.2 }
Neither.....	4.7	3	6.6	6.2	3.2
"Do you listen?"					
Yes.....	62.5	61.8	63.4	57.8	67.3
No.....	37.5	38.2	36.6	42.2	32.7

ECONOMIC LEVELS **

Preference	A	B	C	D	N
Popular.....	30.4	36.8	45.5	52	45.6
Classical.....	31.3 } 64	24.7 } 59.5	20 } 50	14.8 } 41.7	17.2 } 49.9
Both.....	32.7 }	34.8 }	30 }	26.9 }	32.7 }
Neither.....	5.6	3.7	4.5	6.3	4.5
"Do you listen?"					
Yes.....	77.4	67.4	60.4	51.1	59.2
No.....	22.6	32.6	39.6	48.9	40.8

SIZE OF PLACE

Preference	Over 1,000,000	100,000-1,000,000	25,000-100,000	2,500-25,000	Under 2,500	Rural
Popular.....	35.4	38.25	45.6	44.5	39.9	46.8
Classical.....	29.8 } 63.1	21.65 } 58.85	20.6 } 49.8	24.9 } 50.5	20.2 } 55.1	16.7 } 46.2
Both.....	33.3 }	37.2 }	29.2 }	25.6 }	34.9 }	29.5 }
Neither.....	1.5	2.9	4.6	5	5	7
"Do you listen?"						
Yes.....	72.25	70.6	62.8	61.5	57.75	55.2
No.....	27.75	29.4	37.2	38.5	42.25	44.8

of music do you prefer on the radio?" and "Do you listen to classical music on the radio such as the Ford hour or the Metropolitan Opera?" To the first question four answers were possible—Popular, Classical, Both, and Neither. The results are given in the tables above; the figures indicate percentages. As those who answered "both" indicate an enjoyment of the "classical" as well as of the "popular," they have been combined

city than in the country, in the higher income groups than in the lower, among women than among men, among the older than among the younger. It is natural also that those who prefer the "popular" should outnumber those who prefer the "classical," except on the high-

* These figures are presented through the courtesy of the Princeton Radio Research Project.
** Group "A": those people considered prosperous in any given community; Group "B": the upper middle class; Group "C": the lower middle class with regular jobs; Group "D": the poor or unemployed; Group "N": the negro.

est economic level. But what seems surprising—or would have been so a few years ago—is that those who indicate an enjoyment of the “classical” are in a clear majority and that they outnumber those who express a preference for the “popular” everywhere except on the farm and at the bottom of the economic scale.

There is a strong probability that that conclusion is sound. The flowering of the symphony orchestras and the results of other surveys tend to support it; several factors not only help to explain it but also suggest that the popularity of the “classical” will continue to increase for some time to come.

It is common experience that love of the best in music grows by familiarity with it. Greater opportunity to hear the classics and other works of high quality seems to be the only common factor that can account for the greater amount of preference for the “classical” in the large cities, among women, among the more prosperous, and among those past forty. Radio has increased the opportunity to hear such music to a degree that it is still difficult to grasp, and the opportunity is being seized by millions with an eagerness which is sometimes little short of pathetic.

WOI is a 5,000-watt station at Ames, Iowa. It broadcasts in the early morning a program of recordings called *The Music Shop*. Most of the music would be classified as “classical” and “semi-classical,” and it is interspersed with comments by the announcer. On one program the listeners were invited to write their answers to some questions regarding their attitudes toward the program. The replies are illuminating. The greater part of them are from women—mothers whose children hear the program at breakfast before school, housekeepers who listen while they work. “The more I hear good music, such as you give us, the more I love it, and the more I hear that kind the more I dislike the other kind.” That is the characteristic note in the letters, some of which indicate alarm lest there be any idea of

changing the type of the broadcasts. When the farmers’ wives in the prairie States listen to great music performed by great artists as they go about their morning housework the taste for the “classical” is assuredly not on the wane.

Almost from the beginning the men in control of the broadcasting industry seem to have understood the appeal of the best more clearly than the directors of any other commercial enterprise engaged in mass production in the realm of the arts. A complete concert by the New York Philharmonic was broadcast for the first time in 1922, in the very infancy of the radio industry. At the present time each of the three major systems maintains its own symphony orchestra; and one of them, the NBC orchestra under Toscanini and Rodzinsky, ranks among the great orchestras of the world. In this respect the major networks are well in advance of the rest of the industry. The two networks of the National Broadcasting Company, for example, devote somewhat more than 10 per cent of their total program time to “classical” music, while the figure for the nation as a whole is 6.48 per cent.* In 1938 their broadcasts of symphony orchestras and grand opera alone averaged more than an hour a day and presented, in addition to their own orchestras, twenty-seven other American and eighteen European orchestras, six American and three European opera companies. Nine of the orchestras and three of the opera companies were presented in seven or more broadcasts each. The records of the Columbia and Mutual systems are similar.

Until the past few years such music was the rather expensive privilege of the inhabitants of a few large cities, and it was with the support of these comparatively small audiences that the great development of symphony orchestras began. That music is now available every day in four-fifths of the homes of the nation, and

* Figure for “serious” music determined in survey made by the Federal Communications Commission. “Serious,” as used in this survey, and “classical,” as used by NBC, are approximately comparable terms. “Serious” would seem to be, if anything, the more inclusive.

the growing familiarity with it is reflected in the popular taste as revealed by the statistics already given.

The people are hearing also the greatest artists, and their standards of excellence in performance are rising. Not long ago a fairly well-known symphony orchestra broadcast over one of the national networks a concert of which a large part was devoted to a piano concerto. The program ended before the allotted radio time and the New York studio went on the air for the remaining minutes with one of their regular "stand-by" staff, a former court pianist to the last Russian Tzar. Shortly the station was deluged with messages inquiring why the audience had been given the symphony program and the concerto when the unnamed, unannounced "stand-by" pianist in the studio was so markedly superior. The networks are now careful to provide "stand-bys" who do not invite comparison with the scheduled program. But of course comparisons are made, and an important result is that more exacting standards of judgment are applied to performers heard locally "in the flesh." This is true of swing bands, crooners, and amateur theatricals as well as of symphony orchestras and instrumental virtuosi.

The educational work of radio is far from being wholly incidental. Many small stations throughout the country offer programs similar to *The Music Shop* of WOI, and the commentators on the programs of the great orchestras are primarily educational in their aims. The NBC Music Appreciation Hour, conducted by Walter Damrosch, has been presented for more than a decade. Last year it was part of the curriculum in some seventy thousand schools, was heard every week by more than seven million children, and probably by three or four million adults also. All of this work, added to the regular broadcasting of the best music, has produced an enormous and still growing audience of listeners who are at least to some extent musically educated. This audience will not de-

crease the number of those who prefer the "classical."

In the tables previously set forth it appeared, quite naturally, that those who at times listen to "classical" music on the radio greatly outnumber those who find pleasure in it. That would probably be true of any type of program. But it seems significant that the greatest proportional excess of listeners over choosers is in the twenty-to-forty age group.

III

Musical education in mass volume is not confined to the work of the radio alone, and the results of it appear not only in radio statistics. The Federal Music Project, in addition to maintaining thirty-six symphony orchestras throughout the country as well as other groups devoted to "serious" music, is carrying on educational undertakings which are worth a careful study in themselves. Teachers have been put into public schools, into rural schools which previously gave no musical instruction; adult classes are taught and lectures are given; and in the Composers' Forum Laboratory the Project has introduced a completely new thing which may well be of great importance in the development of American music. Very wisely the directors seek to relate the work of the Project to the whole stream of American music and musical development. In New York City, for example, appreciation classes are held on Thursday evening for study of the music to be presented by Toscanini in the Saturday evening broadcast of the NBC Symphony Orchestra. The most significant aspect of this work, however, is not that the Federal Music Project is doing it but that the public (in general, the less privileged part of the public) by its response in attendance has shown a desire for it.

The results of all this activity permit a further answer to the skepticism with which the musically critical must regard such terms as "classical" and "serious." Even within the narrower field of sym-

phonic music there are clear indications of a growing discrimination in the public taste. Dr. Grant, of the National Orchestral Survey, is authority for the statement that symphony orchestras are using more serious music in their popular concerts than they did a few years ago; that they play, for example, more full-length symphonies; that they are finding they have to do this in order to hold their audiences. An illustration of the popularity of the more meaty sort of symphonic program is offered by the experience of the Federal Music Theatre in New York. A series of one-composer concerts was offered—seven concerts devoted entirely to the works of Tschaikowsky, two to those of Sibelius, four to Brahms, and eight to Beethoven. Whatever controversies may rage among the hypercritical about the names of Tschaikowsky and Sibelius, no one is likely to apply the term “light” to an all-Beethoven or all-Brahms program. The Federal Music Theatre has a seating capacity of 1,263, and the prices run from twenty-five to fifty-five cents. For all concerts of the one-composer series the house has been sold out, and for some of them standing-room has been sold up to the limit set by the Fire Department.

People who have learned to love the best music want to be able to hear it at will; therefore the sale of phonograph records, almost ruined in the early days of broadcasting, has revived remarkably in the past few years. The RCA Victor Company, the largest in its field, reports an increase of 600 per cent between 1933 and 1938, the greater part of the increase being in records of “classical” music, especially of symphonies.

At least one radio station is basing a commercial success on the expressed assumption that the listener is an intelligent and cultured person—a statement which *The New Yorker* called the most astounding ever made by radio men. WQXR started as an experimental station working on television problems, played records of “classical” music meanwhile, and became a commercial broadcasting enterprise by public demand. At present it

maintains a schedule of eighty-four hours a week and devotes from 80 per cent to 85 per cent of that time to “serious” music. But it goes farther than that. Practically all the rest of its program time except the news broadcast is related to some form of art—book reviews, the drama, art exhibits, the ballet, and so on. And its audience has more than doubled in the past year.

The idea seems basically sound. It is impossible to believe that lovers of the best in music can be satisfied by the cheapest in fiction or on the stage or screen.

No studies have yet been made in the field of magazine fiction which attempt in any way to find a relation between literary excellence and popularity. Such a study would be extremely difficult at best. Hard as it is to define the broadest critical categories in music, at least the existence of the categories is generally recognized; in current fiction such categories do not even exist. Yet from time to time there are suggestive episodes. Benét’s story “The Devil and Daniel Webster” was accepted as a masterly work by most critics; and readers of the *Saturday Evening Post* were so enthusiastic over it that the tale was republished in book form, although it is only a short story.

An even more direct comparison of critical judgment and popular taste is possible with regard to motion pictures. The *Film Daily* conducts an annual poll of motion picture critics throughout the country and from their votes compiles a list of the “ten best” pictures of the year. The *Motion Picture Herald*, from the votes of theater owners, makes up a list of “box-office champions,” the pictures that have had the greatest popular appeal. Pictures which have appeared on both lists—pictures which have been among the “ten best” and also among the “box-office champions”—have numbered

in 1930 — 1	1934 — 4
1931 — 3	1935 — 7
1932 — 4	1936 — 10
1933 — 6	1937 — 5

These items do not justify any such clear inference as that to be drawn from

the evidence which is at hand in the field of music, yet they suggest that the situation in these arts may be similar.

It is also possible that a sound and deep appreciation among the masses of our people is growing first in music and will draw after it, but more slowly, a love of the best in the other arts. Spengler believes that, as sculpture and architecture were the most characteristic forms of artistic expression among the ancient Greeks, so in our Western European and American culture the most characteristic form is music. If that is true, then the development of love of great music and the demand for it have a significance much broader than the field of music alone.

In any case the signs are clear that the American people, in the mass, are at the threshold of a cultural maturity.

In an address after his return from some months abroad, Hendrik van Loon recently said, "Culturally Europe is finished. If any more great novels are written—or great plays, great music, great histories—they will be written in America. The torch has been passed into our hands." But great works are seldom produced by isolated geniuses; they come in the abundance of real fertility only when genius has an appreciative audience.

Mass production has proved that that audience exists now in America and is growing.

HYMN BEFORE NIGHT

BY MARTHA KELLER

THE night Democracy was slain
 Liberty, her sister, died.
*They shall not soon be seen again,
 The murdered and the suicide.*

*Except another Easter come,
 Except the stone be rolled away,
 What faith shall serve to save us from
 Their darkness and decay?*

*Except we die, if die we must,
 For them, the beautiful and wise,
 How shall we raise them from the dust?
 Or we ourselves arise?*



WHEN GRANDFATHER RAN OFF WITH THE TARTAR GIRL

BY NICHOLAS KALASHNIKOFF

WHEN I was seven years old, my mother and stepfather took me on a journey southward across Siberia to Minusinsk, where my grandparents lived. It was a very long journey, by horse-drawn cart; and though we had made the early stages of it in the autumn of 1894, the winter weather had forced us to stop en route, and it was real spring by the time we reached Minusinsk.

This was a small city, insignificant, dusty, laced with wooden sidewalks poorly laid. With the exception of a few brick structures in the center of town, most of the buildings were of wood. It was noon when we arrived. The sun warmed the earth generously. The horses—tired and sweating—dragged the heavy coaches with difficulty over the sandy roads. Yet notwithstanding the suffocating heat and dust the city was animated as on a holiday. The church bells droned, the national tri-colored flag fluttered everywhere, crowds of gay and well-dressed people paraded the streets. Many were drunk, making a frightful din of hoarsely shouted hurrahs!

I asked Mother what holiday it was but she did not know. Not until we reached the inn did we learn that for the past three days the people had been celebrating the coronation of the young Emperor—Nicholas II.

The inn was crowded. Around tables loaded with bottles people sat drinking and singing and shouting. In moments of quiet they discussed the young, kind-hearted Tzar, from whom they expected

some sort of manifesto that would bring universal happiness.

I understood nothing of what was going on, but from the excited faces I gathered that an important event was taking place; and I too wanted to shout hurrah!

The next day the city reverted to its usual workaday appearance: the church bells were silent, the flags were gone, the streets were deserted. Mother was impatient to be on our way, so as soon as possible we left the city for Krivaya, seventeen versts distant, where the old people lived. The horses ran along at a lively pace as if they sensed that a long and well-earned rest awaited them, and in two hours we reached the village that was our birthplace. It made a most depressing impression on me. The houses were nearly all small, blackened by time; sand was everywhere; mounds overgrown with sedge protruded at frequent intervals. Dogs ran out, seemingly from every yard, and barked madly at us, whereupon the silent village awoke. Windows were flung open and men, women, and children gaped at us with astonishment and curiosity.

We stopped before a large old house surrounded by a high fence with a faded, broken gate and Mother ran inside but soon returned, looking deeply troubled. A middle-aged woman was with her who rattled away without pause. The old people had sold the house more than three years ago, she kept repeating, and were now living in poverty at the end of

the village. She offered to accompany us and show us the way, but Mother, without listening, waved her hand to us and almost flew in the indicated direction. In a moment we arrived at a small, slanting hut, enclosed by a partially decayed picket fence whose gates were made of rods nailed together. Mother had got there before us and was embracing a tall, spare old man.

"Father, darling Father," we heard her say.

The old man was stroking her hair and saying tenderly over and over, "Pasha, my own daughter. Is it you? Is it really you I see?"

Both were crying and they seemed not to notice us at all.

Stepfather and Stepan, his clerk, who traveled with us, watched in confusion the emotional scene while I took the opportunity to examine my grandfather.

Was this actually he—this emaciated old man leaning heavily on a cane? I could not believe it. The grandfather created by my childish imagination out of the tales my mother had told me was a story-book hero, the famous defender of Sevastopol, and did not in the least resemble the person before me. This old man was quite too ordinary, shabbily dressed, and lame. I was sorely disappointed. And the sordidness of the surroundings contributed to lower my spirits.

After the first shock of meeting was over Mother led me to the old man.

"This is your grandpa, Sereozha; kiss him," she said.

Grandpa looked at me lovingly, grasped me under the chin with his bony fingers and implanted a strong kiss on my lips. The kiss was unpleasant: his closely cropped mustaches were prickly and he smelt of tobacco. His eyes were the only thing about him that I liked. They were kind, tender.

Inside the hut a thin old woman was bustling about, crying and moaning from joyous excitement. This was my grandmother, as plain and ordinary in appearance as Grandfather and so hard of hear-

ing that Mother had to shout to inform her that I was her grandson. I was struck by the evidences of poverty I saw all about me—the rude furnishings, the forlorn clothing of my grandparents.

"They live just like beggars," I thought. It was most depressing when my imagination for months had conjured such fine pictures of our journey's end.

The news of the arrival of old Tourov's wealthy daughter, the wife of a merchant, spread quickly through the village, and from everywhere the curious came to gaze at us. Nothing escaped their minute inspection, even to the horses and coaches; one might have thought we were supernatural beings. Soon a crowd filled the yard and seeped on to the porch. Some pushed their way into the hut.

It was then that Grandpa showed himself for what he was. At first he asked quietly that all visitors leave the house in order that the guests might rest from their hard journey, but when several of the peasants hesitated, refusing to move, he struck his cane sharply against the floor.

"Hey, you, get out, all of you!" he shouted. "What is this, a zoo? A circus? Drive the whole mob out!"

Grandpa's voice was loud, commanding; his gray eyebrows knitted thunderously and his gentle eyes shone with wrath. Soon not a soul remained in the house, with the exception of two or three distant relatives. The mob was walking meekly through the gate.

The house cleared of gapers and restored to quiet, Grandma broke into complaint that she had no refreshments to offer her guests.

"Old hag," Grandpa advised her sternly, "what are you cackling about? What we eat our guests will eat too. What we have we'll gladly share with them."

Grandma subsided only when she saw the great quantity of white bread, sausage, and sweets Mother had brought. Stepfather added to this some vodka and wine. Then we sat down to table. But before eating Grandpa ordered us:

"Stand up, everybody. Let us pray to God."

We all rose, while Grandpa prayed in a loud voice:

Father of all, in thee, Lord, we trust.
Thou givest us our daily bread
And openest Thy generous hand,
And fulfillst every human need.

When we traveled, we had always said a prayer before breakfast in the morning and in the evening before retiring, but never before sitting down to a meal. Then we only crossed ourselves. This ritual at Grandpa's was something new and impressive.

"And now, my children, relatives, and friends," he concluded, "I beg you to pull up your chairs and break bread with us, share with us our joy in all that God gave us." Thus he invited everybody with gracious dignity. He was instantly obeyed. Even Stepfather seemed subdued and tractable.

II

We took lodgings in a house nearby, and I became great friends with my grandfather after he had showed me the army manual exercises, using a broom to demonstrate the uses of a gun. Every evening he recited for my benefit the achievements of the Russian army. He told me of attacks and campaigns in which he had engaged; sang in the hoarse basso of an old man the soldier songs of his time; taught me how to keep step and make—in true military style—left and right turns; taught me to about-face. Unnoticeably, even to myself, Grandpa again assumed the role of idol. I tried to imitate him in every possible way—in voice, manner, and habits. I was either a very good or a very poor mimic, for Mother and Stepan often roared with laughter when I did or said something in the especial manner of Grandpa.

I remember I was completely conquered when one morning for the first time I saw him in full uniform, with a quantity of gold braid, crosses, and medals on his breast. This was the day

upon which he received his monthly government pension at the municipal treasury. Mother gave me permission to ride with him and Stepan to the city, and now indeed I was in the seventh heaven of joy. What was my amazement when we drew up in front of the treasury building to see the mustachioed policeman on guard there come to attention and salute Grandpa in real military fashion! And when we left the policeman again saluted. From that moment I was convinced that my grandfather was not an ordinary man after all, like Stepfather and Stepan, but the hero my imagination had originally pictured.

With Grandma, however, my relations were strained. She did not know how to tell stories and she was constantly quarreling with Grandpa.

"Fool, you fool," she would shout at him, "you have crosses and medals on your breast enough for a whole iconostasis, yet we have nothing to eat!"

I was surprised and angered not only at the old woman's boldness but at Grandfather's indifference to her abuse. When I protested and asked him: "Why does Grandma always quarrel with you?" he answered with a gentle smile:

"Why? Because a woman has long hair and a small brain. She wants only wealth—as if everything depended on money!"

But, fearful lest he might have said too much, he sought immediately to excuse her.

"You see, Sereozha, she comes of a very rich family. Her father was a baptized native, one of our Minusinsk Tartars. A very wealthy man who was called prince. Tartars call all their rich men princes. He owned droves of every kind of cattle: horses, cows, sheep. Nobody knew how many. In the spring they were all driven into a great corral; if they filled the corral that meant everything was all right—if not, there had been losses during the winter. He was very smart and did a large trade in cattle and skins with Russian merchants. His family—he had two children, a son and a daughter—lived in great

luxury and were highly respected, so it is rather humiliating to your grandmother that in her old age she must live in poverty. Don't think, Sereozha, that she is cruel—no, she is kind, only she has hot Tartar blood in her."

Whether Grandpa wished me to think well of Grandma, or whether he just wanted to talk about his past, I do not know, but one day he told me the story of his life.

It was the beginning of summer. The day was warm and sunny. I had gone with him into the woods to cut thin twigs from which baskets were to be woven. Our work finished, we sat down to rest. Then Grandpa lighted his pipe and began to talk. Much of what he told me I have forgotten, but the vital facts are indelibly impressed upon my mind, for Mother refreshed my memory frequently with stories of his life.

III

"Life, Sereozha, is like a tale," he began. "Here, take me, for instance. I was born in a village, a plain man, like all peasants. And just think how many different kinds of people, cities, countries I have seen. With these legs I have marched in the Hungarian campaign, scaled the Balkan mountains. I have bathed my sinful body in the river Danube. I have seen German emperors. And once I was granted the privilege of receiving the royal thanks from our own Tzar, Nicholas Pavlovitch, may he rest in heaven. For fifteen years I served him and my country faithfully when service was fearfully hard. There was absolutely no rest: inspections, parades, practice—and God have mercy on you if you should ever make a slip! They'd hand you over to a court martial sure. Make you run the gauntlet. The officers too were beasts. There were some kind ones, of course, but they were very few. Yah, I endured enough suffering in my life! . . ."

I prompted him, fascinated.

"To run the gauntlet?" he replied to

my question. "This was a form of punishment, my boy. Soldiers with clubs stood in two rows, facing each other, and the guilty one walked between them. As he passed, each soldier struck him over his bare back. For the victim was not allowed to wear a shirt, only trousers. A man was given twenty-five, fifty, even more strokes, depending upon his offense. He might even be beaten to death."

"And were you beaten, Grandpa?"

"God was merciful—no, I was not beaten. I once underwent another fiendish punishment. I stood rigid at attention for several hours in full marching equipment, with a gun against my breast—like a statue, not daring to wink an eye or move a muscle. And as I stood there some hot-tempered officers hit me in the face with their fists. But with clubs—no."

"And you, did you beat others?" My curiosity was insatiable. I was absorbed by this recital of horrors.

Grandpa shuddered in recollection:

"Yes, I was guilty of that sin. But only once. God forgive me my involuntary transgression. To my dying day I'll remember it. It was unthinkable to refuse, Sereozha. Refuse—and you would be beaten to death yourself for daring to disobey the Tzar's command. A rebel. The Tzar punished not only us plain people but persons of importance and eminence as well; he did not spare even the commanders. We had, I remember, in the beginning a kind commander in our regiment, a man who was like a father to us. No one dared to put a finger on a soldier while he was with us. 'Teach,' he would say to his officers and the men who rose from the ranks, 'teach the soldiers, but keep your hands to yourselves.' Only he was not with us long. Suddenly he disappeared. Afterward we heard that he had been severely punished and banished somewhere for pampering his soldiers. Yes, the system was inhuman. You may not believe it, my boy, but whenever a notice appeared that the next day there would be an inspection by the Tzar we became petrified with fright,

couldn't sleep the whole night, prayed: 'Spare us, O Lord, from this evil, save and preserve us, Holy Virgin Mary.' I was always the left end-man in the first row. We stood there in line—not daring to breathe, our eyes giving the only sign of life as we stared like screech-owls at the commanding officers. In winter the Tzar's inspections were especially hard to bear, for then the nose, cheeks, and ears seemed to turn white with frost bite and the feet to stone. Dummies, we were, shouting by command 'hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!'"

I waited in silence for him to continue:

"Things would not have been so bad if we had had warm clothes, but our only outer covering was a thin overcoat. I did not mind so much, as I was used to the cold, but the others . . . There was a still greater evil, however. For the inspections by the Tzar we were all fitted out with boots of one size, made to one last."

"One size? But what if your feet were too large or too small?"

"That is according to our *human* understanding, but not according to the Tzar's. The Tzar issued an order that for the inspection all should receive boots made to one last—and that was the end. Nothing could be done about it. You see, he wanted to show us off to foreign visitors, to princes and kings of other countries, so we had to appear absolutely uniform, toe to toe, heel to heel. If I had on a middle-sized boot and my neighbor a large one, it would be possible to line up the toes, but not the heels. That, in short, is the wisdom of the Tzars. For my feet, thank God, the Tzar's last fitted comfortably. I could even protect my feet by wrapping a thin cloth around them. But there were some poor sufferers who had to force their bare feet into the boots with soap. Such were carried straight to the hospital after the inspection."

My conception of a soldier's life, of his heroism, and of the glory of the Russian army was undergoing subtle change by reason of these revelations. Grandpa of-

fered to stop. "Maybe you are tired and want to go home," he suggested. But I said "No." So he went on, urged to garrulous length by my eager questions. It was long possibly since he had such an avid listener.

"Why did I enter military service? On account of my youth and foolishness, Sereozha. We were three brothers. I was the youngest. According to law one of the older boys had to go into the army, as each family had to contribute its quota. But my brothers were both married. You can understand yourself that no one is very eager to leave his family and become a soldier. Especially in those days, when one enlisted for twenty-five years. The recruit was escorted as if to his own funeral; it was as though he were being buried alive. I was then nineteen years old—very tall and healthy. So my brothers begged me to go in their stead. We didn't have money to hire a substitute, which was a common practice among the rich, and besides I probably had an ambition to see the world or serve my country. At any rate I consented to go after my brothers and their wives had cried at me day and night. Even Father pleaded with me. Only Mother was against the plan, Heaven bless her. . . . Well, I returned home after eighteen years. I was not an old man then—only thirty-eight years old—but my health was shattered, and I had aged in mind and experience."

"At least I learned something in the army. I learned to read and I learned to know human nature. Actually I served for fifteen years and ten months, but the young emperor Alexander II—Heaven bless him—counted the ten months' fighting at the siege of Sevastopol as ten years, a year for each month. He was a kind Tzar, handsome and tall. The present Tzar, they say, is short in stature and a weakling. . . . Think of it, Sereozha, I have already outlived three Tzars! Not an easy life, a Tzar's—they die early. . . . But here, I am talking about Tzars when I'm supposed to be telling you about myself."

"I did not return home immediately. In the last attack I was wounded by a piece of shrapnel in the breast and leg and for six months I lay in the hospital. It was then that the Emperor gave me with his own hands a pouch of tobacco, a pipe, and the Cross of St. George. When I was finally better and received my discharge papers I started on the long trek from Russia to Siberia. It was a difficult journey. Most of the way I went on foot, stopping to rest occasionally in the homes of kind people along my route. I did not suffer any great want, and from time to time I got a lift on a passing cart. Still it took me almost a year to reach my destination. I was dog-tired, as you may imagine. But if I thought I should have a chance to rest myself properly at home I was wrong. Things there were not the same. Mother and Father had died. The brothers' children were now grown up. The inheritance had been divided, for they had long considered me dead. It was a little embarrassing now to have me drop out of a clear sky.

"They said, 'Rest yourself, Brother, and then we'll see what's to be done.' But that was only because they feared I would demand my share of the inheritance. That's human gratitude for you! They forgot that it was for them that I had endured military service and ruined my youth. They became hateful to me. So I spat in their faces, took my bundle, knelt at my parents' grave, and departed for Minusinsk, five versts from Maloy-Minusinsk (Little-Minusinsk), where we lived.

IV

"Soon I made the acquaintance of a merchant who did a large business with the local Tartars and he, taking a fancy to me, recommended me to my future father-in-law. I became his head clerk.

"Life was pleasant during this period. I came to learn the Tartar language quite well and I fell in love with the merchant's daughter, Marina. But as I was a man of brains I did not let my feelings run

away with me. She's not for me, thought I. She's young—she was only twenty then—wealthy, proud, self-willed, like a horse of the steppes. But that was cold reason speaking; the heart was not so easily satisfied. . . . Your grandma was a beauty in her youth, Sereozha.

"I was a man of strict habits. I would take a glass of sweet wine once in a while, but vodka—never. I had, therefore, great faith in my powers of self-control. I decided that I wouldn't even look at the girl. By keeping Satan behind me, I argued, I should overcome my passion for her. So I went about my business. But I began to notice that the girl eyed me in a strange manner as if she either wanted to ask me something or was going to cry. She said nothing, however, and neither did I. For two weeks we kept up this game of silence. Then one day the merchant returned with a guest, another Tartar. The guest, it was evident, was a person of importance—not young, short and ugly, with crooked legs and eyes like slits. Immediately upon his arrival the two men retired to the master's private tent—in the summer we all lived in felt-covered tents—and then they called Marina. This boded evil. I stood near the tent, wanting to do something, but so distracted that everything I touched fell from my hands. Suddenly Marina came out and I saw that she too was unnerved. She approached me and said in Russian—which she spoke comically:

"'Nikolai, why are you angry with me? If I have offended you, forgive me. Soon you will not see me any more. Father is marrying me off!'

"I don't know what happened to me then, except that I forgot everything but one in the world. 'I am not angry with you, Marina,' I told her. 'I love you. I can't live without you. I will lay hands on myself if you marry another.'

"At this her black eyes flashed and she laughed. 'If you love me,' she said, 'then steal me away.' And with that she ran off like a wild goat.

"There was a custom among the Russians as well as among the Tartars to steal

the girl you wanted to marry. '*Harass*' was the word for it in the Tartar dialect. We called it 'taking by stealth.' Marina's suggestion set my head to whirling. I stood there, not able to speak or move. And just then the master called me into the tent.

"He and his guest were very drunk. 'Nikolai,' the master said, 'I sold the girl, got a very good price for her.' A girl, to the Tartars, was so much merchandise, and stale merchandise at that if she remained unwed. For nobody wanted an old maid. I listened. It was well that in his joy the master did not notice my anger. Then I gathered strength and said meekly: 'Congratulations, Master, if such is your will.'

"Outside the tent I spied Marina and beckoned her to follow me into the steppe. There we planned how we should run away. 'I love you, Nikolai,' she repeated over and over. 'I will always love you. I will be your slave. Only don't leave me.' . . . How could I think of leaving the girl when I was myself madly in love with her?

"I had some friends, Russian cattle-breeders, who were camped not far from us. I saddled a horse, rode over, and told them my story, saying in conclusion: 'Be good fellows and help me steal Marina!'

"They laughed, like colts neighing. 'Why, we'll gladly do this for you, for friendship's sake,' they assured me.

"I don't know whether it was friendship that moved them or a sense of mischief or just boredom—but what did it matter to me! We agreed that one of the brothers would ride to the nearest village—about forty versts away—and get a priest to perform the marriage ceremony, while the others would arrange to have horses saddled and ready for us. So it was settled.

"At our own place there was great feasting, for the master had announced a three-day holiday in honor of his daughter's betrothal. With everything in readiness for our departure the third night, I caught Marina and asked her:

'Are you still willing?' And she answered proudly: 'What a question! Would I have kissed you if I were not? When all are asleep wait for me in the steppe at the wolf's hole.'

"On that last night everyone was dead drunk. It can be said for the master that he was not stingy with his whiskey, and the Tartars are known to have a weakness for the Russian poison—they drink to insensibility. I alone did not drink so it was not difficult after awhile for me to slip away to where the horses were being held. One of my friends was there before me, with two gentle steppe animals. I was overjoyed that our plans so far were going well.

" 'I won't forget this kindness to my dying day,' I said. 'But I don't know how I'll repay you.'

"He laughed. 'I wish you happiness. You can pay for the horses if you use them up but don't spare them. About twenty versts from here, at an old stagnant pool, my brother will be waiting with fresh mounts. Ride straight on to the priest. Everything is arranged. He's a fine chap—loves to drink and has a weakness for money and gifts. Be generous with him.'

"He waited while I ran to the wolf's hole, where I was to meet Marina. It was a quiet, peaceful night and sultry in the steppe, but as I lay on the grass I shivered as in a fever. More than once I had stared death in the face without flinching, but that night fear overcame me. Never, I am sure, had I prayed so fervently. If only we could get a start of two or three hours! An open field lay all around, with not a tree or shrub in sight. The night was dark, moonless, the steppe so still that it seemed to hold its breath, and you wondered whether it was your happiness it was guarding or your grave. The only sounds were the barking of dogs, the neighing of horses, and drunken voices—all issuing from our place. Would Marina get away in time?

"God evidently heard my prayers, for exactly at midnight Marina came. We ran to our horses, jumped into the saddles, and were off at breakneck speed."

"And Grandma rode horseback?" I interrupted, struck by wonder that the little old woman I knew was capable of anything so adventurous.

"Of course," Grandpa answered me. "At that time your grandmother was young. As for riding horseback—why, she was a regular cossack. Tartars are not like us Christians—they are always on the go, moving from place to place; their children, both boys and girls, are taught to ride in early childhood.

"We rode all night like mad, stopping only for a moment now and then to let the horses get their wind. They seemed to sense that our happiness and very lives depended upon their legs. During the entire journey Marina and I did not exchange a dozen words, but occasional glances which I stole at her—so tiny and graceful in trousers that made her look exactly like a stripling—assured me of her trust in me and in my love. I had no other desire than to reach the church as quickly as possible and pledge myself before God to be worthy of that trust.

"We reached the village early the next morning, to find my friends waiting and everything in readiness for our marriage. Marina put on a white dress belonging to one of the priest's daughters. Ah, how beautiful your grandmother was! The dress was most becoming. Her face was pale, her eyes sparkling with fright, happiness, and anxiety—all three.

"Hurry up, Nikolai, let's get married quickly," she begged, "before Father can come and take me back and marry me to the unloved-one." All the while she was shaking with fear and weariness. Not until the ceremony was over did she regain her calm. For then, she believed, her father would have no further power over her.

"About fifteen men came riding into the priest's yard before we could leave. All were without hats, disheveled, and howling angrily. Marina's father was the first to enter the house and immediately we fell on our knees before him, asking his forgiveness. He only stared at us, like a beast, while he panted for

breath. He was black with dust; his eyes were distorted terribly with anger and debauch. I dared not lift my eyes to look at him, but held Marina's hand tightly in mine. If he should curse me, I thought, strike me—I could bear it. Only he must forgive us. But he would not. When he heard from the priest that we were husband and wife before God, he screamed like one bitten and stamped his feet, seeking to recall the most fearful Tartar oaths with which to curse us.

"You are no longer my daughter," he raged. "You have disgraced me! Damn you and your Russian hound! May your hearts always tremble, like aspen leaves, from grief and misery! May there never be any joy or happiness in your lives or in the lives of your children!"

"When his anger had exhausted speech he spat upon us and without a glance walked out, slamming the door with great force behind him. In fear we watched through the window as he said something to his followers, heard them howl in response and saw them threaten with their fists. I do not know what their intention was, but when a great crowd from the village gathered round the priest's house, they mounted their horses and, still shouting threats, rode off into the steppe. For a long time afterward we could not pacify Marina, for she had been brought up strictly to fear and respect her father and his disapproval was a sorry blow to her.

V

"For a long time we heard nothing of him, except that he had moved his family and livestock from Russia into Mongolia. It was hard for Marina to lose her father, mother, and brother so abruptly for she loved them dearly. But what was there to do? Finally she became reconciled and we settled down like doves together. I decided to become a farmer. It was then we moved to this village—I wanted to be as far as possible from my covetous brothers—and bought the hut in which we now live. With the

aid of some kind people, we started housekeeping and, thank God, we prospered. The crops were good, we were both hard-working, and although we did not have an abundance we never suffered want. Others even envied us our contentment.

"A year and a half later our first daughter, Anna, was born. A fine, lusty girl. Marina became more cheerful with the child to divert her. You see, she was still tormented by fear of her father's curses. Often she would jump out of bed in the middle of the night and begin to pray. And she never sent a beggar away empty-handed. She was a strange mixture of Christian and heathen. I couldn't make head or tail of her faith. She wore a cross round her neck and beside it, on the very same chain, a small copper figure. She had been baptized, as all her family had, in the orthodox faith, but she had never given up her pagan god for the Christian God. She prayed to both so that neither would be angered. She does so to this day. . . .

"So passed eight years. We had two more daughters and a fourth child was expected. It was Pasha, your mother. It was a difficult pregnancy and often Marina complained of all sorts of pains. Though it was harvest-time, I did not take her to the field with me, but worked alone. Yet even as I worked my thoughts were of her. 'How is my little wife feeling? What is she doing?' So my mind ran on. And as soon as the sun went down I would hasten home. One day Marina met me and I saw that she was not herself at all: either she was ill or something had happened. I was afraid to question her. All she said was: 'Nikolai, you'll unharness the horses later. Go inside—there's a guest waiting.' She was laughing and crying at the same time.

"I rushed into the house, looked, and could hardly believe my eyes. For sitting on a bench at the table was her mother, in an old Tartar dress, gray-haired, thin, travel-worn. I was so overcome I could not utter a word.

"'Don't send me away, Nikolai,' she begged pitifully, 'I am a lonely old woman and have no place to lay my head.'

"Tears blinded me when I heard this and I fell at her feet, saying, 'Mother, dear, we'll consider it a great happiness if you will live with us. Everything that is ours is yours.' We embraced and then wept.

"When we had regained our composure she told us of the misery she had lived through after Marina's departure. They had gone to Mongolia upon Father's insistence but the difficult journey had cost them dearly in cattle and workmen. Father was drinking more heavily and in the years they were there—the prey of grafting officials—he lost his mind completely. The son, Marina's brother, had to take charge of affairs. A good boy, kind and with a wise head but fearless and hot-tempered. He was murdered in a fight with thieves. Then Father became utterly helpless. Typhus attacked him. The sorcerers could do nothing and it seemed he would die on foreign soil without regaining his reason. But he did come to himself and called everyone round him.

"'Forgive me, all of you,' he said, 'God has punished me for my pride and my greed. I murdered my son, and damned my daughter and son-in-law. I repent—it is all my fault. Death is approaching. I want to go back, to see my daughter once more, ask her forgiveness. . . . Even if I don't reach her, at least I will die on Russian soil. . . .' And to Mother he said: 'Go to our daughter and son-in-law. Beg them not to think evil of the old man and to give you a refuge in your old age.'

"That very night they started on their way and in a few days arrived safely at the Russian frontier. In two weeks Father gave up his soul to God.

"Mother told us this and then beckoned to me. 'You are a kind-hearted man, Nikolai, and I was never angry with you for stealing my daughter; even the old man forgave you. So don't refuse this, our mutual gift.'

"With that she handed me a saddle pillow. I looked at it, turned it over in my hands. The pillow was of fine leather, but I did not know what to do with it—at that time I did not have even a saddle. I thanked her profusely and was going to put it in the shed, but she smiled and handed me a knife. 'You'd better rip the pillow and see what it contains,' she said. So I made a slit and looked in. Would you believe it? It was full of bills—hundred-rouble, twenty-five- and ten-rouble notes—more than five thousand roubles! I almost lost my mind.

"That was how I was able to buy the large house at which you stopped first. We lived there in grand style for twelve years and the old woman lived with us, loved by all. She died after the first daughter's wedding and with her death all our happiness vanished. The cattle were attacked by a mysterious disease. I

myself began to ail. Our second daughter married, unhappily, and both sons-in-law turned out to be drunkards and gamblers. Our life began to go from bad to worse. We were forced to sell and move back to the old hut. Your grandmother cried all the time, thinking that it was on account of her father's curses that we were so unfortunate. . . .

"But what's the use of speaking of our ill fortunes? Somehow we'll drag our lives out to the end. Thank God, Pasha has returned, clothed us, warmed our hearts with her love and devotion. And she has brought me a fine grandson!"

That day, full of Grandpa's story, I surprised Grandma with my tenderness toward her. Previously I had been aloof, permitting her to pet me, but never being the first to show her affection. Now on my return to the house I embraced the old lady and kissed her heartily.

SIMPLE FAREWELL

BY CONRAD AIKEN

WE SHALL not see these leaves again nor know
 The bough that bore them, nor the sun that warmed;
 Time has undone them without frost or snow,
 Not by a winter shall we see them harmed.
 But slowly, by detachment, by fatigue,
 One after other on the golden air,
 They make of death, as if with death in league,
 A thing predictable, and therefore fair.
 See them, how slowly they float down to earth—
 How softly too; how without touch they seem
 To join again the grave that gave them birth,
 As though one broke, and then resumed, a dream!
 See them, and then remember how we too
 Must, in our time, renounce the I and You.



SOME FACTS ABOUT JEWS

BY PHILIP S. BERNSTEIN

THIS article attempts to do only one thing—to meet with facts and figures the charges most commonly made against Jews.

The causes of prejudice lie deep in the darkest and least-understood realms of human psychology. The reasons which men give for their suspicions, hates, and prejudices often have little to do with the emotions which produce them. But at a time when there is a greater awareness of anti-Semitism it may be useful to take up, one by one, the reasons most commonly given for this prejudice, and show them for what they are. This I shall attempt to do with whatever objectivity a Jew can muster.

Let us begin with the reason which I think is the most widely held, less because it is more valid than the others than because it satisfies the widest need. Mark Twain expressed it succinctly when he wrote, "Nine-tenths of the hostility arises from the average Christian's inability to compete with the average Jew in business." The leading editorial in the August 18, 1938 issue of *The Catholic Transcript* of Hartford, Connecticut, said, "The Jews . . . are hated because they are too prosperous, too successfully grasping. They win too easily when they contend for the good things that the world of the present day has to give. . . . They are the richest men in the world. . . . The Jews know how to conduct business better than their rivals."

This notion attains its extreme form in the accusation disseminated not only by the German Nazis but by Henry Ford,

until he retracted it publicly; by the late Congressman Louis T. McFadden ("The Gentiles have the paper, while the Jews have the gold"); by Pelley of the *Silver Shirts*, by the Rev. Mr. Winrod of Kansas, by Father Coughlin, etc.: that the Jews by cupidity and cunning have acquired control of international finance which they exploit for their own advantage, according to the guidance of the Elders of Zion.

Those represent the beliefs of many Christians about the economic status, ability, and power of the Jews. Probably most anti-Semitism flows from these beliefs. Now what are the facts? Let me start close to home, in the city of Rochester, New York, where more than 20,000 Jews live. Here too, as I have discovered recently, many Christians believe that the Jews are the wealthiest and the most successful citizens. But the largest industries in Rochester are the Eastman Kodak Co. and the Bausch and Lomb Co., neither of which is owned or controlled by Jews. They are incomparably larger and wealthier than the clothing concerns under Jewish ownership. There is not a single important Jewish officer in any Rochester bank. All of the banks are controlled by non-Jews. Even the largest department stores, an economic area in which Jews are usually regarded as preëminent, Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co., McCurdy & Co., E. W. Edwards & Son, are owned by non-Jews. Although there are a small number of wealthy Jews and a larger group of comfortably circumstanced Jews, their combined wealth

and power is negligible compared with that of the Gentiles who sit on the boards of directors of the banks of Rochester. By the side of this small number of well-to-do Jews is the great mass of poor Jews who share the misery of the masses generally.

What is true of Rochester is true generally throughout the country. It is strange that the author of the editorial in the *Catholic Transcript* did not remember that the greatest aggregations of wealth in Hartford are in the insurance companies, from whose control Jews are conspicuously absent. The circumstances vary in each community. In the large metropolitan centers, where the Jewish populations and the general accumulation of wealth are proportionately greater, the wealth of Jews is of course greater. But with the exception of the manufacture of clothing, retail distribution, and motion picture production, in which Jews are prominent, the great industries and the great wealth of America are in the hands of non-Jews. The great majority of the largest industries, such as steel, automobiles, the utilities, transportation, shipping, oil, coal, chemicals, heavy machinery, lumber, dairy products, etc., are owned by non-Jews. The great industrial fortunes of America are all in the hands of Gentile families, like Ford, Rockefeller, du Pont. In Poor's *Register of Directors* for the year 1934, which lists eighty thousand persons as directors of the corporations in America, only 3,825, or 4.8 per cent of the total, were found to be Jews. A similar situation is revealed by a study of the largest corporations. A. A. Berle and Gardner C. Means in their book *The Modern Corporation and Private Property* list the names of "the two hundred largest non-banking corporations." Among these two hundred are only ten in which the President or Chairman of the Board is a Jew.

Do Jews control Wall Street? The magazine *Fortune* reported in 1936 that of the 1,375 members of the New York Stock Exchange in the city where Jews

constitute nearly thirty per cent of the population, only 252, or eighteen per cent, were Jews. Of the 637 firms listed by the Exchange Directory, fifty-five are Jewish, twenty-four are half Jewish, thirty-nine have prominent Jewish influence. In banking also Jews play a minor role. Of the 420 listed directors of the nineteen members of the New York Clearing House in 1933 only thirty were Jews, only seven per cent. The largest banks are controlled by non-Jews; in fact, Jews are rarely even employed in them. In international banking, for which Jews are so often attacked, *Fortune* discovered that the only Jewish firm which did any substantial foreign business was Kuhn, Loeb & Co. (no longer exclusively Jewish). It learned, however, that this firm had an amount of foreign loans outstanding on March 1, 1935, equal to only 2.88 per cent of the total, as compared with non-Jewish firms like J. P. Morgan & Co. with 19.87 per cent and National City Co. with 11.71 per cent.

Thus a realistic examination of the part Jews play in American life reveals, as *Fortune* concluded, that "Jews do not dominate the American scene. They do not even dominate large sectors of the American scene." To this can be added the observation that the great mass of Jews in the United States are poor people whose lot it is to share the poverty and insecurity of that third of the nation who are ill fed, ill clad, and ill housed.

This is equally true of the Jewish position in Europe. In every land are some Jews of wealth but nowhere do they exercise economic control. The House of Rothschild, once the symbol of Jewish financial power, has steadily declined in wealth and influence. Compared with the power of the House of Morgan in international finance, it has become quite unimportant. Even Rudolf Martin, favorite authority of the Nazis, was compelled to write, "The world dominion of the House of Rothschild is a thing of the past. The successors of the Rothschild family are being outstripped in wealth more and more by others." Those

others are not Jews. There is not a single Jew among the Governors of the Bank of England, and none among the directors of the largest banks, the Big Five. In Canada, where there is considerable prejudice against the Jewish population of one hundred and fifty-five thousand because of their alleged financial power, there is not one Jew on the board of directors of any bank, trust company, or public utility corporation.

A study of the economic life of any country in Europe would not demonstrate that "The Jews know how to conduct business better than their rivals" or that "They are the richest men in the world." On the contrary, in Europe the economic level of life for the majority of Jews is definitely lower than that of the majority of non-Jews. Obviously this is true of lands under Nazi control. But even in Germany to-day the Jews are better off economically than they are in Poland, which contains the largest Jewish population in Europe, over three million. The poverty of Polish Jewry is appalling. Two million Jews live close to the edge of starvation. They not only share the distress of the Polish masses but sink to even lower depths because of the national policy of anti-Semitic discrimination. And even what little they have is the cause of bitter envy which leaves them no peace.

The myth of the Elders of Zion has been exposed so many times and repudiated so often even by those who have helped to spread it, like Henry Ford, that I do not feel the need to discuss it in this article. However, for the sake of the record, I will quote the judgment of the two courts which most recently were compelled to pass upon the authenticity of the "Protocols." In June, 1934, as the result of the suit brought by members of the Jewish community of Johannesburg, South Africa, against the anti-Semitic Gray Shirts, the court declared: "The Protocols are an impudent forgery, obviously for the purpose of anti-Jewish propaganda." In October, 1934, a Swiss Court rendering judgment against the

Berne National Socialist newspaper in a suit brought by the Swiss Israelitish Communal Association pronounced the Protocols "A forgery, a plagiarism, and silly nonsense." Nevertheless, Father Coughlin is reprinting the Protocols of the Elders of Zion in his magazine, *Social Justice*. Such are the ways of the anti-Semite.

I hope it is clear that I have not been discussing whether Jews perform a useful function in the economic order nor whether international banking is necessary to modern capitalism nor whether all men regardless of race or creed are entitled to the fruits of their ability and toil. I have been considering only the factual basis for the opinion that the Jews are the richest and the most successful.

II

If Jews are not the chief beneficiaries of the existing order, are they its worst enemies? This question will be answered affirmatively by multitudes throughout the world who have been influenced by Nazi propaganda to associate Communism with Jews. This charge has proved to be the most powerful weapon of the anti-Semite in this turbulent period. As Hitler won millions of followers by his attacks on "Jewish Bolshevism," so Father Coughlin, who has made effective use of Nazi propaganda sources, is attracting a large following by linking anti-Semitism with anti-Communism. On January 8, 1939, The Gallup Institute of Public Opinion reported that in December, when Father Coughlin devoted his sermons to this theme, his radio listeners increased from 3,500,000 to 15,000,000.

There are reasons why Communism might be expected to have a special appeal for Jews. For it makes generous promises to the disinherited of the earth, and no group in history has been more consistently persecuted. Furthermore, Jews live for the most part in the larger cities, where many of them are employed in industry and radicalism makes its

strongest appeal. Also, their emotions are easily stirred and they are articulate. No, it would not be surprising if the brains and sinews of Communism were Jewish.

Actually, the reverse is the case. Even leaders like Marx and Trotsky can no more be regarded as representatives of Jewry than can Hitler or Mussolini (who were reared as Catholics) or Stalin (who was trained for the Greek Orthodox priesthood) be considered representatives of Christianity. Karl Marx, though born of Jewish parents, was baptized a Lutheran at the age of six and was an embittered anti-Semite for the rest of his life. When, after the triumph of Bolshevism, a delegation from the Petrograd Synagogue pleaded with Trotsky to resign his leadership in order to prevent the terrible reprisals which Jews would suffer because of him, he replied, "Go you home to your Jews and tell them that I am not a Jew, and I care nothing for the Jews and their fate."

Contrary to common opinion, the overwhelming majority of Russian Jews, despite their persecution under the Tzar, were hostile to Bolshevism. It was atheistic; they were religious. It was anti-Zionist; they were Zionists. It was totalitarian; they were individualists. It was violent in its methods; they were innately pacifistic. It sought to destroy the bourgeoisie; most of them were petty tradesmen and craftsmen, conducting their own businesses. All of the available records prove that, although most Jews welcomed the democratic revolution of March, 1917, they were opposed to the Communist revolution. The majority of Russian Jews belonged to the Constitutional Democratic party which was bourgeois and liberal. The three chief Jewish Workers' organizations, the Serz, the Poale Zion, and the Bund, all declared against Bolshevism. On March 15, 1918, Lenin's Commissariat for Jewish Affairs publicly denounced the Jewish workers for their anti-Bolshevik attitude. Uritzky, the Cheka chief, was assassinated by a Jewish Menshevik, Leonid Kannegiesser, and

Lenin was shot, not fatally, by a Social Democratic Jewess, Dora Kaplan. The official statistics of the Petrograd Communist party in 1918 showed that of its 124,021 members, 74.3 per cent were Russian, 10.5 per cent Latvians, 6.3 per cent Poles, 3.7 per cent Esthonians, 2.6 per cent Lithuanians, and only 2.6 per cent Jews. Even in 1922, after five years of Bolshevik dictatorship and propaganda, only 5.2 per cent of the Communist party membership were Jews; and these Jewish party members were less than one per cent of the total Jewish population of Russia.

To-day, although Jews are more prominent in the Soviet bureaucracy than might be expected from their ratio to the general population, they do not control or dominate the Russian Government. Stalin, a non-Jew, rules as Lenin, a non-Jew, did before him. There is only one Jew, Kaganovich, among the thirteen members and "candidates" of the all-powerful Politbureau. Of the twenty-eight members of the Central Executive Committee of the party, only two are Jews. There are only eight Jews among the 195 members of the State Control Commission.

In Germany the Nazis persuaded the people that Communism was a Jewish menace through the effectiveness of their propaganda rather than by the force of facts. Actually in the last free election in 1932 the total Communist vote was 5,980,240—and at that time there were fewer than six hundred thousand Jews in Germany, of whom less than half were eligible to vote. Even if all of them had voted for the Communist candidates, they would have constituted hardly five per cent of the total Communist vote. But most of them were in the middle class whose economic and political interests were opposed to Communism. The leading newspapers owned by Jews, such as the *Berliner Tageblatt* and the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, strenuously opposed Communism. In the last Democratic election the Jewish leaders publicly urged the Jews to vote for Hindenburg and against

the National Socialist and Communist candidates. The probability is that a maximum of thirty thousand Jews were among the 5,980,240 who voted for the Communist ticket, a negligible percentage on which to base the charge of Jewish Communism. Nor were the leaders Thaelmann and Torgler Jewish. There was only one Jew among the eighty-nine Communist Deputies elected to the Reichstag in 1932.

In the United States, where the Jews enjoy the greatest freedom and opportunity, the percentage of Communists among them is insignificant. There are four and a half million Jews in this country. In the last presidential election the Communist candidate polled 80,159 votes out of a total popular vote of 45,646,817. In New York, where two million Jews live, the Communist party was ruled off the ballot because their candidate received only 31,987 votes. The leaders of the Communist party in the United States are Earl Browder, William Z. Foster, Clarence Hathaway, James Ford, Robert Minor, William Patterson, Harry Haywood, Ella Reave Bloor, and Max Bedacht. Not one is a Jew. The magazine *Fortune*, after a careful investigation in 1936, stated that "of the twenty-seven thousand United States Communists, only 3,500 to 4,000 of the members of the party are Jews." Of course there may be many more Jews, not members of the Communist party, who are sympathetic to its aims. But together they do not form more than one or two per cent of the total Jewish population. "For every revolutionary Jew," as *Fortune* correctly states, "there are thousands of Jewish capitalists, shopkeepers, traders, and the like, who stand to lose everything in a revolution."

I am not discussing in this article whether Jews have the right to be Communists, that is, whether all men have the right to follow their convictions into legally recognized political organizations, nor whether revolution is ever justified to secure justice and freedom, nor whether injustice is more potent than

propaganda in fomenting revolution, nor whether it is not wiser to stave off revolution by righting wrongs rather than by baiting Reds. I am asking merely whether Communism is Jewish and I answer that there is no factual basis for this belief.

III

Some people dislike Jews because of their alleged dishonesty, sharp practices, hard bargaining. This is obviously an area of conduct in which statistical evidence is not available. There are, however, some available facts which are illuminating. The most recent study of Jews in crime was made by Dr. H. S. Linfield and appears in the *American Jewish Year Book* for 1931-1932. Dr. Linfield summarizes the results of his investigations as follows:

During the ten years 1920-1929, a total of 394,080 prisoners were received from the courts at the receiving prisons and reformatories of the states of the Union. This number included 6,846 Jews, or 1.74 per cent. During the same period, the average percentage of Jews to the total population of the United States was 3.43 per cent. The number of Jews in the prisons of the country was thus 49.27 per cent smaller than the percentage of Jews to the total population of the country. In other words, Jews furnished a little over half of their numerical quota to the population of the prisons.

Not only in the country as a whole, but also in every geographical division of the country, the number of Jews in the prisons is proportionately small.

Also in foreign countries the ratio of Jewish prisoners to the total Jewish population appears smaller than that of the total number of prisoners to the total population.

The New York State Department of Correction reported that in the year ending June, 1935, a total of 57,901 persons were committed to all of the prisons in the State, of whom 2,965 were Jews. In other words, the Jews, who constituted more than 15 per cent of the population of the State, contributed only 5.1 per cent of its prison population. Near Rochester, at Industry, is a large State School for delinquent boys. For many years it has not required the services of a Rabbi

because of the very small number or complete absence of Jewish boys. In October, 1937, a Jewish youth was convicted in Albuquerque, New Mexico, on the charge of forging a check. Judge Thomas J. Mabry, presiding over the District Court, suspended the sentence and in doing so stated, "There is not a Jew in a New Mexico prison, and I dislike to spoil that record of a law-abiding element of our citizens."

It would appear from this evidence that the record of Jews in crime is at least no worse than that of the rest of the population. I realize, however, that there are unethical business and professional practices which never reach the courts. Opinions about Jews in this regard must necessarily be subjective. There may be a larger percentage of these offenses among the Jews than among others, and then again, there may not be. Often a man may have one unpleasant experience and then, prompted by some latent prejudice, will generalize about all Jews, whereas he might not draw such conclusions about others. For example, I did not hear any such comment on the origins of Richard Whitney as that which followed the indictment of the officers of the Bank of the United States, who were of Jewish origin.

My own conclusion is that these characteristics are socially conditioned. The imposition of unfair restrictions and the increasing difficulty of earning a living will evoke from some people undesirable characteristics which they would not display under normal conditions. Note, for example, the unfortunate effect of years of depression, unemployment, and relief on the morale of fine American families which before 1929 would have made every sacrifice to avoid dependency. My observation concerning Jews abroad and in the United States is that, like other people, where they enjoy the most freedom and opportunity they display the most desirable traits. In Eastern Europe, where governments use every unscrupulous means to prevent them from earning a living, the Jews have been compelled to sharpen their wits merely to survive. In

Germany it is saddening to note the schemes which some Jews have devised to salvage a little from the wreckage of Nazi hate—schemes which they never even would have contemplated before 1933. West of the Rhine, however, as in Germany before Hitler, the Jew whose family has been in such countries as France, Holland, England, and the United States for several generations behaves much like similar non-Jews. In Palestine, where European Jews so quickly feel at home, ghetto characteristics have been shed almost over night. In 1937 I spent seven months abroad, three of them in Palestine. The only country in which no attempt was made to shortchange or overcharge me and in which there were fixed prices was Palestine, where I dealt almost exclusively with Jews.

Nazi anti-Semites have charged the Jews with being unpatriotic. It is true that the Jews have suffered too much from tyranny and militarism to subscribe to the Nazi concept of patriotism. It is true that Judaism has given the Jew an innate love for democracy, freedom, and peace which totalitarian states to-day identify with treason. But if patriotism means that love of country which moves men to build its industries, to enrich its culture, to promote its welfare, to love its soil, to die in its wars, then Jews were patriotic in pre-Hitler Germany as they have been in the United States and in every land which granted them full citizenship. In Germany, 17.3 per cent of the German Jewish population was in the army during the World War, while the percentage for the country as a whole was 18.3. In the same war 225,000 Jews fought for the United States, 5 per cent of the total number under arms at a time when Jews were only 3 per cent of the total population. Forty thousand of these Jewish soldiers were volunteers.

Thus the reasons most commonly given for anti-Semitism are not supported by the facts. They are rationalizations of prejudices which would express themselves in other forms if these outlets were not handy.



THE STRANGE STORY OF THE “GREAT EASTERN”

BY FRANCIS ROWSOME

THE daughter of the board chairman heaved a magnum of champagne against the hull and cried out “God speed the *Leviathan!*” Those who were near enough to see cheered wildly and the rest quickly took it up, back inland from the hull, across the river, and on the excursion boats that were covering the Thames. Here and there one of the new steam whistles tooted terrifyingly. The rib-boned bottle smashed against iron plates and splattered down where shipwrights had just knocked the last wedges and props. The hull did not move.

Two huge drums wrapped with chains stood ready to slow the launching; at a signal from Mr. Brunel, the engineer in charge, workmen loosened the brakes on each drum. Except for a few fluttering pennants the ship was still utterly motionless. However, the chance of a little sticking had been anticipated. After some delay steam winches tightened two huge chains which ran across to the opposite bank of the Thames, and just as taut links seemed about to snap, she started slowly down the ways. Again deafening cheers broke out, but as her shipwrights hastily tightened the drums, the ship stopped abruptly. She had moved forty inches. Further efforts produced no results, and the crowd slowly dispersed.

Later that afternoon—November 3, 1857—the directors and engineers met to discuss their problem. One of the winches had broken down, making it necessary to postpone the launching for several weeks.

If you had been a British steamship owner in the middle of the nineteenth century, and if you had cast covetous eyes at the profits which clippers were making in the trade to the Far East, you would have undoubtedly lost money in any attempted competition. Freight there was in abundance; rates of \$35 to \$150 a ton for indigo, silks, spices, or tea earned a fat profit for the clippers. Yet even though a steamer could carry more cargo at a faster daily speed, she was fatally handicapped by the necessity of coaling six or eight times en route on the low-grade and expensive fuel then available in the East.

In 1851 a few British capitalists thought they had found the key to the huge profits latent in this commerce. Isambard Kingdom Brunel, the outstanding engineer of their day, and designer of the *Great Britain*, the largest vessel afloat, told them it was feasible to build a ship which could carry enough coal for a round trip to Australia and could maintain a speed of fifteen knots. Commissioning Brunel to work out his design, these men formed the Eastern Steam Navigation Company and submitted a bid for mail contracts and subsidies. They also contrived to raise an unprecedented \$6,000,000, an effort that was doubtless willingly made in consideration of the certain profits. The possibilities of this ship seem to have been a magic wand to the directors’ imaginations; they felt their estimate of a 40 per cent capital surplus per year a conservative calculation.

To most naval architects of the fifties the conception of a ship such as this *Leviathan*, able to make the Australian round trip without coaling, was plainly absurd. However, John Scott Russell, an established shipbuilder, seconded the idea and helped Brunel design her. Russell had been variously a child prodigy, a professor of physics, an early student of hull resistance, and a prosperous builder. He shared with his collaborator a certain testy impatience with conventional engineering limitations.

The first rivet was driven at Russell's shipyard on May 1, 1854. The riveters were bothered by the innovation of a double bottom, a secondary watertight skin within the hull which extended as far up as the waterline. Less than three feet separated her bottom plates, an arrangement which forced her "backer-up" riveters to crawl about for hours in a dark iron crevice, deafened by pounding hammers just over their heads. It was an extraordinary crew that could drive four hundred rivets a day, and this hull required nearly three million rivets. Meanwhile Scott Russell's machinists created a giant paddle engine, and James Watt & Company undertook a separate propeller engine rated at the then incredible power of four thousand eight hundred horses.

As she gradually took shape, it became apparent that Brunel and Russell were constructing the naval wonder of their age. Puzzled natives of Millwall discovered that she was lying parallel to the river instead of pointing toward it in the manner of all sensible ships. A ridge of iron sixty feet high and six hundred and ninety feet long loomed up over the town, visible evidence that she would be almost six times the bulk of any previous vessel.

The directors were set upon a launching by the fall of 1857. To prolong October twilights for his steamfitters and machinists, Scott Russell surrounded the ship with flaring gaslights, and the sight of these flares high up the iron wall always inspired visitors to Millwall with a surge of mystic wonder and patriotism. By the end of October two huge engines

had been lowered into what Victorians unblushingly identified as the bowels of the ship, boilers and paddlewheels had been shipped, and all preparations made for a ceremonious launching.

The launching, as we have seen, was a dismal failure; and three full months, five full-dress efforts, and an estimated \$600,000 were gone before little paddlewheel tugs could tow her off to her moorings.

For sixteen months she lay collecting marine growths while the directors tried to find a use for her. The government returned its mail and subsidy plums to the competitive Peninsular & Oriental Lines, and later turned down a proposal to use the ship in laying the first Atlantic cable. It proved equally impossible to interest the Admiralty in her as a transport or as a man-of-war. At this point far from dreams of wealth beyond surplus, the directors determined it would take an additional \$1,600,000 to fit her out for sea. Most of the public and press considered her an embarrassing white elephant which had best be forgotten as soon as possible.

II

During the time when she was ponderously resisting the river's currents, the *Leviathan* unobtrusively became the *Great Eastern*. The Great Ship Company, the first of many successors to the Eastern Steam Navigation Company, took over the task of promotion. Capital to complete her and to start her running the Atlantic ferry was raised by a skillful campaign which implied that an investment was at once a boost for national prestige, a step toward knitting the Empire together, and a certain way to turn a profit. Near-poor and occasional investors seem to have been peculiarly susceptible to these arguments, since shares in the company were very widely held. The hull was purchased for a bargain \$800,000, and she was fitted out in the summer of 1859.

In September Brunel visited his ship for the last time. It was the day set for

engine trials. Tense and overstrained by responsibility, Brunel evidently became inordinately excited as the huge iron shafts began to turn; in the words of a contemporary account he "suddenly showed symptoms of paralysis and was hurried home and laid on the bed from which he never rose again."

The *Great Eastern's* trials continued without recorded delay. Her size was spectacular at that time and by no means inconsiderable by present standards. Her 18,915 gross tons (as compared with the largest gross before her of 3,550 tons) were primarily a measure of cargo capacity; ready for sea the ship weighed 27,384 long tons. Because there were no docks in the world which could handle such a vessel, she was forced to carry ten anchors, four of them weighing seven tons apiece, as well as one hundred tons of anchor chain.

It was almost a quarter of a mile around her teak-covered deck. Six masts, named by her sailors with nautical whimsy after the six working weekdays, permitted her sailing master to spread sixty-five hundred square yards of canvas. Spaced between each of her masts were five tall, spindling funnels. The long, pleasing lines of her hull were broken amidships by semicircular boxes that guarded the most horrendous paddlewheels ever built.

The *Great Eastern's* bow profile might almost have belonged to a twentieth-century liner, for its almost vertical line lacked a bowsprit and had little vestigial sheer forward. In fact, if her masts, paddles, and funnels had been modified she would seem astoundingly modern in outline. She was modern too in that she had a series of water-tight transverse bulkheads, and these were intersected by two longitudinal bulkheads thirty-six feet apart. A series of independent cells like these is of course a characteristic of modern ship design. Yet her twenty life boats, then thought so lavish a number, were unquestionably inadequate for the passengers she was expected to carry. Below decks this dual theme of inade-

quacy and bold pioneering was repeated. Her engineers had built into her for the first time a carefully conceived system of longitudinal bracing to give sufficient fore-and-aft strength. She could never have broken her back as did so many early iron ships. But it is difficult to see why so unconventional a man as Brunel passed over twin screws to use paddles on a vessel which he knew would have unprecedented variations in draft.

Her passenger accommodations were never completed, at least never to her theoretical capacity of 800 First Class, 2,000 Second, and 1,200 Third. To show how the remainder of the ship would some day appear, the Great Ship Company elaborately furnished the chief saloon and a number of suites and state-rooms, even though the fact that a funnel rose up rudely through the chief saloon offered a problem in *décor*. A liberal application of pilasters, gilt, arabesques, mirrors, silver, crimson silk portières, Utrecht velvet, carved walnut, and greenish marble produced on visitors to this saloon an effect that was at once sumptuous and tasteful. Some private suites were designed with gentlemanly delicacy to "offer to females as complete seclusion as if they were in their own homes."

Power for the paddlewheels came from a four-cylinder oscillating steam engine which worked directly on the paddle shaft. It was a giant piece of iron machinery; each piston was seventy-four inches in diameter with a stroke of fourteen feet. With steam at twenty-five pounds the engine could develop 3,411 horsepower at eleven revolutions per minute. Less pretentious but more efficient, the propeller engine could deliver 4,886 horsepower at forty revolutions per minute. The propeller itself was twenty-four feet in diameter. Brunel was not sure that the propeller and shaft would turn freely when the ship was driven by paddles and sails alone, and he supplied a small auxiliary engine to turn the shaft under these circumstances. Her ten boilers had no less than one hun-

dred and twelve furnaces to be hand-stoked with anthracite.

Packed aboard were a number of other marvels. She had cages and coops for as many sheep, cows, pigs, and chickens as were needed to keep the passengers in a well-nourished condition, and storage space was provided for one hundred tons of ice. Also on board was full equipment for the manufacture of illuminating gas, even to a rising-and-falling storage tank. One authority states that she had a "machine to produce the electric light, capable of diffusing a brilliance equal to moonlight around her." The crew required to man the marvels consisted of a captain, thirteen officers, seventeen engineers, a sailing master, a purser, four hundred men, and "two or three surgeons."

III

From the time of her launchings the *Great Eastern* progressively lost her hold on public interest. With great difficulty a little money would be raised, the company which owned her at the time would presently fail, and the process would repeat itself. After a decade and a half of this the British public must have felt justifiably weary. An even more important reason for waning interest was the ship's monotonously bad record. Not perhaps the dark evil of a Jonah ship, but rather the vicious playfulness of a psychopath marked everything the *Great Eastern* touched.

On the evening tide of September 7, 1859, she weighed anchor and started down river for her sea trials. The donkey engines were insufficient to break out her anchors, and it was necessary to supplement them with eighty seamen puffing mightily at the capstan bars. Taken by wind and current, she veered diagonally across the Thames, where all the skill of Captain Harrison was needed to keep her from running ashore. And then, as she was steaming easily down the English Channel, a terrific explosion amidships tore one funnel into projectile fragments, wrecked the sumptuous chief saloon, and

scattered her special guests, reporters, and Company officials.

The ship was essentially undamaged, a fact which was immediately reported to Brunel's sickbed on the rather odd assumption that this news might cheer him up. It was perhaps an unwise move, because Isambard Kingdom Brunel promptly sank into a coma and died. The explosion had come from a water preheater—previously condemned by both Brunel and Russell—that surrounded the funnel's base. Somewhat overlooked in the tumult were the men in the stokehold, six of whom had been killed by escaping steam. She put into port for some weeks while repairs were rushed.

She continued her trials later that fall. Top speed proved to be a bare fifteen knots, later increased a trifle as her engines became better understood. The Company learned to its dismay that anything near speed could use two hundred and fifty tons of coal a day. The heavier paddle engine revealed itself to be less efficient than the screw engine, developing seven knots to the screw's nine, and consuming four pounds of coal per horsepower to the screw's three and a quarter. Experiment showed that the sails were not only extremely hard to handle but also of value only when she was riding before a twenty-knot wind. In heavy weather the ship was quite dry and behaved nicely, rolling and pitching to be sure, but always in a sedate manner.

The *Great Eastern* proceeded around England and up the Irish Channel, stopping here and there to receive parties of visiting dignitaries. Her characteristic luck continued: someone discovered that a solid, doorless bulkhead intervened between galley and dining saloon; during a gale she dragged her anchors across Holyhead harbor, barely missing a stone breakwater; the paddle engine occasionally required an hour's tinkering to start; and on January 21, 1860, Captain Harrison was drowned in Southampton harbor when the captain's gig upset.

Her first transatlantic voyage is the most fully documented of her sailings.

Only thirty-six passengers were aboard as she put out on June 17, 1860. The following day it took her crew six hours to set a few sails. For three days her engines were impeded by defective safety valves. Her new captain, John Vine Hall, entertained all passengers one evening with selections on the flute, an instrument on which he was proficient. On the 25th a seaman ran amok with a knife, being placed in irons only with difficulty. Meanwhile the ship's speed had been reduced by a barnacled bottom, poor trim, heavy fog, the danger of icebergs, and some inexplicable aberrations in course. Off Sandy Hook in ten and a half days, the passengers drew up a complimentary testimonial for Captain Hall, while he, sailor, flautist, and the soul of tact, drew up a complimentary testimonial for the passengers.

The *Great Eastern* was the wonder of New York. The lower harbor was black with excursion boats as she steamed in (nearly running into Jersey City) and anchored close off Hammond Street. So constantly crowded with sightseers was the nearest dock that an informal carnival sprang up there—lemonade stands, a trained bear, shooting galleries, a beer hall, and a tent for the display of The Great French Giant. Two stokers swung ashore by a rope, and returning in a state of extreme intoxication, fell off her paddle box and drowned. The crew attended funeral services, listening with polite interest to a sermon on drunkenness, but shortly afterward indulged themselves in a brawl with iron bars which sent one to jail and three to the hospital. Meanwhile the ship was fitted with turnstiles and a long gangplank for the benefit of visitors at one dollar a head. Five days produced eight thousand sightseers and an equal number of dollars.

Thus was discovered an excellent source of income for the Great Ship Company, which badly needed it. When the price was reduced to fifty cents, 143,764 persons crowded aboard in less than four weeks. The rude vigor of these New Yorkers was somewhat alarming; they re-

moved as souvenirs almost everything detachable, and on one occasion an individual smashed a picture frame over the purser when he remonstrated. It proved necessary to equip the officer on night-watch with a revolver to repel harbor water-thieves. On one occasion a dockside fire broke out near the ship and her officers were horrified to observe that as competing firemen rushed to the scene, five firemen were shot and three were axed in their customary dispute over priority. On July 11th one of the ship's quartermasters was found dead in his bunk, "terminating," according to the log, "a career of persistent alcoholism."

At the end of July she sailed on a two-day cruise to Cape May and return, laden with two thousand happy vacationists. Feeling no doubt that any trafficking with Mr. Barnum would be undignified, the Company had regretfully turned down his speculative bid for the entire lot of tickets. It was a gay and variegated crowd, observed the New York *Herald*, including many women, but with "not one observable, strange to say, on whom suspicion can for a moment rest." Priding itself on foresightedness, the management provided a caterer, hundreds of extra mattresses, tons of ice, Mr. Dodworth's Band, and five private detectives.

But since she was the *Great Eastern*, almost everything about the excursion went wrong. At dinner it was discovered that the caterer was a profiteering rascal bent on cheating the passengers. There was food for only a fraction of the party, and the colored waiters, characterized by the *Herald* as "profane, irresponsible bandits," sold what there was to the highest bidder. Coffee cost a dollar a cup. And after most passengers despaired of eating, they found that no one had made efficient sleeping arrangements, that there were neither enough staterooms nor mattresses. More than half had to bed down on deck or in a lifeboat. Evening brought a state of irritable hilarity which evidenced itself in rowdy games, fights, and indignation meetings. Several members of Mr. Dodworth's Band being overcome by sea-

sickness or whiskey, their places had to be taken by volunteers before a dance could be held on deck. The dancers were frequently scattered by some young blades who were holding a mattress race. One boisterous group locked a reporter and a private detective inside the sheep pen, teasing them playfully with poles and a firehose. The distracted officer on watch had to contend with a small fire started by the "application of a segar to a mattress." It was past four in the morning before the horseplay had died to comparative quiet, broken by plashing paddlewheels and the intermittent harmonies of a few convivial singers.

The passengers were awake by six, dirty with soot and wet with dew, bloodshot and angry. Basins of hot water, being priced at demand, cost a dollar each. A fiery denunciation of the management was drawn up by seventy passengers for forwarding to all New York papers. When the ship anchored off Cape May many passengers went ashore to return by land, selling the second half of their ten-dollar tickets to Jersey onlookers at prices ranging down to ten cents. During the transfer to shore ferries one passenger fell overboard but was promptly rescued. The ship's officers were sufficiently embittered to note in the log that this person "probably jumped overboard to lionize himself." The return voyage that night was marked by the exhaustion of all remaining passengers and by bare escape from collision with a schooner. The total income from visitors was \$83,296.

On August 16th she sailed back for England with seventy-two passengers, including The Wizard Jacobs, Ventriloquist and Improvisatore, and his brother, The Goblin Sprightly. Engine trouble in mid-Atlantic forced her to lay to for hours, but The Goblin Sprightly cheered her passengers with a performance.

IV

The same motifs marked each of the *Great Eastern's* voyages. Her career was

punctuated by a series of mishaps which threatened but never quite led to disaster. In the late spring of the following year she sailed for New York with her usual handful of passengers; she arrived with thirty yards of her hull torn loose from passing contact with a rock. To naval architects her trifling loss of buoyancy from this damage was a triumph of design, but to travelers it was still further evidence she was a ship to avoid.

She returned under charter to the British government with two thousand soldiers from Canada. Later, when the United States and Britain had a flurry over the *Trent* Affair, she carried 2,125 soldiers back to Halifax at her best speed, averaging fourteen and a half knots. But even these windfalls proved a boom-crang. It had been advertised that she could carry an army corps—ten thousand men, complete with artillery, horses, and *matériel*. Her spacious decks, the Company pointed out, would be ideal for training raw recruits en route, permitting a "band of perfect warriors to step from deck to field." The government seems to have found this an excessive claim, based partly on uncompleted accommodations and partly on simple exaggeration; at least she was never again chartered as a troopship.

She set out in September, 1861, bound for New York and for her narrowest escape from disaster. Possibly to reduce the number of helmsmen required, she had just been fitted with one of the first steam-powered steering gears ever built. This mechanism chose to fail in the midst of a wild gale off the Irish coast, and she soon rolled into the trough where a few heavy seas smashed her paddles. The ship was very close to foundering before an emergency steering gear was improvised which enabled her to meet the storm and then limp back to Cork. Four hundred passengers were on board, a record number, and most of these lost no time in proclaiming the ship's unreliability. The London *Times* printed an indignant letter from a passenger who de-

clared that he would never have sailed if he had known she rolled *that* much.

She was idle until 1865 when she was chartered to lay the second Atlantic cable. The first cable had been laid with great difficulty seven years before and, after a few weeks of incoherent transmission, had lapsed into silence. The cable engineers needed a ship which would be steady and seaworthy when loaded with several thousand miles of cable, and this was one specification the *Great Eastern* could easily fill. She was fitted with three large cable tanks and with a quantity of testing and "paying-out" apparatus.

Two hundred men were needed to raise her anchor when she set out to attach the shore cable to northern Ireland in the summer of 1865. On board were supplies which included eight thousand tons of coal, twenty-two hundred miles of cable, twelve oxen, twenty pigs, and a cow. The cable payed overboard from its Irish terminus with few hitches, suggesting to the *Times* representative the peculiar image of "an elephant stretching a cobweb." After 1,240 miles of cable had been laid down, the ship's genius reasserted itself when the cable snapped and disappeared into the ocean. There was nothing to do but return to England. Next year, however, she tried again. Running at an even four knots, she took less than fourteen days to lay what proved to be the first successful transatlantic cable. As if proud that she had at last found her niche, the ship thereupon steamed back to mid-Atlantic, fished up the 1865 cable, and ran that back to Newfoundland. It has been reasonably estimated that she advanced regular transatlantic cable communication by about a decade.

She had one final fling at passenger-carrying. A French company chartered her to carry such Americans as wished to view the Paris Exposition of 1867, and spent a small fortune in new decorations. She made one round trip with her customary few score passengers wandering about inside. Jules Verne made the

eastward voyage and later used the ship as scene for his *Une Ville Flottante*. One incident in Verne's story may actually have happened, for it has the authentic *Great Eastern* touch. He describes the usual difficulty in breaking out her anchors; this time the eighty sailors who were assisting a steam winch found themselves unable to hold the capstan bars when the winch broke down. As they were forced round backward at increasing speed, seventy-six sailors were sent sprawling to the scuppers while four others were decapitated by whirling capstan bars. Jules Verne's characters were suitably unnerved, but they noticed that the crew took it largely as a matter of course.

During the next seven years she was intermittently chartered for cable-laying. Most of her work was in the Atlantic, although she once sailed toward her promised Far Eastern ports to lay a line across the Persian Gulf. Laden with armored cable, electricians, tension-control machinery, mechanics, stokers, and livestock, she must have contrasted ironically with the trim new P. & O. steamers that were then profitably sailing eastern oceans. Even at cable-laying she was only a qualified success, because her operating expenses were uniformly close to her earnings. As time went on, coal consumption and the size of her crew made it impossible to find a profitable charter. In 1875 she was laid up at Milford Haven, and remained rusting at anchor for twelve years.

A sentimental historian might regret that she was not immediately sold to the shipbreaker or that she did not have the good sense to founder gloriously at sea. Her last years were as wretched as any, and they had the further stain of being undignified. There was one proposal to eviscerate the ship of all fittings and anchor her at Gibraltar as a coal hulk; the Board of Trade refused to sanction this for reasons of national prestige. It may have been a wise decision, but it was not part of a consistent principle, because in 1888 she was purchased as a showboat attraction for the Liverpool Exposition.

After her years of idleness three hundred tons of barnacles had crusted beneath her waterline, the paddle engine had aged beyond hope of use, and the propeller engine was made to turn only after prolonged effort. She inched up the Mersey to Liverpool with the dignity of a corroded iron glacier.

Bitterly enough, at the Exposition she was an enormous success. Strung between her masts were huge banners which advertised the sideshows inside. Her chief saloon was converted to a music hall which presented the best vaudeville turns of the day, and food, drink, or more specialized amusements were elsewhere available within her. In the summer of 1886 over half a million people crowded aboard, shepherded by attendants dressed in music-hall versions of sailor suits. After the Exposition had closed she was taken on a showboat cruise to Dublin and Glasgow, but this venture lost money and was abruptly terminated. Somewhat later an enterprising person conceived the idea of using her as a traveling billboard, and leased out areas of her hull for advertisement of tea and draperies. Fortunately this culminating indignity was not a commercial success, because whenever she anchored in a river for advertising purposes nearby residents promptly circulated petitions to have her removed.

The end came on November 20, 1888, when she was sold to a shipbreaker for \$80,000. She was towed to New Ferry, Cheshire, and there beached on a mud-flat. Her masts, funnels, and paddles were stripped off easily, but it took nearly two years to pick her hull as cleanly as a cat could pick a fish. The scrap market was favorable and the shipbreaker made a profit on his investment.

Even after her demise she set records for size. Her gross tonnage was not exceeded until 1899 (by the second *Oceanic*) and her measurements were not exceeded until 1905 (by the *Baltic*). The half-century between her building and her

equalled size saw the development of triple-expansion engines, the invention of a steam turbine, the use of steel hulls in place of iron. Time proved her size to be a sound conception, as were also the bulkheads, the longitudinally strengthened hull, and most of her other innovations. But the steam engine of 1854 was neither strong nor economical enough for her, and there lay a primary cause for her failure.

There were other reasons. She might have made money in the East for a few years if the original company had not been bankrupted by her launchings. She might have been profitable on the Atlantic Ferry if travelers had not been frightened off, and if her inability to find docks had not made volume freight-carrying impracticable. Some evidence suggests that she did not always have intelligent management. One of her owning companies, teetering on the edge of bankruptcy, seriously proposed to satisfy its creditors by holding a grand lottery with the ship as prize. Only after the lottery was being organized did its promoters ask themselves why anyone would risk owning so white an elephant. Her failure, nevertheless, was probably more than a simple matter of high operating costs and inept management. To modern engineers she was certainly an inverse anachronism: she was born too soon.

The story goes that the wreckers, like the riveters, had particular trouble in cutting free her bottom plates. When the narrow iron compartments had once more been opened to the light of day, the wreckers found walled up inside, the skeleton of a riveter whose bones had presumably been rattling there for thirty years, and whose presence was an obvious explanation of the ship's career. The existence of this particular skeleton cannot be verified now, although there is some evidence it was actually found. One thing is certain: never was any skeleton more likely to be invented, and never was any skeleton more needed.



THE PRIESTHOOD OF THE LAW

BY FERDINAND LUNDBERG

"The law does not make a law office a nest of vipers in which to hatch out frauds and perjuries."—Gebhardt v. United Railways Company of St. Louis, Supreme Court of Missouri (1920).

THE lawyer is a special creation of the state who functions according to metaphysical concepts. The unique relation of the lawyer to the state is expressed in the term "officer of the court," and is shown in the extraordinary care always taken to exclude unauthorized persons—persons not under the control of the courts—from the enjoyment of the lawyer's peculiar privileges.

Ancient societies, and extant primitive communities, show us only one professional man, or at most two: the medicine-man and the warrior, both essentially political in character. The familiar professionals of our day—clergymen, physicians, and lawyers—have evolved from the medicine-men of old who interpreted the supernatural, healed the sick (or accelerated their exit from a troubled world), and revealed what laws God had ordained for the worldly guidance of man. The prophet Moses, "The Lawgiver," was just such a personage.

But as social living became complex the secular and sacred professions tended over a long period to separate. Once the division became sharp, observed fact began to crowd metaphysical standards out of the field of secular endeavor. Yet, although law is concerned entirely with earthly problems and common human experience, although it deals with matters of everyday fact, most of the criteria it brings to bear upon its data are still, at

this late stage of civilization, transcendental and metaphysical. The race in its maturity guides itself by the day-dreams of its infancy.

The law, therefore, must be distinguished from the professions in the arts and sciences. It must be classified with theology, and lawyers and judges with theologians—practitioners of a theology that knows no God.

There are clear-cut instances in history where the transfer of the administration of presumably God-ordained law from priests to secular judges was direct. In medieval Europe secular lawyers took over the work of ecclesiastics. In fact, despite some early tendencies toward secularization, lawyers were more intimately identified with religion for a much longer period than were any of the other professionals except of course clergymen. This is one reason why the whole enterprise of the law remains shot through with other-worldly ideas that are susceptible of manipulation.

Though lawyers are political theologians, it must be recognized that, under the sheer pressure of scientific thought and social demand, they may be evolving into social engineers, *i.e.*, into scientists. This is shown by their increasing reliance upon hired witnesses such as psychologists, psychiatrists, accountants, economists, sociologists, and fingerprint and handwriting experts. Such witnesses supply in court the approach to exact and definite knowledge that lawyers and judges lack, and it is not difficult to see that their function may some day be as

sumed by lawyers themselves. The very existence of an embryonic science like criminology implies that a variety of offenses may be primarily psychological and sociological and not susceptible of political treatment.

This evolutionary process, although recognizable, is scarcely approved or encouraged by the legal profession. It is a social process that seems to be eroding, very gradually, the foundations of lawcraft as we know it.

The rise of nationalism and the conquest by the town-dwelling merchants of the landed aristocracy and the immensely wealthy landed Church forced the separation of Church and State in modern Europe. With the divorce the special political status of the clergy was abruptly terminated except in socially backward countries such as Russia, Spain, Austria-Hungary, and Italy. Of the progeny of the early medicine-man only the lawyer remained as a creature of the modern "bourgeois" state.

The historical pattern of evolution within the professions seems to have been marked by (1) a transfer of attention from a remote heaven to an accessible earth; (2) a change from metaphysical to empirical standards of judgment, as in medicine and the physical sciences; and (3) de-politicalization in favor of greater socialization. Of these three stages of development the lawyer has negotiated only the first, a fact which singles him out as belonging to the most backward of all the secular professions.

Little is clear and understandable about the lawyer if his political nature, as well as his quasi-supernatural origin, is not discerned. Physicians, like lawyers, it is true, operate under political authority. But it is not the license that makes a man a physician. The license is an afterthought, a purely regulatory measure. With the lawyer, however, it is his license rather than his supposed learning that confers competency upon him. No matter how much one may know about law one is not, by any means, a lawyer without a license to practice issued by the

bench upon the certification of the bar examiners. But with license in hand any lawyer's application in court has full force, in some jurisdictions whether he has studied a few months in a law office or holds a doctorate in jurisprudence. Lawyers, by the way, do not, like doctors, have to serve a period of supervised internship upon leaving law school. The entire body politic is their training clinic—with deplorable consequences for society.

It may be urged that a doctor would not be admitted to a hospital without a license. But a surgeon in New York is just as much a surgeon in London, Bangkok, or Capetown. Similarly with the engineer, the pianist, the chemist, the economist, the novelist, the soldier, and the actor. But the lawyer, once he leaves the political division of his professional origin, is a lawyer only by courtesy. What he knows professionally is no longer of objective force and effect. In order for him to be restored to full professional capacity abroad he must be relicensed, which usually requires that he forswear his previous nationality, since members of the bar in most Western jurisdictions, unlike other professionals, must be citizens.

The extent to which the immunities and privileges that make a man a lawyer depend upon the state rather than upon any ability innate in himself is brought to light most readily perhaps by imagining that a lawyer is on a cruise ship going round the world. When the ship leaves the home port the lawyer is no longer a lawyer except in retrospect and in anticipation of his return. Yet all other professionals on the ship are fully competent at any stage of the voyage, irrespective of any political jurisdiction that may be encountered, to perform their professional duties.

If the state itself is removed, as by revolution, all of the lawyer's professional attainments, all of his privileges and immunities, fall away from him, and are restored only if the new state relicenses him. In Soviet Russia the bar

was destroyed entirely as an instrument of the old regime. Whatever Tzarist Russian lawers had known was swept out of existence. Yet all other Russian professionals, including clergy and soldiers, retained their full powers although the clergy too lost political status and for a time had to practice their profession in secret.

II

The lawyer may, as a member of a priesthood, be mystical indeed, but viewed in his other character as a licensed creature of the state, he is less imposing. Professor Llewellyn of the Columbia Law School says of this creature: "The fact is that a third or more of the lawyers now in practice in metropolitan areas are incompetent. Law school faculties give degrees to men to whom the faculty would under no condition entrust their personal business. Bar examiners find no way to keep such men out of the Bar."

This high percentage of technical incompetence could scarcely be duplicated in any other professional field. Incompetence in professional spheres outside of law and theology—all clergymen's prayers presumably having equal force in heaven—is soon found out, and an automatic elimination tends to occur. But the lawyer, whether technically incompetent or not, retains status and function. Technical competence of course has little relation to popular repute. Bluff and the maintenance of a bold front play a larger role in the legal profession than in any other. The most inflated reputations at the bar are the result of self-dramatization before copy-hungry journalists.

But behind the big reputations, behind the legal dervishes, there may often be a great deal of technical competence—but it is not their own. Such theatrical figures are supported in their work by what is known as "the lawyer's lawyer," an adept who for a special fee or as an invisible partner in a law firm straightens out the technical difficulties for his spectacular brethren at the bar who spend

much of the time gunning for clients or dining out. The "front men" of the leading law firms, the men the public sees and hears about most often, are usually chosen as film stars are chosen—for their glamour or histrionic abilities, or both. Indeed, the functions within the bar are specialized along lines very similar to those of the theatrical profession: the bar has its actors, its playwrights, its play doctors, its managers, and its directors.

The real knowledge within the profession, the broad play of intellect, is to be found in "the lawyer's lawyer" and in the members of the faculties of the leading law schools. Technical competence of a sort is to be found as well among lawyers who specialize in certain narrow fields, but here competence seems to derive from repetition of the same tasks more often than from any creative ability or original insight.

But technical incompetence aside, it may be said that the entire legal profession is fundamentally incompetent, its experts along with its fakers, in so far as it fails to attain for society the general end toward which it is avowedly working and which gives it social sanction: justice. In this respect the legal profession in the democratic countries is the most incompetent of all the professions. It will not, for instance, bear comparison with the medical and teaching professions. The incidence of ill health and disease has been clearly on the decline in an era of great population growth. The percentage of illiteracy is falling steadily and the level of technical competence in all fields of specialization (except the law) is rising. But justice gets forward no faster.

Of course many lawyers within their profession stand head and shoulders above many doctors and teachers within theirs, both intellectually and morally; but the legal profession as a whole is not "delivering the goods as advertised." It is delivering something, but not what the public has been led to expect.

The causes of injustice are many, and some will say that the legal profession is

not to blame for them. But the legal profession in theory is supposed to acquaint society with the causes of injustice in order that they may be removed. The legal profession has not been given its position by society, nor do its spokesmen say it has, simply to serve private clients who are able to pay. It has a higher duty, the duty to combat the general causes of injustice. This duty it has pretty carefully shirked. Outstanding individuals, like Louis D. Brandeis before he ascended the bench, seriously accepted this duty and this responsibility. But that such individuals have contravened the desires of the bar as a whole has been shown by the consistent organized opposition offered to them by the most eminent lawyers. The nomination of Mr. Brandeis to the Supreme Court, it may be recalled, met with denunciation from the leaders of the profession; and the late Robert M. La Follette, who as a public prosecutor in Wisconsin was active in bringing to light the misdeeds of the railroads, was similarly denounced by his brethren at the bar.

The lawyer, as private practitioner, as judge, as legislator, as political executive, is in a strategic position to see any development that is likely to become inimical to justice. It is not his duty to keep silent; he should speak out. But the bar in the United States, as an organized body, has usually spoken in condonation of policies and acts clearly shown to be hostile to justice. It has spoken for powerful vested interests whose convenience could be served only by inconvenience to the whole of society. Ostensibly an advocate seeking justice for a client, the lawyer is really serving power—the power of the state or of ascendant and dominant social groups. "Let us say, frankly, those of you who are members of the bar," said Roscoe Pound in 1926, "that as we look back over legal history, we must credit ourselves with a succession of great mistakes with reference to every important improvement in the administration of justice in Anglo-American legal history."

But are not the standards of the bar

being constantly elevated? Are not better men, men with wider vision and greater sense of social responsibility, now being turned out by the schools? Philip J. Wickser, in a report made in 1930 on bar examinations for the American Bar Association, stated that in New York, one of the stricter jurisdictions, only about 55 per cent of the applicants fail to pass their first examinations. Those who fail, he continued, persist in taking an *average* of four examinations until in the end only from 2 to 5 per cent are unable to gain admission. Entrance to the bar, then, means only prescribed training plus an ability to pass an examination, and may eventually be accomplished by almost anyone who is literate and has the ability to remain seated for many hours. The bar, in short, is wide open to the potential J. Richard ("Dixie") Davises as well as to the Felix Frankfurters, the Louis D. Brandeises and Oliver Wendell Holmeses. It democratically welcomes the prospective saint and the sinner, the genius and the dullard, and turns them loose indiscriminately upon society.

III

That scant training for the bar is acceptable to the courts is shown in the fact that most American law students obtain their knowledge, such as it is, by part-time study. To-day there are eighty law schools in the United States compared with forty in 1890 and with only five in 1850. Yet A. Z. Reed, of the Carnegie Foundation, writing in 1931, found that "In the last forty years, the number of full-time law students has been multiplied six times; the number of part-time law students has been multiplied twenty-six times. Whereas in 1890 part-time students constituted less than 25 per cent of the total, to-day they constitute more than 57 per cent."

Being a professional implies skill, an ability to perform expertly a certain operation or series of operations. A pianist is not asked before being qualified to appear in public to answer questions on

how he will play certain compositions; he is simply requested to play. A surgeon is not required except in the elementary stages of his training to answer questions about the performance of an operation; after a period of internship he is told to operate. The novelist is not expected to answer a series of questions propounded by a publisher about the writing of a novel; he is merely required to write a novel. In the lawyer the technic of which he has command comes down, *in a majority of cases*, not to a demonstrated ability to procure justice, but merely to an ability to open a book and read, to open his mouth and talk. The competent lawyer reads more discriminatingly and talks more appositely than the incompetent lawyer; that is all.

The lawyer is also unique among professionals in that his technic—his reading and talking—is by itself impotent. It attains efficiency only as part of a collective enterprise in concert with an opposing lawyer, a judge, and a jury. Furthermore, all the collective talking, reading, and listening, which adds up to argumentation, has meaning only as it is invested with meaning by the state. The school of realistic jurisprudence appears to be very iconoclastic when it says that law is what a judge says it is. But law is much more than this. It is what the judge says it is *by virtue of the authority vested in him by the state, an authority procured for him by dominant or ascendant social groups that have contrived his election or appointment.*

The realists have not been realistic enough to make clear that the judge functions in something more than a vacuum and that the lawyer's thought can but seldom transcend the entrenched social philosophy of his time, no matter how skillful he may be.

The work of all other professionals, however, is individually significant, and, as far as technic is concerned, is not dependent upon the intervention of the state or of social groups. Individually the lawyer is the most impotent of professionals. The end in view of his work

is not, again, justice, but power, and if he finds himself challenging a stronger power on behalf of a weaker he encounters the judge of our expanded realistic definition.

Apart from this, again in a majority of cases, the lawyer's work is to a great extent sound and fury, signifying no more than "due process of law." The phrase "due process of law" may seem freighted with meaning. It is not. Dr. Felix S. Cohen, writing in the *Columbia Law Review*, June, 1935, argues that it means nothing in the light of judicial decisions, that it is a metaphysical cover-up phrase.

In every division of law, Dr. Cohen finds, the profession and the courts evade positive fact whenever possible by taking refuge in metaphysical concepts not susceptible of empirical verification. A few such concepts, which cannot be examined or tested as real existents, are *corporate entity, property rights, fair value, title, contract, conspiracy, malice, proximate cause*, and others like *property, good faith, bad faith, and possession*. Using such metaphysical constructs, the courts seriously address themselves to determining, by largely dialectical processes, empirical questions such as: Where is a corporation? When is a corporation? What is fair value?

"Legal concepts (for example, *corporations* or *property rights*)," says Dr. Cohen, "are supernatural entities which do not have a verifiable existence except to the eyes of faith. *Rules of law*, which refer to these legal concepts, are not descriptions of empirical social facts (such as the customs of men or the customs of judges) nor yet statements of moral ideals, but are rather theorems in an independent system. It follows that a *legal argument* can never be refuted by a moral principle nor yet by any empirical fact. *Jurisprudence*, then, as an autonomous system of legal concepts, rules, and arguments, must be independent both of ethics and of such positive sciences as economics or psychology. In effect, it is a special branch of the science of transcendental nonsense."

Since all this nonsense is the very bricks and mortar of public policy it is not astonishing that public policy, even in times of social tranquillity, is often irrelevant to the problems it is ostensibly meant to remove. The problems of our day, like those of yesterday and the day before, are being discussed and "solved" in terms of legal verbiage. In other words, the problems are not being solved but simply are moved from one dialectical plane to another. The legal profession, working in this theological confusion, obscures rather than clarifies social problems.

The metaphysical criteria that still weigh down the law have long since been driven out of mathematics, out of the physical sciences, and to some degree out of the social sciences. But frontier thinkers in the law, men like the late Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, have for years urged the necessity of bringing legal concepts into correspondence with actuality. In law the functional is more and more peremptorily challenging the transcendental approach, and this challenge is especially acute when a Justice of the Supreme Court questions the status of a corporation as a person. To say that a corporation is a person is merely a circuitous legal way of saying that it is a group of men that can be sued in a certain way. To say that it is not a person is not only to state a fact but to suggest that more clear thinking on the subject might follow from keeping corporations and persons in separate categories, with the privileges and the duties of the one not identified and confused with those of the other. The courts, reluctant to trace the legal concepts to their roots, revel in the confusion between the two and lawyers derive much work in consequence.

But these and related matters are being attended to elsewhere by more erudite critics. My intention here is only to place the lawyer within this obscure atmosphere of shadows and fictions. The evolutionary introduction of scientific testimony into the courts does not prove me wrong; it proves only that in some

matters the courts have been forced to bow to public opinion. Generally they set themselves resolutely against any innovation. The legislative process is much more dynamic and practical in reform than the judicial process, which often nullifies the work of the legislature. Congress long ago forbade child labor, for example, but the Supreme Court held the law "unconstitutional," *i.e.*, taboo.

IV

The lawyer of our day is radically different from the lawyer of ancient or feudal times in that he is the creation of a state of limited and circumscribed powers, established by men who thought they saw that there is more to a commonwealth than the state, that there are rights which transcend those of the state. That these men were leaders of a trading class who saw these rights as privileges to carry on private business without governmental interference does not alter the fact that the area of freedom they created was enormous. With the rise of the limited state the world saw the ascent to unprecedented heights of the free intellect. The modern state of limited powers not only meant a great political advance; it made room for the great cultural advance of the past two hundred years.

The lawyer licensed by the state of limited powers—the constitutional state—is qualified not only to act in matters of dispute between private citizens, as in the autocratic state, but he is also qualified to intervene aggressively in disputes between private citizens and the state itself. From this extension of the lawyer's field of action stems the peculiar dualistic character of the lawyer as an "officer of the court" who at the same time serves private clients in contests with the state itself and is remunerated by them (unless he is directly retained by and for the state); as a public officer who has no hard and fast responsibility to any public agency but is free to do almost anything that he will; as a public officer serving private clients yet practically immune

from any peremptory public scrutiny of his acts or written records even if he is in obvious constant association with criminal elements. In the lawyer, indeed, are summed up all the freedoms and immunities conferred by the constitutional state of limited powers upon its citizens. The lawyer, in fact, is a citizen of the first degree, with all other citizens enjoying a political status more restricted than his.

Here lies the opportunity for the misfeasance of which lawyers are always accused and of which a large (but probably not major) section of the bar has always been guilty. For the lawyer has often profited by trading upon his privileges and immunities at the expense of society. Apologists for the profession contend that lawyers are as honest as other men, but this is not very encouraging. The morality of the market place is hardly the standard for the legal profession any more than it is for the medical profession, yet it certainly dominates the legal profession in America to-day.

The courts exercise surveillance over lawyers. In practice this surveillance, far from holding lawyers to their theoretical duties as protectors of general rights and freedoms, usually operates to protect them in perversions of their proper function and to reinforce their quasi-supernatural status. The courts may not compel lawyers to pursue certain policies or to heed certain philosophies, as legislatures may enjoin teachers and even physicians. Lawyers cannot be told what they may or must, may not or must not, tell their clients, nor how they should guide their clients' actions, as teachers and physicians may be told with respect to pupils and patients. A lawyer may tell a client anything or nothing, as far as any outside agency is concerned. A lawyer, in effect, has no master except his own conscience—a fact which accounts for much in legal history.

In the matter of privilege, furthermore, the bond of secrecy between lawyer and clients has more social significance and force than that between physician and patient. The physician must, for exam-

ple, whether his patient wishes it or not, report to the authorities most cases of contagious disease and the identity of victims of gunshot wounds. The lawyer, on the other hand, is under no obligation to report clients who seem likely to develop into habitual criminals. He need not even report obvious cases of criminal insanity. Al Capone and other eminent gangsters had the same set of skilled lawyers over a long period of years, and the courts have yet to express astonishment at counsellors appearing time and again in court for the same thugs.

The law office is a sanctuary within the constitutional state, but a sanctuary so often subject to grave abuses that freedom might be better served if some external policing of a positive character were to be inaugurated by the courts. Courts should, unquestionably, keep a sharper eye upon lawyers who always appear on behalf of thrice confirmed police characters; and contributing circumstances, such as tampering with witnesses, should guide judicial attitudes more than they now do. Lawyers protest against the public's identifying them with their causes, and although in many instances lawyers have no more than a temporary professional concern in the cause at issue the public instinct seems well grounded. Lawyers too often submerge themselves permanently in a client's affairs, as in the case of those under long-term retainers, and come to see their own welfare as synonymous with that of the client. Such lawyers are not lawyers in any true sense but are travesties of the lawyer as defined in the literature of the bar.

In the sanctuary of the law office, beyond outside scrutiny, are born anti-social schemes of the kind described a little more than a year ago by William O. Douglas, former Wall Street lawyer, one-time faculty member of the Yale Law School, and now chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission. The essence of his criticism was that lawyers place themselves on both sides of a dispute. They do this especially in corpo-

rate reorganizations and bankruptcy cases, with a view to perpetuating in control bankers and managements whose policies have been disastrous. Although their real clients are the bankers and the managements, the lawyers have put themselves in charge of protective committees as counsel for the security holders; the result is loss for the security holders and profit for the old controllers.

The documentary provisions under which the protective committees function have been drawn long in advance of default, and have frequently deprived security holders of their rights. In all this strategy of outwitting security holders and depriving them of their rights the lawyer, according to Mr. Douglas, has been the supreme influence. Such a lawyer has taken full advantage of his politically privileged status to obtain the collaboration of the courts in reaching improper ends; and he has completely shirked the responsibility that should accompany the enjoyment of his privileges.

Very little of the work of the so-called corporation lawyer properly belongs to the lawyer in the accepted theory of his function. Corporation lawyers, in the light of this theory, are less lawyers than privileged conspirators against the public welfare and, in the end, against the long-run interests of their clients. "Up to the present time," said Mr. Brandeis in 1905, "the legal ability of a high order which has been expended on those questions [regulation of trusts, fixing of railway rates, municipalization of public utilities, relations between capital and labor] has been almost wholly in opposition to the contentions of the people. The leaders of the bar, without any preconceived intent on their part, and rather as an incident to their professional standing, have, with rare exceptions, been ranged on the side of the corporations, and the people have been represented in the main by men of very meager legal ability."

It is argued that one shrewd lawyer will be checkmated by another shrewd lawyer, with justice—badly battered per-

haps—emerging from the turmoil. But as Mr. Brandeis said, this balance seldom exists. For one side is protected by extremely able counsel while the other side has inadequate counsel or none at all. Technical incompetence at the bar usually penalizes not the powerful interests able to pay for talent but the weaker social interests that are in dire need of the ablest counsel. The basic criticism of the profession, therefore, is not so much that it functions as it does, but that it does not function uniformly for all social groups.

The privilege of the lawyer is so great, notwithstanding his abuse of the privilege, that if he can show that some sort of fiduciary relationship exists between him and other parties, investigating bodies are automatically stopped from asking him questions. The Securities and Exchange Commission encountered this difficulty recently with Howard Hopson, vice-president and "brains" of the Associated Gas and Electric Company, who stunned government counsel at a hearing by refusing to testify, on the ground that he was a lawyer and had acted in that capacity for one of the companies in the Associated Gas and Electric System. And so a hearing which had promised to bring to light certain interesting matters was abruptly ended (New York *Herald Tribune*, October 5-6, 1938). The leading officers of many corporations and banks to-day are lawyers, although they are not engaged in the practice of law; yet they are presumably entitled to the privileges conferred by the bar and may make use of them in emergencies.

The initial action of all modern dictators is to suspend the writ of habeas corpus or its local equivalent by declaring martial law. The rise of dictatorships since 1917 in Germany, Italy, and Russia was made possible only by first declaring what was in effect permanent martial law, which permits no equivalent of habeas corpus or free legal action to remain in force. In the United States martial law has been used sparingly and locally, and the American people have

always looked with deep suspicion on any Governor or President who has used it, no matter what the emergency.

When martial law is declared, the legal profession is automatically reduced to the status of a crew of clerks, still versed in the law but without its power, privileges, and immunities. The courts too are abysmally degraded, and become merely echoing galleries for the Chief Executive—whether he be a Hitler, a Stalin, or a Mussolini. The degraded character of such courts was illustrated in Germany during the Reichstag fire trials and in Russia during the so-called Moscow Trials. It was difficult to tell in those proceedings who was doing the most to jeopardize the defendants' cases—the prosecutors, the judges, the political police, or the defense counsel. As the trial records show, they were all clerks, mere drudges of an implacable state.

The legal profession in England, the United States, and France has, fortunately, not been reduced to the low estate of the profession in Germany, Italy, and Russia and it never will be so long as it is clearly recognized that a freely functioning and socially responsible legal profession and system of courts is a far greater safeguard of civil liberties than is even the representative legislative system with all of its duly elected petty martinets and party bosses. All sincere devotees of cultural liberty must defend the legal profession—that is, the *ideal* legal profession—as indispensable to democracy and the good life. But the defense must relate to the *structure* of the legal system and the legal profession, as distinct from the *process* we often find taking place within that structure.

V

When the public thinks of lawyers it usually has in mind the advocate arguing in a court room. Yet it is estimated that from eighty to ninety per cent of the work of the profession to-day is transacted in law offices. Many eminent lawyers, indeed, would scarcely know how to conduct themselves in court. So great is the

specialization within the profession in complex modern society that many top-notch lawyers know their way about, when they know it at all, in a very narrow area. The general practitioner, the general advocate, is rapidly tending to become a figure of the past.

The advocate of popular imagination is the ideal. He is the lawyer everyone would like to see but rarely does. He is a person who stands ready to take up the case of the friendless and penniless, without regard to race, color, creed, or the nature of the alleged offense; who carefully prepares his case, drawing upon a knowledge of law and men gained in a pertinacious application to his calling; and who courageously sets out to see that justice is done even in the face of a prejudiced and inflamed community, jury, and court. The hostility of the community he ignores; the jury he carefully studies and conciliates; and the court, in last resort, he openly challenges. All this he may do at the risk of his life, surely at the risk of his professional standing and livelihood.

For these he cares naught at the moment, so intent is he upon the human rights of his client; so determined is he that conviction shall ensue only if the evidence is overwhelming, irrefutable. The odds against him may be great; he may be alone, or at most may have but few assistants. Against him may stand a great battery of opposing counsel, aided by investigators and experts. He may even incur the wrath of the head of the state if the action cuts across political issues, but in such an event he defies the head of the state in open court. He is Lord Brougham defending Queen Caroline before the House of Lords, or Malesherbes acting for Louis XVI before the French revolutionary tribunal, or Erskine defending Thomas Paine, author of *The Rights of Man*.

Seemingly alone in his work, the great advocate is not alone. Though the judge, the jury, and the immediate community be deaf to his words he is speaking over their heads to the larger commu-

nity. Sustaining him, perhaps only passively at first, are the free institutions of society, the press, the pulpit, the schools, and the public forums—the free intelligence of the people. If any of these institutions has been tampered with, either by centralized political power or by concentrated economic power, his advocacy is proportionately weakened. Without a relatively free society in which to work the advocate is powerless, a voice in a dungeon.

In the United States there was Captain W. P. Black, of the Chicago bar, who, although not a criminal lawyer, accepted the defense of the accused in the alleged anarchist bombing of 1886, when many police lost their lives. Before Black accepted the case several lawyers had refused it. "Captain Black's consent to become the leading counsel in the case was nothing short of an act of heroism," according to a memoir by Sigmund Zeisler in the *Illinois Law Review* (1926). "He was the junior partner in one of the most successful law firms in Chicago. All their clients were outstanding business men who were sure to be given offense by his defending the anarchists. Nothing but a high sense of professional duty could have induced him to come into the case. I may say here that after the conclusion of the trial and as a direct result of his participation in it, not only was his law firm dissolved, but he lost his clientele almost entirely, never to build up another which assured him more than a moderate income."

Some of the more recent activities of Clarence Darrow on behalf of labor-front fighters also come to mind. And along with the intercession of Felix Frankfurter must be recorded the advocacy of William G. Thompson and Arthur Dehon Hill, of Massachusetts, in the latter stages of the tragic case of Sacco and Vanzetti. These two defendants lost, as did Captain Black's clients, but they stand vindicated before history in consequence of the work of their advocates. Thompson's firm was not dissolved because he took up the cudgels of justice; but the following year,

it is understood, its income declined by half—suggesting that outside the profession forces exist which bring pressure on lawyers to prevent them from doing their duty.

The stature of these great advocates, however, hardly gives the measure of the bar as a whole. Sometimes the popular imagination is excited by the ambitious District Attorney pursuing evildoers. William Travers Jerome harried the gamblers, Thomas E. Dewey pursues racketeers. But in general the history of the District Attorney in the United States is a part of the history of political machines bent on power and not justice. The measure of the bar is seen in the supineness that its membership in general displays before cases such as those of Tom Mooney, the Scottsboro boys, Sacco and Vanzetti, and many other victims of political frame-up. The bar as a whole is not enlisted in the service of truth and justice at all, but in the service of power—power of all kinds, political, economic, social; and there is no lack of political metaphysicians ready to align themselves in the service of the great concentrations of social power represented by kings, bishops, political parties, corporations, labor unions, and organized criminal gangs.

VI

In our own time, and within the framework of the limited state, lawyers have reproduced, more or less precisely, the earlier combats they waged as the representatives of power groups. Thus in the Middle Ages they represented the Church in struggles with local barons. As certain of these barons extended their influence and laid claim to kingship, a section of the bar came to support their claims, before the courts and before the citizenry, elbowing aside the practitioners of ecclesiastical law and their clients, the bishops. Others supported feudal lords in their struggles against the kings, and while in some countries they were overwhelmed, in others they assisted in the creation of divided authority, as in

England. At a later period the rising class of merchants and tradesmen were to find lawyers immensely useful in proving—in court and legislative hall—that the divine power inherent in the law was on their side. The reforms accomplished by these lawyers of the burgher class were all at the expense of the aristocrats and landed gentry.

To-day, in a period of general crisis when throughout the world government is called upon to act more and more positively in seeking solutions to social problems, we find pitted against each other in the United States two main groups of lawyers: the able political lawyers of the reformist New Deal and their equally capable colleagues in the standpat Republican Party. Respectively underlying and in part constituting these groups are the lawyers of the labor unions and the giant corporations. Temporarily pushed to one side in national affairs are the legal champions of the individualistic middle classes, which are still suffering from the duplicity of the lawyers criticized by Mr. Douglas. The farmer and the unaffiliated common man in the street alone seem to be without adequate representation by counsel.

Although the American bar has been fairly indifferent to the great fight for justice waged by individual lawyers, it has always been on the alert to give integrated and calculated support to privilege and power. The bar as a whole might be deaf to the cries of a Mooney or a Sacco and a Vanzetti, but it was able to produce a great round-robin of lawyers who pronounced the National Labor Relations Act unconstitutional in advance of its adjudication by the Supreme Court of the United States (which, impolitely, declared it constitutional). All the living past presidents of the American Bar Association found it possible to protest the appointment of Louis D. Brandeis to the Supreme Court bench. Indeed, there has never been any difficulty in mobilizing a great phalanx of lawyers to repel any encroachment upon privilege or private prerogative.

An encouraging recent exception must, however, be observed in the stand of the American Bar Association when it filed a brief in Federal court condemning Mayor Frank Hague and Jersey City for denying the right of free assembly to organizers for the Congress of Industrial Organization. It was one of the few instances, if not the only one, in which this association of leading lawyers has taken such a step in defense of a basic civil liberty.

In general, civil liberties in the United States have been defended most actively by special organizations of laymen, while lawyers have on the other hand been exceedingly active in working to curtail general civil liberties by facilitating the passage of legislative restrictions and by approving an ill-considered use of injunctions. The American Bar Association became alive to the dangers in local as well as in some national tendencies only in 1938, when it established a civil liberties committee, though infringements upon civil liberties will in the long run have a more profoundly destructive effect on lawyers than on any other single specialized group in society.

In passing from the great figures of the bar to the generality of the profession to-day one passes from titans to pygmies. Speech modeled on that of the titans is used, very often, by the profession; but it is speech without rational point or moral justification. Advocacy as we usually see it is often an ostentatious display of verbosity on the part of an attorney seeking to surround some spoilsman with an aura of sanctity, as was the strategy of such a master of tergiversation as the late Elihu Root.

Lacking any great issues in his two-penny case, the advocate of common practice seeks to create them out of resounding words, referring to sacred rights, the blood of the forefathers, the Bill of Rights, the inalienable perquisites of free men, the holiness of the Constitution, and the freedom of the press, when the issues may simply be: Shall the defendant be permitted to pay children five dollars for working a sixty-hour week?

Shall a man be blacklisted from gainful employment because he has joined a labor union? Shall collective bargaining rights be denied newspapermen on the plea that freedom of the press is endangered? To listen to the arguments in such cases, knowing in what causes the rhetoric was originally invoked, is like listening to the Ninth Symphony rendered on a penny whistle.

Despite certain exceptions, lawyers within the state of limited powers have never in any appreciable numbers been devoted to cultural and intellectual freedom except in so far as it connoted wide economic freedom for certain groups to operate independently of any effective public restraint. This has been especially true in the United States where lawyers, preaching individually and collectively through agencies like the American Bar Association, have always underscored the evils of political tyranny, by which they have meant only government regulation of corporations and banks. They have boldly defended the tyrannies of private corporations, many of whose "company towns" have resembled small fascist states. At the same time other lawyers, and often the very ones who declaimed against political tyranny, have hired themselves out to the great political machines, not so much to block private interests as to reach mutually profitable compromises with them.

Down through history it has been the contention of lawyers representing respective power groups that if the community would only see the world as their masters saw it and would arrange civil matters accordingly, justice would automatically flow forth for all men. Justice has in this way always been looked upon by the profession as a by-product of a particular type of political and economic power. It is a fallacy to assume that justice can ever flow automatically, as a matter of course, from

any type of social arrangement or rearrangement. Justice must always be sought, if it is to be gained, simply as justice, and not as the end product of anything else. Unless it is sought and obtained as a valuable end in itself, separate and apart from the claims of power, convenience, or authority, it will be equally elusive, whether in the democratic constitutional state, the autocratic monarchy, or the proletarian socialist state.

Paradoxically, the legal profession exists because it is supported by free institutions with constant claims upon freedom. Yet within the framework of a structure of free institutions it has, in the main, been working to limit freedom by permitting itself to become inextricably identified with the causes of the powers it serves. Perhaps this has been inevitable, since justice can be implemented only by power, and the lawyer's nearness to the sources of power—political and economic—has operated to bring him completely within their orbit.

It must be evident, in conclusion, that the structure of the legal institution and its allotted function merit approval. But the processes within the institution have, by and large, negated its ideals. The legal profession, instead of working for justice as an end, has been invoking it as a means toward the retention and attainment of power by special groups. The consequence has been that a host of independent forces have grown powerful, forces that are inimical to the future existence of the democratic state itself. But a poetic penalty awaits the legal profession in the event that its clients of the past combine to abolish the democratic state, either by force or by stealth. For upon the abolition of the democratic state will surely follow the abolition of the legal profession, as in Russia, or its reduction in status to a very mean level, as in Germany and Italy.



HELL'S CANYON, THE BIGGEST OF ALL

BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

FOR nearly a century now it has been axiomatic that the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River is the deepest cleft on earth. That this is not true is a fact which geographers are just beginning to recognize. The Grand Canyon is not so deep as the basalt and granite gash made by the Snake River between the States of Oregon and Idaho in the Pacific Northwest. Along a mountain-serried stretch where the brawling waters of the Snake twist northward, Hell's Canyon averages 5,510 feet in depth for 40 spectacular miles. Here 6,000-foot expanses are not uncommon. At one point the canyon is 7,900 feet deep: a mile and a half from rim to river. This considerably exceeds the 6,100-foot maximum depth of the Grand Canyon.

The canyon hollowed out by the Colorado River is 217 miles long; that by the Snake River, 189 miles. The Grand Canyon is 15 miles from rim to rim at its widest point; Hell's Canyon, 10 miles. The famous Bright Angel Point towers 5,650 feet above the Colorado; the bluff of White Monument, an equal horizontal distance from the Snake, is 5,922 feet higher than the river. In the Grand Canyon the Colorado River drops approximately ten feet a mile; the Snake in Hell's Canyon descends about twelve and a half feet a mile.

Both chasms are built of many levels. These levels rise terracelike above the rivers. From the water only the first rims can be seen, but there are many rims beyond until the last embayments are reached.

Peculiar to the Grand Canyon are its lavish coloring and its array of buttes, mesas, rock temples, and flat-topped hills. The walls eroded by the Colorado are more or less uniform; they are long sheer cliffs approximately 1,500 feet high to the level directly above the river.

The Snake, however, is flanked by shale slides, then by timbered slopes, and finally by granite and lava precipices. Where Hell's Canyon spreads out below Hat Point its sides consist of countless evergreen hills and bare basalt crags piled on top of one another in magnificent disordered array. A few miles downstream the scene changes sharply, and water-worn granite and basalt sweep down to the Snake in majestic stratified escarpments amazingly like the buttes that typify the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

Dr. Otis W. Freeman of the American Geographical Society, one of many authorities who concede the greater depth of Hell's Canyon, says that it is certainly "both the narrowest and the deepest gash in the North American continent." The Geological Survey has lately called attention to it as one of the great scenic resources of the nation. Why, then, has it been overlooked?

Only its remoteness and inaccessibility can account for the fact that Americans are almost completely unaware of its existence, that encyclopædias and atlases and other sources of general information scarcely mention it, and that the thorough *Britannica* accords it only passing reference.

II

The name of this chasm is symbolic. The frontiersmen of years ago called it Hell's Canyon because of its sinister splendor. Escarpments of granite rise from the river like gloomy battlements. On wet, windy days wraiths of clouds swirl and break around the jagged basalt crags far above. No gulf anywhere has rougher rock surfaces. Bluff is piled on bluff in huge torn chunks of black and gray lava. Sheer and rugged walls are interspersed with slides of shale and ragged hillsides of cheat-grass. Creeks tumbling down long gullies add their pittance to the river. The Snake surges an angry white through much of the abyss. At a dozen rapids its foam-topped waves are still wearing away the rock. "*La maudite rivière enragée!*" exclaimed the early French-Canadian voyagers, and the pioneers of the Oregon Trail paraphrased them in English: "The accursed mad river." Here and there in the canyon, hackberry bushes and Ponderosa pines and Douglas firs, growing tenaciously on steep slopes and fringelike bars, provide contrast for the harsh bleakness of the precipices.

The sun's rays reach the waterway at the bottom of the chasm only a few hours each day, particularly in the winter months. The nocturnal tones of the cleft are broken only when sunlight softens the rim rock and the shadow from one bluff gently blankets the opposite wall. Then Hell's Canyon seems filled with a thin blue haze; seen from afar up its craggy trench, it is like the background of one of the painted fantasies of Maxfield Parrish. In such interludes, brief though they are, the reaches of the mountain river show themselves clean and clear, and the canyon takes on enough color to lose some of the ominous aspect that in 1812 brought this quaintly worded report from Robert Stuart of the Pacific Fur Company to his chief, John Jacob Astor:

The whole body of the River does not exceed 40 yards in width and is confined be-

tween Precipices of astonishing height, Cascades & Rapids succeed each other, almost without intermission, and it will give a tolerable idea of its appearance were you to suppose the River to have once flowed subterraneously through these mountains, and in the process of time, immense bodies of Rocks were detached occasionally from the ceiling till at length the surface of the Heights descended into the Gulph and forms at present the bed of this tumultuous water course. Mountains here appear as if piled on Mountains and after ascending incessantly for half a day, you seem as if no nearer the attainment of the object in view than at the outset.

Hell's Canyon has not the bright glory or magnificent mesas of the cleft of the Colorado. Its grandeur is the majestic mystery of sheer size. The bottom of the canyon is a pit of unbelievable depth. From it the rim seems studded with tiny green bushes—until Forest Ranger Fenton Whitney says they are Ponderosa pines 100 feet high. Up the side ravine dug by Deep Creek a wanderer with stout wind can climb, after hours of terrific effort, to the top. The Snake, way below, is now a slender strip of green; white flecks indicate rapids with waves as high as breakers. Upward, rim succeeds rim to a horizon dim and far off. The climber seems standing in the core of the world, like Astor's courier of long ago who too made the heartbreaking ascent of "mountain . . . piled on mountain."

Ages ago there was no Hell's Canyon. The events directly responsible for its creation began in the Cenozoic Era, just as the remote forerunners of man were coming on the planet.

Over the granite uplands of what is now the Pacific Northwest poured the Tertiary lava flows. They inundated dales and valleys and came to rest against peaks and ridges like water shoving at a dam. The liquid basalt buried some hills completely. Much of the rugged topography thus covered had been reared up in earlier epochs by volcanic activity. In numerous places the spread of lava was 6,000 feet thick. Then, with more than a mile of basaltic rock quilting the land, the crust of the earth began to stir again. The Wallowa Mountains were



jolted 10,000 feet into the sky near where the border of Oregon now is. The Seven Devils range was wrinkled almost as high along the present boundary of Idaho. After this rampant vulcanism, ice sheets moved out of the north and sheathed the region. They gouged out lakes and began U-shaped dips that would later be canyons. One of these dips was between the outlying ramparts of the Wallowas and Seven Devils. Then the ice melted and receded. Into the jumbled mass of granite and lava a river pushed, the Snake.

The river is still pushing to-day. A mile through the hardened lava flow the Snake has cut, and into a thousand feet of the granite bedrock besides. The foothills of the Wallowa Mountains lie along the western rim of the chasm. The steep slopes of the Seven Devils form the opposite wall.

A college friend of mine named Amos Burg is one of the few men who have risked going by boat through both Hell's Canyon and the Grand Canyon. Some of his observations are significant. He

says that to look up from either the Snake or the Colorado at the rim rock so far above makes one dizzy. Despite its murky and forbidding appearance as compared with the Grand Canyon's splurge of color, Burg calls Hell's Canyon "a more hospitable abyss." This is primarily because of regional characteristics. The Grand Canyon is part of the arid Southwest. Its vegetation is negligible. No soil cloaks the rocks. The Colorado River is full of silt and sand and practically devoid of fish life. It carries a million tons of Dust Bowl sludge through the canyon each day.

The somber Hell's Canyon, by contrast, is typical in many respects of the lush Pacific Northwest, although it is outside the rain belt of that fertile region. Trees dot the bars and upper slopes. There are trout and sturgeon in the Snake and occasionally even a giant Chinook salmon from the mouth of the Columbia 500 miles away. The defiles that merge with Hell's Canyon are gloomy and narrow, but through them pour clear mountain creeks. Deer introduced ar-

tificially into the Grand Canyon frequently die; bighorn sheep and deer and elk lived in the chasm of the Snake before the white man came. So, paradoxically, the very qualities that give Hell's Canyon its grim aspect actually make it more a land of the living than the gayly tinted canyon of the Colorado.

The Grand Canyon is cut through a desert plateau. That is why it is easy to get to and why the many rims of the canyon are as level as a railroad grade. Hell's Canyon penetrates two mountain ranges. That is why it is difficult to reach and why its rims are irregularly broken.

III

The Snake River is the least-known major waterway of the continent. Millions of Americans have never heard of it, yet it is more than three times as long as the Hudson and its drainage area is eight times as great—including nearly all of Idaho and parts of Washington, Oregon, Wyoming, Utah, and Nevada. Only three rivers in the United States—the Columbia, the Colorado, and the Tennessee—excel it in hydroelectric power potentialities. Compare its 18,081,000,000 kilowatt-hours of latent energy with the 3,017,000,000 available in the Potomac River, for example. The Snake is 1,038 miles long and the principal tributary of the vast Columbia River system, which is second in the country only to the network formed by the Missouri and Mississippi.

The Snake is primarily a wilderness river, more so than any other stream in the nation. It drains our last great frontier. Its basin, though twice as large as the State of New York, contains considerably fewer people than the city of Buffalo. The biggest population center in the basin is Boise, the Idaho capital, with 21,500 inhabitants. There are about 4 persons per square mile in the Snake River basin; in Massachusetts each square mile has 528 persons, and even in rural Iowa there are 44. From its origin just west of the Continental Divide to its

meeting with the Columbia, the Snake flows through a lonely hinterland.

After rising near Yellowstone National Park, it courses through Jackson Hole in Wyoming and then rushes toward Idaho in a chasm half a mile deep. The chasm bisects the Teton Range and is called the Grand Canyon of the Snake River—a name conferred by men who knew nothing of the infinitely greater canyon 600 miles downstream. Continuing into Idaho, the Snake cuts a wide valley for 65 miles and then flows on to the soil-mantled rock of the Snake River Plain. Here is one of the principal irrigated sections of America. Four million acres need only moisture to produce almost any crop. Two Federal dams span the river and plenish the canals which crisscross the 120,000 acres of the Minidoka potato and beet-sugar project. This important chore requires huge draughts of water, but the hard rock underneath the reclaimed land returns to the river nearly all the water used. So the Snake as it leaves its peaceful plain is at full force for the grim business ahead.

It moves faster now. Into it pour the Thousand Springs, the outlet of prehistoric creeks that got lost beneath the lava ages ago. These subterranean streams constantly add to the Snake enough water to provide each inhabitant of the nation's cities with 120 gallons a day. At the hamlet of Milner the river begins a gorge through the basalt plateau. By this time it is a chute of foam plunging over a succession of cataracts and crashing down the 212 feet of Shoshone Falls. At Huntington it touches the Oregon boundary. Here the outlying palisades of the Wallawas and Seven Devils begin to enclose the waterway. Passengers on the Union Pacific get a tantalizing glimpse of the head of the canyon as its trains clatter across the Snake and use two locomotives to climb out of that frowning terrain. Sixty miles down the river from Huntington the practically deserted mining colony of Homestead is the lone settlement along this wildest stretch of all. Below Homestead the ever-rising

slopes straighten into the crags of Hell's Canyon. This is the river's supreme achievement.

Hell's Canyon falls away near the Idaho town of Lewiston. There the river, at last free of its granite and basalt shackles, flows westward across 141 miles of Washington wheatland. At its ending in the Columbia it is a mighty waterway with a greater average flow than the Colorado or the Rio Grande. The rivers meet about midway between the huge dams which the government is constructing on the Columbia at Grand Coulee and Bonneville.

How little we know about this country of ours! No room for the German refugees, we say almost categorically—yet the Federal government owns more than half the land of the vast State of Oregon. Are the unemployed going to be on our backs forever? we ask in despair—yet Grand Coulee Dam will make fertile a potential farming section twice as large as Rhode Island. There is no place for the surplus population to find sanctuary, we lament—yet the National Forests alone in the Snake River Basin are as big as the whole State of Maine, and one rural county in Washington with a handful of inhabitants is as big as Delaware, Connecticut, and Rhode Island combined—and there are 10 people a square mile in Oregon and 6 in Idaho, against 537 in New Jersey and 214 in Pennsylvania!

White space on the United States census map means fewer than two persons a square mile. The only white space east of the Mississippi River is a tiny patch indicating the swampy Everglades of Florida. But white space almost predominates in the great basins which the Columbia and Snake Rivers have carved in the Pacific Northwest. In these pages not long ago, Carl Dreher wrote that the outpost regions, "always an avenue of escape" from the dilemmas of civilization, have been closed. Yet Congress recently authorized Secretary Ickes to open for settlement in the Far West five-acre tracts of public land equal in aggregate size to the State of Texas; and the Secretary has just

quarreled with the Governor of Washington over whether a new National Park shall encompass a million or only 600,000 acres. Perhaps the frontier is gone as the force in our national development which Frederick Jackson Turner considered it—yet can we wholly forget that the wilderness is still so boundless that in it many of our geographers and encyclopædists have lost track of the deepest canyon in America, if not on earth?

IV

Only once did the most famous exploration in American history ever turn back. That was when Lewis and Clark encountered the "miles of white water and snow-covered mountains" of the Salmon River Canyon, which enters the Snake in Hell's Canyon. "This formidable barrier," as Captain Clark called it, proved too much for them. Wearily, they climbed out of the main tributary of the Snake and sought another route through the fastnesses. They finally reached the Snake itself near Lewiston and paddled down it to the Columbia. Hungry and exhausted, they sent Sergeant John Ordway up the river to look for fish and the roots of kouse plants. He was the first white man to see Hell's Canyon. Meriwether Lewis, in that autumn of 1805, had been the first to see the river and Captain Clark named it for him. But to-day other rivers honor the explorer's name, and whether the Snake is named for the Snake Indians or because of its serpentine windings no one is certain.

Not so many years ago a hunter on the river unearthed the great frontiersman's branding-iron:

U S

Capt M. LEWIS

John Jacob Astor corresponded with Jefferson and read the journals of Lewis and Clark. He decided that it might be profitable to own a string of trading posts between the Plains and the Far Northwest. The Pacific Fur Company was organized and Astor dispatched a ship, the *Tonquin*, to the mouth of the Columbia

by sea. The principal party of 64 men he sent overland in 1811 under the leadership of Wilson Price Hunt, who was in charge of the venture in the field. This was the first push toward the sundown after Lewis and Clark. The trek was uneventful until the party stood on the banks of the Snake River. Against his better judgment, Hunt agreed to follow the churning waterway to the Columbia. It was a fatal blunder. Near the present village of Milner the expedition lost five canoes and its best voyager, Antoine Clappine. A Scotchman, saved by clutching at a rock, named this vortex the Caldron Linn, meaning boiling water.

The adventurers continued on foot. Uplands turned into mountains and the men were in Hell's Canyon. The bluffs became so steep they could not get down to the river for water. They dropped kettles on ropes, an experiment which frequently failed. When they tried to follow the Snake, "it passed through such rocky chasms and under such steep precipices that they had to leave it and make their way, with excessive labor, over immense hills, almost impassable." It was a winter of famine, the Indians said, and the men were driven to munching on moccasins and beaver pelts. Once they were spared starvation only by a chance shot that killed a bighorn sheep. The Devil's Scuttle Hole they called a particularly ominous part of the cleft, and Ramsay Crooks, who years later became president of the American Fur Company, attempted to lead a handful of men over the wall of this dreadful place. After a day of slippery climbing the famished wayfarers "found they were not half way to the summit, and that mountain upon mountain lay piled beyond them in wintry desolation." They crawled back into the chasm.

A third of the way through Hell's Canyon, Hunt disconsolately gave the order to turn back. He had lost two more members of the party and a third had gone mad. Others refused to brave the chasm any farther. Astor's hopes and plans never survived that ordeal. The

morale of the expedition was gone. The men who eventually reached the Pacific Ocean in February of 1812 were not the confident voyagers who five months earlier had neared the Caldron Linn. Disaster capped disaster; the crew of the *Tonquin* was massacred by Indians and the stockaded settlement was finally abandoned. To-day Astoria, at the mouth of the second greatest river of the United States, is a salmon-fishing colony.

For twenty years after Wilson Price Hunt's tragic journey no white men peered into Hell's Canyon. Then westward trudged a romantic, vagabonding army officer in the fur trade, Captain Benjamin L. E. Bonneville, on whose possible secret military mission Bernard DeVoto speculated some months ago in this magazine. It was characteristic of Bonneville that he wanted to find out for himself if Hell's Canyon could not be made a route to the Columbia. Yet he confessed to trepidation when he saw the Snake twisting between "tremendous walls of basaltic rock that rose perpendicularly from the water edge, frowning in bleak and gloomy grandeur." Two horses stumbled in swift eddies and were swept away; the riders saved themselves by grabbing hold of rocks. The cliffs loomed higher and steeper, in places overhanging the river. At last Bonneville, like Ramsay Crooks before him, tried to climb over the walls, and after ascending to what appeared to be the summit, "found the path closed by insurmountable barriers." Daylight showed Bonneville and his followers that "although already at a great elevation, they were only as yet upon the shoulder of the mountains." For the first time in his life the soldier of fortune admitted discouragement. He led the way back into the gulf in search of another exit.

A week of struggle and effort eventually got the party out of the canyon. As he sat on the last rim and looked down on the Snake far below and remembered four years of wandering across the nation, Bonneville wrote in his journal:

The grandeur and originality of the views presented on every side beggar both the pencil and the pen. Nothing we had ever gazed upon in any other region could for a moment compare in wild majesty and impressive sternness, with the series of scenes which here at every turn astonished our senses and filled us with awe.

That was the end of Hell's Canyon as a way to the rich valleys of the Oregon Country. The oncoming settlers shunned it, and the covered wagon trains forded the Snake above Huntington and creaked away from the Wallows and the Seven Devils. A few bold pioneers traveled to the head of the canyon but none attempted to pick a trail through its depths. Some called the cleft Box Canyon and others referred to it as the Seven Devils Gorge, but mostly they spoke of it as Hell's Canyon and agreed that the name was appropriate.

V

A century has passed since the days of Bonneville, yet the canyon of the Snake River is still remote and difficult of access.

Only about 175 people live in the hinterland between Homestead and Lewiston. Some of these are ranchers back in lonely draws in the hills. Others are cowpunchers with scattered herds of cattle to watch. Along the river itself a prospector here and there sifts the gravel bars for gold which Mr. Roosevelt's government will buy at thirty-five dollars an ounce. On narrow flats in the upper canyon an occasional dilapidated barn or gaunt cabin tells where a settler retreated before so hostile an environment.

Some of the backwoods inhabitants have radio sets operated by batteries, but it is 100 miles to the nearest doctor and as far to a store bigger than the two-by-four tobacco-and-bean counter which Bill Roling keeps in the post office at Homestead. A sure-footed pony can cut down the distance. The WPA Guide for Idaho blames the inaccessibility of the section for the fact that the Seven Devils range, "potentially one of the richest min-

eral regions in the world," has yet to be tapped for its resources.

There is no railroad. About a decade ago the people of Lewiston began clamoring for rail connections with the lower part of the State. Why not a line through Hell's Canyon? The Union Pacific made a survey and learned that a right-of-way, if it could be hewed out of the rock at all and maintained between avalanches from above and sudden rises in the river from below, would cost \$198,434 a mile. This initial investment was prohibitive, decided the Interstate Commerce Commission.

If there are no rail lines, automobile roads are not much better. Down the Oregon bank to Homestead a careful driver can get, and even a few miles farther on a narrow road to the abandoned Red Ledge Mine. Over the Idaho wall opposite Homestead a spine-tingling road creeps. It is wide enough for one car. There is no railing. In several places where it is 2,000 feet above the river the road switches back sharply; the motorist must reverse a few feet to make the turns, with his gasoline tank and spare tire hanging out over space. This is not a pleasant drive.

Other methods of getting about are similarly circumscribed. The region is without level tracts that might serve as airplane landing fields. "Never again!" swore the World War aviator who in 1927 flew the length of Hell's Canyon taking aerial photographs for the Union Pacific.

River travel is equally hazardous. Under favorable water conditions a pair of experienced boatmen, Press Brewrink and "Cap" MacFarlane, can coax their flat-bottomed *Idaho* 95 miles upstream from Lewiston. There, beneath slopes more than a mile high, the rocks block further navigation. On a sandy bar the *Idaho* unloads its cargo of mail and supplies for prospectors and settlers and scoots back to civilization. Other rivermen have not attained this comparative success. Several boats have been lost in the Snake in recent months. Amos Burg twice had his canoe slogged out from un-

der him on his trip through the chasm. Two engineers drowned when a railroad survey was made. The Salmon River, also in a cleft deeper than the Grand Canyon, is even more unmanageable. It is called "The River of No Return" because of the impossibility of bucking its current. A National Geographic Society expedition termed it "the wildest boat ride in America."

Even on foot this wilderness is traversed with difficulty. Listen to the leader of the railroad survey as he testifies before the Interstate Commerce Commission: "Little that is good and much that is bad can be said of the river and ravine trails. For the most part they are extremely narrow, winding, difficult, steep, and ill kept."

A hundred years earlier Wilson Price Hunt had told Washington Irving almost the same thing about the Indian paths. That suggests how superficially time has touched Hell's Canyon. This remarkable abyss is virtually unknown even to people living comparatively nearby. Sixty miles away at the Cornucopia Gold Mine, the girl who kept books said she had heard vague talk of a great chasm beyond the Wallawas. Had she ever been there? She shook her head. Had any of the men at the mine? She knew of none.

All over the Northwest the story is the same. In the Oregon town of Baker, 105 miles from the canyon, the men playing cards in the biggest poolhall in town had scarcely any idea where it was. And, buying post cards in a Baker drugstore, another newspaperman and I assumed heroic stature in the clerk's estimation when with proper modesty we admitted to him that our tattered appearance was the result of a trek to Hell's Canyon.

This wilderness has a folklore all its own. There is the yarn of the Squaw Creek hermit who fed his chickens on flour and water until they were blinded by paste—and the fable of the deer on Studhorse Creek that knew so little about men that a hunter could measure them with a tape before shooting.

And in Homestead Bill Rolfig told me about the "wheelbarrow woman." A middle-aged woman had come down the rutted road from Huntington lugging a massive bundle. She had set it down in the dust and gone back up the road for another just like it. That was more than Bill could stand. He resurrected a rusty wheelbarrow from his cellar and presented it to her. She disappeared in the fastnesses on the Oregon shore.

Twelve miles down the Snake from Homestead, Forest Ranger Robert Harper pointed across the river. On a sloping bench of Hell's Canyon a cabin perched precariously. "Who lives there?" I asked. Harper pointed again. Across an open space on the bench—I swear it!—a woman pushed a loaded wheelbarrow. After that I was ready to believe the story about the prospector in the Salmon River Canyon who had conferred with Captain Meriwether Lewis the night before election and been advised to vote a straight Democratic ticket!

How *do* these people vote? The Smith Mountain precinct in Oregon gave 22 votes to President Roosevelt, three to Mr. Landon, one to Mr. Lemke, and none to Mr. Thomas. It voted for a public power bill 10 to 8, and endorsed the Townsend Plan 11 to 6. Although overwhelmingly for the President, it inconsistently approved 12 to 2 an anti-labor initiative measure which the A. F. of L. claimed would destroy trade unions in the State. At the Iron Dyke precinct in Homestead, with a smattering of labor sentiment left over from the bygone mining days, sentiment for Mr. Roosevelt was about the same; but the public-power scheme and the Townsend Plan were voted down and opinion on the anti-union bill was equally divided. Across the canyon in Idaho the backwoods voters of the Cuprum precinct favored the President over the Governor of Kansas 33 to 8, and gave Senator Borah a 5-to-2 majority over his Democratic opponent.

Foreign affairs are not discussed with particular zeal by these people. After

all, the dark pit below White Monument seems a long way from Seattle and Portland and Salt Lake City, let alone Berlin and London and Shanghai. I would not like to be the recruiting officer who has to convince Herb Potsch that he must sail for Europe to defend his canyon shack on Deep Creek from fascist aggression.

Yet perhaps the dwellers in the hinterland are not so different. As Fenton Whitney and I walked down toward the Snake at night, a radio blared loudly in one of the four or five farmhouses in Homestead. We listened. From New York City over a national hookup a synthetic cowboy was singing "Home on the Range."

VI

As soon as winter relaxes its grip on Hell's Canyon the National Park service will begin an investigation of the region. Should the canyon and the adjacent territory be added to the nation's public parks? If the report of the service is favorable Senator McNary of Oregon will sponsor a bill in Congress. Borah may help him. Both these men are ardent conservationists and both are extremely influential. McNary is the Republican spokesman. They may have the assistance of the President, for Mr. Roosevelt likes the hinterland.

But should Hell's Canyon be a National Park? Why not leave this bit of unknown scenic splendor for those willing to be incommoded to see it? Who wants it cluttered up with professional tourists, tired business men, junketing politicians, knickknack peddlers, and glamour girls and boys? Surely it merits a happier fate than that. The acquisitive instinct is powerful, but Bill Roling assured me emphatically that he has no desire to turn his country store into a tourists' hotel. Idaho has Sun Valley; Oregon has the sumptuous Timberline Lodge which Mr. Hopkins' WPA built for the wealthy; let these resorts take care

of the dude ranchers and the sightseers and the Tyrolean-clad ski artists. Why not leave the Snake River and its chasm for those who would see the West almost as it was when Lewis and Clark arrived? The Forest Service has just set aside 223,000 acres on Eagle Cap above the canyon as a primitive area to be untouched by man; only enough trails for forest fire protection will invade it.

Eventually, to be sure, Hell's Canyon will probably be a National Park. There is something to be said for the argument that America's natural wonders should be available to everyone. I have a hunch, however, that the forthcoming report this summer may be adverse. Railroad connections are 50 or 60 miles away over rugged terrain, and adequate highways would require generous chunks of public money. Washington is not in a spending mood right now unless the spending pertains to national defense; and Hitler can hardly be said to have Freeze-out Saddle as his next objective.

For a while, at least, Hell's Canyon will probably remain a sort of American Erewhon, tucked away beyond the ranges. Yet what a paradox this is! The palisades of the Hudson, the Virginia Natural Bridge, a dozen other scenic centers would be only rock deformations down there among that dark conglomeration of bluffs and crags and hills and mountains. From the last rim the Snake looks like a rivulet, like the river one sees on a panoramic map made from an airplane flying high. How could the nation have overlooked this mighty cleft, particularly when it was discovered and explored at so great a price in suffering? Down there is where the frontiersmen struggled and froze and starved and turned back. And down there the champing waterway is still at work on its job of erosion.

On windless days the only sound from Hell's Canyon is the roar, faint and far off, of the mountain river, gnawing at the rocks the earth spewed up long ago.



ON NOT BEING DEAD, AS REPORTED

BY ELMER DAVIS

TWICE it has been my fortune to be reported missing in a catastrophe, and probably dead. Each time I denied the story as soon as I heard of it, and seem to have been more generally believed than is usually the case when people have to contradict something that the papers have said about them; but if it happens again I shall fall back on that favorite formula of those whose misdeeds are unexpectedly brought to light, and refuse to dignify the rumor with a denial. For a third denial might not be wholly convincing, even to me; where there is smoke there is generally some fire; such an occurrence is bound to set you wondering if there may not be some truth in the story after all. And beyond that, to turn up alive after you have been reported dead is an unwarrantable imposition on your friends.

The first time it happened I was only twenty-six, and my repudiation of the canard was accordingly convinced and vigorous. I happened to be crossing from Holland to England on a steamer that was submarined and sunk—one of the most placid submarine sinkings on record, for the British Navy had time to get not only all the passengers but all their baggage off before she went under. (Indeed, the ship herself was raised after the War and put back into service, and there she is to this day, all ready to be sunk again in the next war.) But cross-channel communication was slow and uncertain in 1916; all that was known at first was that the ship had been sunk. Nothing had been heard about the pas-

sengers, so the Dutch public leaped to the conclusion which in those days was usually correct; and some days passed before my friends, and enemies, in Holland learned that I had not gone to the bottom after all.

My friends, I am afraid, took it in their stride; even before America was in the War anybody with an international acquaintance had become hardened to hearing the unexpected news of some friend's violent death any morning. When so many good men were being killed at the front every day there was no reason to waste any particular grief on a neutral who had accidentally got in the way of the War and been run over. The effect on my enemies was, in the long run, more deplorable.

They were not my enemies really—only a group of high-minded people who held with great fervor ideals on whose practicability I had been compelled to throw some doubt, in print; they were in fact the leaders and delegates of the Ford Peace Party, and they looked on me as one unsaved, who had not seen the light. Very likely there was more in that view than I would admit at the time. I still think the Ford Peace Party was a crazy enterprise; but an endeavor, however visionary and inadequate, to stop a war that was wrecking Europe appears in retrospect a little less crazy than most of the other purposes that were prevalent in Europe in 1916.

However, I was unable to see eye to eye with the leaders of this Children's Crusade, so it had sometimes come to

black looks and harsh words. But when I was reported dead those who had thought so poorly of me were engulfed in a wave of Christian charity. "What a pity!" they said. "He was a young man of great promise." It was some years before I realized how callously inconsiderate it had been for me to turn up after that, alive and well, and just as unsaved as ever. Nobody who has risen to a noble gesture of generosity and forgiveness likes to be made to look foolish a couple of days later.

II

My alleged decease got no newspaper publicity that time, at least not in any newspaper that found me worthy of extended mention; so there was no opportunity to enjoy what might seem to the unthinking the rare privilege of reading my own obituary. But I know men who have had that privilege, and they tell me that it is anything but a pleasure.

You may be scandalized at the discovery that the papers thought you were worth no more than a paragraph or two when you would have supposed you rated at least half a column. Even if you get as much (or almost as much) space as you think you deserve, you are likely to find that the source material which the writer of the obituary discovered in the clippings in the newspaper morgue deals chiefly with what you had always regarded as trivial aspects of your career; or probably indeed with its scandalous aspects, if it has had any. This is natural; all the writer has found is some record of the occasions on which you said or did something that was news; and all of us except the great are most likely to become news by being conspicuously wicked, conspicuously unfortunate, or conspicuously ridiculous. Long years of industry and success in the hardware business, a lifetime of zealous and fruitful service to the church or the lodge, will pass all but unnoticed by the press. Whereas there are likely to be columns and columns in the newspaper files about

the unfortunate occasion when that unbalanced woman to whom you had foolishly lent money, for no reason at all except disinterested benevolence, sued you for breach of promise, claiming that she never knew you were married.

For when a man dies the newspaper is compelled to function, to the best of its ability, as the Voice of History. Conscious enough of its own inadequacy, it must nevertheless do the best it can to represent the man not as he seemed to himself or to those who loved him (nor to those who hated him either); but the man as he was objectively, against his background, in proportion to his universe. How often when I was a young reporter have I called up a bereaved family for information about the deceased, to be told that he was one of Nature's noblemen and the kindest husband and father that ever lived. It takes a certain amount of tact in such moments to get what you want without having to explain that what you want is something worth putting in the paper, something that will place the man in his frame of reference. For most of us such an examination is likely to be deflationary; a man who has read his own obituary will never be quite the same again.

Not even if he is a man of consequence, who gets a creditable amount of space in the paper. Almost certainly, to run over this sketch of his life as seen by a stranger will be a melancholy exercise; he will know that some of his achievements have been overestimated, he will be disgusted to find that the accomplishments in which he has taken most pride do not seem very important to an outsider; and here and there some phrase, set down in all innocence, will be a bitter reminder of some of the things he had always intended to do, and never got round to. Viewed objectively, compared with the history of the general run of men, it may be a respectable record; but its subject cannot view it objectively, he must compare it not with what other men have accomplished, but with what he intended to accomplish when he started out. Few

men can make that comparison with any great satisfaction.

Of the length and nature of my obituary, now in type in certain New York newspaper offices, I know nothing; all I can be sure of is that it is longer than I deserve, for it is a tradition of the trade that both newspapermen and ex-newspapermen always get more space than they are really worth on the obituary page. But whatever its length and implications, I have no regrets that I escaped reading it, by however narrow a margin, after the late New England hurricane.

III

It is not my purpose to tell you about the hurricane. No cataclysm of Nature, except possibly Noah's flood, ever afflicted a region populated by so many professional writers; and most of them were prompt to cash in on it, especially if they carried no wind insurance and had to compensate their losses somehow. Already I have read five magazine articles about it; an account of it will be the climactic chapter in two novels that are to be published before you read this, and God knows how many more in preparation. I can only hope that the novelists will remember from personal experience that the hurricane fell alike on the just and on the unjust, and will not use it as a *deus ex machina* which removes all the undesirable characters while the hero and heroine come through unscathed. For there have been novels in which hurricanes, earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, etc., displayed as sure a marksmanship and as careful a discrimination as the United States Marines.

Two gentlemen from upper New Hampshire have testified in HARPER'S that in that remote region, people were slow to realize the extent and gravity of the catastrophe. So, it must be confessed, were some of us on the Connecticut shore, right in the middle of things. When a hurricane is over you know that you are not dead; you realize it so vividly—especially if there had been some doubt

about your survival, for a while—that it may not occur to you that people at a distance do not share your knowledge. It happened that no one was killed in the small community where I was living, that no one I knew personally was among the casualties in the near-by towns that suffered far more serious damage; and while we knew things had been pretty bad in our neighborhood, it took time to grasp the dimensions of the disaster, to perceive that when hundreds had been killed over a wide area, most of the millions who had not been killed were going to be worried about till definitely reported safe.

The process by which one is reported dead is simple and logical enough. One's friends call up the papers, asking, "What do you hear about X?" The wires being down, they have naturally heard nothing about X. Thus X is unreported, therefore X is missing; and a reading public unfamiliar with hurricanes draws the natural analogy from local and minor disasters, fires and train wrecks and so on, in which those at first reported missing usually turn out to be dead. So it happened that on the Saturday morning after the hurricane, when the yard had been cleaned up and the roads were open and we were ready to go back to town, the New York papers at last got into the devastated area, and I learned that I was missing. But that was only the beginning.

It was due to the generosity of my friends in the trade that I was posted as missing on the front page, in a position and size of type about equivalent to that allotted, on the other side of the page, to the mobilization of the Czechoslovak army (nobody could have dreamed that day that the two pieces of news would turn out to be of equal inconsequence). But it is a thoroughly natural presumption that a man missing in large headlines must be more completely missing than somebody whose unreportedness is buried in the body of the story. So in that day's evening papers the possibility was verging on certainty; and one of the radio stations, I am told, went to the

length of reporting that my corpse had been seen floating out to sea.

And that was the end of the story. Between the hurricane and Hitler, the papers and the broadcasting stations were overloaded that week; there was little time or space for the correction of misapprehensions. News is the unusual, the not-to-be-expected; so I suppose I have no right to complain if it was news that Davis was dead, but not news, not worth putting in the papers, that Davis was not dead after all. The implications, however, are by no means flattering; and it all entailed a good deal of inconvenience to my friends. My wife for some reason was not listed as missing—somewhat illogically, for a hurricane, like an air raid, is no respecter of women and children; my friends drew the natural conclusion that she was somewhere else and began to ask her about me by telephone and telegraph. But, believing that I was dead but not quite sure, they were driven to all sorts of circumlocutions; trying to find language that was neither callous enough to grieve her if she were a widow, nor ominous enough to alarm her if she did not yet know whether she was or not.

To the friends I met after I came back to town the inconvenience was of another and perhaps graver sort. On each man's face I could see a look of startled surprise, not altogether unmixed with resentment; for they had done their grieving for Davis, and it could not but be regarded as an imposition when they discovered that it was all a mistake, and that some day they would have it to do over again. My contemporaries are approaching the time of life when to hear of the unexpected death of a friend is as common as it was in war days; and if you have work to do you cannot spend too much time worrying about it. When you hear that good old X is dead you put in perhaps two minutes thinking hard about good old X, and hoping that he left enough for his widow to live on; after which you put him out of your mind and get down to business, so that you may leave enough

for your widow to live on when your time comes. Now and then in later life of course you will think of X again—when you see some piece of news in the paper that he would have particularly appreciated or particularly detested; when your partner misses a slam that X would have made if he had been playing the hand; or when recurrently you have to try to find a job for his widow, in case he didn't leave enough for her to live on.

But that is about all, except in the rare instances of some personality so vivid that when it is gone the landscape never looks quite so bright again. (Such, in my experience, were Guy Holt, Don Marquis, and Max Swain; such, I gather, was Elinor Wylie to those who knew her well; and so indeed, as a personality rather than as an artist, William Shakespeare seems to have been remembered by his friends.) But most of us do not rate so much remembrance, except by those to whom our passing means a radical change in all the circumstances of life; this is the world of the living, and there would be no time to live if we spent too much time thinking about the dead. Two minutes when the news is heard and an occasional passing recollection thereafter is about as much mourning as the average man can reasonably expect from most of those who knew him; it is entirely intelligible if my friends feel that they have done their mourning for me and owe me no more grief at any later date, when the story can no longer be denied.

IV

It appears also that practically all of my friends have read Mark Twain, or at least heard him quoted; for they were few indeed who, on seeing me reappear in the flesh, did not remark that the report seemed to have been greatly exaggerated. Endeavoring to escape that cliché, I contented myself with saying when comment was called for that it was at least premature; but I begin to wonder if that is altogether true.

For if I remember correctly the science

I once studied (and if it has not since then been turned upside down, as other sciences have been), from the biologist's point of view we start dying the moment we are born—which is only another way of saying that every organism exists in time as well as in space, that it is not quite the same at any moment as it was the moment before. So, if I have an actuarial expectation of another quarter century of life, about two-thirds of all that will ever have been Davis has gone past already; from the time angle, I am two-thirds dead.

I do not pretend to have any clear idea of what Time is (or Space either); Sir Arthur Eddington's famous diagram of the Present as a moving point between the infinite cones of the Past and the Future may mean something to Eddington, but it does not help the layman much. H. G. Wells, lately correcting in the *Saturday Review of Literature* the too extensive inferences that some people drew from the concept of Time as the fourth dimension which he once presented in *The Time Machine*, remarks that Time differs from other dimensions in that you can travel along it in only one direction. (And, it might be added, you must travel in that direction, at ever-increasing speed, whether you like it or not. As Don Marquis said about being fifty, a couple of years later you are sixty, and ten minutes after that you are eighty-five.)

Wells adds that "we live in measurable bits of time," but very small bits apparently, and quotes a suggestion of Sir Edwin Ray Lankester that perhaps "our brain cells live for an instant as the blood and fresh oxygen pulse to them and then become inactive till the next heartbeat reawakens them." Maybe so; at any rate it is obviously an unwarranted simplification to speak of a personality. If the brain lives in each fresh heartbeat, a man who has lived seventy years is a sequence of something like two and a half billion transitory personalities, whose resemblance is sometimes close and sometimes remote. The conclusion is substantially true even if the premise be a

little shaky, as almost anybody can testify when meeting an old friend after ten years' separation. He is not the man he used to be—maybe better, probably worse, but certainly not the same.

The photographer can abstract the outward appearance of a single one of these personalities from the rest, but only the outward appearance; we habitually talk as if we could manage a sort of psychic photography, grasping the personality as it is at the moment; but it will not look quite the same to any two observers, no outsider can penetrate very deep, and in any case what you are trying to photograph is changing under your eyes much more rapidly than its outward appearance. To take an obvious instance—a man may look pretty much the same, changed in expression no doubt but not in feature, the moment after he has been fired from a job he had held twenty years and expected to hold for the rest of his life, as he looked the moment before. But he is not the same and will never be the same again; even if he gets a better job and keeps it, the shock, the reminder of insecurity, the loss of prestige will have left permanent scars on all of his successive personalities thereafter.

Because our psychic mechanism is such that we must live for the most part in the present, we cannot manage this concept of the individual as a moving and changing picture; as a working hypothesis we must abstract the average of a comparatively few of his personalities and say, "That is the man." We used to omit his childhood from the excerpt, but the psychologists have taught us that that is a mistake; we still omit as a rule his old age, or the years after his activity has slowed down, for whatever reason; when we think of Napoleon we think of the average of all the Napoleons, say, from 1795 to 1815; but we leave the six years between Waterloo and his death out of account. Yet the fat and ailing gentleman who lived on St. Helena was Napoleon; not the Napoleon of 1796 or of 1807 (again one must simplify, for there were many Napoleons in each of those

years), but certainly *a* Napoleon—and indeed a Napoleon who had considerable effect on the subsequent history of Europe. A good many of the second guesses by spinning which he whiled away his leisure on St. Helena were woven into the fabric—the ideal if not the real fabric—of the Second Empire.

A rough average of a period of months or years is likely to be not so very far wrong as a working hypothesis; but our craving for stability is apt to make us forget how soon even these provisional abstractions become outdated. Hitler has displayed an unusual continuity of purpose and fixity of ideas, but the post-Munich Hitler is not, cannot be, the pre-Munich Hitler; such a triumph as he won last September by the superior force of his personality must have its effect on what is loosely called the character of any man. It is nonsense to speak of the Lincoln of 1864; even with the crudest of abstractions there were half a dozen successive Lincolns in 1864. To be sure in Lincoln, as in most other individuals, there were certain characteristics that changed much more slowly, so slowly that we may think of them as permanent features of character. But of the manifestations of these traits the most that can truly be said is that some things are a little less impermanent than others.

V

We do not like to think of these matters, as a rule, because it is unpleasant to be reminded that we seem to be subject, like the rest of the cosmos, to the Second Law of Thermodynamics; that we are steadily running down. For a while, in some respects, the trend of the curve may be upward; the Shakespeare (an abstraction from innumerable momentary Shakespeares) who wrote "Hamlet" was not the Shakespeare who wrote "Love's Labour's Lost"; we say he was a better and greater Shakespeare, but it may not have seemed so to the self-observing mechanisms of that personality; he must have known that he was older, that he

tired more easily; he had learned a good many things in the intervening years that could have been no fun for him to find out, however they broadened and deepened his understanding. But sooner or later for every man the curve turns downward, unless he escapes the misfortune of living too long by what may be the almost equally serious misfortune of dying too soon. (To this fairly obvious truth more attention might be paid by the income tax laws, which permit deductions for "the exhaustion, wear and tear, including obsolescence, of property used in the trade or business," unless that property happens to be a man's own energies and own brain.)

Somewhere in each human being's life there must be an optimum point, a moment when the average of all his successive personalities is higher than it ever was before, or will ever be again. But he can never identify that point himself; whether things to date have been good or bad, he usually hopes and very often believes that they are going to be better. Nor can outsiders discern that optimum point except in retrospect, and then none too confidently. Lincoln, almost alone among great men, seems to have died exactly at his peak; the average of all the Lincolns was higher on April 14, 1865, than it had ever been before—or might ever have been again if he had had to make the fight against Thad Stevens and the Radicals that Andrew Johnson made in vain. Yet who can be sure? Lincoln's prestige was enormous, his political shrewdness was exceptional, he would not have made Johnson's mistakes. If he had lived he might have won that fight, carried public opinion, North and South, with him on a decent scheme of Reconstruction. In that case the average of Lincoln would have stood even higher than it stands now.

Most people no doubt live too long—yet you cannot always be sure that even the elderly have lived long enough. It might have seemed to John Quincy Adams, leaving the White House in his sixty-second year—the first of Presidents,

except his father, to be denied reelection—that he had passed his peak, that the average of all the John Quincy Adamses would never stand so high again; yet a good deal of the best of John Quincy Adams was still to come. Julius Cæsar's average might be higher if he had died a year or two earlier, before he had been too much infected by Cleopatra's ideas—or it might be higher if he had lived another twenty years.

These examples from the great may seem remote from a discussion of the average man, but they have their bearing. When we say that X is dead we mean the average of all the X's—an average different for each observer, and none of them perhaps very close to the average that might be computed by Omniscience. But what the phrase really implies is that a moving picture has ended, that the succession of innumerable more or less different X's has stopped, there will never be any more of them. Going into the movie theater you ask the usher if the feature is over; no, he says, it is only half over. So when a middle-aged man says in a moment of weariness that he is half dead, he is telling the literal truth.

To say then that the report of my death was premature was to speak inaccurately; it would have been more correct to say that it was two-thirds true, or perhaps even more. For at least two-thirds of all the Davises have passed on and are not coming back. (A good many men, and women, have tried sometimes to resurrect one of those vanished personalities, but without success; the best you can hope for is to find, as did the hero of *Conrad in Quest of His Youth*, something roughly similar, and approximately as satisfac-

tory.) The young man who was mistakenly reported to have been drowned in 1916, himself an average impression created on the senses by the rapid succession of thousands of bits of film, is dead, and I cannot regret him very much; he was a good deal of an ass, he muffed some excellent opportunities—yet he had possibilities that his successors might have realized, and did not. Of those successors some few, I hope, were worth being remembered a little, and missed a little; but more than I like to think of are well buried, with no tears shed even by the current average who inherits what is loosely termed their identity.

To go away, said some Frenchman, is to die a little; true enough, but to stay where you are is also to die a little; in the midst of life we are in death, and the fear of dying (for there are people who fear dying in itself, aside from the pain and inconvenience of the final illness) ought to be mitigated by the reflection that we are dying all the time, and that most of the job has already been done. Few of the people I know are afraid of death, except as it might affect persons or institutions more or less dependent on them; which means that what they are afraid of is not death but the cessation of activity and usefulness. With regard to that not much can be said except that it is going to happen to us all some day, no matter how much we dislike the idea; and that to worry about it in advance is likely to make it happen all the sooner.

At any rate, the next time I am reported dead I shall not dignify the rumor with a denial. If it is not yet entirely true, people will find that out in due time.



HUTCHINS OF CHICAGO

PART II—THE FLYING TRAPEZE

BY MILTON S. MAYER

ROBERT MAYNARD HUTCHINS has brought nothing new to philosophy and education except a good profile and a bad rhetoric. And the fact that the President of the University of Chicago is thought to be an innovator is evidence that he is right when he says that the present is unacquainted with the past.

The young man's profile cannot be argued. But his way of saying what he means involves such violence and hyperbole that the effect on most people ranges from flat misunderstanding to gaseous confusion. Simple and direct, his language nevertheless requires translation in an age which is hearing a philosophical barker for the first time.

The pillars of his philosophy are two. He is arguing (1) that man is a rational animal and (2) that philosophy is knowledge. There is nothing new in that position; it was argued by Socrates and the Sophists.

To say that man is a rational animal is to say that man can think; that, so far as we know, he is the only animal that can think abstractly; that, further, he is the only animal whose irrationality can be held against him. To say that philosophy is knowledge is to say that the rational animal can generalize from his experiences; and that from such generalizations arise principles of action by which the individual can guide his life and judge his fellowmen.

Hutchins proceeds to suggest that education should develop the student's rea-

son and pay some attention to the principles of human conduct. At this point the young man's idea of an educational system begins to take form.

The first object of Hutchins' proposed higher education is the development of the rational powers, and this is achieved through the cultivation of the liberal arts of reading, writing, and speaking. (This is what the bad rhetorician means when he talks about "grammar, rhetoric, and logic.") The special object of Hutchins' proposed college—a unit composed of the last two years of the present high school and the first two years of college—is the transmission of the accumulated wisdom of the race, scientific as well as philosophical, to the entire adolescent population, and this is achieved through the study of human experience as it has been examined and recorded from age to age. The special object of his proposed three-year university—open to those who have shown capacity to proceed to specialization—is the study and development of the natural sciences, the social sciences, literature, and the arts, the students and workers in each field to see the relation of that field to the others in the light of philosophy. The prospective physician, for instance, would emerge from medical school (at the same age he does now) knowing not only how to save other people's lives but what to do with his own.

This emphasis on man's rationality and the obligation of education to develop man's rational faculties has aroused the

complaint on a wide front that Hutchins would have education devoted wholly to the intellect, to the neglect of the "whole man." To the "whole man" school the reply must be made that Hutchins has characterized man as a rational animal—partly rational and partly animal. "The question," says Hutchins, "is a question of emphasis." He has made this point in every speech and in every paper, but his opponents are still producing tracts under such titles as *Intelligence Is Not Enough*.

If we are talking about emphasis, and not about exclusion, it is obvious that the "whole man" needs to be educated. It is also obvious that he is not being educated under the present program. "I ask you," says Hutchins, "how many colleges and universities are there to which you could say in good conscience, 'What you need is a larger and more expensive athletic program, more and gayer fraternities and sororities, and a larger proportion of schools and courses of a directly vocational kind?'"

"Whole men" would seem to be men who had acquired—among other things—the capacity to think and to think about serious matters. There are numerous institutions which educate the young physically and socially. The schools need not neglect these aspects of education; they do need to emphasize that aspect of education which no other institution emphasizes—the training of the mind.

It may be pertinent to suggest that the President of the University of Chicago is flagrantly intellectual and philosophical, and at the same time gets along with his wife and his friends, balances budgets and juggles donors, manages a large corporation, drinks and eats with satisfaction, tells very funny stories, and conducts himself firmly and successfully in practical and political affairs. Hutchins is a "whole man" and will wrestle anyone in the house for a quarter.

"But," says one of his critics, "we are not all Hutchinses." This raises the question: how many young people are competent to master the books round

which the Hutchins college program is built? Hutchins points out that ordinary children mastered them at the University of Paris in the 13th century and in New England and Virginia in the 18th. The classics—an odious word in the 20th century—are the heart of the curriculum at St. John's College in Annapolis, of which Hutchins is board chairman, and an unselected group of Maryland boys is not only mastering them but enjoying them.

Good books are not too hard for American adolescents, but an incompetent profession which has not read them does not know how to teach them; before they were given up altogether they were so stupidly taught that children turned truant to escape their terrors. Of course Bacon does not have the same natural fascination for the adolescent as does baseball, but the present tendency toward a child-centered curriculum presupposes that a child of six or even of sixteen knows what he ought to learn. What will happen to the child when he has to face the problems which didn't interest him in school?

Those who would reduce education to the average instead of raising the average are only a few steps removed from those who see salvation not in the training of the mind but in the regulation of the emotions. The opposition at this level is of two kinds. Some psychologists—amateur rather than professional—argue that reason, if there is any such thing, is wasted on neurotic children; it is neurotics, seeking security, who fall for demagogues; if education will only resolve the emotional difficulties of its charges, then everybody will be safe from Hitler. Closely related to this school are those who maintain that the answer to our *Weltschmerz* is the substitution of *good* emotions for *bad* ones, a position which overlooks the fact that there is no emotion so *good* as that derived from burning down the house across the street.

The contention that neurotics succumb to demagogues is half the truth; neurotics and ignoramuses succumb to dema-

gogues, and the mind is the only known enemy of ignorance. The world did not acquire its present horrors from devotion to the intellect. The man who has not been educated in the tradition of spiritual and intellectual independence, the man who does not know what men have sacrificed for freedom and why, the man who has not been trained to analyze what he reads and hears—this man is the meat upon which our Cæsars feed. "Fascism," as Mussolini's official philosopher says, "is war on intellectualism," and it is not because intellectualism produces fascists.

One of Hutchins' opponents finds that the best students in any university are maladjusted, "brilliant but wretched." Aside from the fact that this is the historic argument advanced against all educated men by those who oppose all education, may it not be true that young people who have actually acquired an understanding of men's long struggle for freedom and dignity ought to be "wretched" in a wretched world? Jesus declined to do as the Romans did and was notoriously maladjusted. Hutchins ventures to suggest that "there are some things in every environment to which no honest man should ever adjust himself."

The child or adult who is actually tied in emotional knots cannot be expected to act rationally. But most children, whatever their emotional difficulties, are able to absorb the kind of education we give them to-day; most teachers, whatever their emotional difficulties, are able to transmit that kind of education. Hutchins simply wants the same teachers to give the same children a better kind of education.

The maladjusted child or youth is suffering from an affliction for which science is trying to find a therapy. But what can the schools do about it? Emotional difficulties are the problem, and the proper problem, for psychotherapy. After the maladjusted child has been adjusted—then what? He still has to be educated. He still has to learn to think and to think about serious things. He still has to face

fundamental problems. Freedom from emotional difficulties, like any freedom, is not an end in itself, but a means to a higher end.

The mind of man, as De Tocqueville observed, runs naturally to practical things. Modern science has given us the practical things we see all about us, and science is the new religion. Colleges and universities seek—and get—endowments on the basis of their "useful" research. Philosophy pulls no teeth and ships no wheat, and the nature of justice may have to be studied with funds stolen from the student lunchroom.

It is easy enough to dispose of the skeptics who hold that philosophy is so much verbalism. Although language has been abused in the name of philosophy, language remains our only tool for communicating things which cannot be seen or felt. That men utter philosophical concepts unctuously and emptily proves something about the men but nothing about philosophy. But that men who are held to be learned do deny the existence of philosophic knowledge or its parity with science is a fact, and it is a fact that, like all other facts, has to be explained. There are two reasons why philosophy, as it flourished from the Greeks to the pre-War Russell, is, so to speak, in the doghouse.

First, it never recovered from the hair-splitting and logic-chopping practiced by the corrupt scholastics of the Renaissance in the name of Aristotle. Blind to the naturalism that underlay the thinking of the Greeks, the scholastics of the 15th and 16th centuries were literally verbalists and just as literally indifferent to experience and reality. Aristotle must have spun in his grave while his Renaissance disciples quibbled over his words.

Second, philosophy in its heyday committed the same gluttony as theology did and as science does to-day: it refused to delimit its field. Aristotle, Augustine, Berkeley, Hegel, Spencer—all of them "answered" questions philosophically which—it developed later—could be answered only by science. The scientists

reacted naturally, claiming jurisdiction over wider and wider areas as their influence increased; and the philosophers, weakening under the attack, turned anti-philosophical and, by and large, accepted the humble task of developing a philosophy of the scientific method, the currently dominant empiricism.

"Science," says one of Hutchins' opponents triumphantly, "has a laboratory; metaphysics has none." But when we carry the fundamental problems of man and society into the laboratory we do not get the answers. If we deplore current developments in Europe and Asia it is not because we can prove them bad by any objective test, but because, however vehemently we may deny it, we are all philosophers, inveterate if rudimentary, making ethical and political decisions that lie outside of science.

Science, says Hutchins, tells us how to get wherever we're going; it does not tell us where to go. "Men may employ science for good or evil purposes; but it is the men who have the purposes, and they do not learn them from their scientific studies." If airplanes are good in themselves, and there are no goods above them, then we are doomed to live, or, more certainly, to die, in a world of Addis Ababas, Nankings, and Barcelonas.

The philosophical President of the University of Chicago is not as lonely as he was ten—even five—years ago. There are others who are beginning to discover that the "mastery of nature" is only a faithful servant, equally faithful in the service of liberators and of tyrants. No less a scientist than Birkhoff of Harvard, the retiring president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, put the question to his fellow-scientists at their last convention: "Does it clarify our idea of social justice to try to explain it in terms of the reactions between the protons and electrons in the brain?"

II

An educator who talks about the accumulated wisdom of the race, an edu-

cator who would have the college student study books that were written before the invention of the Ford, is suspected of advocating a retreat to the past. What do we want with the past, anyway?

At a low level the argument runs: the past was a bad place, dark and savage, full of tyranny and war and outside toilets; thank God it's gone. Hutchins' opponents at a higher level maintain that the thinking of the past may have been all right *in its time and place*, but conditions have changed, and "philosophy needs to be remade into consistency with the situation."

Some of his critics hold that the fact that Hutchins cites Aristotle proves something about Hutchins' philosophy. It is not *that* Aristotle said something but *what* he said that matters. If we are looking for knowledge we must look for it wherever it may have existed, even if our search leads us to pagan Greece or the feudal Middle Ages. Whether or not it is knowledge is the only argument. If we insist on judging thinking by its dates instead of by its arguments we must expect our descendants to despise the thinking of Freud and Dewey because that thinking was found in a dark and savage world full of tyranny and war and the slaughter of women and children.

The popular notion that we don't need the past because we have incorporated the best of it in the present is based on the fallacy that only the best survives. We have only to look about us to see that the best of justice, temperance, fortitude, and prudence is forgotten. These virtues are the same to-day as yesterday, and if the Greeks were also subject to human vices, we can scarcely congratulate ourselves for having preserved and advanced those vices. Every moral problem that might face any man in any age is found in the plays of Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes. "The ancients," says Mark Twain sadly, "stole all our thoughts from us." In *The Nation* of last October 8th Archibald MacLeish substituted the Czechs for the Melians, the Nazis for the Athenians, the

British for the Lacedæmonians, Prague for Melos—and 1938 for 416 B.C.—and published verbatim a section from Thucydides' *Peloponnesian War*.

These ancient problems are modern problems because men have not changed fundamentally. Since we have to face these problems when we leave college, why shouldn't we begin, in college, by finding out how men have faced them before, and with what results? At the height of the 1935 Red Scare Hutchins made a stirring statement: "Socrates was accused of corrupting the youth. Some people talk as though they would like to visit upon the educators of America the fate which Socrates suffered. Such people should be reminded that the Athenians missed Socrates when he was gone." Hutchins' opponents in education rose to a man to cheer; they did not seem surprised, at the time, that Mr. Hearst and Colonel McCormick had not changed in twenty-four hundred years.

There was a time when the past was still thought to have something to say to men who lived in the present and planned for the future. A few months ago Mr. Walter Lippmann picked up an obscure book on the education of the Founding Fathers and learned, "to my immense surprise," that the men who wrote the Declaration of Independence and led the American Revolution "had followed essentially a course of studies which comes down through the Middle Ages from the schools of ancient Greece." The books that Hutchins wants the American college student to study come closer to the list that Jefferson handed to young Peter Carr than any reading course in America to-day.

Hutchins does not want to go back to Plato; he wants us to go forward, as practical men, toward Plato's ideals. Those ideals were no more realities in Plato's time than the realities of to-day are ideal. The general education Hutchins proposes utilizes the past for the sake of the present and the future. Its proponent is not a "classicist"; he does not care if Greek or Latin are taught or how many

parts Gaul was divided into or whether Ulysses had a bag of wind. The children who in the last half century rebelled at being stuffed with dead heroics and dead declensions and drove the classics from education were righteous rebels deprived by incompetent teachers of the contemporary wisdom that lay untouched in the books they read.

Hutchins holds with every educator that education should be preparation for life. But the present is, and the future will be, built upon the past. The flux and variety and multiplicity of current phenomena defy understanding as the trees obscure the forest. It is impossible to duplicate in college all the singular experiences that the student will confront as a man and a citizen. But the *kinds* of experience the student will meet, and the processes involved in understanding and profiting by experience—these can be considered and developed in the few years that precede the practical pressures of later life. Education, under the present circumstances, cannot produce the good society, but it can do what is prior to the production of the good society; it can prepare the student to discriminate between a good society and a bad society, regardless of circumstances.

Hutchins is accused of wanting to regiment American education. Now we know that man is a social animal, and we know, from tragic experience, that if men cannot unite on common understanding they will unite on common ignorance or prejudice. It was not Hutchins, but Samuel Eliot Morison, who, in his *Three Centuries of Harvard*, asserts that Eliot, in establishing the elective system, committed the educational crime of the century. We have seen specialization and vocationalism run wild. We have seen boys and girls, who find no difficulty mastering enough "pipe" courses to get a degree, devoting their own time and their parents' money almost exclusively to "college life." The elective system denies that there is such a thing as common understanding among men and common problems in society.

It produces practitioners of trades, jolly good fellows, and doctoral dissertations on the bacteriological content of the cotton undershirt. These things are nice to have, but the world needs common understanding, and it will not get it from the colleges until the colleges abandon the false democracy that holds one subject matter as good as another.

It is, or should be, obvious that there is no regimentation in an education that includes Plato and Machiavelli, Dante and Milton, Marx and Adam Smith, and all the great minds that opposed one another, and oppose one another to-day, in fundamental problems of man and society. It should be just as obvious that there is no regimentation in a university unified by the search for philosophic truth when philosophy itself is not unified. Great minds have always disagreed as to the truth in both theory and action; but they disagreed as to matters that they all held important and they carried on the controversy with common tools. The few who were educated in ages past had learned how to learn; the many who are educated to-day shed the pretense of learning with their cap and gown. The few who were educated in caves and porches were able to talk to one another; the many who are educated in "cathedrals of learning" are not.

III

The complaint that all education was "unrealistic" and a waste of time was prevalent during the rise of higher education in this country. The colleges answered the complaint by devoting themselves to "realistic" education and demonstrating that their graduates were practical men who landed in the big money. Though we see all about us the tragedy into which practical men have led themselves and the world, education continues to devote itself to these popular ideals.

Real life certainly demands a minimum of material goods that is now denied a large proportion of the population.

Hutchins does not suggest that we work and pray and live on hay, for he knows that starving men cannot be expected to practice the virtues. The question is, in life as in education, one of emphasis and ends. Education should prepare the young for jobs by making them intelligent men and women, not by stimulating the love of money. Freedom from hunger, like freedom from emotional difficulties, is necessary freedom, but in man it is freedom to pursue higher ends.

If we want to improve society, says Hutchins, we need some conception of a good society in order to decide what improvement is. If we can know nothing, if we can only have opinions, then what constitutes a good society can be determined only by force. If there is only scientific knowledge, tentative and technical, if there are no values good for all men in all times and places, how can we improve society and avoid merely changing it? Henry Hazlitt, discussing Dewey's "insistence upon the importance of knowing where to put our feet for the next ten steps," asks the critical question: "Unless we know where we want to go, or whether it is worth while going there, what is the point in moving at all?"

A democratic community must have common action on common problems. Since these common problems are difficult they cannot be understood by men whose reading ability is limited to the newspapers, whose efforts at writing are confined to office memoranda, and whose achievements in reasoning begin and end with business matters and bridge. Common understanding of difficult problems is not the hope of democracies alone but of the democratic spirit throughout the world. If the "reasonable man" in law has no existence outside the opinion of a jury we cannot quarrel with the decisions of German juries as to what "reasonable men" may or may not do to Jewish storekeepers.

Hutchins holds that man is a rational animal and that philosophy is knowledge. If there is such a thing as reason, and if men are capable of rational activ-

ity, then men are fit to govern themselves. If there is no reason, men, like other animals, are irrational and must be controlled by force. If, further, there is such a thing as philosophy its very existence depends on a society in which men's minds are free; for philosophy is nothing more than an appeal to reason and it cannot be imposed on men without ceasing to be philosophy.

The end purpose of training the intellect is the development of a character that rests on something more secure than platitudes, early habits, or fear of punishment. If, as fascism holds, man exists for the state, then we need not bother with the character of the individual. But if, as Hutchins holds, the state exists for man, we cannot make good states out of bad men.

IV

To say that Hutchins' rhetoric is bad is to say that he does not succeed in making himself understood. Perhaps it is because he does not try hard enough. Perhaps it is because he cannot find common terms to express uncommon notions. Perhaps it is because he will not "talk down" to his audience. At any rate, he does not succeed in making himself understood.

Hutchins is talking about emphasis, but educators who play largely by ear insist he is talking about exclusion. Dewey refers to "President Hutchins' complete neglect of the natural sciences in his educational scheme." But St. John's College in Maryland, where the Hutchins college program is in operation, is the only liberal arts college in the country where four years of laboratory science are compulsory, and in Hutchins' theoretical university the natural sciences are one-third of the curriculum. Another of his opponents—a member of his own faculty—says that Hutchins "insists that facts be completely excluded from college and university curricula," though Hutchins has said repeatedly that facts, while subordinate to ideas, are indispensable to education and research.

The worst rhetoric in the whole argument is a definition that Hutchins snapped up from Aristotle: "Metaphysics is the science of first principles." Fifty years ago Thomas Huxley clamored for the study of first principles of metaphysics. Whitehead has been deploring the neglect of "basic ideas" for forty years. For thirty years Nicholas Murray Butler has been saying that "the great thinkers of Greece and Rome and the Middle Ages sounded the depths of almost every problem which human nature has to offer." Coming from Hutchins, these modest notions aroused the wrath of the educational world. "First principles," "Aristotle," and "Middle Ages" suddenly matured into fighting words.

Why? Because Hutchins was a university president who threatened to do something about it all. John Dewey became so excited that he accused Hutchins of saying that "fixed and eternal authoritative principles are not to be questioned," though Hutchins had never used those interesting adjectives and had indeed written that "the development, elaboration, and refinement of principles together with the collection and use of empirical materials to aid in these processes is one of the highest activities of a university and one in which all its professors should be engaged."

Whence come these "first principles"? From Hutchins? From Aristotle? From the current majority on the Supreme Court?

First principles come from human experience interpreted by reason. They do not come from something called "pure reason." St. Thomas Aquinas (of whom Hutchins is correctly suspected of holding a high opinion) says that "a human concept is not true by reason of itself . . . an opinion is true or false according as it answers to the reality." If Dewey had remembered his Aristotle (of whom Hutchins is correctly suspected of holding a very high opinion), he would not have accused Aristotle's local sales manager of "divorcing intellect and experience," for Aristotle says: "Those who dwell in inti-

mate association with nature and its phenomena grow more and more able to formulate, as the foundation of their theories, principles such as to admit of wide and coherent development; while those whom devotion to abstract discussions has rendered unobservant of the facts are too ready to dogmatize on the basis of a few observations."

Since wise men, from Aristotle to Dewey, have been observing phenomena for several thousand years, the race should have by this time been able to formulate a few principles of universal applicability—their "firstness" lies in their universality—which might properly be used as starting points in the search for further speculative and practical knowledge.

Every exact science presupposes the existence of metaphysical principles of possibility and actuality, whole and part, substance and accident, and the like. Without uniformity in nature at least tentatively accepted, the natural sciences could not engage in experimentation. Without the first principles of change, there would be no physics; without axioms, no geometry. The principles that science employs, metaphysics examines. The conclusions of science can be disputed only by science.

Neither Hutchins nor Aristotle nor Roosevelt can decree a first principle or by legislative fiat make it true or false. Aristotle concluded that the first principle of law—and most 20th century lawyers at least pay it lip service—is that good shall be sought and evil avoided. Taken together with what is universal and enduring in the philosophical analysis of good and evil, this principle is violated by the Nuremberg Laws. The principle helps rational men decide where they should stand on the Nuremberg Laws, and the purpose of Hutchins' educational program is to make rational men more rational.

May we, O Hutchins, have any new principles? We may. Are we likely to find any? In a new discipline, yes. In an old one, hardly. In the sphere of human affairs principles, after five thou-

sand years, are likely to be pretty well established. May we look for new first principles? We may, though the philosopher, like the geometer whose student wanted to look for new axioms, suggests that we study the old ones first. Does the consideration of the first principles prevent change or growth? We can answer that one ourselves if we take, for example, the first principle of political science: man is a social animal seeking the common good.

V

Even more disastrous to Hutchins than the rhetoric of words is what might be called the rhetoric of circumstances. Hutchins wants to revive philosophy. Philosophy has been known to lead to theology. Does Hutchins' philosophy lead to theology? And if it does—to *what* theology?

"We are a faithless generation," says Hutchins, "and we take no stock in revelation. To look to theology to unify the modern university is futile and vain. If we omit from theology faith and revelation, we are substantially in the position of the Greeks." Since theology unified the Catholic universities of the Middle Ages and metaphysics unified Greek thought, Hutchins would seem to be more of a pagan than a Christian. But few of his critics have made this inference—the exceptions being Catholic educators and the *Christian Century*, which laments the fact that he does not propose to organize education "around the supreme reality of religious faith." Most of his opponents are afraid that he proposes to do just that, and inasmuch as medieval philosophy plays a significant role in Hutchins' thinking, his opponents, opposed as they are to the predominant political behavior of the Church Temporal, see the shadow of the Inquisition and a good man heading for Franco.

This intimation, though it seldom reaches print, is a favorite in academic gossip. It is motivated in some notorious instances by oldfashioned Kluxism, but it cannot be completely disposed of

as conscious bigotry. In the first place, Mother Church is aggressive and has always been the bogey of non-sectarian education in America. In the second place, Hutchins' interest in St. Thomas as a philosopher and explicator of Aristotle has attracted the favorable attention of many Catholic educators and philosophers; and third, the man who is accused of "selling" St. Thomas to Hutchins is a full-blown Thomist philosopher and is widely—and falsely—believed to have been converted to Catholicism.

Mortimer Adler, like his friend Hutchins, is a political liberal and a "whole" man—and a devastating dialectician on the side. Hutchins found him at Columbia and brought him to Chicago, and, after some distress in the philosophy department, he landed in the law school, where the few men who know him admire him. Since he occupies no position of public prominence, since he is indifferent to admiration, since he is even harder-working than Hutchins and is never seen in university society, it has become fashionable, particularly among ladies who swoon at the mere thought of Hutchins' profile, to blame the latter's shortcomings on that strange little man Adler.

One of Hutchins' friends told him one day that "a lot of fellows say that this Thomism stuff is fascism." Hutchins asked if his friend knew how the "fellows" came to associate the two phenomena. He didn't, so Hutchins explained. St. Thomas was a Catholic; a majority of Catholics are supporting fascism in Spain; therefore Thomism is fascism. "I see," said the friend. "No, you don't," said Hutchins; "there's another syllogism you must hear. St. Thomas was a philosopher; the greatest living Thomist philosopher, Jacques Maritain, who happens to be a Catholic, denounces fascism and fascism in Spain in particular; therefore Thomism is against fascism." When the friend had laid the two syllogisms side by side, he said to Hutchins: "Why didn't you tell me that before?" Hutchins replied: "For the same reason I've never

told you I wasn't a snake-charmer; you never asked me."

Hutchins holds, simply, that the fascism of some Catholic prelates in Spain or of some Catholic communicants in Jersey City is irrelevant to the validity of Thomist or any other philosophy. If you want to argue philosophy you will have to argue philosophy, and you do not argue philosophy by calling a Catholic a fascist any more than you argue democracy by calling a Jew a communist; what you succeed in doing is adding bigotry to a world that has just about enough. Al Smith was a Catholic when he reformed the State of New York and a Catholic when he joined the Liberty League. Hutchins says, privately, that it is not his fault if some Catholics or all Catholics or no Catholics abandon the Catholic intellectual tradition. Half the modern books that Hutchins wants every child to read are distinguished by their presence on the Ecclesiastical Index.

Hutchins teaches not only Aristotle and St. Thomas, but Plato and Darwin—and Dewey. You would never know it, however, to hear his critics. The notion that St. Thomas is a dangerous bird is held by almost everyone who has never read his works, a category which includes almost the entire adult population of the United States. The encyclopedia—any encyclopedia—says that Aquinas was one of the most important philosophers of all time, but he is not studied in non-sectarian education and he is not studied philosophically in Catholic education. When Hutchins and Adler ordered twenty copies of a volume of the *Summa Theologica* for the honors course they teach in the history of ideas the university bookstore reported, a week later, that only eighteen copies were available.

St. Thomas was a theologian and a philosopher who held that philosophy and theology were separate and independent. He horrified his fellow-theologians by studying the writings of the Jew Maimonides and by going to the infidel Moslems for their opinions, and his reply to the attacks that were made upon


him within the Church was that he was seeking "the truth, wherever found." As a Thomist, Maritain holds that capitalism and Christianity are incompatible, and three of Adler's graduate students, two of them Catholics and all of them radicals, are engaged in trying to reconcile St. Thomas and Marx.

Hutchins is a Christian. (A Congregationalist, I believe.) He doesn't go to church. He tries to practice Christianity on week-days. It is possible that the world would be no worse off if public figures generally tried to practice Christianity. Religion, like philosophy, has fallen to low estate, and for the same reason: its name has been forged on bad checks. Lincoln Steffens observed that the less knowledge men had, the more religion; but he should have added: the more religion they said they had. If churchgoers whose dividends are produced by children inhaling lint and spitting blood in textile mills are gladdened by the rumor that the president of a great university is trying to interest the citizens in God, they should be reminded that he is also trying to interest the citizens in the Child Labor Amendment.

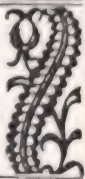
It can be argued, and not altogether irrelevantly, that in the four centuries of modern Europe, religion, which was once central to what little civilization there was, has become a suffered institution in what little civilization there is. It can be argued, further, that the spread of learning in the intervening period has been great and the spread of morality small. It can be argued, finally, that men must have a religion, and if they cannot have a good one they will take a bad one. Faith that an automobile going eighty miles an hour will not throw a wheel may be a religion. Faith in communism or fascism or a million dollars may be a religion.

Science, failing to answer certain sub-lunary questions that rational animals have asked, leads to philosophy. Philosophy, failing to answer certain eternal questions that rational animals have asked, leads to the consideration of man's last end. If a dynamic figure in American life should be found guilty of speaking with the voice of God, it might be well to remember, in fixing his punishment, that it is the voice of Cæsar that deafens the world to-day.





One Man's Meat



By E. B. WHITE

IT is Sunday, mid-morning—Sunday in the living room, Sunday in the kitchen, Sunday in the woodshed, Sunday down the road in the village: I hear the bells, calling me to share God's grace. I enter the living room, a Sunday man, carrying a folder of work—clippings, letters, small ungerminated thoughts in plain wrappers, a writer's reticule. I stand a moment listening to the bells three miles away, the hopeful, chiding bells. Procrastinating, I snap the radio on, and it is Sunday in the radio cabinet, too. *More like the Master is my daily prayer . . . a hymn singer in the Nazarene Church of South Blur, Maine, into my Sunday living room, spreading a frail soprano along the shelf among the geraniums and the freesia and the hyacinths where stand the authors without their jackets—Henry James, Willa Cather, D. H. Lawrence, A. P. Herbert, Frank T. Bullen, W. H. Hudson, Willard C. Thompson, their heads unbowed, looking straight ahead. We dedicate this hymn to Miss Nellie Blur, a shut-in of South Blend. Next Sunday we shall take up the first of the beatitudes and until then God bless you . . .*

I sit down, opening the work folder. An organ prelude! The organ makes a curious whine, sentimental, grandiose—half cello, half bagpipes. A prelude, somewhere in a wired church, on this Sunday morning in this year of our . . . (somewhere into the church as into the church three miles away where bells have just grown silent must now be coming the people, the people to the Lord, singly, by twos and threes, and the usher seating them, and the bowing and the handing the printed program). *Praise God from whom all blessings flow . . .* hesitatingly the assembled voices, embarrassed at the

sudden sound of their own once-a-week excursion in piety, the too weak, the over strong, *praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.*

Ahhhhhhh men.

"Dad?"

My boy enters the living room where Sunday is. He wears corduroy trousers and carries a police whistle.

"What?"

"It sounds as though you had turned the bottom part of this house into a church."

"Yes, it does."

Acts the eleventh chapter . . . Acts, the ee-leventh chapter. The little boy picks up a book, subsides, unlistening, discarding the world of the room, the world of the radio, setting up for himself a tight little world inside the covers of a book. There are many worlds. I see by my folder that in Flushing, the village of to-morrow, the people are building a temple to the Lord at a cost of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars or is it three. The world of to-morrow has so many responsibilities, and on top of everything, religion. *We thank thee that Thou art murr-ciful.*

The police whistle sounds a shrill blast. The prayer ends, and the organ takes up the burden. The people cough, and there is a rustling and re-arranging in the distant pews. I paw around in the folder, uncover the rules for the National Poetry Contest conducted by the Academy of American Poets—to select the official poem of the New York World's Fair, 1939. The choir is singing again, something a little too hard for it this time, struggling bravely, tentatively. A poetry contest! An official ode for the world of to-morrow, a song in the future tense to stir blood that has yet to flow through

veins . . . *regular Sunday morning program emanating from the Durr Baptist Church of Runcible, New Hampshire*

Poems must be typed double-spaced, on one side of the paper. "No contestant may submit more than three poems" (these inexhaustible poets!) *Bless the Lord O my soul and all that is within . . . who taught us to pray together: Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name*

Police!

and the power and the glory forever, amen

This house, this house now held in Sunday's fearful grip, is a hundred and twenty years old. I am wondering what Sabbaths it has known. Here where I sit, grandfather H. used to sit, they tell me—always right here. He would be surprised, were he here this morning, to note how the seams in the floor have opened wide from the dry heat of the furnace, revealing the accumulation of a century of dust and crumbs and trouble, and giving quite a good view of the cellar.

My retriever comes in, from outdoors, full of greeting on a grand scale. He shakes himself, and knocks, with his eager tail, the world of to-morrow from the table at my side.

Isaiah the fifty-second chapter. How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings. The little boy has a hammer, now, and a metal ball from a pin game. Psalm 66. We will read there David's exhortation to praise God and after that the male choir . . . does your eye follow down now to the twelfth verse, the twelfth verse: but thou broughtest us out into a warring place . . . (where have I heard this voice before? was it the voice saying good night for Canada Dry, saying hello for Fels Naptha? if mine eye follows down now to the twelfth verse, can I win a Buick by writing twenty-five words?) The boy has returned to his book, is quiet. The book (I can read the title) is "All About Subways," by Grof Conklin. There are two dogs in the room now, a dachshund has joined us for the

reading of the sixty-sixth psalm. He feints at the retriever, steps back. *Say unto God how terrible art thou in thy works! through the greatness of thy power shall thine enemies . . . On the child's face now a look of complete absorption, Grof Conklin triumphs over a terrible God, subways over the kingdom on high. All poems should be mailed postpaid to The Academy of American Poets at a warring place and postmarked not later than the feet of him that bringeth good tidings . . . from the gospel according to*

"This book is all about New York," says my son, pleased at having discovered familiar ground. He listens a moment to the church service. "Dad?"

"What?"

"That priest just then said they were all going to read together, but I only hear the priest reading."

No matter where we be or what the circumstances we may rest upon His word

He slips back into the subways. In a moment he is at my side, holding up the book for me to look at a photograph of children taking refuge in the Madrid subway from Fascist bombs.

"Is it true?" he asks.

"Sure it's true."

that the blood of Jesus Christ may cleanse us all from sin . . . that by Thy help we shall be different men and women (to-morrow, in the world of to-morrow perhaps?) and taste the eternal dividend of Jesus Christ our Lord. Be especially with our young folks . . . The retriever is asleep now. A telegraph key breaks in suddenly, the dit dit darr of the code message, high pitched, peremptory. God is wiring a confirmation. Yes, be especially with our young folks. The boy puts down the book, picks up an old copy of *Life*. There is a picture of a retriever on the cover. The boy shows the picture of the retriever to the retriever, waking him. The dog is unimpressed. A song of comfort, by a male singer. *Trust in Him and He will give thee . . .* From the next room, an announcement: one of the dogs has sinned under the piano, and the Dogtex is all gone. A problem in

household management, inflicting itself on our Sunday morning. The boy puts *Life* down, blows a quick summons to the police, and settles down thoughtfully with a new book, called *Starcraft*.

. . . so that the kind of lives we live shall remind

"Dad, can we make a telescope?"

"Not to-day."

The table is being set for dinner, silver against silver clinking, glass being set down, plates being placed around. *God help us so to live . . .* and now to get to work! Two letters from my folder, one from the American Committee for Non-Participation in Japanese Aggression . . .

"Look, Dad, here's *exactly* what I've been wanting to know—it shows just what Mars looks like." He shows me a picture of Mars. But the letters: Roger S. Greene, of the Non-Participation Committee, calling my attention to the fact that America is providing scrap iron to Japan, bandages to China. (Let not thy right hand know . . .) And a letter from the Audubon Society reporting its sanctuaries, havens for wild birds that are sore oppressed. *For without holiness no man shall . . . This is an N.B.C. transcription*

The boy has given up the reflective life among the stars and is playing with an open jackknife on a chain, forming a bridge with his body so that the knife swings back and forth below his belly in a wide arc. Shall I help a wild bird, shall I give comfort to a dying Chinese, shall I ask a little boy to watch out he doesn't cut himself with his knife? *Thy speer-it, thy speer-it . . .* I see the wild birds in the green and open forests, beautiful my feet upon the mountains, in the free air up toward levels of abundance, I see the children in the Madrid subway; save the wild birds, save the children, Oh God, save the children—the little boy with the knife, so safe, so safely swinging the knife, with nothing overhead but the wild birds and the planet Mars, wildly swinging.

He hath redeemed me and I am his child. "Telephone! That's our telephone!" It is long distance. Somebody

else answers. The boy is using the blade of the knife as a reflector now, throwing the sun around the room, on the ceiling, on the wall, on the retriever's eye. "Pee-ew!" he says. "Something smells!" He goes to find out. A report from the kitchen: French fried potatoes. (I wonder how France is this morning.)

The folder again. Students at Hunter College will be analyzed at a beauty clinic.

"Dad, why do you have that radio on?"

yes, we'll gather at the river, the beautiful, the beautiful, riv—

"I don't know why."

"I mean, has it anything to do with your work?"

"No. Well, maybe it has, in a way." (A parent's manly attempt to give an honest answer.)

Paris: The Duke and Duchess of Windsor returned by train from the Riviera to-day.

New York: Trichinosis, a disease caused by eating raw or underdone pork, has infested seventeen million persons in this country and resulted . . .

"Lunch is ready."

This is the voice of the radio pulpit in Peaceable, New Hampshire. "Lunch is ready." *Let us make this world a better place in which to live.* "Lunch, everybody!"

Thus the Sabbath morn. Not a very wholesome report. Having turned the radio on, I simply let it go, as so many people do with radio, allowing it to function as a chatterbox, roiling the air. How far the word of God has tumbled, in families such as this in the world of To-day!

In this house we cling to a few relics of religious observance, but there is no heart in it. If we possess faith (and I guess we do) it is of a secret and unconsecrated sort ill at ease in church. Once or twice a year we go to church, as we might visit the Museum of Natural History, on a sudden impulse to see a strange sight, such as a whale suspended in air.

There was a period in the little boy's life when he begged to be taken to church. He had heard about church and was hot to discover its mysteries at first hand. His demands became so insistent that the situation grew embarrassing: we felt mighty cheap, withholding God from our young zealot. At last we made the effort and took him, twice. He never asked to go again.

The church sometimes seems painfully unimaginative in its attempt to perpetuate a faith which has been gutted by so many fires. Whether or not people are essentially less religious than they used to be, I don't know, but it is obvious that something has happened. I often think the Christian church suffers from a too ardent monotheism. In my house are many gods. With the boy, Jack Frost is ahead of Jesus, although we have never promoted Jack very hard. I see no harm in Jack and am not sure but what he ought to be taken into the church. He is a gifted spirit with an exciting technic and a rather gay program. And he is not terrible, like the Lord.

When I feel sick unto death, I cry out in angry supplication to God; when I speak boastingly, I knock on wood. Here is a clear case of divided responsibility, for there appears to be for me a power in wood that God doesn't possess. My boy, likewise, is firm in certain pagan beliefs. One of them is that if you don't say "Rabbit rabbit" on the last night of the old month and "Bunny bunny" on the first morning of the new month, bad luck will attend you. (I can't imagine where he got this fantastic idea, unless it was from me.) He says "Now I lay me down to sleep" each night with a certain sing-song abstraction and an induced piety of demeanor—a faraway sound in his voice. But when he says "Bunny bunny" his mind is on his work.

As parents, we have never worked out a religious program—we just drift. I go to church once in a while and sing the hymns very loud; it clears the blood, and I love the gush of holiness when the old bone-shaking anthems ripple up and

down my spine and crackle in my larynx. But for the most part, religion is tucked away in a bottom drawer, among things we love but never use. In two generations there has been a great falling off. When I was a child, I could feel heaven slipping. My father was a God-fearing man, but he never missed a copy of the *New York Times* either. At sixty he began changing back and forth between the Congregational and the Baptist church, grumbling and growling. At seventy he let go altogether, and for the next ten years lived in a miasma of melancholy doubt and died outside the church, groping and forlorn. By the standards of a hundred years ago, my family to-day is a group of misguided agnostics, seeking after an illusive beauty and fumbling for grace on a frequency of 860 kilocycles.

But the Lord is persistent and lingers in strange places. He enjoys an honorable position among typographers, for He is always upper case. He enjoys an unique legal status, too, in the "Act of God" code, where elemental violence affords exemption from responsibility. Germany thinks she is ousting the Lord, but she fools herself. I am sure that even in Germany holy words are still used in cussing; and though religion may be in abeyance in home or church, one can always find ample assurance, in the God-damning of a nation, that one's Redeemer liveth.

One of the chief pretenders to the throne of God is radio itself, which has acquired a sort of omniscience. I live in a strictly rural community, and people here speak of "The Radio" in the large sense, with an over-meaning. When they say "The Radio" they don't mean a cabinet, an electrical phenomenon, or a man in a studio, they refer to a pervading and somewhat godlike presence which has come into their lives and homes. It is a mighty attractive idol. After all, the church merely holds out the remote promise of salvation: the radio tells you if it's going to rain to-morrow.

THE PARING KNIFE AT THE CROSSROADS

BY BERNARD DeVOTO

THE Easy Chair has subscribed to the service of Consumers' Research almost from the beginning, reads its reports with close attention, frequently acts on them, and believes that such criticism of industrial products is in the public interest. The Easy Chair has also read its way through many thousands of pages of the contention between business men and the New Deal. Through those pages its sympathies have been sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other—which would seem to be the experience of the public at large—but it has found one aspect of them more absorbing than all the others, the idea of business which business wants the public to have, which it thinks the public ought to have, and which is sometimes saddeningly different from the idea that the public actually does have. But obviously the greater part of the public's idea of business comes from the public's function as consumers, and so rests on consumers' goods. In effect everyone judges business primarily as a consumer of goods and everyone's own private Consumers' Research is a matter of exceeding importance to business. The consumer's opinion of consumers' goods is a compost of political action and is highly important even when it is wrong, perhaps especially when it is wrong.

This report—made by a householder who has a comfortable though by no means satisfactory income—has no technical authority whatever, and needs none. Every experience it records may be a

wild, lonely exception which is cruelly unrepresentative of American goods on the whole. The Easy Chair, for example, may have had extraordinarily good luck with automobiles. But the observations it contains are responsible for the sentiments which control one attitude toward American business. It is a datum. It is the kind of datum that doesn't get into Mr. Gallup's poll, or *Fortune's*, but does unerringly get to Washington in the end.

Let's begin with the tools of the trade. The typewriter on which this is written is satisfactory: I cannot imagine a better product. I find myself buying a new machine about every fifth year, but chiefly because I get fed up with looking at the old one, not because I have had any trouble with it. Once in two or three years I have it cleaned, to get rid of pipe ashes, match stubs, and paper clips; it needs no other upkeep. I never oil it, cover it at night, or give it any other care. And it always does what it is supposed to and does it well. It keeps its type-alignment, it does not stammer or pile up, it does not misbehave in any way. (And it gets hard usage. I pound it all morning and my secretary, who has educated fingers, taps it all afternoon.) In twenty years I have owned four different makes and they have all given me the same unimpeachable service. The consumer gets a firstclass product, intelligently made out of long-lived materials, one that does its job well in all circumstances. Typewriter industry: AA1.

Full-sized machines, that is. I spend the summers in the country and I travel a good deal, and ever since portable typewriters came on the market I have had one. I have owned every make there is—and I have never owned a good one. It is possible to work on them, to turn out stuff that can be read, but they are flimsy and hard to use, forever breaking down, impossible to keep in condition, fit only for the instruction of children. Priced realistically, a sixty-dollar portable would sell for about three dollars and seventy-five cents. Let us admit that any portable typewriter is better than a quill pen, and let us add that it can be praised no farther.

I cannot say that much for fountain pens. I must have owned between thirty and fifty of them, ranging in price from twenty-five cents to ten dollars, but I have never had a moderately satisfactory one. I have never had one that would write smoothly, flow ink freely (unless it also spouted ink), or could be maintained at the lowest conceivable level of decent performance. I see millions of dollars' worth of advertising and I suppose that manufacturers who have that much money must maintain research departments, but if they do, then the problem of making a portable, self-inking pen that will perform the functions proper to a pen is beyond the ability of American industry. I write several hundred thousand words a year by hand, and I use a steel pen, Estabrook No. 313, at something like a dollar a gross. That pen does what it is supposed to do. (But for years it has been impossible to get, at any price, a penholder that would hold it firmly.) What do I carry in my pocket? A pencil. Not a mechanical pencil. The worst fountain pen is a more dependable writing instrument than the best mechanical pencil.

By far the best goods that this consumer has anything to do with are automobiles—by so far that they are not only the standard of value, they are a standard not closely approached by ninety-nine per cent of consumers' goods in America.

The use they get, with the abuse incidental to it, puts them to a test that could not be passed by anything else used in everyday life. There is more value per dollar in an automobile than in anything else on the market. And, whatever my colleagues in Consumers' Research may say, a dollar has bought more automobile value every year for at least the past twenty. The automobile is the best justification of current methods in American industry.

Also it shows up other areas of that industry. For instance, my last four cars have been equipped with a foot-switch to the left of the clutch-pedal, used for dimming the headlights at night. Nothing has ever gone wrong with that switch, which gets far more use than any switch in the lighting system of my house. Why doesn't the electrical-goods industry make as good a switch for houses? I have never seen one that would not be worn out in three thousand miles of use in an automobile—and the same is true of the rest of the electrical system. Something goes wrong with my household lighting at least twice a year and it is never my fault—I'm competent in electricity and I keep things in repair; but in three-quarters of a million miles of automobile driving I have had trouble with the electric system only once, and that was my fault. Household goods are enormously inferior to those produced by the automobile industry.

The householder is best served by his heating and plumbing plants. True, no toilet yet made has ever been equipped with a valve-setup that would work efficiently for longer than a year or so. A century of production has not improved the primitive elbow-arm that works the valve—any automobile factory would improve it a thousand per cent in a single afternoon's research. But the consumer gets excellent service in the rest of this department. Furnaces, radiators, registers, and all their accessories, even steam-valves, fully meet any reasonable standard. Even automatic heating plants are good—not as good as analogous devices

in automobiles but within the tolerance of any conscientious critic. Coal furnaces are better than gas furnaces and gas furnaces are better than oil furnaces, which are the least dependable of the three. Manufacturers of oil furnaces have not solved the problem of the peak-load. You can drive an automobile at full speed all day long, using any kind of gasoline and taking it over any road, but if you are going to have trouble with an oil furnace you will get it during a sub-zero spell.

Small household goods are much worse: hardware, for instance. The door-handle of your car has probably never come off—but how about door-knobs in your house? If my experience is typical, then the past ten years have seen a degradation in the quality of house-hardware. You can get hinges, locks, faucets, and similar small metal goods of reasonable efficiency and longevity. But you must pay out of all proportion for them and must be something of an expert to find them; the ordinary product is certain to be inferior and likely to prove useless. Similarly with lumber and products milled from it: if you know what to look for and don't mind exorbitant prices you can get satisfactory goods, but a seasoned plank or a milled back-door that fits within three-quarters of an inch of its specifications is beyond the expectation of an experienced householder. That may be one reason why the long-awaited building boom doesn't get started. Why build a house when you must either fill it with shoddy materials or pay much more than they are worth for serviceable ones?

Prices of inferior goods of course have been considerably, even sensationally, reduced. You can get a lock for your kitchen cabinet for a nickel or an electric fixture for your dining room for fifty cents. But if the lowering of prices is good capitalism, the degradation of quality is idiotic capitalism and plain robbery. It costs more than it did twenty years ago to get a satisfactory fixture for the dining room, and you can't get a good lock for the cabinet at any price.

For it is quite true that in some goods there is no longer any such thing as quality. I buy a new pocket knife before going to the country every summer, for instance—I have to buy a new one. It has been years since I had one that would keep an edge, and stainless steel, which most of them are made of nowadays, won't even take an edge. The interesting thing is that stainless steel rusts before the summer is over too, when other steel objects carried in the pocket don't rust. The same conditions hold for kitchen cutlery. It is practically all made of stainless steel now, which means that it is practically all no good. At approximately twice the price you paid ten years ago you can get a good butcher knife, but you can't get a good paring knife at any price. True, you can get a paring knife for a nickel and a butcher knife for a quarter, as you couldn't in grandmother's time—but grandmother wouldn't have bought them at any price. They are beautiful of course: the handle is bright green and the blade has been streamlined, air-resistance being a great problem in the kitchen; but they will not cut.

In fact, women testify that there has been a steady deterioration in most of their household goods. It took months, for instance, and a minute search through Greater New York to find an adjustable ironing board. You could get streamlined ironing boards but you couldn't get one of the right height for the average woman or one that both a tall maid and a mistress of medium height could use comfortably. Finally one was found that could be adjusted for height, and within three months it fell apart. Household goods are always falling apart—if office goods were as flimsy there would be fighting in the streets. The ten-cent stores are crammed with egg-beaters, measuring spoons, vegetable peelers, meat grinders, and a thousand other articles which are supposed to bring the housewife's toil under the beneficent influence of the machine age and confer on it the financial benefits of the mass-production

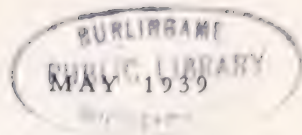
system. But an egg-beater that collapses on the third use, a meat-grinder that crushes what it is supposed to cut, or a cabbage-slicer that won't slice cabbage at all is not a triumph of the American system of production; it is a tort.

It is frequently said that the goods used in sports and hobbies have a high average quality, and in part that is true. Certainly you may take more confidence into a sporting goods store than into a hardware store that what you are going to buy will be what it is supposed to be—though you are also aware that you are going to pay a bigger manufacturer's profit. Optical goods are patently the best: binoculars, cameras, barometers, and similar objects are usually well made, on intelligent designs, of first-rate materials. Even the cheap cameras now flooding the market do well and dependably what they are supposed to do, and the precision products, though outrageously overpriced, are almost beyond criticism. Photographic accessories, however, are usually unsatisfactory. Most of the objects a photographer uses, especially in the darkroom, are badly made, short-lived and undependable. (Notable exception, exposure meters. Apparently when genuine scientific methods have to enter manufacturing processes they impose high trade standards.) Firearms also are universally excellent, and rank with automobiles, typewriters, and cameras. The only other sport my experience touches on is tennis, and its goods are ferociously bad. Tennis rackets are as badly overpriced as photographic enlargers and worse made than milled doors; tennis balls are even worse than rackets. Winter-sports enthusiasts tell me that their equipment, apart from clothing, seems to be made on a system of blank incompetence—that the ordinary ski is badly made and the ordinary skate all but worthless. An ice-skate would seem to be among the simplest of all objects, and American industry has had over a century in which to apply to it that process of evolution and refinement that brings tears to the voice of a manu-

facturer testifying before a Senate hearing. If skates are still bad then the generalized public may be thinking of them, along with fountain pens and paring knives, when, to the despair of business men, it rejoices in the howls that come from the Washington torture-chambers. And maybe the manufacturers of automobiles, cameras, and heating plants ought to move not on Washington but on the manufacturers of knives and skates.

For, as this evidence shows, the consumer's image of the business man is multiple and spotted, not the single image—pure, aspiring, public-spirited, progressive—that the testifying business man wants it to be. The consumer has no direct appeal: if he wants goods he must take what the market offers, and if the system forces him, quite as effectively as the Russian or the German system, to take shoddy, *Ersatz*, jerry-built goods, everything favors the manufacturer of such goods—in the first instance.

But in the end the consumer's sentiments are what produce, support, and arm the torture-chambers. The consumer wants a paring knife that will cut, one that won't have to be replaced next month, and in the end he will get it—not by direct action but by action that will incidentally embarrass completely blameless business. If the cutlery business will not produce such a knife he is willing to put a government inspector in the factory and another one on the books. He is even willing to put Harry Hopkins into the cutlery business—which is all right. But it may incidentally involve putting the inspector or Harry Hopkins into the automobile business too. The consumer has the highest admiration for the automobile industry and no conscious intention of bothering it, for it serves him well, but if the paring knife he buys won't cut he can't be blamed for the contagion of sentiments. And neither education nor evangelism can stop contagion; the best attack on it would be to improve the quality of paring knives.



Harpers *Magazine*

THE END OF ECONOMIC MAN IN EUROPE

BY PETER F. DRUCKER

THE Nazis rule Germany and the Fascists rule Italy—because there is no alternative but despair. The very same factors which produced Nazism in Germany are at work elsewhere in Europe and for precisely the same reason—hope and belief are going or have gone. Once upon a time there was a conscious belief in the operations of capitalism, a belief that the individual man could find a place for himself in the world. When, in the nineteenth century that faith faded, there was ready and waiting the idea of socialism which had been going through a slow process of birth. But the World War dealt this belief in socialism a terrible blow—the brotherhood of man could not survive the calls to the colors—and in Germany, the heart and vital spark of socialism were already dead when the Weimar Republic was set up. The hopes roused by the Russian revolution died, and by 1930 the masses in Germany had reached a point where there was nothing left in which the individual could *believe*.

The belief in socialism meant a belief

in something sought for as the solid basis of a future social order. When this belief went, when its marrow was sucked out, nothing was left, no rational place or function could be foreseen for the individual in society. Only the machinery, the mere burned-out shell of the social structure still stands in Europe. How long could German men and women look this nothingness in the face, how long could they sit on park benches or in beer halls looking down an interminable dark stretch of nothing? Not for long. The masses turned toward a miracle which promised to deliver them from this blank terror, by making the machinery of their lives the supreme master.

It was not “unscrupulous conspiracy” nor propaganda that led to the triumph of Nazism. The Nazis triumphed because nature abhors a vacuum; there was nothing else to fill it. Those most hit in the later years of the depression—the hungry dock worker in the slums of Hamburg, the harassed grocer in the suburbs of Berlin, the pinched and threadbare students leaving the univer-

sities in Munich and Dresden and Goettingen to face a world in which there was nothing for them to do—almost all hoped that there would be no recovery but a smash-up. Recovery would force them to go on living in a society which was losing all sense and which had only terrors. The trade unions wavered and sagged; haunted Communists lurched back and forth and sank without trace in the Nazi ranks. Only a miracle can find a way out of a situation which has no rational escape, so a miracle was manufactured. Heil! Heil! Heil! The nothingness was camouflaged with heroics, even though the masses knew that it was still nothing. The Nazi agitator whom I once heard proclaim to cheering peasants: "We don't want lower bread prices, we don't want higher bread prices, we don't want unchanged bread prices—we want national socialist bread prices" came nearer to a clear interpretation of Nazism than anybody I have heard since.

This explains why the masses under Nazi rule believe in it against their beliefs and trust in it in spite of their misgivings. They have to make themselves believe and trust it. The middle-aged man in a storm trooper's uniform enjoys weekly forced night marches with a fifty-pound pack, or the smashing of the windows of Jewish stores no more than middle-aged men generally enjoy such pursuits. He fears war at least as much as the average person in the democracies; and so does his son even if he grew up in the "Hitler Youth" with its cult of heroism. Yet he genuinely supports Hitler's foreign policies and he forces himself to believe Hitler's protestations that his policies alone can save the peace, although he knows that they will provoke war. He is deeply unhappy over the anti-Semitic and anti-Catholic policies, and resents bitterly the privations which he has to suffer to make armaments possible. But he cheers spontaneously the very leaders responsible for these policies. He knows very well that there is not one word of truth in Dr. Goebbels' propaganda; and he eagerly laps up all rumors

and all uncensored news which he can get hold of. But he refuses to believe any of them and forces himself to accept the official propaganda in spite of his open disbelief in it. I know a man who was an eye-witness to the burning of a Jewish synagogue in Vienna and who even tried to prevent it. Yet by now he has successfully persuaded himself that it happened "by mistake." And he is neither a fool nor a knave but a well-educated, intelligent, law-abiding citizen.

The climax is reached when the need to convince oneself that Nazism is right, in spite of one's knowledge that it isn't, brings one to the belief in the "Führer." It was not Hitler who made himself a demi-god; it was the masses who pushed him up on this pedestal. For only a demon, a superman and magician who can never err and who is always right can resolve the contradiction between the disbelief in the Nazi creed and the necessity to believe in it, between the need for a miracle and the impossibility of producing one. Only unquestioning belief in the "Führer" can give the security of conviction which the masses crave in order to be saved from despair. Hence the phrase: "Hitler certainly does not know about it and would disapprove if he knew" is the one most frequently heard in present-day Germany. It is used and believed in although it is quite obvious in most cases—as in that of the anti-Semitic pogroms of last November—that Hitler both knew and approved. But the business man who forces himself to believe that Hitler does not know how capital is expropriated, the worker who asserts that the Führer is kept ignorant of the enslavement of labor, and the housewife who is positive that the local officials alone are responsible for the high food prices are all sincere. Hitler must be right because otherwise nothing is.

This constant need for self-persuasion is responsible for the tension in which everyone in Germany lives, and which releases itself in the mass-hysteria which grips the Nazi meetings. This tension is

almost unbearable, and yet it has to be borne. It makes Nazi Germany the most "jittery" country in Europe; every time Germany moved—when the Rhineland was occupied by German troops, when Austria was invaded and when war threatened over Czechoslovakia—the panic in Germany was ten times as great as in the other European countries. And yet it is this very need for self-persuasion that pushes the Nazi leaders on to more and more dangerous adventures. For the synthetic belief in a miracle and in a demi-god demands continuous confirmation. The more it is confirmed the more feverish the tension becomes.

And yet it cannot snap unless there is an alternative—a new "idea," a new basis of belief, a new social order. As long as there is only the return to capitalism and socialism, Nazism will survive in some form—would perhaps survive even a disastrous war. Compared with the nothingness and senselessness which the German masses find in socialism and capitalism, Nazism appears to them preferable, at its very worst.

II

The last and decisive step toward the disintegration of belief in the old social orders of Europe, which led to the emergence of Nazism as the answer to the despair of the masses, was the collapse of the belief in Marxist socialism in its promise to realize freedom and equality in a classless society as the social order of the future.

The masses in feudal or pre-industrial countries in Latin America or Asia or in Spain may still believe that they can establish the classless society of equals by elimination of the few people who own anything at all. But the intermediary middle class is absent not because society has completed the full cycle of capitalist development, but precisely because capitalism has not even started. The Russian development shows this quite clearly. As soon as Russia started to industrialize herself the same classes of the planning bureau-

cracy, the engineers, foremen, and junior executives, sprang up whose existence has halted socialism in the capitalist countries. As under capitalism, these classes are not independent "entrepreneurs" but nevertheless privileged and an insurmountable barrier to equality. They are the real masters in Russia no less than in capitalist Europe; only in Russia their class structure is even more rigid and they are even more numerous and more indispensable. Inequality in Russia is not less but by necessity greater than in a capitalist country; for the trend toward increasingly larger units of production which breeds these employed but privileged middle classes has been carried in Russia to the logical extreme of the socialist state-monopoly. This is the reason why the Russian experiment has not only ceased to be a support to the European belief in socialism but has hastened the realization of its futility.

With the disintegration of the belief that the freedom and equality of the classless society of socialism can be realized, the class war on which Marx had put his hopes becomes senseless and suicidal. The masses in Europe who had pinned their faith on socialism as the creed which would realize freedom and equality were thrown back upon "free competition" and the "equal opportunity" of capitalism as means to attain freedom and equality. This is why all European labor movements lost their revolutionary aims and shed their promise to be harbingers of the future millennium. As long as they were confined to hopelessly impotent opposition they could maintain their own belief that they could overthrow the inequalities and iniquities of capitalist society. But as soon as they came near attaining their end they had to give it up as unattainable. They had to shift from revolutionary opposition to capitalist "trade unionism"—an opposition from within capitalism which bases itself on the acceptance of all capitalist tenets.

The history of the German socialist movement is the best illustration of the

speed and of the inevitability of this change. It took not even two years and only a few abortive experiments in "socialization" to force the change from the promised social revolution of 1918 to the cautious and pro-capitalist conservatism of the Social Democrats of the latter-day Weimar Republic.

But contrary to all hopes of the European bourgeoisie, the disintegration of the belief in socialism does not restore the belief of the masses in capitalism. On the contrary, that socialism failed to keep its social promise made the masses all the more conscious that capitalism also is unable to establish social freedom and equality. They realized all the more clearly that it is this social promise—and not that of greater wealth and material well-being—from which capitalism derives all its validity and to which it owes its very existence. The importance of this social promise is shown in the tenacity with which the European lower middle classes and the upper working classes—the layers hardest hit by inequality—have clung to "free competition." Free competition among many small units must be the most efficient method of industrial production, although integrated mass production was plainly the most efficient and cheapest method yet the most unequal one. Mass production on a large scale might still retain all economic elements of competition, but socially it means complete monopolization.

It is only through this belief in "free competition," which implies that any increase in efficiency will increase equality of opportunity and of social status, that the belief in capitalism itself can be maintained. The importance of the promise of equality explains the pathetic struggle of the lower middle classes to send their children to college and university. They see in the professions—supposedly outside the sphere of capitalist economy—the channel through which the equality can be reached which is denied to them and their children in business life. When the European college graduates realized

that this too had been an illusion they turned away from capitalism.

The European working classes accepted the Marxist thesis of the "impoverishment of the masses" as gospel truth. That this thesis has been proved wrong—both as to the absolute economic status of the worker and as to the discrepancy between his status and that of the propertied classes—has not shaken belief in it at all, and is really quite irrelevant. For the thesis maintains nothing more than that the worker feels that he is becoming more and more unequal and that he has less and less chance to rise out of the ranks of the proletariat. He simply is convinced that capitalism is a failure.

For many years America, the Land of Promise and the goal of millions of immigrants, was the ideological mainstay of European capitalism. This influence reached its peak immediately after the World War when the hope of attaining equality through adoption of American political and economic methods prevented the social collapse even in the defeated countries. Although this hope proved futile, America did maintain the European social structure in the post-war years by means of the loans she poured out. The American collapse of 1929 was, therefore, an even greater shock to the European belief in capitalism than to that of Americans themselves. It was a shock from which Europe cannot recover.

It is true that the conception of America as the land of equality still lingers in the minds of the European masses. That explains the anxiety of the dictators to portray the United States as a country of violent class-wars and rank oppression of the lower classes as well as the eager attention with which the European masses have been following the New Deal. Yet by now the disintegration of the European belief in capitalism has proceeded too far to be checked by anything. It has been proved beyond possibility of mistake and beyond appeal that capitalism cannot create equality. Economic success, prosperity, and material progress might conceal for a very limited

time the extent of this collapse of the capitalist creed; but they will not be able to restore it or even to delay the consequences materially.

III

Every social order of the European past has derived its validity from the promise to realize freedom and equality. To the serf in the Middle Ages who swore allegiance to his liege lord the Church gave this promise for the world above. With the Reformation freedom became freedom of conscience, and equality became the equality of salvation through faith. The squabbles of the seventeenth-century theologians were as vital for their society as the discussion among the various economic schools is for ours. Capitalism and socialism promise to achieve freedom and equality in and through the economic sphere. Both are based upon a concept of man as "Economic Man" just as medieval feudalism had based itself upon "Spiritual Man" and Luther and Calvin upon "Intellectual Man."

They regard economic progress as a supreme social end in itself. The industrial revolution freed man's economic activities from the fetters under which two thousand years had kept it, smashed all political and social obstacles to free enterprise, and broke through the frontiers by which each country and each province had formerly shut off its economic life.

Beyond Marxism this creed cannot be developed. The belief that the classless society must inevitably come, because all history is class-history, or that the steady expropriation and impoverishment of the working masses under capitalism must inevitably lead to the "expropriation of the expropriators" is the last possible derivation from the first dim concept of social equality. With the disintegration of the belief in socialism the whole attempt to realize freedom and equality in and through the economic sphere ceases to be valid or understandable.

For the individual in modern society this means that all the tenets and institutions of this society cease to have any rational meaning. Economic progress suddenly ceases to be desirable and is seen as a menace to individual security. The individual demands, therefore, protection against the very force which he yesterday deified. Class war, free competition, industrial democracy—they all share the same fate. The individual can no longer explain or understand them. He is equally unable to explain or understand his own existence as rationally correlated and co-ordinated to them. Nor can he co-ordinate the world and the social reality to his existence. The function of the individual in modern society becomes entirely irrational and, therefore, senseless. Man appears isolated within a tremendous machine, the purpose and meaning of which he does not accept and cannot translate into terms of his experience.

The World War and the Great Depression brought this home to the individual in Europe. Breaking through the everyday routine which makes man accept existing forms, institutions, and tenets as unalterable natural laws, these catastrophes suddenly exposed the vacuum behind the façade of society. The European masses realized for the first time that existence in this society is governed not by rational and sensible, but by blind, irrational, and demonic forces.

Modern war appeared to be the denial of all tenets on which the mechanical and rational conception of society is based; not because it is a-mechanical and a-rational but because it reduces mechanization and rationalization to absurdity. In terms of human experience the War suddenly showed the individual as an isolated, helpless, powerless atom in a world of irrational monsters. The concept of society in which man is an equal and free member and in which his fate depends mainly upon his own merits and his own efforts proved an illusion. It is highly significant that the only writer of

rank in the post-war period who accepted war not only as inevitable but as an essential sphere of human life, the German Ernst Juenger, accepted also the isolation of the individual and attempted to find a new concept of man—without individual function or justification, almost without individual existence.

The Depression proved that irrational and incalculable forces rule also peacetime society; the threat of sudden permanent unemployment, of being thrown on the industrial scrapheap in one's prime or even at twenty! Against these forces the individual finds himself as helpless and isolated as against the forces of machine war; he cannot determine when unemployment is going to hit and why; he cannot fight it, he cannot even dodge it. Like the forces of war, the forces of depression reduce man's rational and mechanical concept of his own existence to absurdity because they are the ultimate consequence of his rational and mechanical society. Man sees himself as a cog in a machine which is beyond human understanding and which has ceased to serve any purpose but its own.

These experiences are due to the disintegration of the belief in the foundations of our society which makes it impossible for us to co-ordinate the rational existence of the individual to a society which breeds wars and depressions. It is irrelevant to the common man whether the irrationality of war and depression is due to changes in their character or to changes in his own beliefs. The individual does not care whether the forces which govern society have become irrational or whether it is the breakdown of his own rational concept of society which deprives them of their rational explanation and their rational function. The fact that the world has no order and follows no laws is what is important to him. For the past hundred years, economists have unsuccessfully tried to discover the causes of the business cycle; the best of them always knew that they could not do much more than understand the last depression. And that there are only losers

in war has been a commonplace for time untold. But the individual is not concerned, cannot be concerned with historical "proofs" demonstrating that the world has not changed. All he need understand is that the attempt to comprise the universe in the rational order of socialism and capitalism has resulted in the Return of the Demons as the real masters of his destiny.

These new demons: poison gas and bombs from the air, permanent unemployment and "too old at forty," are all the more terrible because they are man-made. The demons of old were as natural as their manifestations in earthquakes or storms. The new demons though no less inescapable are unnatural. They can be released by man only; but once they have been turned loose, man has no control over them—less than he had over the tribal gods of the ancients. The average individual cannot bear the utter isolation, the unreality, and senselessness, the destruction of all order, of all society, of all rational individual existence through the blind, incalculable, senseless forces created as the result of rationalization and mechanization.

To banish these new demons has become the paramount objective of European society. The whole post-war history of Europe has been dominated by the attempt to banish them within the framework of the old orders. The failure of such reform measures as the League of Nations, the Disarmament Conference, the restoration of world trade, and world currency stability has, however, proved conclusively from the masses' point of view that the demons cannot be exorcised on the basis of the old orders of capitalism and socialism. But—and this is the most revolutionary trait of our times—no new order stands ready under the surface to provide the necessary new rationalization of the world and the new integration of society. While the masses are, therefore, ready to sacrifice the tenets and institutions of the old orders, they cannot find a new one. And they must turn in their despair to the miracle. It

is this miracle which Nazism promises to perform.

The destruction of the individual's rational world and of his rational function therein are general all over Europe. But in Germany—and to a lesser degree in Italy—the despair and the need for the miracle were greatest. In the western European democracies the capitalist-democratic system is anchored in the allegiance of the masses not only by virtue of its social promise but also through the powerful appeal of tradition and emotion; it is the system for which the forefathers fought and died. In Germany and Italy the great national cause which attracts the emotional and sentimental allegiance of the masses never was liberalism and democracy but national unification. In the German and Italian mass movements of the nineteenth century democracy and capitalism were only means toward the national end, not ends in themselves as in the West where national unification had been achieved so much earlier as to be accepted as a matter of course. And democracy and capitalism in Germany and Italy were, therefore, only as strong as their social promise, and they collapsed with it. Whereas the West could survive the Depression, Germany succumbed.

While, therefore, a considerable part of the forms which Nazism has assumed is due to particular German traits and conditions—both national and social—its causes are general European ones. And this gives Nazism an importance for all Europe far exceeding that of its military threat.

IV

The essence of Nazism is the attempt to establish a *non-economic society*—a society beyond capitalism and socialism in which the social rank, function, and satisfactions of the individual are not determined by, and based upon, the Economic, but upon some non-economic principle. For the breakdown of the belief in the social orders which see in the profit motive or in the class situation the prime

movers of social behavior is the cause of the emergence of Nazism. This explains why all Nazi economic and social policy centers upon armaments. For the army is the only organism within modern society in which the ranks and the authority of command are independent of economic position. Totalitarian *Wehrwirtschaft*—the organization of the entire social and economic life of the nation along military lines—is primarily a vital means of social policy.

All supplementary features of Nazi social organization have fundamentally the same purpose. The organization of the worker's leisure in the "Strength through Joy" movement tries to offer to the lower classes the social fruits of economic privilege in the form of vacation tours to the Alps, Mediterranean cruises, theater performances, operas, concerts, etc. These satisfactions have in themselves no economic value at all; they are the non-economic "conspicuous waste" of a leisure class of economic wealth and privilege and, therefore, have become powerful symbols of social standing. Equally, the Organic Theory of society which underlies the "Corporate State," and which proclaims the social harmony of the economically unequal and warring classes, intends to give the lower classes a non-economic claim to social equality. The "Peasant Estate" is accorded a unique position as "biological backbone of the race" which entitles it to complete social equality. The provision that each town-bred boy and girl has to spend a certain time as worker on a farm under the command of the farmer gives the farmer a definite though one-sided and intangible social superiority. The working class is elevated to social prominence, indispensability, and equality as the "spiritual basis of the nation" which finds its symbolical expression in the Labor Service which all adolescents, regardless of their economic position, have to undergo. The semi-military formations, such as the Storm Troops, the Elite Guards, the Hitler Youth, and the women's organizations serve the same

end of furnishing non-economic social satisfactions. Whatever their military and political value, their social purpose is to provide compensations for economic inequality by the decisive preference which is given to members of the lower classes in the selection of the rank and file leaders. The underprivileged classes are now allotted one important sphere of life in which they command, while the economically privileged classes obey. Great care is taken, for instance, that the son of the boss or the boss himself must drill under the orders of one of his unskilled laborers. In the women's organizations members from the wealthier classes have opposed similar regulations.

It is the most dangerous self-deception of the democracies to underestimate the internal strength and the achievement of this non-economic society of the "nation in arms." It has been largely successful in its attempt to make non-economic social considerations and rewards, as distinguished from economic ones, appear supreme in the eyes of the masses. It has been largely successful in its attempt to establish a society that is neither socialist nor capitalist. Though it retains the capitalist principle of private profit, it has in actual practice subordinated the industrialist to such stringent control and has subjected private income to such taxes and other burdens as to threaten the gradual reduction of private ownership and private profit to empty titles. Finally, contrary to general belief, it can survive economically. Inflation is no more inherent in Nazi economics than in free capitalism; it would be just the result of bad management. For the economic principle of the totalitarian society is the financing of capital expenditure through the reduction of private consumption, which is actually deflationary. How long the reduction of consumption can be continued is not an economic question, but a moral and political one. It is entirely dependent upon the extent to which the masses accept the new non-economic satisfactions in place of the old economic ones.

But this non-economic society of *Wehrwirtschaft* depends for its validity and for its ultimate success upon the acceptance of a new concept of the nature of man and of his aims: that of Heroic Man. And it is the one fundamental point that the Nazi concept of Heroic Man has failed. The German masses have refused to accept it because it is an a-social and anarchic concept. The purpose of heroic man exhausts itself in his readiness to sacrifice his life without any purpose; and though the idea of the self-justification of sacrifice has attracted a part of the German post-war generation, no society can be built upon it. For a society has to live.

The failure of this foundation of the Nazi creed shows itself in the refusal of the German masses to accept war as desirable, so visible in the days before and after Munich. With this refusal, the whole structure of belief in Nazism is torn apart. On the one hand, the regime cannot abandon armaments because they are the only means of realizing the non-economic society which it promises. On the other hand, it cannot justify armaments as the supreme end of society, for its society does not believe in war. It has, therefore, to justify armaments by blaming the outside world for forcing it to arm. To blame the "war mongers in the democracies"—President Roosevelt, Anthony Eden, Winston Churchill—for Germany's armaments, which actually serve a vital end of internal social policies, is the only way to conceal the failure of Nazism to provide a new social belief. This failure makes impossible the performance of all the miracles which Nazism promised, such as the overcoming of class war and the abolition of the profit urge as the fundamental motive of social behavior. Just as the inability to make Heroic Man the ideal, and war the supreme end, can be concealed only by constant attacks against "foreign conspiracies" and "foreign enemies," so class war and the profit motive can be spirited away only by making internal enemies responsible for them. The Communists

are made to appear as the demonic enemies of society who are responsible for the continued existence of class war which no Nazi magic can end. And it is the purpose of anti-Semitism to make a group of real persons appear responsible for the intangible threat of the profit motive to the non-economic society.

The nature of racial anti-Semitism in Nazi Germany has been misunderstood by almost all observers. Its real cause is not the allegedly prevalent feeling of strangeness or hostility to the Jews, but on the contrary, the absence, in the past, of any distinction or conflict between the German Jews and a very large part of the German people, namely the bourgeois classes. The Nazis do not persecute the Jews because they remained a foreign body within Germany, but precisely because they did so completely merge with the bourgeoisie as to become indistinguishable from it. An attack upon the Jews seems, therefore, the "rational way" toward attacking the bourgeois spirit.

This situation which is without parallel west of Germany stems from the unique social structure of the German upper middle classes. The industrialization and the development of modern Germany required as large a bourgeoisie in Germany as in Western Europe. But up to 1918 political and social power remained firmly in the hands of the aristocracy and of the privileged classes in civil service and army. These masters kept the bourgeoisie politically impotent and socially underprivileged. And Gentiles and Jews in the bourgeois classes and in the economically and intellectually decisive positions found themselves, therefore, in common opposition and under common discrimination. Naturally they came to regard themselves as one unit, with the result that intermarriages, business partnerships, and social intercourse between the Jewish and the Gentile members of the upper middle classes were as much a matter of course as they remained rare, not only in Western Europe but also in all the other classes of the German people. If to be mixed with

the bourgeoisie became the specific distinction of the Jews, to be mixed with Jews became the specific distinction of the bourgeoisie.

This became important when the bourgeoisie attained its power after the War. Although in fact Jewish wealth and influence declined precipitately in the fifteen years after the War, it appeared as though Jewish power had increased tremendously, since a class had come to power that was characterized by its mixture with Jewish blood. When this class failed it seemed, therefore, logical to make the Jews responsible. Such an anti-Semitism had to be put on a racial basis; for owing to the affinity between Gentiles and Jews in the bourgeoisie, the number of "Non-Aryans" of Jewish or partly Jewish extraction but of Christian religion greatly exceeded the number of Jews. According to the most reliable estimates—those published in the London *Times* a few years ago—the ratio in Germany of non-Jewish "Non-Aryans" to Jews is as high as three to one. So that more than one-third of the German upper middle classes is "Non-Aryan," although hardly ten per cent is Jewish. Anti-Semitism, therefore, effectively destroys the bourgeois spirit without leading to open class war against the bourgeoisie.

The fight against invented demonic enemies has gradually become the sole justification and the sole purpose of the Nazi regime. It cannot be abandoned or relaxed; on the contrary, it must be accelerated, because the very failure to solve the problems of Nazi society by means of the "Holy War" against these enemies must lead to further pressure against them. On the other hand, it cannot satisfy the people who continue to demand a genuine, positive social belief. This is the reason why Nazism has to be "totalitarian." Because it cannot create genuine social satisfactions and a genuine social order, it has to assert that the mechanic external organization of society constitutes its own justification, and that it is a social order in itself. The

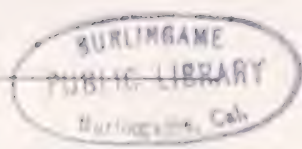
mere hull of the social fabric must be not only supreme compared to all real social substance; the empty mechanical form must also be itself the supreme social substance.

The marvellously complicated and over-polished machinery which Nazism has created and which makes the transaction of the simplest business deal a bureaucrat's nightmare is, therefore, intended to serve as substitute for genuine social organization. From the Nazi point of view it might be comparatively unimportant that this enthronement of mechanical organization for organization's sake should lead to the gravest economic, social, and military dangers of overorganization. But this machinery too fails in its political task. The people

simply will not accept it as a substitute for the real thing. And the masses will, therefore, continue to demand a genuine "new idea" which Nazism cannot give.

When Nazism falls it will be because of this failure and not because of its brutality, its persecution of minorities, and its police terror, which are only symptoms. But it cannot fall unless there is a real alternative—a new social order. There is no doubt that ninety-nine per cent of the German people would at once rally round any such new order; no police terror and no propaganda could stop them. But in the absence of the alternative they will have to continue to force themselves to believe in Nazism and in the Führer in spite of their beliefs and convictions.





A NUMBER OF PEOPLE

PART I

BY SIR EDWARD MARSH

This is the first of three installments from the reminiscences of Sir Edward Marsh which we shall publish in these pages. Sir Edward's life as a prominent Civil Servant and a one-time secretary of Winston Churchill has brought him into contact with almost every person of note in the political, social, and artistic world of London during the past thirty years.—*The Editors*

MAURICE BARING

I WISH I could remember which day it was, in the first term of my third year at Cambridge (1893), that I met Maurice Baring; for it was certainly one of the crucial and determining days of my life, *alba notandus creta*, fit to be marked with the whitest chalk. I was sitting in my room with one or two others, when Hubert Cornish of King's (son of the celebrated Mrs. Cornish) walked in with a Trinity freshman in tow, new come from Eton. He seemed an unremarkable youth, shy and shambling, with prominent blue eyes, and nothing to say for himself; and he sat on the edge of his chair, only uttering from time to time an abrupt high, dry, cackling laugh, between a neigh and a crow. I rather wondered why Hubert had wished him on me—but I was bound in civility to "return his call"; and in two or three days he was one of the most intimate friends I have ever had.

I cannot but believe that at the General Resurrection Maurice Baring, of all men now living, will be the most warmly greeted by the greatest number and variety of his fellow-creatures from every country and continent, and from every walk of life. Russian peasants, German students, old women in China, all the *beaux mondes* of Europe, writers, paint-

ers, actors and musicians, from all winds, men, women, and children who have known him for a week or for a lifetime, will rise up and embrace him with individual affection. Language was never a bar to him (Russians used to appeal to him on points of their own grammar), and he was boundlessly adaptable, with a queer gift for seizing the *nuances* of any world he was thrown into. For instance, one of the old-maid sisters of the Professor we were staying with at Hildesheim had a birthday, and Maurice gave her *half* a leg of mutton. Few Englishmen would have thought of presenting a lady with mutton at all, and of those few, how many would have understood that a whole leg would be too much, a prodigality, putting the recipient under an excessive obligation? Maurice did, and his gift was a complete success. With the same insight, he advised me of the importance which the French attach to the observance of outward forms even in the most intimate relations of life. A Frenchman, he said, would never begin a letter to a lady with anything warmer than "Madame," and would write:

Madame,

Je serai chez vous à minuit.

He had an extraordinary power of communication. I always enjoy being

told all about my friends' friends, relations, and acquaintances, and Maurice satisfied this appetite as no one before or since. By degrees the whole panorama which he has since displayed in the *Puppet Show of Memory* was unfolded before my eyes: life at Membland in Devonshire, the country seat of his family till the "Baring Crash," and in the big London house in Charles Street (known as *la rue Charles*) where they were still living, but only on the ground floor; his brothers and sisters, his aunts and uncles, the governesses, the servants; the whole microcosm of Eton, boys and masters; and the best of London society. There was once an old Frenchwoman who used to settle down to a talk with "*Maintenant, vidons nos sacs d'anecdotes*"; and Maurice's *sac* was inexhaustible.

Maurice had a singular gift for pointing out one's failings in the firmest manner, so as to give one a real fright, but without the possibility of offense; and I am eternally grateful to him for pulling me back from the brink of more than one abyss. For instance, I started life with an inordinate desire to please, and a habit of speculating too openly and too anxiously whether or not I had had a success with any new acquaintance. In the Baring language (of which more later) to "find" is to please, to "lose" is the opposite; a "finder" is that which finds, a "loser" that which loses; and to "wash" a thing is to get rid of it. Maurice wrote: "You have got finding and losing on the brain. Wash it—it's a loser." Nothing could have been more salutary or efficacious. I saw in a flash what a bore I must have been, and "washed it."

He was a most amusing companion, with a genius for nonsense in word and deed; and at the grave risk of disblossoming the plum and dusting the wings of the butterfly, I must make some attempt to give a notion of his humor, which was the most ridiculous thing in the world. One of his audacities was to ask for some stamps at the post office in Florence. When they were given him, he sniffed them with an air of suspicion. "*Sono*

freschi?" he asked. "Are they fresh? They must be very fresh, they are for an invalid." Long afterward, when someone mentioned as an inexplicable fact that since plovers' eggs had been protected by statute, fewer had been laid than before, "Naturally," said Maurice, in a tone of rebutting an unreasonable criticism, "the plovers won't take the trouble to lay eggs if nobody's going to eat them." He had a good way of spelling his name on the telephone. "B for Beastly, A for Apple, R for Rotten, I for England, N for Nothing, G for God"—all rattled off at top-speed. When I told him what joy I had taken throughout my school-days in the Saturday and Monday Pops (the then-famous concerts of chamber music, at which Joachim and Madame Schumann and all the greatest players were to be heard), he said what nonsense I talked. "A wretchedly small orchestra—only about four instruments—and they even let women play! However there's this to be said for them, they do keep people out of the public-house."

I have mentioned the Baring language, or to speak more idiomatically, "The Expressions." It was started, I believe, by Maurice's mother and her sister, Lady Ponsonby, when they were little girls, and in the course of two generations it had developed a vocabulary of surprising range and subtlety, putting everyday things in a new light, conveying in nutshell complex situations or states of feeling, cutting at the roots of circumlocution. Those who had mastered the idiom found it almost indispensable, and my stable-companion at the Colonial Office, Conrad Russell, when asked if he knew anyone who knew the Baring language, answered: "I spend all my days with a Baring monoglot." One or two words have already passed into the language: "Pointful" (the opposite to "pointless") which Desmond MacCarthy constantly uses in his critical writings, is of Baring origin; and only the other day I found "floater" (which for reasons which would take too long to explain means roughly

anything which gives rise to an awkwardness) in a novel by Stevie Smith, who, I feel sure, doesn't know where it came from.

Some of the words were merely imaginative substitutes for ordinary ones, such as "dewdrop" for a compliment, and "spike" for a dig. "Sir Giles," derived from Sir Giles Overreach in *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, meant anything excessive, like the later (and indeed some of the earlier) poems of Swinburne; and anything which fell short was an "under-reach." "Brain-stoppage," which explains itself, was a very serviceable term. Some were taken from the names of individual friends. An "Edmund," after Edmund Gosse, was a display of undue touchiness; or an engagement might be "Edmund" or "un-Edmund," according to its bindingness; the latter if there was a possibility of getting out of it, the former if it was like dining with the Medes and Persians. A "Hubert," after Hubert Cornish, stood for never being quite ready, and running upstairs to fetch something at the moment of starting for a walk. It was so much pleasanter to say, "Don't have an Edmund," or "a Hubert," than "Don't be so thin-skinned," or "Don't dawdle."

Others had their origin in family occurrences. "What a pretty clock!" said a visitor whom Lady Ponsonby was showing over her house at Windsor. "Yes, isn't it? The Duke of Connaught gave it me." Then in the next room: "There's another pretty clock. Did the Duke of Connaught give you that too?" Thereafter a "Connaught-clock" signified an unjustified inference. The Antrim family gave a river-party on the Thames, to which the Barings went, but on the wrong day: hence "to be in the Antrim boat" meant to take trouble for nothing—an "expense of spirit in a waste of virtue." Maurice wrote to me about a false alarm of an earthquake in Florence, which caused several persons to let themselves down out of their bedroom windows, "only to find themselves in the Antrim boat at the bottom."

"Molly-corkering" was a good word for a hasty and superficial tidying. It was derived from a housemaid whose idea of putting a room to rights was to shove everything that looked out-of-place under the sofa. I think it was Molly Corker who, when she broke a china animal, said sympathetically to Miss Baring, "It's a pity, Miss—it was a nice cat."

A "Rawlinson-plait" was a sudden intimacy, because of a Mrs. Rawlinson who went to a tea-party where she knew no one. The hostess sat her down on a sofa with another guest, and on looking round a few minutes later to see how she was getting on, was reassured to perceive that she had taken her new friend's hand in hers, and was plaiting the fingers together. "*La vieillesse du grand roi*" was a lovely synonym for the *lacrimae rerum*—of "old unhappy far-off things"—because one of Maurice's sisters had burst into tears when she came to those words in her history lesson on Louis XIV.

It is slightly mortifying to realize how much larger Maurice bulked in my life than I did in his; for except as his companion in Germany I don't figure in the *Puppet Show* at all. Anyhow I must resign myself to the acknowledgment that I was putty in his hands; for he brought about a great change in my outlook. Though he was certainly no less cultivated than my other friends, he was not, like them or like the self I had assiduously molded on their pattern, predominantly devoted to the things of the mind: under his influence I no longer thought it even desirable to "scorn delights and live laborious days"; I became content to enjoy the passing moment, and yielded to my inborn love of mundane pleasures. Some of the others shook their heads a little, and I remember Robert Trevelyan saying tragically, "You've lost your birthright"; but I doubt if it really *was* my birthright. The tendency to frivolity, which my Mother had deplored when I was fourteen, could not for ever have been suppressed; and I expect I have led a happier and perhaps even a more useful life than

if I had persisted in warping myself into a metaphysician, an earnest Liberal, and what would nowadays be called a high-brow.

EDMUND GOSSE

Considering what my relations with Edmund Gosse were to be, it is funny to remember that I first met with his name in Churton Collins' notorious philippic against his book *From Shakespeare to Pope*, which appeared in the *Quarterly Review* for November 1885, when I was exactly thirteen years old. That is an impressionable age, and the impression made on my little mind by Collins' vituperations and fulminations was one of the strongest of my childhood. What a miserable wretch this Edmund Gosse must be! Such depths of ignorance, such shallows of sciolism, such heights of pretension—"Hot shame shall burn upon thy secret brow"—this was the tenor though not the language of my reflections. I was thrilled and chilled with horror, and for a long time the sight of his name rekindled my first scorn and pity. Fortunately for me, the years did their kindly work. Finding to my surprise that he had not been hounded out of letters and was still allowed to publish, I read other works of his and enjoyed them; and by the time I made his acquaintance, I would just as soon have shaken hands with him as with anybody else.

It must have been in my third year at Trinity that I met him, at tea with the Verralls, and laid the foundations of a friendship which was to be one of the treasures of my life. Evan Charteris creamed my recollections of him and his letters to me for his enchanting biography, but I have a few left.

It was Maurice Baring who got me in, so to speak, on the ground floor. Gosse and he were already devoted to each other, and remained so to the end; but the tricky Maurice of those days gave him much to bear, and got away with things that would never have been forgiven to me or anybody else, for instance,

a telegram from Trinity College: "Maurice Baring passed away peacefully this afternoon, Boughey" (Dr. Boughey was his Tutor). Maurice of course had never dreamed that Gosse would fail to smell this powerful rat, but strange to say he did: he put Heaven and Earth in motion, set up an agitation in Arthur Benson, and went so far as to break the news with qualms and delicacy to the formidable eldest brother. Maurice was very penitent. "It's *fun*," he said in self-rebuke, "to throw a tortoise up in the air."

I soon got the entrée to Gosse's house in Delamere Terrace, and thereby to the literary company of my dreams. Henry James is "reserved," as the saying goes, "for separate treatment"; and I wish I had anything to tell of Thomas Hardy, but he was content to bask in Gosse's beams, and I never heard him say anything that couldn't have been said by the most self-effacing parasite. Max Beer-bohm was just as wise and gentle and demure as he is to-day. I remember his description of Sir Arthur Pinero's eyebrows, "which looked like skins of some small mammal, just not large enough to be used as mats." Somebody remarked on the diminutive size of the figures in William Orpen's pictures, and Max said it was because he was so small himself. "He sits down to paint, and says 'Now I'll do a tremendously big fellow—I should think about five foot six.'" One day the conversation turned on Christian names, and Gosse told of a couple who had produced three little girls; they christened the first Elizabeth, the second Jane, and for the third fell back upon Eliza. Max capped this with a man he had known at Oxford who was born Creswell-Creswell, and baptized Creswell; and I can still hear the austere elegance which he gave to that august simplicity: "Creswell Creswell Creswell."

Gosse was full of tales about Swinburne, most of which he has given to the world; but not, I think, the day which Swinburne spent at Delamere Terrace in suppressed agitation, evidently bubbling over with something, but nobody could

guess what. At last out it came. "All day," he gurgled to his hostess, "I've been wondering who ought to have painted you, and at first I thought it was Palma Vecchio, but now I *know* it was Paris Bordone."

There was a story about Wordsworth in which Gosse claimed private rights, making me promise never to tell it without saying that it was really his. I have seen the naked anecdote in print, but it is much more enjoyable in its proper setting, which was an evening party in London where Wordsworth and Tom Moore were the two lions. Everyone clustered round Moore, who was letting off all his fireworks; and the hostess suddenly noticed that Wordsworth was sitting apart, looking a little moody. "Oh, Mr. Wordsworth," she said, to bring him in, "isn't Mr. Moore amusing?" "Yes," said Wordsworth sedately, "very amusing. Very amusing indeed. I can't remember but once in my life saying a very amusing thing." The lady clapped her hands for attention. "Listen everybody! Mr. Wordsworth is going to tell us the most amusing thing he ever said in his life." Mr. Moore checked his flow, and the circle re-formed round Mr. Wordsworth. Then he began: "I was walking near Grasmere, when I met a dalesman who seemed in a state of some perturbation, hurrying along and looking from side to side. Seeing me, he stopped, and asked if I had seen his wife. 'My good man,' I answered, 'I didn't even know that you *had* a wife.' That was the only amusing thing I ever said."

Gosse had a good story of Browning at a men's dinner given in his honor, at which the only guest without any claim to distinction was a young gentleman whom no one had ever seen or heard of. When the party moved upstairs, it was perceived with consternation that this whipper-snapper had maneuvered the poet into a position behind the grand pianoforte, from which there seemed no escape. How was he to be rescued? Browning himself solved the difficulty. "But I'm monopolizing you," he said,

laying on the youth's shoulder a friendly hand which left him no choice but to yield the pass.

I think no one has attempted to coin the word *Browningianum*, and far be it from me to do such a thing myself; but here is another. There was a family with which Browning was in the habit of dining once a week when he was in town, and this family possessed a large stock of the *very* best port wine in the world, and this port wine was kept sacrosanct for the evenings when he was expected. But all things have an end, and at long last the family perceived that the time was come when they must fall back on the second-best port wine in the world. This, after diligent consultation with the wine-merchants, was ascertained and procured; the critical day came, the poet's glass was filled; the family, white-lipped with apprehension, waited for him to speak. He spoke; and what he said was, "That's a very good glass of port wine." Their relief was mingled with other feelings, for it was the first time in all those years that he had made any remark whatever on his liquor.

HENRY JAMES

The first time I met Henry James was at one of Edmund Gosse's grander dinner-parties in Delamere Terrace. When the ladies went upstairs I was left sitting next him, and with inward tremors on my part a perfunctory conversation began. Gradually his eye lightened, and after a pause he went on in a warmer tone (what he says must be imagined with a punctuation of hesitant "m-ms" and the accompaniment of a regular beat of his hand on the table, like a muffled minute-drum). "I wonder," he said, "if you would mind my asking what might seem, on so slight an acquaintance, m-m—a rather personal question." I begged him to ask me anything he liked. "How good of you! Then if you will forgive me for being so inquisitive, I *should* very much like to know—m-m-m—how long it is since you left Cambridge." I thought this hardly warranted the compunction

of his preamble, but I answered by the book—eighteen months, or whatever it was. "Ah yes," he said, "just so, just so. But that wasn't—m—quite what I wanted to get—m—at. Upon my word it seems an unpardonable intrusion, meeting you for the first time, to put such an intimate question—but—what I really want to know is—m-m-m-m-m—what is your age?" I told him the truth—twenty-four, I think it was; and he turned his full beam on me. "Just so, just so," he said again, "but you look so delightfully young. But what an advantage that is, to combine the . . . appearance of juvenility with the . . . experience of maturity—in a word" (putting his hand on my shoulder, and in a tone of jubilation) "the Flower of Youth with the Fruits of Time!"

Our second meeting was also at the Gosses', on the occasion of their annual New Year's Eve party. After seasonable refreshment downstairs the guests would be led to a not very large room at the top of the house for some form of entertainment—usually quite a good one, but this time our hosts had made an unlucky choice; and the literary lights of London, packed like figs in a box, observed with languor the performance of some third-rate marionettes. After a while Mr. James, who was standing beside me squeezed against a wall, turned to me with a malicious gleam in his eye. "An interesting example, my dear Marsh, of Economy—Economy of Means—and—and—and—(with an outburst) Economy of Effect!"

At about this time I told him I was going on a first visit to Paris, and he warned me against a possible disappointment in terms which were a choice example of what Mr. Flosky in *Nightmare Abbey* might have called his hyperoxysophistical paradoxology. "Do not," he said, "allow yourself to be 'put off' by the superficial and external aspect of Paris; or rather (for the *true* superficial and external aspect of Paris has a considerable fascination) by what I may call the superficial and external aspect of the superficial and external aspect of Paris."

This was surely carrying lucidity to a dazzling-point; I did my best to profit by it, but I couldn't be sure that I was exercising exactly the right discrimination, and in the end I surrendered to the charm of Paris without too much circumspection.

I never saw him at all regularly, but our occasional meetings were always a delight, even though his earnestness in matters of detail was sometimes an embarrassment. Once we left a dinner-party together, and after walking a little way hailed a hansom, in which I sat, while he stood for several minutes on the footboard discussing with the cabman the route which would best meet our dual needs. In vain I murmured from within, "Oh, Mr. James, do tell him the Reform Club, and I'll go on from there"; still he unrolled his mental map of London, hatching alternative itineraries. On another occasion we were walking and talking down Pall Mall, when for some special emphasis he turned half-left, pulling me round half-right to face him, and fixed me, with a hand on each shoulder, while we stood like a Siamese lighthouse amid the surge of pedestrians, and he tracked the *mot juste* through the maze of his large vocabulary.

WINSTON CHURCHILL

As a general rule a change of Government makes no difference to a First Class Clerk in the Colonial Office, but not so the fall of Mr. Balfour, at the end of 1905, to me. On December 13th I got a note from Lady Granby asking me to a party on the following evening to meet "lots of my own especial friends." It was a great lesson always to go to parties, for if I had stayed away my whole remaining life would have been quite different, and in all probability far less interesting and agreeable. One of the first people I met was Winston Churchill, whose appointment as Under-Secretary for the Colonies had just been announced. "How do you do?" said I, "which I must now say with great respect." "Why?" he pounced, "why with great respect?" "Because

you're coming to rule over me at the Colonial Office." A little later I saw him on a sofa with his aunt, Mrs. Leslie, who was one of the "especial friends," looking in my direction and as it seemed discussing me; but I thought no more about it.

Next morning he paid his first visit to the Office and asked the Permanent Under-Secretary to appoint me as his Private Secretary! This was quite out of the ordinary course, as I was no longer in the class of Juniors, to whom such posts, with their extra pay, are a perquisite; however, the authorities didn't care to make difficulties about their new Minister's first request, and moreover the junior whose turn it would have been was *hors de combat*, seriously ill from a stormy winter crossing of the North Sea. So I was sent for and told the fate in store for me. By an irony, I was not particularly pleased. I had assimilated myself comfortably to the West African Department; I was two years older than my prospective master—and furthermore, I was a little afraid of him. I had first met him a year before, at a large Christmas party of the Poynders' at Hartham in Wiltshire, and though I had thought him quite the most brilliant person I had ever come across, he had struck me as rather truculent and overbearing. Fortunately, this impression had been mitigated at a second meeting in the summer, also at Hartham, when he had been in lower spirits and a much gentler mood; but I had still not imagined that we could ever have anything in common. However, it would have been scarcely possible to refuse his offer; a suitable arrangement was made about my salary; and there I was.

Late in the afternoon I betook myself to Lady Lytton, who was a great friend of his as well as of mine, and poured out my misgivings. Her answer was one of the nicest things that can ever have been said about anybody. "The first time you meet Winston you see all his faults, and the rest of your life you spend in discovering his virtues"; and so it proved. That night I dined alone with

him in his flat in Mount Street, and so far as he was concerned all my doubts were dispelled—he was the man for me, though I could still hardly see myself as the man for him.

Soon afterward we set out for Manchester, where he was to stand for the North West Division at the General Election. We installed ourselves at the Midland Hotel, and walked out to take the air, following our noses, and soon finding ourselves in the slums. Winston looked about him, and his sympathetic imagination was stirred. "Fancy," he said, "living in one of these streets—never seeing anything beautiful—never eating anything savory—*never saying anything clever!*" The election was a blur of excitement, ending with the great Liberal victory in which the Tories were swept clean out of Manchester—"a grand slam in doubled no trumps" as it was summed up by the Australian journalist Hands who was covering it.

A few years later John Burns called at the Board of Trade, where we then were, before Winston had arrived, so I took him into the big room to wait. His eye fell on a little bronze bust of Napoleon which always stood on the writing-table. "Ah," he said, "that's bad—that's bad. I had one on *my* table once, but I had to put it away—found I was getting too like him." There was certainly one maxim of Napoleon's, the celebrated "*dur aux grands*," which Winston at that time took too much to heart for the comfort of the Under-Secretaries whose tails he thought wanted twisting; but I think it is true to say that those of the officials who saw most of him liked him best. When he has been unpopular with his subordinates, as has undoubtedly happened, it is because they were not long enough with him at a time to realize how little "vice" or substance there was in his occasional asperities. I myself never much minded having my head bitten off, because I knew that, instead of throwing it into the waste-paper-basket, he would very soon be fitting it back on my neck with care and even with ceremony.



FROM A TOWN IN A STATE OF SIEGE

FIVE SONNETS

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

I

LIE here, and we shall die, but try to take me
Before they come; their droning wings have roared
So close so many times, that I am bored
With death; now give me life instead, now break me
With life, so make me what they could not make me:
Dead, yet myself—this blood, so stingy-stored,
Lavish in death against your body poured—
And if I sleep . . . and if they come . . . then wake me.

Look, I will braid our hair into a braid—
Such lanky locks!—and this is you and me.
The night is very calm; another raid,
I think. I see your mouth—oh, I can see.
No, you have loved me: I am not afraid;
I just was wondering if it would be we.

II

Well, we have lived so far; we are alive;
War is a way of living. If to-day
We die, we have to do that anyway
Sometime. It's not so bad, once you contrive
To make a home of it; we do not thrive,
Yet here we are, at least,—no place to stay,
A place to stop in, though—and we can say
Hello to friends; and I have learned to drive.

The worst is being hated, and to hate;
Perhaps if it were hurricane or flood
That dragged us from our beds, we might await
The shock, the twisted wreckage and the mud
With lighter hearts, that being not man, but fate . . .
And only friendly dogs to lap our blood.

III

*He has no grudge at all, the grievously
Abruptly prematurely newly killed;
To him who cannot smell pine boards, not-willed
And willed are one: none is so quick as he
To cancel quarrels—let the dead past be
(And the dead future also). Not unskilled
In living are the moment-eaters, filled
With Now—so might he see it, could he see.*

*We were attacked—what of it?—we could go
And lie in hiding; we were free to run
From Death!—and this will not again be so.
Now he is free from nothing: man and gun
Have spat into his face; the mouth I know
In memory sleeps defiled by everyone.*

IV

*Let me recall his valor, not his love;
Love was his loneliness; his limping pride,
Save when we lay bewildered side by side,
Was on its feet all day; he could not move
Wrong—as most patient history stood to prove—
By dying up against it; but he tried.
The walls are washed, the doors flung open wide,
The city conquered, he not spoken of.*

*Time does not forfeit; Time does not abstain:
The future in one fist, he eats the past.
I know this; yet again and yet again
I try to hold the present, make it last
One moment, that the simple great be slain
Not unperceived. No hope—Time eats so fast.*

V

*But if you loved me it was long ago
And gurgled with the emptying of the year.
Shall I remember—sitting silent here
Watching the pulsing and the bright outflow
Of vintages we all had come to know
As excellent, seeing without a tear
The future bashed and jetting, bold, not clear—
Love?—and if once you loved me, whether or no?*

*I forget nothing; every airiest thing
You said, I could recall, or I replied;
I have no time for such remembering:
The world is in an accident, has died
Perhaps already—ambulance! ding-ding!—
Something instructs the corpuscle inside.*



WHERE ENGLAND STANDS

BY J. B. PRIESTLEY

EVER since last September a great deal of what I have read about England in American periodicals has left me feeling annoyed. The writers were not deliberately misrepresenting the facts. They were not misinformed. (Though here and now I will admit that I think there is a strong tendency among American journalists to exaggerate both the power of the Reich and our fear of it.) But they were annoying because they were telling their American readers about an England that does not exist. They did not, in fact, mean England itself. They were not writing about the English people. They were writing about Neville Chamberlain and his friends.

Chamberlain and his party, which is still supposed to be a coalition, officially a National Government, but which is really Tory, have a large majority in the House of Commons. But this does not mean that the country itself is solidly Tory in sympathy. The fact is that our electoral system, hopelessly out of date, prevents any genuine representation of the people. Indeed, one of the first things a progressive government must do in Britain is to reorganize the whole system of Parliamentary elections. We have no proportional representation or even the alternative vote. What happens over and over again in many constituencies is that the progressive vote is split between a Liberal and a Labor candidate, while the Tory grabs the seat. Thus it is possible for more people to vote against Chamberlain and his policy than vote for him, and yet Chamberlain's

man may win the seat. At one recent general election it was calculated that in a certain section of the country the Tories polled roughly a million and a half votes and the various Progressives about a million. But that same section of the country was represented by no less than eighty-four Tory members to one solitary Progressive. Anybody who did not understand our electoral conditions would assume, quite wrongly, that all these people were overwhelmingly Tory in sympathy. Moreover, even within our present system there is a distinct need of reform, for the seats are by no means equally divided among voters. A vote in Cheltenham, for example, is really worth four votes in some big industrial boroughs, and it is significant that this bad inequality nearly always works to the advantage of the Tories.

Unless these electoral anomalies are kept steadily in mind it is very easy completely to misunderstand English politics. Thus there is only a tiny group of Liberal members in the House of Commons, and you might suppose from this that the great Liberal Party, which had been long in power at the outbreak of war in 1914, has now withered away. This would be quite untrue. The Liberal Party is very much alive, and I am not sure that at the moment of writing it could not perhaps command more talent, not narrowly political but in general ability, than any other party. The liveliest newspaper in England, from a political point of view, is the *News-Chronicle* (once the *Daily News* and first edited by Dickens), and

this is a Liberal paper. What might be called Liberal opinion, to which we shall return later, is found everywhere, frequently and loudly expressed. Yet a survey of the House of Commons would suggest that Liberalism was almost dead.

Moreover, not only does the House of Commons fail to represent public opinion, but now the Government itself does not really represent the House of Commons. We are no longer even governed by a Cabinet. We are governed by an Inner Cabinet. Our policy is being decided, not by public opinion, not by the House, not even by the whole Cabinet, but by Chamberlain, Simon, Hoare, and Lord Halifax. We voters can make our opinion felt, within the limits of a very bad system, at the next General Election; but until that time comes we have about as much say as to what Britain will do as one of Hitler's Germans has as to what the Reich will do. The ordinary German or Italian citizen has no idea what Hitler or Mussolini will spring upon him next, but then neither have I, who am supposed to be a member of a democracy, the least idea what Chamberlain and his friends are going to do next. (And some of these friends, who go about with mysterious authority, men like Montagu Norman and Sir Horace Wilson, are not even elected persons.) Thus when Chamberlain went to visit Mussolini in January he was not delegated to go by the British people, who did not understand at all why he went. Indeed, I am certain that if there had been a referendum on the question of that visit there would have been a decided majority against it. I cannot prove that of course, but, on the other hand, all the figures obtained in recent months from the British Institute of Public Opinion have shown a majority, and a growing majority, against Chamberlain's policy. This is especially noticeable among all those classes of persons who tend to influence opinion, chiefly belonging to the professional middle classes. Here the tragedy of Spain helped a great deal. The most wildly enthusiastic meeting I

have ever attended was one held in a packed Queen's Hall on the night when the newspaper placards were announcing the imminent fall of Barcelona, when a dozen or so of us, representing a very wide Popular Front, spoke to condemn our Government's policy and to demand "Arms for Spain."

II

It would not be true to say that the English people as a whole are now anxious to reverse Chamberlain's policy, simply because the English people as a whole do not think about policies. They are not, in fact, many of them, politically-minded at all, which is one reason why they make such poor democrats. Even to this day, with gas masks hanging in the kitchen, they are less interested in foreign affairs than they are in football pools, cricket matches, dog racing, and the local cinema and dance hall. And the trouble is, as we have seen over and over again, that this thoughtless mob can be stampeded into voting for the Tory interest at a General Election simply by some last-minute catchpenny cry. (Remember that the Tories control about four-fifths of the Press.)

But when we come to that cross-section of the English people that is politically conscious, the people who give at least part of their mind to national and international affairs, then I do not hesitate to declare that the majority of them condemn the part Britain has played during these past few years. They were for the League of Nations and bitterly resented Mussolini's invasion of Abyssinia. They were for a bold stand, together with France and Russia, against Hitler. They were against the Anglo-Italian pact. They were decidedly anti-Franco. They were appalled by the Munich Agreement. They do not believe in Chamberlain's "appeasement." In home politics these people may be Liberal, Labor, Socialist. (Our Communist Party is so small that it may be ignored.) But they take the same point

of view of our foreign affairs. And it must be remembered that it is very easy for the most experienced and conscientious London correspondent of an American newspaper to underestimate both the numbers and the depth of feeling of these people; for the journalist, busy gathering news and views in Westminster, the City, and the West End of London, is not coming into contact with them, but cannot help seeing much more of the comparatively small group that has been pursuing a policy condemned in hundreds of thousands of homes all over the country.

The foreign correspondent has another weakness, against which his readers should be warned. He has to be readable, lively, dramatic, and have something of the triumphantly penetrating style of a detective in the last chapter, when all the suspects have been gathered together in the library. Now it is difficult to be all this and yet write truthfully about what is a vast muddle. The result is that many of these specialists in foreign affairs pretend there is no muddle and put in its place an elaborate pattern of deep-laid plots and far-reaching policies. Bewildered and not very bright statesmen, who are actually wondering what on earth to do next, are turned into tremendous machiavellian figures. This is particularly so with the chief muddlers, the English. Thus we read that the real explanation of the antics of Chamberlain and his friends is that they are plotting to achieve Fascism in Britain. I do not believe this for a moment. There is of course a small group, very small though not without influence, that would like to see some form of Fascism established in this island. It is indeed difficult for the thorough-going Tory mind not to have some tenderness for such an authoritarian and intolerant form of government. But I am convinced that Chamberlain, Simon, Hoare, and Halifax are not plotting to introduce Fascism and that indeed they have no great liking for it. But why then do they behave so curiously?

The answer—and very disappointing it is too—is *muddle*. They are all in a dreadful muddle. There are various good reasons for this, and the first is that they are suffering from a very bad time-lag. When Chamberlain talks about "appeasement" he is referring to a Germany and an Italy that do not exist. He is solemnly trying to settle the world of 1909, not 1939. The result is that he is always two or three moves behind in the game. Thus he imagines that there must be either peace or war, just as his father, Joe Chamberlain, would have thought. He still does not realize that the Fascist trick is continually to create a state of affairs that is neither peace nor war but something uneasy and unpleasant in between, a state of demands and loud threats and mobilization and bad nerves all round. It was by similar devices that the dictators came to achieve power and they use the same technic to enlarge that power. The very last thing they want is a settled Europe, in which each country attends to its own affairs, because they do not know how to attend to their own affairs but only how to acquire more power. Nearly all their familiar grievances are really excuses. Thus we are told that Germany has no raw materials because Britain and France have such large colonial possessions. Meanwhile this same poverty-stricken Germany, instead of buying raw materials in the open market, contrives to pile up armaments on a scale beyond anything the world has hitherto known. It is a country at war that must have immediate access to raw materials, and by their emphasis upon their lack of these materials the Nazis reveal what is at the back of their minds. Hitler was helped to power by the feeling among the Germans that they had not had a square deal. (But please notice that the very Tory apologists for Hitler, who now point out the German grievances, were the very people who were most obdurate in refusing to relieve the pressure upon Germany before Hitler's accession. They will listen to Hitler but they closed their ears to Stresemann.)

But it is a mistake to suppose that the Nazi leaders would be satisfied now with a square deal. *Their aim is world domination.*

There has just come into my hands, as I write this, a summary of the main ideas in Dr. Rauschning's *Die Revolution des Nihilismus*. The author has been for years a member of the Nazi Party and was President of the Senate in Danzig. The ideas he puts forward are those that are held by or are influencing the Party leaders, who have now moved a long way from *Mein Kampf*, which was, after all, an early work and intended for popular consumption. According to Rauschning, National Socialism is a dynamic, revolutionary movement, not merely aiming at the redressing of obvious wrongs, but with aspirations that cannot be satisfied with anything short of world domination. It is prepared to ally itself with other "dynamic powers," but even then only temporarily; for even when there has been a considerable redistribution of territory and power, the revolutionary and dynamic character of the movement will lead to further expansion, until at last, Germany is master of the globe. Already one of the S.A. songs ends with the line: "To-day Germany is ours, tomorrow the whole world." To these theorists of the geo-political school, Britain's Empire is as good as lost already: we are the Venice of the Twentieth Century. France, they hold, is now a dying nation, and it may not be necessary even to fight her; she can be bled to extinction. The smaller European states are incapable of real independence, and can easily be mopped up. Once Germany controls all central and northwestern Europe, with Italy controlling the whole Mediterranean, the next move will be toward world domination. Meanwhile there is no settled policy (even an alliance with the Soviet Union is possible), except that the great military machine must be kept whirring menacingly, the world's nerves must be continually jangled, and the old game of unscrupulous opportunism, disorder, and bullying, at which these men

are masters, must be played for all it is worth. And let us remember that so far it has been played successfully.

If there is any truth in all this, as we think there is, then obviously it is folly to deal with Nazi Germany as if it were merely a country that had at last found a form of government that suited it and was anxious to redress a few wrongs before settling down comfortably with its neighbors. You might as well regard an Al Capone as a wine merchant who happened to have been a little rattled by some of his competitors. It is about as dangerous as treating a man-eating tiger as if it were a rather large pussy cat. I am not in Mr. Chamberlain's confidence—we members of the British electorate have not that honor—but as he has sources of information at least as good as, if not better than, most of us have, we may assume, as we are compelled to do at times if only out of sheer fatigued bewilderment, that he is not foolish all the time and may occasionally be playing a game of his own. First, he may be stalling, desperately gaining time; for the machinery of rearmament has been working very slowly here, for various reasons, among them the downright inefficiency of the Chamberlain Government officials. But now the graph of production is rising steeply, and before the end of this year the Nazi theorists who are banking on our military decadence may have a terrible awakening. (And it must be remembered there is such a thing as quality as well as quantity in airplane manufacture.) Second, Chamberlain may well be influenced by a feeling that these vast dreams of imperial power in which the dictators are losing themselves may not necessarily be shared by the mass of their people, who are already paying a very stiff price for these heady talks over the atlas. This is the only reasonable explanation of his fondness for making personal visits to the dictator countries; *to show himself*, the pacific elderly gentleman with the umbrella. You can fake or censor the news; you can shout down the broadcasts from over the frontier; but

you cannot hide from your people the gigantic fact that the British Prime Minister has arrived in person to try to patch things up for his people and yours.

There are signs that this trick has not been without success. But there seems to me, who am no military expert, one strong objection to this policy of trying to detach their people from the dictators. It is the existence—the ace of trumps in the dictators' hands—of the bombing plane. If there were no such thing as aerial warfare (which may well prove to be the curse of our age), both Hitler and Mussolini might find it difficult and dangerous to arm all their people and set them going in wearisome campaigns beyond the frontiers; but the air forces, where the young hotheads are, can be depended upon to strike at the first word of command; and as soon as there are retaliations for their bombing, the angry people are united at once and will believe anything they are told. While the very threat of aerial warfare, as the dictators know only too well, makes war more terrible than ever to contemplate in anticipation, once it actually begins, I believe the very cruelty and horror of it will breed such fierce resentment and hate that wars, instead of being shortened, will be lengthened, fought between fairly equal combatants to a bestial finish, with nothing to show in the end but universal ruin. Thus I never see an airplane now without feeling that humanity, which might by reason of its scientific and mechanical achievements be thought to be approaching a real and enduring civilization, has also reached an "all-time high" in idiocy.

III

But if, as we believe, the Nazis and Fascists are inspired by this evil philosophy of dynamic revolution, there are other foolish attitudes toward it besides that of the advocates of "appeasement." There is, for example, the policy of isolation that is forever being presented to us by some sections of our press, notably that controlled by Lord Beaver-

brook. These isolationists tell us that Britain is not a European power, that we have no concern with the old French-German quarrel or with the fate of all these Central European powers, that we should turn our backs on them and concentrate upon our Empire, merely taking care to defend ourselves and our dominions and colonial possessions. And it is typical of the muddled minds of these people that when the League of Nations was trying to function as a first attempt at some form of collective security they never lost an opportunity of sneering at it and attacking it, without asking themselves whether, if collective security failed and the world became a dog-fight again, we could defend this enormous scattered Empire of ours with its long and dangerous lines of communication. And the same muddlers of course opposed any understanding with that other immense empire, which, unlike Germany and Italy and Japan, had shown no signs of envy of our possessions—I mean of course the Soviet Union. Again, they smiled upon Mussolini's Ethiopian adventure and were horrified at the suggestion that we should close the Suez Canal and call his bluff. Again, they were enthusiastic supporters of a policy that enabled Germany and Italy, under cover of aiding Franco, to make at least a show of controlling the whole western end of the Mediterranean and to threaten to cut one of the life-lines of this precious Empire of theirs. And lastly, they talk as if Britain itself, the whole island, could be towed into the middle of the Atlantic, completely ignoring the unpleasant fact that for quick bombing purposes Britain is in Europe. So much for isolation, a donkey's creed.

But this does not mean that all this can be regarded as a purely European affair. This is a mistake still made by some sections of the American public, who persist in referring to these recurring crises in much the same tone that we English used to employ when we talked about "those perpetual squabbles in the Balkans." These Europeans, it is suggested, are queer, quarrelsome, murderous folk.

They—or is it we?—may be, but that is not the point. The dictators, with their ally, Japan, are thinking in terms of world domination. And they are not people who will wield power tactfully, graciously. This is especially true of the Nazis. America, I imagine, is beginning to find them almost unendurable now. Let them have more power still, and every continent will shrink from the sound of their iron-heeled boots. During the past twenty years the globe seems to have dwindled, chiefly because of its new lightning communications. It may be a long time before the United States could be in any serious danger from a Nazi Empire, even if there is to be a Nazi Empire; but on the other hand, the United States will find itself on the same dwindling globe as this insolent and unscrupulous power, and probably with the other end of the Axis now moving farther and farther down the Pacific. The fact is that nobody can afford to be indifferent to the movements of the dictators. The very Eskimos and South Sea Islanders may yet have their lives changed because of some move planned in Berlin or Rome. Nor do I believe that America can afford to be indifferent to the fate of the British Empire, for as things are, if that Empire were smashed, the world would soon look a very different and more hostile place. Not of course because the Empire could not be improved, but because while it exists it means that thousands of miles are policed and kept tranquil by a power, Britain, with which America is not likely to have any real quarrel. Let those same spaces be suddenly inspired by that "dynamic revolutionary movement," and the United States, from New Orleans to Boston, San Diego to Seattle, will find itself facing a new and bristling world.

But we in the Liberal and Labor parties here are more concerned now about Britain itself than about the Empire. It is not only the foreign policy of our present Government that has been at fault. There has been a dreadful inertia, a complete absence of any inspiring creative idea, at home. There is about this

Government, as there must be about any Tory Government here, more than a suggestion of the mentality of a tired, rich old man. We see ourselves often in foreign eyes as a tired, rich old man, dozing over his money bags, but occasionally starting up in alarm. This is the England of a privileged governing class, the money-lending England of the "invisible exports," an uncreative and lethargic England. Among some of these people there may be a certain tenderness toward a Fascist order ("Look at the way that chap Mussolini has made the trains run on time—what!"), but what chiefly influences them—and you may see it at work in the Government policy these past few years—is a deep-seated fear of "the Reds." It is as if the last great political event that made any real impression upon them was the Russian Revolution. Not much is said about this fear in public. But it explains many mysteries. Imperial Britain—and all these people are Imperialists—had everything to gain and nothing to lose if the Spanish Government were triumphant and Franco defeated. Nobody suggested that Russia would establish submarine bases and keep bombing squadrons along the Spanish and North African coasts. Moscow was not going to use Spain as a lever in a demand for more territory. Nevertheless, it was better that Franco should win. Why? Because of the terrible "Reds." In the same muddled fashion, Russia as a possible ally was heavily snubbed and then ignored, though it was obvious that the immense Soviet forces, or the mere threat of them, would be of inestimable value. But it seems we would rather perish than accept the hand of the "Reds," though, oddly enough, some of these very people are always pointing out, when Germany and Italy are mentioned, that it is none of our business how a foreign people should choose to be governed. And there can be no doubt—for I know it from first-hand experience—that many of our Tory strategists based everything on the hope that Hitler would move eastward, become embroiled with Russia, and then

dog would eat dog. But we have heard less of this lately, when there have been many anxious glances at news items that suggested a possible German-Russian understanding. As they have been saying across political dinner-tables—"We can pull through so long as Russia doesn't sign the anti-Comintern pact."

IV

At the time of writing—and I must emphasize this, because the situation changes so quickly—the position here is as follows: There is a very real and widespread dissatisfaction with the present Government, chiefly on the score of its foreign policy but also with its muddling and inertia at home. I know myself how great this is because not long ago, after writing a series of articles for the *News-Chronicle*, I was snowed under with letters, nearly all in enthusiastic agreement, from every part of the country. We feel that the only chance of changing our government, because of the peculiar electoral conditions already referred to, is to form a Popular Front party, in order that Progressive candidates should not help to defeat one another. This party would range from Liberals to the extreme Left, not excluding the communists. The first task of such a party, if it achieved power, would be to try to form a determined democratic *bloc*, beginning with France and the Soviet Union, but bringing in as many states as possible, to oppose firmly any further threats by the Fascist powers. It is not a question of the *Haves* banding together to keep down the *Have-nots*. (As a matter of fact, this *Have* and *Have-not* account of the matter simply will not do, for it overlooks the dictators' insistent demand for a high birth-rate and also that "dynamic, revolutionary movement" already mentioned.) We are ready to have all these questions of colonial possessions and raw materials thrashed out in a world conference. This means, if it is not to be idle talk, some form of collective security. There will have to be some sovereignty representing civilized

world opinion and interests to keep a merely predatory state in check. If civilization is to endure, then "dynamic, revolutionary movements," based in public on nonsensical theories of race and in private on mere ambitious brigandage, must be arrested. If this means living in an armed camp for a few years, with money urgently needed for social services being taken for airplanes and deep shelters, then we must put up with it. What cannot be endured any longer is this elaborately exploited, almost universal state of nerves and "jitters," in which the dictators, who keep it in existence, bluff their way from one dingy triumph to another. Nor is it possible to endure much longer a world in which German and Italian and Japanese airmen swoop down and spray with lead thousands and thousands of women and children with whom they have no real quarrel.

This Popular Front party will have to agree about a home policy as well as a foreign one, and though naturally here there will be grave differences of opinion, there is widespread agreement that the democratic Britain to be defended must be worth defending and must be really democratic. The comfortable old privilege must go. Creative, working Britain must be given the preference over lethargic, dividend-or pension-drawing Britain. We must tackle, as this Government apparently cannot do, our huge unemployed problem, substituting national work (and there will be plenty to do) for the profitless and contemptible dole.

Here I should mention the people, who have been well represented in my correspondence lately, who would be with us in our reforms but not in our defense. I mean the out-and-out pacifists who believe—with Aldous Huxley—that war itself is the greatest of evils, and that even against the dictators in their most menacing moods the resistance should be only passive, in the manner of Gandhi and his followers. These theorists, however, overlook the fact that the British in India, though neither conspicuously tolerant nor gentle, are but half-hearted

conquistadores. The spectacle of moral idealism will not move these advocates of a dynamic, revolutionary technic, as we have already seen. The British reluctance to re-arm, following a period of a definite reduction of arms, is accepted in Nazi and Fascist circles, as we know, merely as a sign of decadence. If we are all decadent, these black-shirted toughs will argue, then so much the worse for us. While the philosophy of the sword is still taught and learned then it is still not time to throw away your shield. When that philosophy is finally abandoned then we can all begin to live like sensible human beings. There were plenty of peace-loving, passive idealists in Germany, just as there are in England and America and elsewhere. But where are they now? Who hears their voices?

Even if all the Progressives were already united, the difficulties would be immense; but actually at present they are far from being united. The trouble is that the official Labor Party—usually called after its headquarters, Transport House—obstinately opposes any alliance with a Popular Front. The official Labor men say: "We are the party at present in opposition. We have a fine organization, and a definite program of our own. Anybody is at liberty to join us. But we don't propose to throw away years of hard work by becoming entangled now with Liberals on one side and Communists on the other." With the result that at the time of writing Transport House is still refusing to withdraw its candidates from constituencies in which these candidates have no chance of success but where a United Progressive candidate might take the seat from the Tory. If this deadlock continues, the Tories—for the "National Government" is a mere façade—will sweep the country again at the next General Election. There are many different objections to delivering the whole Progressive movement to Transport House. My own objection, shared by many, is a mistrust of Trades Unionism as the basis

of a national party. There is nothing wrong with Trades Unionism in its own field of industrial relations. But the typical Trades Union mind is an uncreative mind, equally incapable of long views and bold planning. And now, if we are to save ourselves, we need courageous and creative intelligences.

We have a double task. We have not only to defend our democracy from outside aggression but also from internal collapse. For in one very important matter the dictators have an immense advantage over us. This new and horrible game is being played according to their rules, not ours. A condition of military preparedness, a country that is like an armed camp, a people permanently mobilized—all this suits dictatorship, which indeed cannot flourish in any other atmosphere. Not so democracy. It is terribly easy to lose your democracy by agreeing to defend it. In order to remain a free man, you find yourself submitting to conditions that finally take away your freedom. We can counteract this only by heightening the consciousness of democracy in the citizens we ask to defend it.

In short, the Britain we must defend will have to be more democratic, less tolerant of privilege, with a wider vision of its own destiny, than the Britain that has been muddling and messing about for the past few years. But let nobody, least of all any American, imagine that this second Britain, which has received so much attention in your Press, really represents the mass of decent citizens here; for they have as yet shown no signs of hysteria and panic, have not willingly let other democracies go to their doom, and, I believe, are ready now to make a firm stand against the dictators. For they know—as we all must know—that at the heart of the Nazi and Fascist movements there is an evil principle, something that will have to be destroyed before humanity can go forward again into the sunlight.



ATALANTA IN CAPE FAIR

A STORY

BY JESSIE REHDER

IN THE front bedroom of the Prokosch house, where her grandmother's pine bed stood in the corner, plainer than the chintz chair and gate-legged table her mother had bought recently, Joanna began to dress. With agile fingers the girl jerked the blouse over her head, rumpling the straw-colored hair above her high forehead, not troubling to smooth it down. When she grabbed the bloomers from the bed she handled them as though they were armor, thrusting her long, straight legs through the black serge in one motion. Near the mirror she paused, glancing at her face with puzzled eyes, wishing it were less freckled now that she was sixteen.

When Joanna leaned down to tie her shoe she forgot her aversion to her own face and began thinking of the basketball game ahead of her to-night. Already she could smell the acrid odor of sweat that would pervade the gymnasium and hear the raw voices of the crowd lifted to the rafters in the nonsense of high-school cheers. These shouts were exciting when the game lagged and her own team was ahead; but when the contest was a close one she did not even hear them. Then the long hurrahs could sift down from the gallery, the boys on the sidelines could stamp their feet like cattle, but nothing mattered except the way the ball went.

The game to-night, the last she would play in Cape Fair before going away to college next year, would be a close one,

but Joanna knew her team would win. They always won when her fingers were as cold as they were now and her stomach quivered under her blouse. She wished, however, that the score were already on the blackboard and the game behind her. She wanted people to slap her on the back and tell her how well she had played. She needed the triumphant shouts that went with victory. Then she could see it as a thing accomplished, without the isolated element of doubt that stuck in her throat like a crumb.

"Mother," she called, her voice tense. "Is my sweater mended? It's time to go."

Her mother came through the door, carrying the sweater at arm's length, as though it were a fish she had just caught. For a moment she looked at Joanna, her eyes moving over the girl's proud shoulders. Then, with a sigh, she handed over the garment.

"Since to-night is the last game, and everybody in town will be there, I think you ought to take your new sweater."

"I don't like my new one," Joanna replied.

She stamped her foot against the floor like a pony, staring belligerently at her mother, disturbed by the other's inability to understand that without this garment the contest to-night, a championship game, would be lost before it began. Passionately she pulled the sweater to her, grabbing it from her mother's hands. This faded piece of blue wool, with its worn or broken strands, had been her

companion in so many successes it had long ago become the symbol of her own invincibility.

"I wish you could come to the game," the girl said, drawing on her mittens.

"You know that I'd like to come."

"Won't you?"

"I have to stay here with Stephen."

The mother glanced over her shoulder at the bedroom behind where her youngest son lay in his iron crib. Then her eyes returned to Joanna.

"You can tell me about the game after you come home from the party," she said.

"I suppose I've got to go to the party."

The girl frowned and sat down on the bed again and stared at the floor, filled with sudden panic. Her face lost the intense, concentrated look it had worn during the day, when the contest ahead, glittering like a light at the end of the corridor, had been her only thought. The dance at the country club, which was to be given after the game for the players, must soon be faced. The contest over, she must change to her evening dress and drive with her eldest brother along the road through the pines to the squat bungalow where the party was to be held. With an effort Joanna smothered her distrust of a gathering where slick-haired boys and Southern girls with tea-rose faces would be predominant.

"Your evening dress is ready," the mother said.

Freddie, the eldest Prokosch boy, came to the door. He stood in the lamplight, his long form bonier and more impressive than Joanna's now that he had begun to grow up.

"You hate parties and I hate basketball games," he said with his wide grin. "Especially when my sister's the star. Come along. I've brought the car round from the garage. It's time to go."

Joanna kissed her mother good-by and followed Freddie from the house. She trailed the taller form of her brother along the sidewalk to the car, the rubber soles of her shoes sucking against the concrete pavement. With the winter air

on her cheeks and the scent of the night in her nostrils, the girl forgot the party and began to think of the game again. She climbed into the seat, her eyes crackling, her mouth a straight line. While the Ford jogged along the dark streets, with winter rushing through the cracks in the windshield, she sat with her hands folded between her knees to keep them warm. Silhouetted against the street lights, her profile had a relentless air of youth about it. She was like an Atalanta, cold, virginal, with no thought except victory.

"Get out." Freddie prodded his sister. "We're here."

Joanna followed her brother across the brick sidewalk and into the dusty lobby of the high school where the game was to be played. The muscles in her stomach were tighter than before, and as she walked her feet seemed hardly to touch the floor. The objects she noticed every day when she came to school—the picture of Washington crossing the Delaware, the statue of Poe's Raven that was more like an owl, did not exist for her to-night. She saw only the bright lights of the gymnasium down the hall, heard nothing but the voices of the players as they shouted to one another while they practiced.

"They've started." Freddie began to climb the steps that led to the gallery. "You'd better hurry."

The girl rushed through the door and joined the other players on the court. The ball in her hands, she lost all thought except of the thing she was doing. Under the harsh lights of the gymnasium, with the crowd hanging over the rail above her like clothes from a line, the girl raced through practice with joy in her eyes. She tossed shots from the foul line, caught the ball her team-mates threw her, and boomeranged it back to them, dribbled down the black-marked floor for a trick shot, twirling the ball into the net over her shoulder. In every move Joanna had a finer precision than the other players, but she was too absorbed in the power of her body to be conscious of her own superiority.

"Yea . . . team . . . ray . . . team. Sis, boom, bah. Off to the races, hah, hah!"

The clamor pressed against the glass skylight as the practice ended and the players trooped off the field to the dressing room. In this cubicle, which was filled with broken tennis rackets and old sweat shirts, Joanna sat by herself in the corner listening impersonally to the admonitions of Miss Alligood, the bespectacled supervisor of athletics.

"The championship of the State is at stake," the teacher began in her high, timorous voice, which sounded frightened even while she was exhorting her charges to smash their opponents off the floor. "The girls on the other team are bigger than we are, so everybody must do her best—I want fair play, mind you, but above all things, we must keep the cup in Cape Fair where I am sure"—she lost the thread of conversation but managed to pick it up again—"where I am sure it rightfully belongs. And now let us pray."

"Do we have to pray to-night?" A young Jewish girl with a serious face and eyes like violets spoke up and retreated in the same breath. "If just this once—"

"Be quiet, Hulda." Sally Peters, a large forward with tousled hair, interrupted fiercely. "Let's get it over."

The team came together, including Hulda, who entered the circle hesitantly. The girls put their arms round one another's shoulders and bent their heads toward the floor as though one of them had lost something and they had all decided to look for it together. Joanna waited until the others were assembled then left the bench in the corner and crossed the room toward the group with long strides.

"Our Father," Miss Alligood began, in a tone of not being sure whom she was addressing, "help us to play to-night as we have never played before."

Joanna cleared her throat uncomfortably. She had always felt that the prayer was something to be got over before the game began. From the corner

of her eye she glanced at the Jewish girl, wishing she knew her better. Something about Hulda's face, the proud arch of the eyebrows, the deep solemnity of the mouth, made Joanna feel almost humble.

"In Jesus' name, amen."

As the prayer ended someone threw open the door to the gymnasium. Bright light fell over the group of players. A chill of excitement went through Joanna. She forgot the prayer, the Jewish girl, and began listening to the voices of the crowd waiting for the game to start. When play began the great force that had been building up inside of her would be unloosed like rushing water. Ever since she could remember, it had always been that way. A whistle sounded and she jerked to attention, eyes bright, legs trembling.

"Ready—play!"

The white-trousered referee threw the ball into the air and the opposing centers leaped for it. When it fell in her direction Joanna went down the field, passing the ball, receiving it again, working toward the goal. She feinted, pivoted, backed away from a guard, and finally with a flip of the wrist tossed the ball at the basket where it hovered over the rim and then swished through the net for the first score of the evening.

"Pop corn, hot air—our team's Cape Fair. Yea, Prokosch!"

Joanna heard her own name vaguely and the cheers not at all. They were like a satire on a Greek chorus, performed by people who did not belong in the play. As the game progressed they rose spontaneously with every lull in the action, their echoes lingering against the ceiling after the words had died away.

Near the end of the half, when the Cape Fair team was in the lead, the cheering crowd in the balcony changed its mood and took on the tense expectancy of people watching an execution and wondering just how terrible the slaughter would be. The students in their striped sweaters clenched their hands over the iron rail that circled the oval bowl in the gallery and looked with hardened eyes

at the court below where the game progressed. The players settled into geometric patterns and then broke into chaos again, but more than one watched Joanna rather than the shifting figures. She played with magnificent abandon, twirling the ball toward the basket from acute angles, running up the field for another, still another, impossibly achieved goal.

"Half-half!" The harassed umpire blew the whistle desperately, looking at Joanna as though he were uncertain whether she would obey the signal.

The girl came to a perfectly timed stop and walked to the bench. The color was high in her cheeks but under the freckles her skin was as smooth as cream. A faint line of perspiration sat like dew on her upper lip but she did not bother to wipe it off. She sat very still on the hard bench, too aglow with action to be aware of anything except the control she was exercising over her own body.

At first she was like a person in a fog, but when the mist before her eyes cleared she began to see the gymnasium and the people who filled it with a detached interest. At one end of the gallery were a group of girls known as the "Dizzy Dozen," who were recognized as the social arbiters of the high school. Joanna looked curiously at their modish dresses and the pink finger-nails. When she saw these things she felt a vague curiosity, but as she looked into their faces, so different from her own face, with the bones close to the skin, the tilted nose, the eager mouth, she turned away deliberately.

"Oh, Miss Prokosch!" The voice from the gallery had a roll like surf against the shore.

Joanna looked up and saw Mr. Bellamy, the town alderman, who always came to the game. She wanted to look away again, for she hated his tobacco-stained mouth and hearty manners; but she knew that she must be polite. Rising from the bench, she walked out on the court and lifted her head toward the gallery, tossing the hair away from her eyes. From her nonchalant pose and re-

laxed arms nobody would have suspected how much she disliked the beefy man who leaned down to speak with her, his striped necktie dangling in the air like a stick of peppermint.

"Keep up the good work," he called stentoriously. "Get in there and sock 'em."

Joanna nodded, not bothering to reply. When Bellamy's head had disappeared she sat down on the bench and began looking at the people in the crowd again. Her eyes went past the mother of Alice Peters, who always brought her knitting to the game, over the acid form of Miss Alligood, and came at last to the violet-eyed Jewish girl who had objected to the prayer. Hulda sat on the bench with the other substitutes, looking at the coach with a faint hope in her eyes that Miss Alligood would decide to let her play in the last half of the game. Joanna watched the Jewish girl for a long time, finding it hard to believe that anyone should want to play and not have the power for it. To throw a ball better than anyone else, to swim a channel, or smash a tennis ball down the base-line, as she had once said to her mother, were as simple as breathing.

"I never felt that way," her mother had replied. "But I know how you feel. I'm glad you're interested in games," she had added, "but at college you'll find there are other, more important, things to do."

Joanna wiggled uncomfortably on the hard bench. Could anything be more important than basket-ball, she wondered, knotting the sweat-shirt tighter about her neck. And would she ever do anything as well as she played this game? Her parents were not sending her away to college to become an athlete. They were sending her so that she could learn solid geometry and more history. She liked history, but geometry—Joanna shook her head. It was easier to throw a basket-ball from the exact center of the floor than to square the hypotenuse. Suddenly she wondered whether she would ever be able to do anything well except play this game.

Jumping to her feet, she walked down the side-lines, trying to recapture her former feeling of security by exercising her legs. She glanced impatiently at the umpire's table where the referee and the score-keeper were huddled together, going over the record for the first half of the game. Her only desire was for them to finish what they were doing and blow the whistle that would start the action again. To be caught up in the hard contact the contest brought, to lose herself in a sudden rush down the field, to leap high in the air after the ball would be like ascending to heaven.

"The half won't start for ten minutes," someone said over her shoulder. "The way you're going, Joanna, you'll wear yourself out before it begins."

She turned and saw Jim Brandon, the tall captain of the football team, who had come across the court and was leaning nonchalantly against the wall.

"Hello, Jim," Joanna said shyly.

"Nice game you're playing." He stared at his fingernails.

Joanna stood up so that she could talk with him. The two leaned against the wall, their shoulders close, like figures in a frieze. Jim towered above Joanna but in her own way the girl was as perfect as he. His blunt fingers might have twisted an iron bar, while hers, which were also strong, had a delicacy about them that would make a flower safe. When she moved she was quicker than Brandon too and not so clumsy.

"Put on your sweater or you'll go stiff," Jim said.

The boy touched his own red jacket with the football letters sewed triumphantly across the front of it in a gesture that was almost defiant. "Look," he might have been saying, "these letters show how much stronger I am than you are." There was humor in his gesture too but Joanna did not see that. She saw only his superior smile which made her feel more uncertain than she had been before she started thinking about the geometry she would have to take at college.

"I'm warm enough, Jim," she said. "I won't get stiff."

"Stay away from the basket during the next half. Keep close to the middle of the floor." Now Brandon's voice had the detachment of a master who speaks to a pupil. "The other team's on to your short shots and will stop them."

"Do you think so?" Joanna asked.

"Sure they are. They'll bunch their guards under the basket and keep them there. So play wide. Even if you miss it's better than getting nowhere."

"All right," Joanna replied.

"And say—I just saw that brother of yours. He told me you were going to the party with him. I'll take you instead, Joanna."

As Brandon walked nonchalantly away Joanna pulled her sweater closer over her shoulders staring at him with eyes that were almost frightened. Jim knew the right thing to say about the game, the party, about everything. And no matter what happened he was never ruffled. That night a week ago when they had driven down the sound road in his new car and he had tried to kiss her, it had been she, rather than he, who was upset.

"You're a little girl, Joanna." She could hear him saying it now in that soft voice of his. "Some day you'll know how much fun this is."

It would be fun with a boy who loved you, Joanna thought, sitting down again. But Jim only wanted her because she was the best basket-ball player in Cape Fair. Or was it that? Sometimes when he looked at her she felt that he liked her for the kind of person she was. If that were true, some night she would draw him to her instead of pushing him away. But he changed so often that she could never be sure, and that evening a week ago on the sound road, with the pine branches sighing above her, she had been less certain than ever.

She wanted to be as sure of herself as Jim was, not only when they were making love but while she did geometry or when she was at a party. Brandon would be

the most popular boy at the country club to-night. Joanna could almost see him waltzing across the pine floor, dancing with the apple-cheeked girls, having a fine time. While she—well, she would be dancing with one, then another of the wet-haired boys with the fuzz still on their cheeks, but she would not feel right about it any more than she felt right about kissing Jim, or wearing the party dress her mother had bought for her, or slipping her toes into the high-heeled shoes that glittered on the floor of the Prokosch closet.

Joanna looked down at the heavy rubber-bottoms that encased her feet. She wriggled her toes inside the canvas, feeling the high arch of the bones, wishing she was as much at home in patent leather as in Keds. She wished too, with a sudden desperation, that the dance were over and that she were safe at home in her own bed. She thought with longing of the way Freddie's shoes sounded when he dropped them on the floor and of the gentle whimpers her youngest brother made when he had dreams he did not like.

The party behind her, it would be fun to lie between cool sheets and listen to the wind in the willow tree outside of her window. Then she would be comfortable, not excited as she was when she twirled a basket-ball toward the net, or unlike herself as she felt in evening dress. When she lay in her grandmother's bed, all that mattered was the sweet, night wind and the tired feeling that began to come over her. It would be good to lie there, with warmth creeping deliciously up from her toes until only the tip of her nose was cold. Finally she would slide into a sleep so profound that not even the noise of her father's alarm clock, going off with a jangle at five in the morning, could awaken her.

The referee's whistle shrilled the news that the half was about to begin, and Joanna jumped to her feet. Stripping off her sweater with a fierce alacrity, she ran out on the court, forgetting everything in a hard excitement. While she

practiced her shots, the gymnasium shrunk around her until it became a world in miniature. In this small universe she was a goddess who could not be overthrown. With every practice shot she became more sure of herself. The harsh, blue lights in the gallery, the sing-song voices of the crowd, the new springiness in her legs, made her want to laugh aloud, bringing her a superb physical delight.

"Ray—ray—lack-a-day. Cape Fair!"

The sound of the cheering faded and the second half began. Although Joanna was unconscious of what she was doing, the way she played fell into the most perfect pattern imaginable. Every movement was a blend of instinct with the purest physical power. Her body responded before her mind instructed it; her fingers, knowing which way the ball would go, reached for it before the sphere came in her direction. Once she had the ball in her hands and was passing it back and forth she went down the field to the best spot for a goal so fast that she shook her opponents away from her as though they were flies.

Everything about the game Joanna had ever known returned to her. The long afternoons in the gymnasium when she had stayed after the others went home and tossed the ball through the shadows until she learned to know where it was going without following it with her eyes, fused into this moment. She was not one girl but all the girls she had been from that first moment four years ago when she walked across the court with her rapid stride, picked up the ball, and threw it at the goal to watch it drop perfectly through the net.

As the half progressed, Joanna began to feel vaguely that she was playing in a rhythm of her own. She lost the sense of the forms of her fellow-players round her, forgot the passage of time, and moved down the field with a classic grace that brought the spectators to their tip-toes and made the brightly sweated boys in the gallery break into raucous cheers. The pink-cheeked girls too forgot their

restraint and let small noises escape from their red-tipped mouths. But Joanna had stopped thinking of them. She sped down the court below the balcony, oblivious to everything but the delight that coursed through her body.

She kept clear of the goal, where the guards hovered with upraised hands, and moved nearer the center circle, shooting the ball from her chest. Afraid to leave the goal free, the guards stood in their positions while Joanna moved before them like a ballet dancer. A few of her shots went wild, rattling off the backboard into waiting hands but more often the ball rolled around the rim and dropped into the net. She kept working back, always closer to the center, until she was in a space by herself, so far away from the goal that nobody believed there was any chance of her making a shot successfully.

The instant before the whistle that ended the half blew she tossed a long goal from the exact center of the field. The ball arched through the air like a bird, going so high that for a moment it looked as though it would break through the skylight and disappear. Before it began to fall Joanna lost interest in it.

With the superb nonchalance that comes only when a person knows he has done a thing perfectly, she turned and walked away without glancing back at the goal. As the ball swished through the net, the final whistle blew. In the gallery people beat one another across the shoulders, on the court the referee hugged the umpire. Everyone went slightly mad except Joanna, who stood near the center circle breathing regularly as though the game were about to begin.

"Joanna!" Freddie wiggled through the crowd to his sister's side. "You were tops," he yelled. "Tops!"

The girl turned but before she could speak to her brother, Mr. Bellamy, the town alderman, cigar still in his mouth, came down from the gallery like a whirlwind. Brushing Freddie aside, he grabbed Joanna's shoulder.

"Grandstand playing!" Bellamy beat the girl wildly between her shoulder blades. "That last shot beats anything I ever saw. Should be in the New York papers. I know you were thinking of the gallery but that don't matter. A sensational feat!"

Joanna stood very quiet, still thinking of the party ahead.





PATTERNS FOR LIVING TOGETHER

BY RAYMOND PEARL

MEN and skunks both belong to the same great class of animals. They are mammals. While they differ from each other in some ways, they are alike in suckling their young, having hair, and in other mammalian characteristics. In particular, mammals as a class are not naturally strong on sociality. Their innate tendencies are much more toward the side of rugged individualism. Man is definitely and considerably handicapped in his struggles to bring order into the business of his collective living by the fact that he is a mammal and heavily loaded down with a lot of baggage entailed by that zoological affinity. He is compelled to struggle with these problems of collective living, that grow steadily more difficult because there are so many people trying to live together and get their livings in a spatially limited universe.

Such degrees of sociality as mammals have developed, including even the human, have always been in the nature of a compromise between their natural instincts individually to mind their own business and fend for themselves and the necessity to work together imposed by numbers in relation to territory. This conflict of interests is an inherent element of all sociality, as the biologist sees the matter. The organism living in social relations finds itself always struggling to play a double role—to be at once both a soloist expressing its own personal individuality and at the same time the humble member of a chorus constrained to blend its tune harmoniously with those

of the others composing the social group. This is not an easy thing to do, but it is essentially what sociality demands. The group may, as a group, do things that are distasteful to every single individual in it, and against his *individual* interest considered *per se*. For example, it is easily conceivable that a nation may decide by popular vote to engage in war, even though each person in that nation has, as an individual, no appetite whatever for either killing or being killed. So it is that at the mammalian-human level there always has to be a compromise—a balancing among individual and communal interests, strivings, and goods—rather than the sort of wholehearted and self-eliminating espousal of communal group interests to the exclusion of all other considerations that would be ideal from a purely social point of view. This kind of complete one-hundred-per-cent sociality has never been achieved by mammals. Their social structures always have in them considerable gaps left open for individual self-determination—for minding one's own business as well as the communal affairs. Even such extreme social organizations as those of Soviet Russia and Nazi Germany have a niche or two carefully left in them that will permit the individual to rise and shine as *Führer* or Chief Commissar. One of the most fundamentally distinctive characteristics of mammalian sociality, whether it be of rats, sheep, wolves, or men, is *leadership* by somebody. That somebody may be an individual or a small group. It does not matter which in the underlying phi-

losophy, but it is difficult for us to think of a form of social organization of which we could conceivably be a part which did not involve somewhere, in some form or other, this concept of leadership.

It is perhaps chiefly in this respect that mammalian forms of social organization differ from those evolved by other kinds of living things, and particularly the social insects, ants, bees, wasps, and termites. In the sociality of those forms there is literally nothing truly corresponding to our concept of leadership. There the social group itself as a whole constitutes a biological unit. Each individual in the group lives its life and makes its contribution to the communal welfare and interests, not because it is told to do so by a leader, or by the community as a whole in town-meeting assembled, but because, and only because, it is its innate, entailed biological nature so to do. The community is made up of castes that are differentiated structurally, functionally, and behavioristically to do certain things in the common interest. Being so differentiated, they do these things automatically, skilfully, and unfailingly; without yearnings to alter their station in life, without strikes or picketing, and without troublesome political ambitions. Power and influence reside in, and appertain only to, the community as a whole because the physical and physiological elements that constitute power are so evenly and minutely divided among the several individuals composing the community that the very concept itself of power as we understand it disappears. In such a form of social organization there is no vestige of what we understand as individual opportunity, incentive, or originality. The community is socially organized in such a way as to promote and ensure so far as possible the continued survival of the group as such and as a biological unit. Whether the individual survives or not is a matter of no community concern or importance, save in the case of individuals differentiated for the task of reproduction.

All social organization is biologically

an adaptive response to stimuli arising out of the difficulties of living together in a spatially limited universe. But the primary objective of this adaptation is fundamentally different in mammalian sociality from what it is in insect sociality. The basic objective of the former is the survival of the *individual*, that of the latter the survival of the *community*. "Mutual aid" in the mammalian and human scheme is a communal effort to help individuals as such to survive, not an attempt to keep the community or the social system going. When the citizens of Baltimore, somewhat reluctantly and after long delay, decided to tax themselves to build a city-wide sewer system, instead of individually disposing of their bodily wastes, they were moved to do this not because they wanted to preserve Baltimore, but because they finally came to believe that the probability of their dying of typhoid fever and of their children dying of dysentery would be lessened as a result of this course of action.

Politicians are well aware of the individualistic element in mammalian sociality. The ward boss knows that his clients favor the Tammany type of sociopolitical organization for no other important reason than because it sees that they are shod and fed. Hence Tammany Hall survives as a social institution. If the Republicans, or the Communists, or anarchists, or Beelzebub himself should shoe and feed the customers better than Tammany their contributions of votes to the "mutual aid" system would be promptly transferred to helping the continuance of whatever social instrument did the better shoeing and victualling. On the national scale it will have been noted that the impassioned pleas for more and more social legislation that are currently dinning in our ears are based on and aimed at the survival of "underprivileged" individuals, not at the survival of the American form of government, which is to say the American pattern of social organization. Nobody calls the American social system "my friend," or ever will. Nobody could. It would be com-

pletely foreign to the mammalian way of thought. Those in control of affairs in Russia delude themselves into believing they are accomplishing the equivalent of this, but at the same time they are permitting and encouraging individuals to have savings bank accounts. The truly and exclusively communistic termite society behaves differently. The termite savings banks have only one customer per bank, the colony. No individual has an account.

II

Now while the insect patterns of sociality have certain evident points of superiority over the mammalian patterns, notably in respect of their much greater stability and efficiency, after all they are intrinsically different and not well suited to man as he is constituted at present. Perhaps in the slow passage of time he may evolve farther toward these insect patterns. There are signs that this may turn out to be his trend. But before going into that question it will be profitable to examine in some detail the patterns of existing human society.

The technic that man evolved as an adaptive process to meet the difficulties that arose out of the necessity for living together in restricted quarters is essentially comprised within the frame of the system called government by law. This system has its dim beginnings in evolutionary history at the very inception of mammalian sociality itself with the biological family—parents and children constituting a group that must be socially organized for at least the rather prolonged period of infancy during which offspring cannot get their own livings.

What do the terms law and government really mean? When individual mammals have to live together friction inevitably arises. One annoys another or interferes with it or damages it. Whether the individuals are kin to one another makes no difference. At bottom the difficulties arise out of too close and too persistent contiguity. This leads to what has been called the "collision

effect"—mere bumping into one another, as it were. In the case of the fruit fly, where there appears to be no trace of true sociality at all, it has been possible to show experimentally that as density of population increases, and by consequence there is an increase in the frequency of interference of individuals with one another, such purely physiological matters as individual fecundity and life duration are adversely affected in proportion to the intensity of the collision effect. Wherever there is even the beginnings of social organization, the group, as well as its component individuals, has an interest and concern in the nuisances that particular individuals may make of themselves. So there begin to arise restrictions or taboos that set limits to the permissible behavior of the individuals. These restrictions in the group interest do not have to be written down and codified to be real. They exist in entirely effective form in mammals far below man.

Human laws began in the evolutionary sense as rules of individual conduct or behavior, to protect the group from the nuisances and torts that might be perpetrated by individuals. Government followed as a group invention having for its purpose to see that the rules were observed. Since no one ever has been able to think up any practical mechanism to ensure the observance of the rules except to punish their infraction, punishment became a group function relegated to government. The history of Roman law, upon which the existing jurisprudence of all civilized peoples is based and modeled, contains the foreshortened essentials of the evolutionary history of all law and government.

It has already been pointed out that the rules for behavior that later developed into laws as we understand them originated as group adaptations, which is to say derived their sanctions from the group attitudes that represent the beginnings of sociality. This fact cannot be too strongly emphasized because it is of the utmost importance to a clear and critical analysis and understanding of the-

ories of government. Another, and fundamentally different, view of the essential origin of law prevailed rather widely in the early part of the nineteenth century. It is historically associated with the name of John Austin, the English jurist, who first propounded it in 1832. His view, in essence, was that all laws properly so-called are commands addressed by a human superior to a human inferior, and that the system or institution of government by law evolved from this basis.

This is a position with which no student of animal behavior could be expected wholly to agree. He would quite willingly admit that many laws were, and are, stated verbally in the form of commands, but that fact seems to him to be of only rhetorical importance. What the student of behavior dislikes is the implication of Austin's argument, of which he was fully aware and which he accepted, that the whole system of government by law came into being because a few individuals were created superior, and a great many inferior, and that the former governed the latter by commanding them to do, or not to do, certain things. Such a view is repugnant to the biologist because it so completely neglects the evolutionary background and basis of human behavior. Mammalian social behavior is definitely not of the pattern implicit in Austin's formulation. Herd leaders among deer for example are not commanders. They function much more as special sense-organs for the group. They watch and listen for the group, while the other members tend to the other businesses of life. The group reactions of the herd are not responses to commands, but rather group reflexes set off by stimuli transmitted through the leader acting as sensory receptor for the group.

Austin's theory no longer enjoys quite the prestige it once did, either in or out of the legal profession. The development of sociology, and particularly the points of view growing out of the natural-history type of approach to the problem of sociality exemplified at its highest level in the work of William Graham Sumner,

have been major factors in diminishing general esteem for Austin's closely reasoned, but heavily *a priori*, logical treatment of what is after all a biological problem at bottom. There clings to it an odor of scholasticism that is not in the present mode. At the same time it must be said that in overt or concealed form Austin's main thesis constantly bobs up in theoretical discussions of government, politics, and social progress, and particularly in connection with "isms" of one sort or another.

Austin's analysis of jurisprudence, about a half century after its publication was thoroughly and penetratingly criticized by Sir Henry Maine, in his *Early History of Institutions* (1875). Only one small portion of Maine's interesting discussion can be quoted here. It concerns an example brought forward by Sir Henry to show that the most despotic sort of government conceivable need contain none of the "command" element postulated by Austin.

My instance (he said) is the Indian province called the Punjaub, the country of the Five Rivers, in the state in which it was for about a quarter of a century before its annexation to the British Indian Empire. After passing through every conceivable phase of anarchy and dormant anarchy, it fell under the tolerably consolidated dominion of a half-military half-religious oligarchy known as the Sikhs. The Sikhs themselves were afterward reduced to subjection by a single chieftain belonging to their order, Runjeet Singh. At first sight there could be no more perfect embodiment than Runjeet Singh of sovereignty as conceived by Austin. He was absolutely despotic. Except occasionally on his wild frontier, he kept the most perfect order. He could have commanded anything; the smallest disobedience to his commands would have been followed by death or mutilation; and this was perfectly well known to the enormous majority of his subjects. Yet I doubt whether once in all his life he issued a command which Austin would call a law. He took as his revenue a prodigious share of the produce of the soil. He harried villages which recalcitrated at his exactions, and he executed great numbers of men. He levied great armies; he had all material of power, and he exercised it in various ways. But he never made a law. The rules which regulated the lives of his subjects were derived

from their immemorial usages, and these rules were administered by domestic tribunals in families or village communities—that is, in groups no larger or little larger than those to which the application of Austin's principles cannot be effected on his own admission without absurdity.

It is just such "rules derived from immemorial usage" that constitute the primitive pattern and foundation of all social organization, and also of enduring government. But obviously as the numbers of men increased, and the average distance apart of human beings from one another got steadily smaller, the whole business of living together became more complicated. There had to be more and more rules. The rules became steadily more complicated and difficult to administer, until now we have reached a situation in which not only such avowed dictators as Mussolini and Hitler, but even our own Thurman W. Arnold, professor of law in Yale University—an institution steeped in the authentic juices of liberty if ever there was one—advocate as the ideal government one by men instead of one by principles. There could be no franker return to the position of John Austin, nor more convincing evidence that old patterns of human sociality solidly grounded in mammalian biology have gone sadly awry as the difficulties and complexities of living together have grown along with the stupendous increases in population density that have occurred. Under such circumstances an individual in temporary possession of political power always wants to "command," and to be freed from the restraints imposed on his will and fancy by laws based upon the "immemorial usages" of the group. To get rid of these irksome hindrances he endeavors to take over completely, and as a purely personal prerogative and appanage, the legislative and judicial functions of the social organization. If the attempt succeeds, what appears on the surface to be great efficiency of government temporarily results. But the situation is ephemeral. It is just as true now as it was a century and a half ago, when the Great Pontifica-

tor told his friend General Oglethorpe about it, that "The more contracted power is, the more easily it is destroyed. A country governed by a despot is an inverted cone."

III

While we have seen that rules and then laws came into the primitive picture of free mammalian behavior from the necessity imposed by sociality, it must always be remembered that it *was* necessity rather than desire that brought them in. The natural state of living things is the most complete freedom and liberty attainable within the frame of the physical environment. Any and all restrictions on this natural freedom are inherently irksome. This fact has always constituted a real and serious difficulty in the making of workable and acceptable rules and laws. Jeremy Bentham was profoundly right when he said: "It is with government as with medicine; its only business is the choice of evils. Every law is an evil, for every law is an infringement of liberty. Government, I repeat it, has but the choice of evils. In making that choice, what ought to be the object of the legislator? He ought to be certain of two things; 1st, that in every case the acts which he undertakes to prevent are really evils; and, 2nd, that these evils are greater than those which he employs to prevent them.

"He has then two things to note—the evil of the offence, and the evil of the law; the evil of the malady, and the evil of the remedy."

It is a major tragedy of the world today that this distinction so wisely urged by Bentham has been so completely forgotten. The souls and bodies of millions of innocent and harmless human beings are being tortured because self-righteous and self-seeking men in temporary possession of power ruthlessly and contemptuously disregard the fact that all regimentation, whether it be by law or not, is an evil in itself. And this fact is in no smallest degree altered by asseverations of nobility of purpose.

The practical difficulty in framing a working pattern of human sociality has always been, and probably will continue to be for a long time in the future, the achievement of a satisfactory steady state of equilibrium between what is good from the standpoint of the *group* on the one hand and what is evil from the standpoint of the *individual* on the other hand. Compromise is the only possible way of dealing with such an issue. So law and government have always been compromises in their essential nature. If the pattern is formed solely in the interest of either the group or the individual it has little stability or power to survive.

The actual machinery of operation of government and rule-making has exhibited in all human history only two really different patterns. One of these is the autocratic, oligarchic pattern, the other the democratic. The difference between them in theory and in fact—whenever it has seemed worth while to translate the theory into fact—is that in the one case the laws and government are made and administered by a few individuals in the group without let, hindrance, or advice from the rest of the group; while in the other case all the individuals in the group have a direct firsthand share in the fashioning of the pattern of their sociality. The autocratic pattern stems evolutionally from the patriarchal or matriarchal family sociality. The democratic pattern was a slower growth that came to full flower in human society as men progressed in intelligence and power to reason, and in consequence developed the desire to affirm the full essence of their being. The individualistic way of life is a basic characteristic of the mammalian stem. To mold it into practical concisence with the necessity for social organization was a long, slow, and painful process. Actually the concept that all men should have an equal share in making the group pattern of law and government remained, with some exceptions, largely a negative one so far as action was concerned until the seventeenth century, though the abstract idea was much older.

Aristotle was perfectly familiar with it and rightly held that its denial was the most potent cause of revolutions.

Actually the setting up and maintenance of an autocratic or oligarchic form of government, as well as of any other form, can happen only with the "consent of the governed," as the old *cliché* has it. But there are two ways in which this consent can be got. These are either through intimidation maintained by force, or by voluntary agreement of the demos. Historically and statistically the former technic has been by far the more usual one, frequently camouflaged and sugar-coated, but not less real underneath. The present autocratic dictatorships in Europe, as everyone knows, insist loudly that they rest on the voluntary consent of the people; but a lot of purging with castor oil, gunpowder, and other even less pleasant pharmaceuticals seems to be required to maintain such semblance of sweetness and light as exists in the business. And the technics of the elections by which the popular will is supposed to be expressed in the dictated countries have their comic aspects, which we can perhaps the better appreciate because they have such marked resemblances to the modes open to the Negroes in our deeper South to manifest their political and social ideas. In short, Germany and Italy and Russia do not appear to offer any real exception to the general rule that intimidation is a usual, and indeed necessary, element in the maintenance of autocratic or oligarchic patterns of sociality wherever found.

But intimidation by *force majeure* has two fundamental defects as a social agent. In the first place, as human beings are constituted, it is a lot of trouble to keep up. The despot and his gang get careless and inattentive and lax about cracking the whip. The strain involved in being a pompous bogey-man gets wearisome. In the second place, fear is a curable and largely self-limited disease. The steady advance of man's knowledge through science about how to control and alter to his use and benefit his en-

vironment and the awesome forces of nature has been the great curative agent for the fear obsession in all its varied manifestations. Organized religion has learned this lesson well. The "wrath of God" scares few folk these days. The "might of rulers" scares them only temporarily. Even that quintessentially timid fellow, the American business man, seems now slightly less afraid of Tommy the Cork than he was a while back.

The struggle of man to make his general pattern of sociality—government by law—a stable, enduring, and satisfactory one has been long and arduous. It has encountered many difficulties. But there can be no question that its spiritual goal all along the way has been that ideal of democracy, well stated by Harold J. Laski, as one that is based on the "notion that the only way to respond to the wants of the individual is to associate him with the process of authority. It accepts therefore the old claim that exclusion from a share in power is also exclusion from a share in benefit. It regards the rights of man to share in the results of social life as broadly equal; and it regards differences of treatment as justifiable only in so far as they can be shown to be directly relevant to the common good."

IV

But is this going to be the path of the future evolution of human sociality? Or is it going always to be merely the silly sort of abstract ideal symbolizing what does not really exist, that cynical pseudo-Machiavellians say it is and always has been? Being acutely conscious that "the coasts of history are strewn with the wrecks of predictions launched by historians and philosophers," as Lord Bryce once said, I have no present intention of cracking a bottle of champagne on the prow of a prophecy. But I should like to discuss briefly some of the difficulties and possibilities of the case.

Let the discussion start with a question: Why is it that the adoption and practical operation of the idea of democ-

racy has encountered so many difficulties when it has all along enjoyed the esteem and approval not alone of philosophers, but of sensible men almost universally? The answer to this question seems to me to be bound up with certain fundamental biological considerations. The first and most important of these is that men vary, and widely, in their capacities and talents to get a living as well as in their opportunities. A primary function of all social organization is to expand and so far as possible equalize the opportunities for all individuals in the group to get their livings. In particular it is a basic tenet of the philosophy of democracy to do this. But no conceivable amount or kind of organization is ever going to equalize the innate differences between men in capacity, ability, or talent. Social theories and patterns of organization may deny the existence of such differences, or may seek to smother and overwhelm them by systems that give equal rewards for extremely unequal services. But this is mass self-delusion. The real biological fact is that some men are both better animals and better men than others. And in any form of social organization the better men will tend on the average to get the greater and better rewards for their efforts. This was just as true in the hunting stage of culture as it is to-day in industrial Detroit. An inevitable consequence is the development of economic inequalities. The innately abler individuals do better than just get their livings. They accumulate wealth. There is nothing in this inherently baneful or anti-social. It is not more sinister for men so to behave than it is for squirrels. In fact it is just a normal biological process for both, an effort to make continued survival more certain.

But in the course of its development there has gradually been added to the political philosophy of democracy a new element that demands "a close economic equality on the ground that the benefits a man can obtain from the social process are, at least approximately and in general, a function of his power of effective

demand, which in turn depends on the property he owns," to use Laski's phraseology. It is held that the theory of democracy must necessarily be hostile to everything in the nature of privilege growing out of economic differences between individuals, and that liberty must be contingent upon, and constrained within, a framework of economic equality. The mischief inherent in this doctrine is evident as soon as it is stated. Any sort of constraint is essentially repugnant to the concepts of liberty and freedom. Procrustes building uniform beds to fit only the economically short or medium-statured, and sawing off the feet of the economically long-legged to make them conform to the beds, is still engaged in an inhumane as well as unbiological pursuit. If biology and history have any validity at all it is certain that this technic will never achieve an enduring solution of the problem of living together. Whether the scheme be labelled communism or democracy, or whether it be operated by dictatorship or through a majority of popular votes, it inherently lacks survival value simply because all men are not equal in natural endowments. The attempts to extend the principle of democracy beyond group rule-making, which in the mammalian pattern of sociality is in biological fact a group function, so that it shall also include getting a living have not added to the acceptability or the stability of democracy as a social pattern. In the basic mammalian sociality getting a living is an individual function, and not a group function as it is in the termite pattern.

V

There would seem to be two possible alternative trends of man's further bio-social evolution that might conceivably be followed, provided he succeeds in surviving as a species. One of these that is at least theoretically possible, even if necessarily slow in practical accomplishment, would be by breeding out the innate differences that now exist between men and

making them into a uniform lot except for such caste differentiations as might seem desirable to perpetuate in the interest of group efficiency solely. Such a process would eradicate all significant individual differences within each caste. Individual incentives and strivings would disappear, and also the social troubles they always produce. The process might conceivably be hastened, in the manner suggested in *Brave New World*, by conditioning the young from the moment of fertilization on, for group conformity in the long period while genetic differences were being eliminated by breeding. In the end, getting rid of differences would result in the human equivalent of the termite pattern of sociality. All men then would be truly equal, within the caste, and economically and socially equal within the total group, the state or world. In cold fact this may be precisely the present trend of human evolution. We are here and now breeding out the innate differences between men, and at an accelerating rate. The genes that condition human characteristics are being more uniformly and evenly distributed over the whole of mankind. Perhaps we may all be something like happy little termites yet, but on the whole it seems unlikely that the process will ever continue to that end point.

The other evolutionary trend that may be envisaged demands no such fundamental biological reconstruction. It contemplates instead only the continued and more intelligent development and application of the social process itself. Ever since his emergence as a distinct form man has steadily progressed in devising new and always easier ways of getting his living. This has come about through ever-increasing control and utilization of natural resources, dependent in turn upon the steady advance of scientific knowledge. It seems probable that if scientific knowledge and discovery continue to advance, the consequences in increased average ease of getting a living that have followed in the past will continue to follow in the future. In other

words, there would appear to be no indication now of even a beginning of the operation of the principle of diminishing returns in the sphere of the application to useful ends of scientific discovery and development.

If science does continue to advance and extend man's power to utilize natural resources the inevitable consequence will be a general condition of progressive plenty. Many thoughtful persons are of the opinion that we are at this moment definitely and measurably already in that condition, and certainly a rather convincing case can be made that this is at least partially true. Granting for the sake of the argument that we are in fact already in an age of plenty, it is evident that there is the widest diversity of opinion as to how the maximum of social benefit is to be derived from that situation. Scientific men, who themselves constitute the group responsible for the condition of plenty, are no more agreed or helpful than any other group in their opinions about how social advantage is to be taken of easier methods of getting a living. Opinion regarding the problem is saturated with emotion and sentiment, and that in great part accounts for its wide diversity. Propaganda is substituted for rational analysis, and only tiresome confusion results.

Certain objective realities that exist now, however, have bearing on the alterations of the social pattern that may occur. The first and most important of these is the high average density of world population. Maximum social benefit will never accrue from a condition of plenty if population is always maintained at a level where *in actual practice* large numbers find it difficult or impossible to get their individual livings. The average personal enjoyment of plenty will be greater and keener if there are fewer individuals to divide it among. There is at the present moment an almost universal tendency to stabilize or lower the total population of the world through the reduction of human fertility. This tendency is being accelerated

by the ever wider spread of the practice of more and more effective technics of contraception. There is good reason to suppose that within a century or less knowledge of such technics will be nearly or quite universally disseminated. Probably within that time such technics will be taught universally in the schools in all civilized countries. The prevalent idea that this will result in extinction by depopulation does not seem likely to the student of mammalian biology. What appears infinitely more probable is that mankind will use contraception as one agent of self-regulation of the total population to a level where the maximum of social benefits accruing from a condition of plenty may be enjoyed.

Second, there is a definitely increasing aggregate consciousness that the social burden of the biologically unfit, degenerate, and worthless portions of humanity is becoming intolerable, and that their further breeding will have to be stopped. Sensible men are not likely indefinitely to permit a great part of the plenty that might be enjoyed by the fit to be wasted on a growing horde of sorry specimens that any intelligent breeder, or nature itself if permitted, would promptly eliminate as of no biological worth. The eugenists are grappling with the problem of devising adequate and practical ways of accomplishing this result. They have not solved it yet. But there is every reason to suppose that in another century or so great and real progress will have been made in this direction.

Suppose we now let our imaginations jump ahead that century and envisage a world population of an average density of perhaps thirty per square mile of land area instead of the present forty-one, and a population rid of a substantial part of the burden of the unfit, living in a world of a vastly greater plenty than anything we now know or can intelligently imagine, as a result of the intervening progress of science. What pattern of government by law would, in such a state of affairs, conduce to the maximum of social benefit practically achievable? This question

can be answered only with an opinion.

The future pattern of government by law that I think would be adequate would be one in which all ultimate governmental power was equally distributed among all the people composing the group. As one of its two main objectives it would preserve, so far as possible, the innate biological differences between men. I mean this in the broadest sense of the word biological, to include abilities, talents, and opinions as well as purely anatomical and physiological traits. But it would not merely strive to preserve innate differences. It would also actively and zealously encourage and promote the freest possible expression of those differences in every aspect of life, in so far as such expression was consilient with the equal distribution of the privilege to all. Specifically it would encourage individual incentive and striving in the economic and every other field of activity, and both permit and encourage different rewards proportioned to differences in abilities and skills. In conformity with the basic mammalian pattern of sociality it would give opportunity and encouragement to the superior individual to rise to leadership. Its second main objective would be to make such rules as would strictly limit in amount and degree and as to duration the *power* that any man or sub-group of men could

have over the souls or bodies or lives of their fellows, whether political power, economic, social, or any other kind. It would do this at whatever cost of group efficiency, either alleged or real, that might be entailed. It would do this on the ground that freedom to exercise concentrated power is the one kind of liberty that no man or no limited group of men can be entrusted with; there is still too much of the beast left in his make-up. Concentration of power to control and coerce men is bad in itself, always and everywhere, and without the slightest relation to whether it is used to accomplish ends which we regard as good or beautiful or wise. Because there would be no concentration of power in this social pattern, there would be no economic monopolies, no great trusts, no holding companies. Some men would be richer than others, but no man would be either inordinately rich or terribly poor. With all ancillary aids to the acquisition and retention of power outlawed, no man could exercise more influence over the lives of his fellows than could temporarily be derived from his innate superiority as a man. In guarantees of liberty, opportunity, and strictly limited concentration of power, coupled with a general condition of plenty, there is perhaps some reason to hope and to believe that real social security would reside.





ANXIETY AND ILLNESS

BY GEORGE W. GRAY

HE CAME to the hospital one Monday: a man with a bothersome skin disease. The dermatologists made a thorough physical examination. They tested the patient with various allergenic substances: food, pollens, dusts. Nothing showed up. All the tests were negative.

But the rash itself was not negative. His arms were pimples with it. "Almost every Monday I have a breaking out like this."

"What do you do on Sundays?" asked the hospital physician.

Usually, said the patient, he went visiting in one of the suburbs.

"Why?"

"There's a young lady I go to see."

It developed that for eight years the couple had been engaged to marry, but the woman repeatedly postponed naming the wedding day. The man had been saving money, he was prepared to assume his new responsibility; each Sunday he pressed for a decision; each Monday was the day after a frustration. And "almost every Monday" his skin protested and proclaimed his anxious state by breaking into eczema.

Another experience is that of a young woman who was disturbed because of an affliction of the fourth finger of her left hand. Its tip looked like chalk. It felt cold, numb, asleep. The condition, commonly called "white finger," is a disorder of circulation known to medical men as Raynaud's disease. The cause is a prolonged constriction of muscles surrounding certain small blood vessels. Usually Raynaud's disease symmetrically

affects the body's extremities, the toes of both feet or the fingers of both hands; but in this instance the trouble was sharply localized. There was only one white finger, and the fact that it was the ring finger seemed to point to an emotional involvement of some kind. Eventually the patient told of a crucial experience in her personal life which showed, only too clearly, that such indeed was the case.

It seems that a few months previously she was the happy fiancée of a young man. But there had been a misunderstanding, a quarrel developed, and in a moment of rage she took off her engagement ring and "threw it at him." That night she became aware of a curious tingling in her ring finger. She rubbed the finger awake. Later the sensation returned. Finally exercise and rubbing were of no avail. The circulatory disorder grew more pronounced and alarming and at last caused ulcerations which drove her to the doctor.

A third example is that of an asthma patient, a man who had been brought to the hospital in a critical condition. After several weeks of treatment he was relieved, and a day was set for his discharge. Railroad tickets to his home down South were purchased and all arrangements for the trip had been made to his apparent satisfaction, when suddenly, on the night before his scheduled departure, a violent paroxysm of asthma occurred. Within a few hours all the dangerous symptoms had returned, and it was clear that he could not be discharged next day. Treatment was re-

sumed; again his breathing became free; again a day was appointed and arrangements made for the journey. And again, on the night before, asthma returned in full force.

The record showed that this patient was a teacher in a Southern agricultural college. Some years earlier he had become embroiled in a faculty fight which ended with the resignation of his chief. Under the new administration promotion did not come, and now the teacher feared for his job. Here was a situation of uncertainty such that it seemed better to remain within the protecting walls of the hospital than to go back to the scene of former strife and face the likelihood of dismissal.

These experiences—all taken from recent case histories of a large hospital in the eastern part of the United States—recall the numerous instances, reported during the World War, of symptoms connected with emotional shock. A man would be sent into no-man's-land to bury the week's dead, and on his return from the disagreeable task his sense of smell suddenly ceased to function. Even in the homelands, far from scenes of battle, strange mental fixations would occur. Dr. Ernest Snowden, of the West London Post-Graduate College, tells of a thirty-seven-year-old man who was in training camp in England in 1916 preparatory to joining the army in France. During an exercise one night another member of the squad landed on top of him, apparently injuring the man's spine. His legs thereafter were useless. Six years later, in 1922, the man was still a paralytic and his case came before the medical authorities on a recommendation that he be transferred to a hospital for the totally disabled. The examining doctor noticed that the patient's legs were not withered, and sent him to a clinic for observation. There his story emerged.

The patient and his wife were simple working people. Several years before the War there came a season of unemployment and, to tide over, the wife took in washing. Soon she had more work than

she could care for, so she employed some of her neighbors. The business prospered, her husband joined in its management, and they were on the road to easy circumstances when the War came in 1914—with consequences that were to disrupt the small laundry. First, soap and other needed materials became scarce; then the workers left for the munitions factories; finally, the husband was called up for the army. In the training camp he received pathetic letters from his wife. At last there came the critical episode, the accident. It occurred during a practice attack one night when the squad was being taught how to storm a trench. He was the first to reach the trench; he jumped down into it, and a moment later the man running after him took a leap in the darkness and landed roughshod on the back of the first man. There was no question that a painful injury had been inflicted. But did this injury cause the paralysis, or was there something else—something for which the accident provided a trigger?

Obviously there was more than the physical injury; there was also a pre-existing mental or emotional disturbance which had its counterpart in the physical mechanism. The years of frustration, fear, and uncertainty had inflicted their wounds long before the hobnail boots of the leaping soldier had inflicted theirs. When the physician reported the outcome of his examination, declared that he could find nothing organically wrong, and explained the idea of body-mind relationships, the patient was overjoyed. "It was like a reprieve offered to a man who has been condemned to a life's sentence." He began to move his legs at the first interview. He stood on them at the second and took a few cautious steps. At the third visit he was walking freely, and such was his eagerness that he over-exercised his unaccustomed feet, they became swollen, and the doctor deemed it necessary to send him to bed for a fortnight's rest. Complete recovery came within a few weeks—recovery from six years of helpless invalidism—as authentic a mir-

acle as was ever reported of a pilgrim at Lourdes.

II

Medical men have been accustomed to call certain ill-understood symptoms "functional," thereby segregating them from the more physiologically reasonable "organic" diseases in which the ailing organs show anatomical defects. A headache that can be correlated with a brain tumor is an organic disturbance; and it is diseases of this kind that have generally enlisted the interest and engaged the best skill of the practitioner. But a headache that just is, and that inexplicably plagues its victim without traceable connection to any identifiable structural fault—this pain, in common medical parlance, is "merely functional." How many a baffled doctor has disposed of one of these cases with the pronouncement, "You only imagine you are sick. Quit worrying, go home and forget it."

Such advice rarely is effective—except in ridding the office of the patient, which often is a consummation devoutly to be wished. For these "cases of nerves" are the bane of much medical practice. As Dr. J. C. Yaskin described them in the *Medical Times* a few years ago, "They tire and exhaust the general practitioner, and are the stumbling block of all specialists. When all ordinary means fail to disclose definite lesions, and when special laboratory and clinical studies do not reveal abnormal functions, the cases are generally dumped into the garbage pail labeled 'psychoneurosis'." But assigning them to a detested category does not dispose of the patients. They drift from one doctor's office to another's, eventually perhaps to the chiropractor's or the faith healer's sanctuary, and some Wednesday evening may show up in the Christian Scientists' testimonial class, healed.

It is possible, on the other hand, that the neurotic patient may chance to apply to a physician who practices Thracian medicine. I say Thracian because of a quaint Socratic anecdote. It seems that

Socrates was sent to a distant land for a period of military service, and while there observed that in one respect the barbarous Thracians were superior to the Greeks. For they knew that the body cannot be healed without the mind. "This," he explained, "is the reason why the cure of many diseases is unknown to the physicians of Hellas, because they are ignorant of the whole." The idea of considering the patient as a whole appears in the teaching of Hippocrates and other leaders during the centuries of medical history. The oldtime family physician was often of this Thracian school. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell was a shining practitioner of its art in the nineteenth century. But it is only within recent years that study of the emotions as factors in illness has received serious attention in general hospitals, medical schools, and research centers. Although doctors who practice Thracian medicine are a growing guild of scientifically trained physicians, their number is not yet legion.

Wide is the range of diseases in which emotional states show themselves to be a complicating, often a controlling, influence. "Fully fifty per cent of the problems of the acute stages of an illness, and seventy-five per cent of the difficulties of convalescence, have their primary origin, not in the body, but in the mind of the patient," says Dr. Edward A. Strecker.

In 1934 Dr. Flanders Dunbar and her group at the Presbyterian Hospital in New York thought it would be useful to select some types of illness that are generally related to organic impairment and see to what extent emotional disturbances were also represented. They decided to study patients suffering from two widely different kinds of organic disease: (1) those afflicted with diabetes, and (2) those afflicted with diseases of the heart. A third group was desired to serve as a control, a sort of norm by which to check and compare the other groups, and for this (3) the choice was fracture cases, *i.e.* patients who had come for treatment of broken bones. Those whose injury was

a fractured skull were not included, for obvious reasons; but it seemed equally obvious to assume that a broken leg, a broken arm, or a broken rib was an illness imposed from outside and presumably involved no psychogenic factors.

Thirteen hundred cases have been studied in this way. In each of the three groups emotional factors were found to affect more than half of the patients. The great surprise was furnished by the control group. They proved to be quite as involved as the others, and it was shown that not only impaired hearts and disturbed glands, but also broken bones may trace their causes to hatreds, fears, and other emotional states.

In case after case, although the hospital recorded that the injury had been come by through accident, an intimate discussion of the experience with the patient showed that there was more than accident in the occurrence. Thus, a twenty-nine-year-old servant had been sent by her employer to do some marketing. On the way to the store she slipped, sprained her knee, and thereupon telephoned that she would send a friend to do the housework while she went to the doctor. But her employer said, No; she must return to the house at once. The servant was "so mad I could have killed her," and in returning fell down again, this time breaking her knee bone. "Now I guess she'll learn how to treat somebody," said the woman to her nurse, and when her employer visited the hospital she repeatedly reminded her, "If you'd just had a little more patience!"

Another case was that of a man who had injured his back. The interviews disclosed that he had been known as "mother's boy" previous to his marriage, and was not reconciled to what he regarded as indifference on the part of his wife. "She'll have to take care of me now," he said hopefully, "I guess it serves her right."

A girl of seventeen had injured her knee playing football. It came out that she was an unwanted child whose divorced mother was trying to send her

away to school while she married again. The girl looked and acted much like her father, the divorced husband, and her presence was a constant reminder of him. "But she can't possibly send me away now, when I'm so sick, and may be crippled for life—can she?"

Note that the diseases on account of which these thirteen hundred persons had come to the hospital were all organic. The investigator had purposely avoided functional complaints, and actual check-up showed that all but five per cent of the patients studied showed organic damage. What could be more organic, *i.e.* more an anatomical damage, than a broken bone? And yet the inquiry disclosed that eighty per cent of the persons in this fracture group were marked by long-established anxiety hysterias with various phobias: fear of being alone in the open, fear of confined spaces, fear of falling. Anxiety neuroses showed with marked frequency as an aggravating factor in the patients with diabetes and in those with diseases of the heart—though here again the ailments were catalogued organic. In times of emotional disturbance the diabetes was worse and the heart pains and other cardiac symptoms were intensified; in times of emotional calm and freedom from anxiety, the organic symptoms receded or became less troublesome.

More than a dozen years ago Dr. Felix Deutsch, then practicing in Vienna, pointed out that in patients suffering from organic diseases it was noticeable that their symptoms were the more abundant and the more distressing just in proportion to the amount of dammed-up anxiety that was present in their systems. Anxiety is of many kinds and derives from many sources, but there is evidence for believing that anxiety which cannot be discharged in action is discharged in the form of disease. To a degree, therefore, as Dr. Deutsch points out, every disease is an anxiety disease. A person remains ill because he cannot get rid of his anxiety. To be healthy is to be free of anxiety.

III

"There is no heaviness like unto the heaviness of the heart," wrote the author of *Ecclesiasticus*. Not only literature, but colloquial usage down through the ages teems with references to anxiety, joy, and other emotions as specific experiences of the heart. Medical researchers have sought to find a scientific basis for this, and among them some years ago the German Dr. Walter H. von Wyse reasoned thus: "Since circulation is that function the cessation of which means instant termination of life, the heart has become one of the most important organs of inner expression. It is for this reason that the heart has such close relationships with the emotional life and has become the symbol of what is really individual in man, the symbol of his virtues and vices. It is the study of these relationships which brings us to the borderland of our knowledge, to the question of what in the last analysis binds psyche and soma into a unity."

The Viennese Dr. Ludwig Braun goes farther. It is his teaching that anxiety is of physiological origin, and that its place of origin is the heart. As the eye is the specific sense organ of sight, so, he believes, the heart is the specific sense organ of anxiety. I have not been able to find many medical men who agree fully with Braun's thesis, but it is a fact that a diseased heart is the organ which, above all others, characteristically causes not only pain but anxiety.

"Almost all unpleasurable sensations arising from the heart are accompanied by anxiety," observes Dr. Theodore P. Wolfe of Columbia University, "and there is no anxiety so overwhelming as that accompanying an attack of angina pectoris. But," as Dr. Wolfe hastens to add, "anxiety also produces cardiac symptoms." In the early stages of angina pectoris an incautious remark, "You have a slight heart murmur" or "Your blood pressure is high," may accentuate uneasiness to actual anxiety. Contraction of the heart's blood vessels may then occur

as a physiological effect of the anxiety. Thereupon, experiencing the pain, the victim feels that his anxiety was justified, and so he becomes more anxious, with still more spasm of the blood vessels as a consequence.

Many doctors agree that the establishment of a hopeful attitude is one of the principal tactics in the treatment of these patients. Dr. Karl Fahrenkamp calls attention to two types of angina pectoris. In one type, the attacks usually occur during or immediately after exertion, whereas in the other the attack comes like a thief in the night, usually during repose, often in sleep. Oppressive fear of death occurs most frequently in the second group, but in all cases, next to physical exertion, emotional excitement is the activator most likely to bring on an attack. "If a neurotic patient is stricken with his first anginal attack, his further reaction will depend on his neurotic-psyche-makeup and the attitude of his physician toward the first attack. But even the non-neurotic patient may retain from his first attack such a degree of fear that he is unable to free himself from a secret anxiety. Even if he does not let others notice his chronic anxiety, or perhaps denies it even to himself, this anxious psychic condition inevitably brings about unfavorable physical changes." As to treatment, Fahrenkamp says that in the victims of no other disease is the emotional attitude of the patient more important; under no circumstances should anything be said tending to raise in the mind of the patient or in the minds of those associated with him the apprehensive idea that he is in danger of death from moment to moment.

There are various kinds of high blood pressure. Some are correlated with hardening of the arteries, some with allergic conditions, recently a malfunctioning of the kidneys has been found responsible. But when all cases of hypertension have been identified, a large percentage of sufferers remain for whom no organic causation of the condition can be traced. Their ailment is labeled "essential hyper-

tension"—though one wonders why it is essential.

Now this heightened blood pressure, whether it be of organic origin or simply and inexplicably "essential," often responds with remarkable directness to changes in the emotional state of its victim. Dr. Erwin Moos reports the case of a man with a systolic blood pressure of 280, who was also afflicted with a lung disorder, and whose urine analysis showed traces of albumen. Rest and drugs brought no beneficial effect, but one day the patient remarked that he had done great wrong to his wife. The doctor immediately arranged a meeting between the estranged husband and wife, and after a friendly discussion between the two, the blood pressure fell to 150, the lung symptoms abated, and the albumen disappeared. Several years later the patient was in good health, with a blood pressure of only 130.

Dr. G. Canby Robinson tells of a patient in Johns Hopkins Hospital, a laundry worker whose condition was remarkably bettered simply by shifting her to the other side of the washing machine and relieving her of supervisory responsibilities. She had been in charge of a group of younger workers whose carelessness vexed her and who openly teased and laughed at her. After the shift her breathing ceased to be labored, her engorged neck veins receded, her chronic hoarseness disappeared, and the feeling of tension lifted. This happened in 1936, and up to 1939 there had been no recurrence of the symptoms—though, strangely, her blood pressure remains high, above 210.

This Johns Hopkins case is especially interesting because the patient actually had an organic disease, hypertension related to arteriosclerosis, which seemed sufficient to account for all her symptoms. The adjustment of working conditions was made with the idea that it might have a beneficial effect on her blood pressure—and yet the result brought no change in that, though it eliminated the symptoms. Such cases provide strong evidence that

the causation of the distressing effects was psychic.

It also brings up the question of the individuality of blood pressure, and casts doubt on the hypothesis of a rigid standard. What is high blood pressure for one person may be normal, or at least not dangerous, pressure for another. Thousands are living comfortably with blood tension anywhere from 20 to 30 points above levels that in persons of different constitution and emotional responsiveness would be in the danger zone.

IV

At the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston Dr. Stanley Cobb and a staff of clinicians and research workers have been studying patients afflicted with such widely contrasting disorders as asthma, arthritis, and mucous colitis. In each of these groups they found that a large proportion were dominated by anxieties, phobias, and various forms of chronic emotional tension. It was noticed of the colitis group, for example, that only one-half the patients actually had diarrhea, but all had abdominal gripes. In personal interviews it came out that 96 per cent of them showed resentment, 75 per cent were depressed in spirit, and 68 per cent expressed feelings of guilt. Conscience was worrying many of them. They were indignant against employers, teachers, and parents, and reacted to these antagonisms with their bowels.

Another group of anxious folk are afflicted with peptic ulcers, and their emotional background is not so much a feeling of resentment as it is a sense of inadequacy. Dr. Franz Alexander, of the Institute for Psychoanalysis in Chicago, has made studies of peptic ulcer patients and has identified tendencies in their emotional lives which seem to have a near affinity to the operations of the stomach. "If certain wishes and claims of a receptive nature, the wish to be loved, to be helped, to be taken care of by others, a longing for the maintenance or revival of the infantile relation of the

child to the mother, are repressed in the unconscious, they have a tendency to influence the functions of the stomach. Such tendencies, if present in adults, have to be repressed because they are incompatible with the dominating ambitions of the conscious personality: with the strife for independence, masculinity, or activity. Repressed and thus excluded from gratification, they maintain a permanent tension which can be considered as a chronic unconscious psychic stimulus."

But why should tendencies of this kind focus on the stomach?

It is not at all surprising to the psychoanalyst, answers Dr. Alexander, and explains: "The child experiences the first gratifications of its receptive tendencies in being nourished. Thus the emotional association between the passive wish to be loved, to be taken care of, on the one hand, and the physiologic functions of nutrition, on the other, is established in the very first period of postnatal development." Isn't it said that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach?

Now "if the wish to be loved by a protecting woman according to the infantile pattern is excluded from consciousness because it hurts the self-esteem of the personality, it mobilizes the emotionally associated wish to be fed. The dependence of the secretive functions and of the stomach's motility on psychic stimuli is well established through the studies of Pavlov and his school. The wish to be fed, which in such cases is independent from hunger and serves as a substitute for the wish to be loved, may serve as a specific and chronic stimulus which influences the functions of the stomach. The stomach constantly exposed to this chronic stimulus behaves as it normally does only during periods of digestion. Naturally, only experiment can decide the correctness of this assumption. But no doubt, in this way, a chronic hypersecretion or hypermotility may arise which justifiedly can be called a psychogenic disturbance no matter in which special way the psychic stimulus changes the normal functions of the stomach."

Another disease which has been studied intensively at this Institute is bronchial asthma. It has been recognized from earliest times that asthmatics are often affected by nervous and emotional influences, but in recent years the identification of various allergenic substances as provokers of the disease has largely dominated medical practice. The Institute has therefore concentrated its study on asthma patients who are definitely allergic, and has attempted to learn the extent to which their asthma attacks are related to emotional factors. The results seem to indicate a close relationship. Even in those who are extremely sensitive to allergens, it is noticed that the asthma attacks regularly occur in reactions to situations which seem to threaten the patient with loss of love of some person upon whom he is emotionally dependent. The attacks are most frequent during periods of struggle over a decision whether or not to leave home. Often these patients have become free of asthma for considerable periods when they have succeeded in severing themselves from parental and family ties.

This study is still in progress, but the results to date suggest that the allergic and the emotional factors probably stand in a somewhat complementary relation to one another: "in some cases asthma attacks may be precipitated by emotional factors alone, in others by allergic factors alone, and in still other cases the co-operation of emotional and allergic factors may be necessary to induce the attacks."

It is common knowledge that excitement will frequently relieve an asthma victim. Dr. Alvan L. Barach of Columbia University tells of a youth who developed the disease shortly after his father married a young woman. His condition became chronic, and got so serious that he was rarely able to pass a night without four or more injections of adrenalin. But one night his father became seriously ill, the son had to hustle for an ambulance and go with him to the hospital, and after the excitement he realized that he had gone through a night with-

out asthma. Later the asthma returned, and soon it was plaguing him as before. He had been unable to find employment, indeed, was too sick to work much of the time; but when a place was found for him in a research group as technician, the severity of his disease immediately abated. This improvement has continued for two years now: a former invalid has become a cheerful, active individual, able with suitable medication to handle the little persisting asthma that remains. He is a reconditioned person.

A business woman who had been highly capable as an assistant was suddenly promoted to an executive position. "It took my breath away," she said, describing her surprise, and apparently the remark was more than figurative, for three months later she developed asthma and there were times when it seemed indeed that the breath had been taken from her. The doctor sensed that her increased responsibilities were a source of apprehension.

"I'd be ashamed to give it up," she protested when the idea first dawned that the new job might be to blame. But during the following two months she became increasingly aware that her old inner sense of security had gone. After that realization she took decisive action. She resigned the executive post at a financial sacrifice, resumed her old place as assistant, and the asthma moderated. It became sufficiently mild to be controlled by an occasional inhalation of adrenalin or a tablet of ephedrin.

"Perhaps it is only occasionally that psychotherapy can completely cure asthma," said Dr. Barach, "but I can cite a number of patients in whom it has transformed a state of helpless invalidism into a comparatively mild and bearable form of the disease."

Dr. Warren T. Vaughan tells of a young woman who had broken out with a violent skin eruption, showing giant wheals on her arms and neck. He made skin tests with various allergens, tried elimination diets, ran the gamut of diagnostic aids, all without finding anything

to which she was sensitive. Then he discovered that the patient was trying to terminate an affair with a young man. There, presumably, was the trouble. The doctor explained that until she arrived at some definite conclusion of the situation the skin eruption was likely to continue. So she quit being tactful, became brutally frank; and within a week her skin was normal. Three months later the swellings uprose again. The doctor learned that the young man had recently created several unpleasant situations, refusing to accept the relationship as ended. Through the intervention of a court official the suitor was warned that his next annoyance would be followed by arrest. That disposed of him. Though five years have passed, the woman has experienced no recurrence of her urticaria.

Dr. Vaughan explains this result on the hypothesis that the allergic reaction represents a failure to adapt oneself to an environmental influence. The influence may be a material factor, like dust or pollen or crabmeat. Or it may be an emotional factor, as in the case of this young woman. "She had a problem she could not solve, and her response appeared in protective tissue, *i.e.* the skin. The problem having been solved, her symptoms were relieved and disappeared."

Sometimes the allergic response is a reaction to a maladjustment involving both material and emotional factors. A middle-aged man suddenly developed urticaria, and on skin tests showed sensitivity to house dust. A month's treatment with dust extract cured him. But several months later the swellings appeared again, and again the desensitization treatment was successful. After the lapse of a year the man showed up for the third time, all broken out as before, and once more dust injections restored his skin to normal. The doctor recorded this as an example of allergy associated with the breathing of dust, but some time later learned of additional details which certainly belong in the case history. It seems that the first skin eruption ap-

peared when the patient discovered that his young wife was dangerously interested in another man. Either the husband adjusted himself to this situation or dismissed the suspicion as groundless. But several months later she told him she was leaving and would apply for a divorce; the second allergic attack followed. The third was brought on by her letter instructing him to send the bedroom furniture which was her property.

Protection appears to be the watchword of these responses. The swellings characteristic of urticaria are produced by exudations of lymph or blood serum, and may possibly be explained as an attempt of skin tissue to dilute and render harmless the invading dust or other allergen. Even if the disturbance, as in the case of the young woman, is predominantly emotional, the physiological mechanism, once it is set in motion, operates as though the provocation were wholly material. Certain studies of asthma patients have shown that a fair percentage of them were consciously afraid of water, and that many had had experiences involving the idea of drowning. It is well known that dampness distresses most asthma sufferers; they improve on removal to dry climates. The asthmatic reaction, in which muscles surrounding the bronchioles contract and so reduce the size of the air passages, may conceivably be interpreted as a protective device to guard the lungs against a dreaded invasion by water.

V

The physiology of anxiety is bound up with the idea of protection, and has its origins far back in the history of the animal kingdom. How to save one's skin was a supreme problem of primitive man. Food had to be got, often by violence, frequently in competition. Daily there was the necessity of taking strong action, either in fighting or in fleeing. These repeated demands beat upon, bent, and molded the nervous system, and gradually built into the body an automatic scheme of swift adjustment for action.

In time of fear or anger the face blanches, the pulse quickens, breathing deepens, the hair stands on end. These are outward signs of powerful changes going on within, all directed by the involuntary nervous system. One of its nerves stimulates the heart muscles to more rapid pulsations. Others contract the muscles of arterioles in the skin (thus causing the blanching effect), thereby conserving blood for parts where it will be needed in the impending action, and, incidentally, raising the blood pressure. By other muscular controls circulation is shifted from the stomach and intestines to the heart, the brain, the lungs, and skeletal muscles—all resources must be mobilized for the extraordinary demands of fight or flight. Other involuntary nerves stimulate the liver to release sugar, thus providing extra fuel for the muscles. Others command the spleen to launch additional red blood corpuscles, thus increasing the fleet of oxygen carriers. At the same time, nerves relax the muscles of the bronchioles so that the air passages are open wide, while others speed the muscles of the diaphragm to deeper breathing. The restriction of circulation from certain areas shuts off the heat-regulating service of the blood, and to conserve body heat the smooth muscles of the skin contract, thereby raising the hairs of the body and better insulating the surface against heat loss. Finally, it is noticed that the blood has an increased capacity for coagulation on exposure to air; it clots more quickly than it does in times of repose—an obvious precaution against the increased risk of bleeding.

Dr. Walter B. Cannon and his associates in research at the Harvard Medical School have explored the mechanisms of these reactions and identified them as largely chemical. The endings of the nerves are found to secrete a substance which Dr. Cannon named "sympathin" (so named because these particular nerves belong to a group of the involuntary nervous hook-up which is called the sympathetic system). It is this sympathin which calls the muscles to react in the

ways described in the foregoing paragraph. Moreover, the adrenal glands are also under control of the sympathetic system and under its nervous stimulus they secrete adrenalin, a substance which parallels sympathin in its excitatory effects on heart, blood vessels, bronchioles, liver, spleen. By cutting the nerve connections to these organs and stimulating the adrenal glands to secrete adrenalin, Dr. Cannon demonstrated that the glands alone can call all the fear-rage reactions into play. By leaving the nerve connections intact and cutting out the adrenals, he has shown that the nerves alone can accomplish the same results. Apparently, in nature, the primary activation is by the sympathin exuded directly into the muscles from the nerve endings. This initial effect is then reinforced by the glandular secretion of adrenalin reaching the muscles through the blood stream.

There are many fascinating aspects of this intimate biochemistry. It was recently discovered (largely through the work of Sir Henry Dale and his group in England) that the opposing system of involuntary nerves—those of the parasympathetic system, whose effect is to relax the muscles which the sympathetic system contracts—also releases a potent substance from its nerve endings, a something which produces effects similar to those induced by acetylcholine. Sympathin speeds the heart, acetylcholine slows it; sympathin relaxes the muscles of the bronchioles, acetylcholine constricts them. Thus an excess of sympathin, or of adrenalin, may cause high blood pressure; an excess of acetylcholine may cause asthma. And so with all the physiological reactions to the fear-rage complex: some accelerate, others retard, and in each instance they are initiated, apparently, by specific chemical compounds released from the nerves under the stimulation of emotional states.

The important point is that they are released automatically. By an act of the will a man can restrain his arm from striking the object of his wrath; but by

no act of the will can he restrain his sympathetic nervous system from exuding its powerful sympathin into the muscles of organs. Every impression from the outside world that threatens the security of the individual, that provokes him to anger or inspires him to fear automatically calls into play this complicated biochemical mechanism. The cerebral cortex, the organ of reasoned thought and intelligent action, has no power of veto here; the involuntary nerves have their central switchboard in the lower brain, in the hypothalamus, a very ancient part of the central nervous system which man shares with the tiger and the crocodile and the long line of vertebrates back through the fossil fishes for millions of years.

The higher brain, hearkening to the promptings of custom, folkways, and expedience, may restrain an action; but it is not able to restrain the involuntary nervous system from preparing the body for the action.

The plight of modern man lies in this: that the nature of his conflicts has changed, but his neuro-chemical mechanism for protection has not. The man who has just lost his fortune in a bank failure is terrified but he cannot give release to his emotion in any physical way. His fear is just as real as was the fear of a caveman confronted by a wild beast. The caveman was served by the swift and elaborate adjustment which instantly took place in his body. Whether he turned and ran or stood and fought he needed the stronger heart beat, the change in blood distribution, the additional red corpuscles, the extra sugar, and all the rest. But these adjustments are superfluous to the victim of the bankruptcy. They prepare him for action which does not take place. They glut his system with substances which he does not need, and leave him with a prolonged constriction or secretion which further aggravates the perversion of function. The end effect is an internal conflict. Such conflicts tend to be suppressed, but the fact that they are unconscious does

not mean that they are innocuous. Quite the opposite. The poisoning effect of a source of anxiety seems to increase in inverse ratio to the victim's awareness of its identity. Often the experience responsible for the emotional upset is so buried that it cannot be recalled without assistance.

Dr. Frank Fremont-Smith tells of a woman who was swept by storms of uncontrollable weeping whenever she saw a funeral passing, even though the persons involved were strangers. The emotional tension responsible for these outbursts was relieved when she was led by the doctor to remember her childhood behavior at the death of her father. The event had been a staggering blow, and affected her profoundly. Others wept; she was silent then, suppressed her grief, only to have it break out years later in these exaggerated misdirected expressions.

It seems likely that the stresses of life affect one individual differently from another because of differences in constitution, in the relative weakness of certain organs which ordains which shall give way rather than others, and in the conditioning experiences of early childhood. This has been pointed out by Dr. Leon J. Saul of the Chicago Institute for Psychoanalysis. "One child may be allowed to express his rages quite freely, as compared to another. Later in life he will allow himself to become very angry, while the other gets a headache. Again, a person who has been overprotected in childhood will more readily feel the stress of a highly competitive society which demands extreme aggressiveness and independence, and such a person will more readily develop symptoms." The aggressive type of business man, who has repressed longings for a retreat to love, care, and protection, often has a tendency to express his hidden conflicts in a gastric ulcer. The contrasting situation is that of chronic rage hidden beneath the surface of a gentle, considerate personality—a repression that frequently expresses itself in high blood pressure. Such studies point the way to the question

"why some individuals act out their drives through the voluntary nervous system and become men of action, while others manifest certain symptoms chiefly referable to the sympathetic nervous system (such as diseases of the heart), and others show chiefly parasympathetic symptoms (such as asthma), while in still other cases the main disturbance is in the sphere of mental functioning, i.e. the higher levels of the brain." Still a fifth type of response to chronic emotional conflict is known: that in which the total behavior of the individual is affected, and he becomes a dullard at school, or a rebel to discipline, or a criminal.

VI

Psychotherapy, as illustrated by the practices related in this article, ranges all the way from the elaborate and intimate process of psychoanalysis to the simple act of transferring a misfit to a different job. Dr. Walter D. Alvarez once cured a case of chronic vomiting by going to the tax collector and paying the patient's overdue tax of \$3.85, an item that had been the subject of a threatening letter. The wise physician takes into account all the circumstances. He may use drugs, surgery, suggestion, psychoanalysis, social readjustment, anything that will get at the root of the anxiety. For, to borrow a phrase from Dr. Leo Kanner, "psychotherapy is the treatment of a performing person in trouble." Physicians "do not treat hearts, lungs, intestines, or kidneys lying between two bed sheets. They are now being taught to treat not only that which is sick but also him or her who is sick."

These psychosomatic studies are making an end to the distinction between body and mind. Dr. Stanley Cobb has said that the criterion for calling one disease organic and another functional is artificial, since the deciding factor is the instrument with which the observation is made. If lesions or other defects are found it is customary to call the trouble organic. "But suppose," says Dr. Cobb,

"that some physicist to-morrow invents a microscope with a much greater useful magnification. At once abnormality may be seen where none was previously visible. And in all probability diseases formerly said to 'have no pathology' (hence called 'functional') will be found to have microscopic variations from normal and will be accepted as 'organic'." As he sees it, the line between physical and mental is fictitious. "The body acting as a whole is an organism. Anything that happens to that organism is organic. Structure and function are inseparable."

We have seen that changes in the "structure" of the blood are wrought by minute quantities of added substance. The denervated heart responds to as little as 1 part of adrenalin in 1,400,000,000 parts of blood. Muscles in the presence of adrenalin are different from muscles in whose blood no adrenalin exists, and different still are muscles in the presence of acetylcholine. Blood may be regarded as a fluid organ. As this circulating organ is changed by slight alterations in its chemical content, so are the larger and more stable organs of flesh changed as they are bathed by these altered fluids.

Anxiety thus becomes a biochemical factor. Through its stimulation of secretions from nerve endings and from glands it may release materials as upsetting as the poisons of bacteria. Bacterial invasions themselves seem to be aided by mental tensions. Dr. C. P. Emerson has called attention to the fact that the *bacillus typhosus* is no longer rated as the "cause" of typhoid fever. It is, to be sure, the only known infectious agent of the disease, but the infection is conditioned by other factors such as "immunity," "resistance," "susceptibility," and

these are often critically modified by the emotional state of the patient.

It was perhaps not chance that the great influenza epidemic of 1918 coincided with one of the most anxious periods of the World War. Even the common cold seems to strike with maximum virulence when its victim is in a state of anxiety. During psychoanalysis of nine patients, extending over many months, Dr. Saul noticed that they developed colds in connection with certain emotional situations, and that as they gained insight into and relief of these problems, their colds disappeared. Recently Dr. Arlie V. Bock made a study of 1,667 Harvard students who were patients in the university infirmary for colds and other infections of the upper respiratory tract. Dr. Bock concluded that the main principle of treatment was rest. "Such influences as chilling the body, weather changes, irritative substances in the atmosphere, and contagions, must be taken into account. But granting these, under ordinary circumstances, the role played by the tension of living must be recognized more generally in our assault on the problem."

As the nineteenth century brought insight into the nature of contagions, and provided the powerful tools of antiseptics and immunology, so it may be that the great contribution of the twentieth century will be insight into the nature of anxiety states and the attainment of techniques for the prevention and control of their ill effects.

It seems likely, as Dr. Flanders Dunbar has suggested, "that psychosomatic studies of diverse diseases, painstakingly carried on over a number of years by diverse investigators, will in time transform medicine as we know it to-day."



DEMOCRACY'S CRISIS IN FRANCE

BY HERVÉ SCHWEDERSKY AND JOHN McJENNETT

"**B**UT, my dear chap, *we* had no treaty with Czechoslovakia. If you had marched, we should have had to follow."

So a prominent Britisher answered his French companion who had berated him last fall about Chamberlain's surrender at Berchtesgaden. This conversation gives an answer to the question, Why Munich?

At any time before Munich an unflinching French stand would have driven Hitler into inglorious retreat. France did not make the necessary stand because she was a nation torn by internal trouble. Business and labor were at each other's throats. Capital was fleeing the country, the budget was hopelessly out of balance, and the devalued franc was tottering. A New Deal, untimely and badly planned, however worthy its aims, was crippling industry. There had been a series of political crises and the faith of the French public in its elected representatives and in its government had been seriously impaired.

Munich is over. Czechoslovakia dismembered. What of the future? Will Hitler's dream of empire lead him to drive toward the west and colonial expansion or will he resume the *Drang Nach Osten* to the Balkans and the Ukraine? Will Mussolini be able successfully to press his demands against France? The outcome hinges on France's capacity for effective and unified action. France holds the key to the success of the unholy partners of the Rome-Berlin axis.

Whatever frontiers the Nazi hobnails

trample they will march over a prostrate French democracy—a democracy decayed by twenty years' addiction to a policy of least resistance.

To the casual observer France's international position at the time of the Munich crisis looked strong. A decision on her part to honor her treaty obligations would have left England no choice but to defend her "Frontier on the Rhine." For England, Calais could not be German. The French army, in September, was still a match for Hitler's hastily assembled and partially equipped war machine. Her Maginot line was almost impregnable. The British fleet commanded the high seas. German defenses, military and economic, were unfinished and inadequate. Hitler's air force was superior, but wars are not won by civilian bombings. For the Reich, with or without help from Italy, war against France, Great Britain, Czechoslovakia, Russia, and the Little Entente meant disaster.

Yet in the face of all this, Hitler bluffed and won, chiefly because of the failure of democracy as practiced in France.

The disgrace that has followed Munich is the inescapable result of the creeping decay which has rotted away the foundations of the French government: a vote-getting political expediency devoted to a legislative policy of the "easiest way." France offers a good illustration of what can go wrong in a democracy. It would be well for America to ponder her mistakes; there is much we can learn from France's trouble.

France's position in recent months, while better than it was last September, has remained precarious. Economically, her slowly expanding production is not yet immune to a possible flare-up of the bitter strife between capital and labor. Politically, years will be required to restore the nation's impaired morale and to overcome the widespread distrust with which the public has come to regard its leaders.

The foreign situation is at the moment threatening. France's carefully developed and costly alliances with the Little Entente and Poland, designed as checks on the feared German aggression, are of doubtful value since the débâcle at Munich. Her relationship with Russia has been strained, and she is reduced to a dependency on Great Britain.

At the root of France's difficulties is her financial condition, which has intensified her other ills. The remains of the franc have been bolstered but the danger of a renewed flight of capital still persists. The 1939 budget presents a dramatic picture of her monetary plight. Estimated expenditures total 140 billion francs. Some 85 billion francs in taxes will drain off one-third of the national income of 250 billion francs. To meet its obligations the treasury will be forced to borrow 55 billions in new money, not to mention what will be required for necessary refunding operations. There are three main sources of trouble in the budget: interest and amortization of national debt, 21 billion; pensions, 13½ billion; rearmament, 40 billion.

France's trouble hasn't developed overnight, but as the result of twenty years of political bungling, superimposed on the ruin which was left in the wake of the World War. Her post-war internal experience has fallen roughly into four phases: (1) from 1918 to the stabilization, the first battle of the franc; (2) "Poincaré Prosperity"; (3) the political merry-go-round of extravagance and deflation; and (4) the second battle of the franc, and the Front Populaire, Daladier and the surrender at Munich. Each phase (except

the three years of "Poincaré Prosperity") has made certain definite contributions to France's present plight. The third and fourth stages drew freely on the chaos and complexity of their predecessors; error fed upon error. For twenty years France danced and now the piper has presented his bill.

II

The opening shot in the first battle of the franc was fired before the close of the World War. Pre-war France, on a per capita basis, had been one of the wealthiest nations of the world. Hard work and the coins thriftily gathered in the family sock made up for her comparatively moderate supply of raw materials, and overcame the handicaps faced by her individualistic business men and skilled artisans in an era of mass production.

With the encouragement of her own government, much of France's savings had been invested in Russia. The overthrow of the Tzarist regime by the Bolsheviks cost the people of France an estimated twenty-five billion gold francs—five billion dollars of hard-won cash. (Subsequent French investments in France's allies may prove as uncollectible.)

Then came the end of the War, and France, like every other belligerent, faced the problem of staggering debts and a return to the ways of peace. At the close of 1918 the total internal and external debt was 173,602,000,000 pre-war gold francs. The French government owed at home and abroad about three-fifths of France's entire estimated pre-war wealth. In terms of American wealth, this would mean a Federal debt of approximately 300 billions of dollars.

To complicate her position further, ten of the richest and most fertile *départements* had been devastated. What the shells had spared, retreating German armies had laid waste. These losses were real: within the war zone were located most of France's coal mines, two-thirds of her steel industry, half of her

cotton looms, four-fifths of her looms for linen and wool, and her richest vineyards and farmlands. And all over France more than a million maimed and mutilated veterans required total or partial support from the state. The men killed in action had numbered 1,364,000, or one out of every 28—a larger proportionate loss than in any other warring nation. France was left under a tremendous handicap in the economic struggle which was to follow. That she survived is a tribute to her people.

Clemenceau, France's war premier, approached the peace conference with inflexible purpose. Another invasion of France must be made impossible, and Germany must pay. At Versailles he won and, in winning, defeated the aims he fought for. That an exhausted Germany could take over the additional burden of unlimited reparations was a preposterous assumption. Yet from 1919 on the policy of successive French governments was founded on that assumption. Germany must pay!

Clemenceau's terms were harsh, but they were understandable. The guns of the Marne and Verdun still sounded in his ears; he was blinded by the memory of a million crosses still new in fields not green again. The succession of French governments which for two decades clung stubbornly, foolishly, to his objective lacked his excuse.

III

No single party of the fifteen or more that form the French political scene ever has a majority. Cabinets are formed by coalitions, and their stability is maintained by adroit inter-party bargaining. Ministries are constantly at the mercy of an adverse vote of the Senate or Chamber of Deputies, and are thus particularly vulnerable to the pressures from the electorate and from small groups which motivate any representative government.

French post-war cabinets had their choice of two courses. They could satisfy the many demands made on them by

taking the easy course of giving in, without regard for the effect of an unsound program on the constituency asking for it; or they could try to popularize a more difficult and sounder course of economies entailing immediate sacrifice but leading to the future welfare of all.

It is not intended here to muckrake French politicians. Many of them have suffered from their own blunders. But it must be recorded that they were victims of one of the few weaknesses of representative government, the tendency to choose the easy way.

A far-seeing government, ready for economies, ready to realize the dangers of endless hate, willing to acknowledge a limit to the golden eggs from the German goose, might have saved France. But there are few political plums in a program of retrenchment. It was easier for the French political leaders to pander to the cupidity and prejudices of the people. They chose to play upon a natural and widespread hatred of the late enemy; upon the normal aspirations of those left destitute by war.

The politicians explained that money was coming from Germany to pay everything. France could spend! Thus they explained and justified the mounting deficit of the budget. Lush spoils poured into the hands of the politicians.

To some extent France did collect. But payments totaled only a fraction of what the politicians spent for reconstruction of devastated regions. Using the figures of the Allied Reparations Commission, we find that France received not quite two billion dollars in cash and in kind. Reclamation cost France over four billion dollars. There was no question of the necessity of rebuilding the ruined areas; but this necessity and the want of their compatriots were skillfully capitalized by the French easy-way politicians as an excuse to squander the nation's resources in exchange for votes.

The post-war financing of France was unsound because it was postulated on an income never to be collected, and its unsoundness was aggravated by log-rolling

among the politicians, and the exaggerated demands of the beneficiaries. The decline of the franc beginning in 1919 had its roots in an unfavorable balance of trade. At the end of the War France was short of goods and food, and a peace-time economy had not yet been set up. Throughout the north her once prosperous factories had been reduced to ruins. Exports were low, imports high. It was the heyday of the American export business, and business men here grew fat replenishing the bare shelves of impoverished Europe.

By 1921 the resulting depreciation of the franc provided its own remedy by stimulating exports from rebuilt factories. Tourists were pouring into France. From a pre-war parity of 19½ American cents, the franc, in December 1920, had reached a low of less than 6 cents; a year and a half later, it had recovered half its loss. Thereafter it began to drop again, this time from political rather than economic causes. From the spring of 1922 until the stabilization of the franc in 1927, purely economic conditions were favorable to the franc. But the extravagance of successive French governments, dishonesty, and the spoils system undermined faith in the currency. Inflation followed.

By 1922 the French budgetary deficit had already reached a total of 150 billion francs, almost equal in paper francs to the staggering war deficit. The government was still promising that this deficit would shortly be offset by money from Germany. But the public was getting doubtful. The flight of capital from France began. Divorced from gold, the franc fell. Popular unrest mounted. By January, 1923, a drastic move seemed necessary. Premier Poincaré invaded the Ruhr to collect reparations by force.

But there was more to the invasion than appeared on the surface. In this case the political expedient was dual: to collect the spoils and to assist important (politically) French interests in a private war then going on among the coal, iron, and steel barons of both countries.

Alsace-Lorraine has abundant iron ore but not enough coal. There is plenty of coal in the Ruhr, but not enough iron. While Germany held Alsace-Lorraine and the Ruhr these regions formed an economic unit, which was split by the return of the lost provinces to France.

Immediately after the Armistice financial and business interests in both countries were attempting a combine. The negotiators could not agree and the deadlock degenerated into a dogfight. The Germans began building new plants in the Ruhr to replace their former plants in Lorraine. They boycotted French ore and bought from Sweden and Spain. They defaulted on their reparations payments, in kind, by refusing France the coke needed for French blast furnaces. The invasion aimed at forcing the merger on French terms.

In sponsoring that move Poincaré had honestly hoped to force the payment of reparations, but he also saw an opportunity to assist the powerful French steel combine for which he acted as counsel when out of office. The invasion failed. It got no money for France and cost billions of francs, contributing to France's financial plight. Belated opposition from the British Government prevented the merger—an opposition prompted by the fears of the British steel men whose small, obsolete, and independent mills would have been at a hopeless disadvantage competing against a giant combine of Franco-German interests.

Back came the French troops, and Poincaré, having failed to collect, instigated legislation reducing government expenditures and levying new and heavy taxes. At last the budget was balanced. Capital began to flow back into France. Within a few months the franc rose from four cents to six and a half cents. But this improvement was brief. Poincaré had made himself unpopular by his Ruhr junket and by his new taxes. In the May elections of 1924 an alliance of the left parties won at the polls and Herriot came to power.

The alliance, known as the Cartel, im-

mediately set to work to redeem their campaign pledges by getting rid of many of the Poincaré economies, raising pensions and salaries, and repealing the more unpopular taxes. Connivance with the Banque de France for an undercover inflation of the currency cut short their stay in power. The Treasury borrowed secretly from the Banque in excess of legal limitations and the Banque falsified its records. Exposure caused Herriot's downfall.

The franc began a headlong drop and nothing that six different ministries attempted could stay it. By July, 1926, it had dropped to two cents. Prices of everyday necessities had attained dizzy heights and were well out of the reach of the worker and his family. Business was chaotic.

Paris mobs rioted, shouting "Down with the Deputies, to the lamp posts with them!"

From his retirement Poincaré was recalled to form a cabinet of National Defense. The frightened Deputies gave him powers almost dictatorial which they had denied his predecessors. Ruling by decree, and free of the checks of vote-minded, shortsighted Deputies in the Chamber, he set about the job of rehabilitating state finances. He cut expenditures and raised taxes. Little by little the franc recovered. By December, 1926, it stood at a fraction under four cents, and in June, 1928, it was officially stabilized at that figure on a gold-exchange basis.

The first battle of the franc was over, business and industry could function once more, and France was to enjoy her only years of prosperity.

Devaluation, which was the chief outcome of the battle, had caused huge immediate losses to the people of France. Bonds purchased with twenty-cent francs were now redeemable with four-cent francs. Private bonds, insurance contracts, mortgages, savings deposits, and old-age pensions payable in French francs were similarly cut in value.

Under the influence of devaluation,

prices had risen so that the Poincaré franc would buy about one-fifth of what could be obtained with the pre-war franc, as shown by the following examples:

	1914	1928
Loaf of bread	fr. 0.40	fr. 2.10
Pound of butter	1.35	10.10
Pound of beef	0.76	3.64
Pound of potatoes	0.08	0.37
Dozen eggs	1.24	9.21
Bottle of milk	0.27	1.45
Bottle <i>vin ordinaire</i>	0.46	2.81

Rents, controlled by law, were excepted, but even this relief was only temporary. Necessities had become unattainable luxuries to those dependent upon a pre-inflation income.

Undoubtedly some degree of devaluation could not have been avoided because of war losses. But the cost to France and her people of reconstruction and rehabilitation was tremendously magnified by the bungling of her politicians. In the ten years from 1918 to 1928 was developed the taste for spending and spoils that is causing France so much difficulty to-day. In this period were sown also the seeds of that public mistrust of the government which contributed so heavily to Daladier's vacillation at Munich. And—most important of all—in this period four-fifths of the savings of the French people were wiped out through devaluation; in effect, a large percentage of the working capital of the nation was eliminated.

IV

Under Poincaré's consistent and far-sighted leadership conditions improved. A shortlived prosperity came, dependent on world prosperity, and lucrative tourist and export trades were stimulated by the cheap franc. The inordinately fat Chéron, as minister of finance, had accumulated a surplus of nineteen billion francs, a third of which helped to pay for France's famous Maginot line of defense. Age and over-work sapped Poincaré's strength; he left the Palais Matignon in July, 1929, for his home in Lorraine,

where until his death he kept a vigil toward the east waiting for the German invasion that he felt would come.

The Wall Street crash in 1929, and the collapse of the Credit Anstalt in Vienna in 1931, ushered in the world depression. France temporarily appeared immune. Still under the impetus of the Poincaré boom, she coasted along. German reparations under the Dawes plan and the ill-fated Young plan were still providing some revenue. Business was weakening, but less than elsewhere. France, traditionally short of labor, had many imported foreign workers. By revoking their permits and sending them home to the care of their own governments she provided a cushion. There were as yet no bread lines, no unemployment problem to plague the ministers in Paris. Countries the world over were compelled to abandon the gold standard and cast their currencies adrift. The franc stood firm.

France was the most powerful force on the continent of Europe. Her army was supreme and she had lavished money and the skill of her generals to increase the military might of her allies, Czechoslovakia, Poland, and the Little Entente. Disarmed Germany stood weak, surrounded by enemy bayonets and guns. In Europe's diplomatic councils, whether at Geneva or elsewhere, the voice of France rang with the persuasion of her military might. France wanted nothing from her neighbors but peace, the *status quo*, and security from another German invasion.

Frightened foreign capital poured into Paris. Gold held by the Banque de France more than doubled, to reach 83,000,000,000 francs in 1933 (equal to about five and a half billion depreciated dollars). Abundant credit and cheap money had bolstered business temporarily and contributed to a deceptive appearance of strength. But this was accompanied by an epidemic of devious and speculative financial schemes reminiscent of our own boom days. Under this gilded surface, France's political, finan-

cial, and economic stability was again being undermined.

With the resignation of Poincaré there was revived a political merry-go-round in Paris, to the discordant accompaniment of constant bargaining between politicians and renewed budgetary extravagance. From 1929 to 1932 Tardieu and Laval succeeded each other to share the honors of the premiership and contribute their mistakes to the ultimate collapse at Munich. Taxpayers' money was used lavishly to bail out bankrupt private enterprise; protective tariff rates were boosted, and schemes to raise farm prices were indulged in.

The elections of May, 1932, went heavily left. Radical Socialists and Socialists gained ninety seats in the Chamber of Deputies, and the former became the nucleus for the new parliamentary combinations. Business was rapidly growing worse. The depreciation of most world currencies had reversed the position of the franc, which had increased in value from four to six and a half American cents; seventy-five francs now bought a pound sterling instead of the former one hundred and twenty. The tourist and export trades suffered. Budgetary deficits had again become a major problem [magnified in 1932 by the end of reparations following the conference of Lausanne]. Once more the specter of devaluation appeared. For all practical purposes the devaluation during the nineteen-twenties had amounted to a breach of contract on the part of the government, and this had made a deep impression on the French public.

Loss of the savings of a lifetime embittered many Frenchmen. The argument for sacrifices and "old-fashioned thrift" lost weight when it became apparent that savings could be dissipated by a stupid government. Many, believing themselves unjustly despoiled, felt justified in getting anything they could out of their government by fair means or foul. The people turned envious of the war profiteers, the speculators, the tourists. They sought quick fortune and became

V

easy prey for swindlers. The country plunged into an orgy of speculation and shady promotions. In the days just after the War, graft had been naïve, but since 1928 or thereabouts it had become cynical: The notorious Oustric, Hanau, and Stavisky cases were but extreme examples of practices common in the republic. Finally the bubble burst in a wave of failures and malodorous scandals, capped by the "suicide" of Stavisky.

During the political upheaval following the Stavisky disclosures a prominent member of the Paris prosecutor's office, named Prince, was found dead on the railroad tracks near Dijon, in true Grand Guignol style, one leg tied to the rails, a knife by his side, and a narcotic in his stomach. Prince was subsequently implicated in the Stavisky affair.

This was the last straw. Political passions rose to white heat. Popular clamor against the "thieves in government" mounted and rioting broke out. Chaumemps was thrown out of the premiership and was replaced by Daladier, known as an honest and strong man. The latter's efforts toward political appeasement did nothing to revive public confidence in the government.

Rumors spread throughout Paris of an impending fascist coup from within the cabinet. The Paris public, sickened and enraged by the disclosures of official corruption and incompetence, took to the streets. Communists, Socialists, Royalists, members of the Croix de Feu; housewives, workers, and incensed citizens joined in violent protest. On February 6, 1934, a mob of about a hundred thousand massed on the Place de la Concorde. The surging crowd pressed toward the Palais Bourbon where the deputies were in session, howling, "Throw them in the Seine."

The police, after holding out against the mob under an almost constant shower of rocks, became fearful of being overwhelmed. They fired two volleys into the crowd, killing twelve rioters and wounding fifty-seven. Daladier resigned the following day.

Here was a real crisis needing a strong and wise hand. Ex-president Doumergue was called from retirement to head a cabinet of National Union. He surrounded himself with as many big names as possible: Chéron, Sarraut, Flandin, Laval, Herriot, Tardieu, pre-war Barthou, and the venerable Marshal Pétain.

Doumergue's qualifications for leadership during this crucial period were several: his reputation as a kindly old man; his habit, as President, of sneaking out the back door for a game of cards with some old cronies at a *bistro*; his marriage, a week before his term as president expired, to his "bonne amie," who thus gained the title of "Madame La Presidente"; and his retirement from a long political life with only a directorship in the Suez Canal company, at a yearly salary of twenty-four thousand dollars, to show for it.

In office he ignored immediate and urgent issues and concerned himself with attacks on the Socialists and Communists and attempts to put over constitutional amendments giving him quasi-dictatorial powers. He secretly supported the Croix de Feu, a veterans' organization of fascist inclinations, and used them as a threat to cow the Chamber. (At a public trial Tardieu cynically admitted on the witness stand that while a minister under Doumergue he had paid the leader of the Croix de Feu out of secret government funds.)

In November Doumergue was overthrown by a parliamentary uprising led by Herriot and Flandin, and the latter took power. A bourgeois, six-feet-four in height, leader of a small middle-of-the-road party, he set out to solve France's pressing economic problems. During the depression previous ministries, under the influence of the ultra-conservative Banque de France, had followed a deflationary policy; but each reduction of government expenses had been followed by a falling off of business, reduced tax rev-

enue, increased unemployment and relief costs, all of which created new deficits. Aware of this experience, Flandin proposed a financial policy designed to check deflation and promote business by lower interest rates and easy credit. This mild program alone would probably have been insufficient to stimulate business. A devaluation of the franc was clearly indicated to bring it in line with other depreciated currencies and permit a revival of the export and tourist trade. But the public had suffered cruelly in a previous devaluation and their resentment over it made consideration of a further cut politically taboo. The public failed to realize that a downward readjustment of the franc at that time would have been beneficial to them.

Mounting deficits and the likelihood of future devaluation roused the fears of the wealthy. They took steps to protect their capital, sold francs short, bought dollars or hoarded gold. This flight of capital resulted in a forty per cent loss of the gold holdings of the Banque de France, and precipitated the very crisis which the wealthy were trying to anticipate.

The deputies refused to give a vote of confidence to Flandin's temperate program and he was replaced by Pierre Laval, a former left-wing labor lawyer whose political allegiance had shifted steadily to the right as his personal fortune grew.

In sweet accord with the precepts of the Banque de France, Laval proceeded to put France through the wringer of deflation. He laid about him with over five hundred decrees which included ten per cent cuts in all but the smallest government salaries, all expenditures exclusive of armaments, and interest on government bonds—tantamount to a forced conversion. Measures designed to lower the cost of living and placate the rising popular discontent were largely ineffectual.

Laval's program penalized the worker heavily, antagonized labor, and accentuated the cleavage between Right and Left. The Right encouraged the Croix de

Feu and armed them as a fascist militia, with Laval's tacit approval. They threatened the government and attacked the Communists and other left-wing groups. The Left retaliated with a militia of their own and the ensuing riots and disorder finally forced the government to intervene and suppress private armed forces.

Laval's deflation postponed devaluation but did not help business. Dwindling tax receipts piled up new deficits, in spite of heavy cuts in expenditures. The merry-go-round politicians added new mistakes to old, piled fresh debt upon debt already at maximum. They bequeathed to the Front Populaire the outraged labor that brought it into being and the financial muddle which was later to cause its downfall.

VI

The Front Populaire, which swept into power on the flood of an overwhelming majority in the May, 1936, elections, had in part a sensible program; but its difficulties began even before it had had a chance to take over the reins of government.

Galled by grievances of long standing, years of low wages, intolerable working conditions, and discrimination against legitimate collective action, the workers refused to wait for June and the coming of the new government to realize the fruits of their victory. So about 1,300,000 of them sat down.

Leon Blum, socialist leader and head of the new cabinet, disregarding the illegality of these strikes, quickly negotiated agreements between the French Federation of Workers and the Association of Manufacturers, obtaining for the workers immediate increases in wages averaging twelve per cent, along with the right to bargain collectively.

A taste of power was all the workers needed. Holding the whip of strikes over the heads of the Deputies, they pushed through the program of the Front Populaire. Their objectives were two-fold. First, satisfaction of labor's

grievances, and long over-due reforms; second, the stimulation of business. On the first count, they passed laws providing for recognition by employers of the workers' representatives, for compulsory agreements, and for the settlement of disputes by arbitration under government supervision. Loopholes in the income tax law were plugged up and government supervision over business and banking was increased. The Banque de France was nationalized, and the control of the two hundred families over the bank—and indirectly over the fiscal policies of the government—was broken. The French railroads were merged into one holding company with the government owning a majority interest. War industries were nationalized.

On the second count—the stimulation of business—they borrowed and applied the purchasing-power theory of the American New Deal. Their program included increased public works to prime the business pump, abundant credit and cheap money, higher prices for agricultural products, a shorter work-week to reduce unemployment, and general wage increases to raise the purchasing power of labor. A cereal board was created under the ministry of agriculture to eliminate speculation in wheat, buy up surplus stocks, determine the amount each grower was permitted to sell, and fix prices. The workers won further concessions in the form of two weeks' vacation with pay, higher wage-rates, a forty-hour week without reduction in weekly wages, and time-and-a-half for overtime.

The effect of the purchasing power acts was soon felt—and was not according to plan. It was soon discovered that the increased prices of farm products came out of the pockets of the consumer. French industry, composed largely of small family businesses, was unable to absorb the increased manufacturing costs, and the higher wage rates were immediately translated into higher prices. No increase in purchasing power resulted. The rise in prices nullified the increase of income to farmers and work-

ers and made it necessary to increase the incomes of government employees and pensioners, thus magnifying an already colossal deficit.

Clamor rose from all quarters. The farmer shouted that he must get a still higher price for his produce because of the increased cost of the manufactured goods that he had to buy. The worker, in turn, was able to show that he needed higher wages to offset his soaring food bills. The pensioners and civil servants complained that their income was no longer adequate. It was a vicious circle. Instead of an increase in purchasing power, the Front Populaire had legislated inflation. Instead of improving, business declined. Unemployment continued.

The tables on the next page demonstrate effectively the coincidence of wage and price rises. The reader may draw his own conclusions.

There was little in the program to please the rich. Continuing deficits, labor unrest, and a threatening international situation revived old fears and the flight of capital was renewed. Higher prices had further weakened France's competitive position in the export and tourist markets. There was nothing left to do but to devalue. The amputation was accomplished in September, 1936, after negotiation of the tripartite monetary agreement with the United States and Great Britain. Besides having been too long delayed, the cut was inadequate to compensate for the depreciation of foreign currencies and the higher costs of government, social legislation, and increased armaments. Subsequently, devaluation had to be repeated again and again.

There was another monkey-wrench in the French gears, the five-day week. The workers would not permit the days off to be staggered; they insisted on Saturday and Sunday. So France's inadequate machinery lay idle for two days out of seven, at a time when equipment was vitally needed for armament.

A year after its accession to leadership,

	<i>1st Quarter 1936</i>	<i>4th Quarter 1937</i>
Workers in iron mines per 8 hours.....	f. 30.45	f. 54.70
Workers in steel mills per 8 hours.....	28.40	53.20
Workers in coal mines per 8 hours.....	32.33	54.34
	<i>Oct., 1935</i>	<i>Oct., 1937</i>
Skilled male worker outside Paris, per hour.....	f. 3.80	f. 5.60
Skilled female worker outside Paris, per hour.....	2.26	3.08
Skilled male worker, Paris district, per hour.....	6.23	10.06
<i>PRICES</i>		
	<i>Jan., 1936</i>	<i>Jan., 1938</i>
Suit of clothes (grade bought by workers).....	f. 225.00	f. 390.00
Pair of men's shoes (grade bought by workers).....	40.00	69.00
Men's shirt (grade bought by workers).....	17.00	35.00
Cake of soap (grade bought by workers).....	1.50	2.80
	<i>July, 1935</i>	<i>April, 1938</i>
Bread (per kilogram in Paris).....	f. 1.60	f. 2.73
Beef (per kilogram in Paris).....	20.65	33.15
Butter (per kilogram in Paris).....	13.15	27.60
Eggs (a dozen in Paris).....	6.35	10.40
Milk (a liter in Paris).....	1.10	1.90
Red wine (a liter in Paris).....	1.74	3.09

the Blum cabinet fell, wrecked on the rocks of financial realities, and the antagonism of big business and capital. It had faced an impossible task. Its fall was speeded by the bitter feud between employers and workers. The workers looked upon many of their employers as tyrants and traitors—an impression for which the employers had given them cause, with their open advocacy of political action to regiment workers and outlaw strikes. The childish musical-comedy plot of the hooded ones, the *cagouleurs*, uncovered by the government last year had no chance of success; but men prominent in business and conservative politics were exposed as its backers.

Of course, industrialists and bankers had their own grievances. They were angered by the industrial stagnation caused by the forty-hour week and other undigested social legislation. They were afraid of a communist revolution. It is true that there had been intercourse between members of the labor organizations and the Third Internationale; but by and large, the bosses mistook a natural resentment over just grievances which they had done little to satisfy for communist plots, and blamed Moscow for exist-

ent threats to the established order instead of blaming the condition of their own house and the dirty linen they had allowed to accumulate there.

The Front Populaire was a failure. Many of its reforms will last, but they are overshadowed by the economic and financial losses inflicted on France. It is likely that under more propitious circumstances and with less legislative haste, the sound and more important objectives of the program could have been carried out. But the needed and deserved pay boosts to the workers were not accompanied by increased production and thus were lost in the inevitable rise in prices. Under the circumstances a balanced budget was out of the question—especially as armaments were being increased—and the debt rose still higher. The addition of an expensive and hurried social program was an invitation to calamity.

More than a few of Daladier's present difficulties were brought to a head by the Front Populaire. The manner in which overdue labor reforms were carried through accounts for much of France's present problem of production. The rupture between the workers and the employers is by no means healed. The general public finds it hard to forget that

many men of power and wealth were involved in movements neither democratic nor beneficial to the nation.

VII

At first glance, France's descent from her post-war ranking as the first power in Europe to her present position as passenger on the coat-tails of Great Britain is beyond comprehension. How could a victorious nation, with a strong army and powerful allies, become a second-class power in twenty peace-time years?

France didn't fall from her position of dominance; she backed down, step by step, in a series of small retreats dictated by her internal weakness. French foreign policy since the War has known but one concern—Germany. The War left France with an objective—reparations; and a psychopathic fear—*Un jour ils reviendront*, some day Germany will march again. The two could not be reconciled. Only a prostrate Germany could allay France's fear, but a prostrate Germany could not possibly pay the enormous reparations France demanded. And France's insistence upon reparations not only provided the impetus for her habit of internal extravagance, but also fostered hatred in Germany.

France's fear drove her to insist at Versailles on German disarmament and a demilitarized Rhineland. She then contracted a series of alliances with Poland, Czechoslovakia, the Little Entente, and later with Russia—the famous ring of steel around Germany. At Geneva she worked for a system of collective security. To clinch her position she maintained a strong army and fortified her borders at a cost she could ill afford. At long last France was invulnerable!

Why did she fail? It is futile to argue that France's error lay in her choice of course. A sane program of Franco-German *rapprochement* was apparently politically impossible; for six years, Briand's voice, pleading for that sanity, was as one crying in the wilderness.

But France could have succeeded in at-

taining her objectives had she not neglected the one factor which would have given her the strength she coveted—a united, financially strong nation. Her lack of unity and of financial strength is the result of the "easy-way" extravagance in which a succession of French cabinets indulged.

Ironically, Adolf Hitler's resurgent Germany is the epitome of everything France strove to forestall. With a double irony, the Hitler that France hates and fears is the bastard offspring of the very policy of expediency that brought France to her knees. Her harshness toward Germany—typified by Poincaré's occupation of the Ruhr and by Tardieu's transparent and insolent excuse of laryngitis for refusing to see Chancellor Brüning when aid so obviously needed might have saved the German republic—did the psychological and emotional spade work which prepared the German people for a Hitler. The heavy reparations payments made by Germany—combined with German defeatism—resulted in the German inflation which was an important factor in Hitler's rise to power. Laval's mistakes laid the foundation for the Rome-Berlin axis. Is it merely coincidence that the Führer marched into the demilitarized Rhineland when the impotent, stop-gap ministry of Sarraut was at the French helm? Mobilization of little more than a corporal's guard would have sent him scurrying out again, but France was paralyzed by crisis. Is it chance that the annexation of Austria took place when France had no cabinet at all? Is it luck that Czechoslovakia was sold out by a France gasping from two decades of industrial and financial convulsions?

Viewed one by one, France's successive failures to pursue her own best advantage were not vital. Together, they transformed her from a first- to a second-class power.

VIII

The ten months following the fall of the Front Populaire saw the rise and fall

of three cabinets. Then came Daladier.

The new premier was the least objectionable of the possible candidates, though his excellent work as minister of war was not sufficient to blot out public recollection of his 1934 fiasco. He faced a superhuman task. An international crisis which would tax the unity and strength of any government was coming to a head, and Daladier faced it, burdened with a heritage of twenty years' bungling: a heritage of debt, distrust, and internal strife. These were the weapons with which he was equipped to meet the blackmail of two gangsters.

His moves are too fresh in the mind of everyone to warrant more than a short review here. He went to Munich realizing that he had not the full confidence of his country. He fell in behind a British prime minister whose sincerity is beyond doubt, but whose statesmanship, in discarding the advice of his foreign office and military intelligence in favor of the hysterical fears of a few millionaires more interested in their personal fortunes than in the fate of Europe, is open to question.

Daladier sold out an immeasurably valuable ally for time to mend his fences at home. Time alone will show whether his bargain was good or bad. How much of an antidote Daladier's plodding sincerity will prove for a nation sickened with empty promises and disillusioned by past failures still remains to be seen. His task is to unify, to rally France behind him; to heal the wounds of fratricidal strife and restore to the people the habit of hard work and old-fashioned thrift.

The outcome of the next crisis will again depend on France—on her ability to unite behind a leader who will lead. If the determination Daladier displayed in dealing with the general strike a few weeks after Munich is to be continued in

future international dealings, the maraudings of the dictators are due for a severe check. The plenary powers he received shortly after Munich have, temporarily at least, placed him above the "easy-way" temptation.

France has demonstrated before that her recuperative powers are great. The modification of the Front Populaire program has relieved to some extent the production difficulties of the nation. The franc is stronger. The dictators may yet find that the spirit of Verdun still lives. But France is working against time.

While the attribution of France's disintegration to her "easy-way" leaders tends toward over-simplification and distortion, indisputably most of her difficulties stem from that source. Admittedly, the "easy-way" politicians are whipping-boys—as much victims of the system as they are exploiters of one of its few weaknesses. Many of the French leaders who are partly responsible for their country's ruin knew what the results of their mistakes would be. They found themselves caught between the extreme deflationary policy of the Banque de France and the demands of a constituency of deserving panhandlers. Helpless, they were forced into a series of ruinous compromises.

To America, France offers an extreme example of an inherent weakness in representative government to which we are also prey. For every French mistake, we can find an American counterpart. Years of "easy-way" policies and neglect of important problems in America have proved less disastrous than in France because of our wealth and geographic position. But are we invulnerable? Are we willing to learn from France's experience? Or must *we* suffer a "Munich" to drive home the lesson?



FREEDOM, RADIO, AND THE FCC

BY MERRILL DENISON

FEW public bodies have enjoyed a poorer press than the Federal Communications Commission. In its brief life span of four years the board that rules the wire ways and air waves of America has been accused of most of the sins on the calendar. Stupidity, obstructionism, nepotism, incompetence, inefficiency are but a few of the more general allegations made against it. Congressmen imagine that it is fostering a broadcasting monopoly. Broadcasters say that its procedures are burdensome, its regulations capricious and unjust. Educators damn it for the lack of culture on the air and music lovers storm at it for allowing swing bands to mangle Bach. Liberals charge it with trying to foster Fascism and conservatives hint that it is in the pay of Moscow. Editorial writers sneer at its pronouncements and reporters bestow on it disparaging nicknames. Examining all the criticisms, one is likely to conclude that some of them must be nonsense. Whatever its faults, the FCC cannot both censor and fail to censor at the same time. But granting the inconsistencies, how much honest justification is there for all the criticisms one hears?

The question, obviously, cannot be answered in a few words, but the conflicting character of the criticisms themselves points to the most dangerous phenomenon in connection with the FCC: the widespread confusion as to what its functions and powers really are. Ordinarily, such confusion would not be alarming, for many a public body gets along satisfactorily without any profound degree of

public enlightenment as to its purpose. But the FCC is different from all other government agencies. It is probably the most powerful regulatory body ever created by Congress during peacetime; for to it and it alone have been granted powers which can be used to establish censorship or to invalidate the right of freedom of speech.

That the Communications Commission has so far resisted pressure to do these things is beside the point. With free speech essential to the preservation of democracy, "with the lights going out one by one," any confusion concerning a body which has such vast powers as the FCC is unbelievably dangerous. At least there should be a clear understanding of what it is empowered to do and what we want it to do. This article proposes to discuss these questions.

As a preliminary to any understanding of the Communications Commission, some knowledge is necessary of the steps that brought it into being.

Strangely enough, the first of these was the sinking of the *Titanic* in 1912, which was responsible for the enactment of America's first radio law. This pioneer act was designed to control ship-to-shore communications and contained one very interesting innovation. In it for the first time the Federal Government adopted the principle of licensing privately owned facilities for public use. Expediency rather than any consideration of policy seems to have dictated the move. Safety of life at sea demanded that wireless oper-

ations conform to certain technical standards, but in the embryonic state of wireless telegraphy no one was competent to devise a hard and fast code of regulations. The most obvious compromise was to issue temporary licenses which automatically made possible periodic government inspection. The adoption of the licensing system so common to municipal government, in lieu of the Federal practice of the perpetual franchise, is worth remembering. It is both directly and indirectly responsible for most of the troubles of the FCC.

The Act of 1912 proved adequate for fifteen years. Its provisions were flexible enough to accommodate themselves to radio's wartime developments, and when broadcasting became an astonishing reality between 1920 and '22 the Act still worked largely because of the temporary license system adopted a decade earlier. Thanks to the system, Mr. Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, was able to control the burgeoning broadcasting industry with reasonable success. Issuing temporary licenses, he was in a position to carry out his stipulations as to frequencies, power-outputs, and broadcasting hours.

Some station operators, however, finding the restraints irksome, went to court over them and in the summer of 1926 won a decision which knocked the whole improvised structure of regulation to the ground. A Federal Court decided that the Federal Government had none of the rights it had assumed. In less than no time the air was any man's meat and every man's poison. Old stations jumped their wave lengths and new ones climbed aboard whatever frequency they fancied. For six months America's radios tuned into a squealing bedlam from which listeners turned in anger and disgust. Sales of sets fell off alarmingly and the infant broadcasting industry, shocked by the results of too free competition, implored Congress to tidy up the mess. What was desperately needed was a traffic cop with the power to police the channels of the air. Thanks to the

noisome condition of the ether at the time, Congress was in a regulatory mood and the broadcasters' desire for policing found expression in the Radio Communications Act of 1927. This was embodied with a few minor changes in the Communications Act of 1934.

What made such legislation necessary was a simple physical fact: that, unlike every other medium of mass communication, radio inevitably restricts the number of its users. Theoretically there is no limit to the number of newspapers that may be published, movies produced, or street corners occupied by persons wishing to indulge their right of freedom of speech. In broadcasting, however, the number of channels (which corresponds roughly to the printing plants and movie studios and street corners) is definitely limited by international agreement to those frequencies between 550 and 1,500, as a glance at the dial of any standard receiving set will show. Since every station requires ten kilocycles on each side to avoid jostling its neighbors, there are no more than 96 channels to go round. And because six of these channels are reserved by friendly agreement to Canada only 90 are available for use in the United States.

Radio, then, is the one medium which cannot be made to conform to our democratic belief that each of us should be guaranteed equal freedom of opportunity to reach the eyes and ears of his fellows. But it is possible, with careful planning and the observance of rigid technical and engineering standards, to allocate the 90 channels among a few hundred stations—750 to 800 at most—so that all but a small part of the country will be covered by reasonably clear, strong radio signals. Failing such careful planning and observance of standards, the same ethereal traffic jam will ensue as during the hideous radio summer of 1926.

The desire to prevent a recurrence of this demoralizing experience was largely responsible for the entrance of American radio regulation upon its second phase. There was little or no desire to regulate

for the sake of regulation or to set up public control for social, political, or philosophic reasons. No such point of view prevailed as in Great Britain, where broadcasting is considered a cultural instrument to be administered for the public's good, or as in other countries where it is recognized as a powerful tool for molding public opinion. In America regulation was accepted as the only way to prevent chaos on the air, and Congress's approach to the problem was almost as simple and direct as that of the town council which meets to take up the matter of Saturday-night traffic congestion on Main Street.

The two questions Congress had to answer were these: first, how to establish a broadcasting grid based on 90 frequencies which would insure all parts of the country fairly equal radio service; and, second, how to make broadcasters conform to this grid once it had been successfully established. The first question could be answered only by engineers. The second might have been answered in a number of ways. But Congress had grown so incensed at the few rebellious broadcasters that it was determined that henceforth the government would be in a position to discipline any refractory station-operator quickly and effectively. To do this the temporary license, accidentally come by fifteen years before, was carried over into the new act. It remains the most positive legal device yet invented for the maintenance of public control over private enterprise in a democracy. One cannot help wondering what the relations between the utilities and the Federal government might have been had it been adopted long ago in other areas of enterprise.

II

In making the temporary license the basic feature of the Radio Act of 1927 (and its successor of 1934) Congress accepted the principle that the ether belongs to the people and is their inalienable property. Two other fundamental principles found expression in the Act.

One was that broadcasting stations in the United States should be privately owned and operated and conducted on a freely competitive basis. The other was that free speech should be preserved on the air as elsewhere.

To implement the first of these principles, the Act provided that licenses should be issued for periods of no more than three years. In practice this was reduced to ninety days and later extended to six months. Not more than thirty days prior to the expiration of a license the holder was required to make application for a renewal. The framers of the Act were at pains to stipulate that such renewal was never to be construed as automatic, and that the tenure of any license, no matter how long enjoyed through successive renewals, created no property right in the frequency occupied by the license holder. The framers of the Act went farther. Anticipating the time possibly when someone might bring up the due-process clause after having been denied a frequency he had occupied some time, the Act further required that each licensee should sign, in advance, a waiver of any further claim. Thus was the people's ethereal property doubly protected.

In addition to licensing stations, the Act empowered the Commission to allocate wave-lengths, determine power outputs, decide the hours of broadcasting, establish and maintain technical standards, foster experiments leading to the advancement of the radio art, and in general police the air waves so that listeners anywhere in the country might get Charlie McCarthy or the Lone Ranger or even the Philharmonic Orchestra without interference or controllable fading. And to assist the Commission in deciding such inscrutable questions as whether John Doe of Tulsa, Oklahoma, or Richard Roe of Syracuse, New York, had a better right to a slice of America's precious ether, Congress directed that licenses should be allocated "as the public convenience, interest, and necessity requires." This phrase, which had done

yeoman service in the state regulation of utilities, was offered as the sole standard by which the Commission was to be guided in the allocation of wave-lengths, issuing of licenses, and so forth; but other checks were provided to limit the vast powers created under the Act. In the interest of free speech this clause appeared:

Nothing in this Act should be understood to give the Commission the power of censorship over the radio communications or signals transmitted by any radio station, and no regulation or condition shall be promulgated or fixed by the Commission which shall interfere with the right of free speech . . . no person within the jurisdiction of the United States shall utter any obscene, indecent, or profane language by means of radio communication.

Other clauses prohibit the broadcasting of false distress signals, the promotion of lotteries, the development of monopoly, the granting of licenses to aliens, foreign corporations or governments. Provision is made for the President to take over and operate any or all stations during periods of national emergency. A separate clause insures fairness to political candidates by providing that any broadcasting station which permits the use of its facilities by any legally qualified candidate for public office must allow other candidates for that office to use its facilities upon the same terms. The station is prohibited from exercising any power of censorship over the material broadcast by political candidates but is free to censor or not as it sees fit under all other circumstances. The prohibition against censorship is placed on the Commission, not on the broadcasters.

Considering the unprecedented problems involved, both the Radio Act of 1927 and the 1934 Act have been far more successful pieces of legislation, particularly from the point of view of the public interest, than the incessant criticism they have provoked would lead one to suppose. While it is true that the apportionment of the too few licenses is placed in the hands of a small group, politically appointed, this is a necessary evil imposed by the broadcasting medium itself. It is

true also that any license system opens the way to abuses. The only protection against such abuses lies in the honesty and integrity of those who issue the licenses. Despite the rumors of favoritism and graft in the administration of the Communications Act, it seems entirely improbable that such practices ever were or ever could become general. If they have occurred they must have been the exception rather than the rule, for it would be impossible for graft to exist in connection with the renewal of 1,400 licenses annually without knowledge of the fact coming out into the open. In any case, ample protection seems to be offered the public against the loss of "its last great natural resource" and against invasion of the right of free speech. While broadcasters may enveigh against the six months' renewal practice and while it may work unnecessary hardships on them, it is certainly not to the disadvantage of the public.

On the surface it would appear that Congress had adopted a system of broadcasting regulation that was practical and in the American tradition. Furthermore, the Act has been well administered. Despite the complicated factors involved, the Commission has discharged its primary function of covering the country with strong, clear radio signals so well that 90 per cent of the population and 62 per cent of the land area receive more than reasonably good radio reception. That this intricate pattern of radio emanations should have been established and maintained suggests an excellent technical job on the part of the original Radio Commission and its successor, the FCC. It must be remembered too that broadcasting regulation and supervision is but a small fraction of the present Commission's activities. In other fields of jurisdiction—telegraphs, telephones, and all the other twenty-six phases of radio—the FCC has an excellent record for competent administration.

Why then, one may reasonably ask, should the Commission be the object of successive waves of criticism of its supervision of commercial broadcasting? The

answer to that question seems to lie in the apparently innocent phrase "as the public convenience, interest, and necessity requires." Included by Congress as a kind of guide which would both assist and restrain the Commission on its voyage out into the uncharted seas of radio regulation, the famous utility phrase has proved unreliable, and, far from serving to restrain, opens avenues of limitless power to the Commission. In addition to serving less as a compass than a weather vane, the phrase has given rise to such a bewildering plethora of administrative problems that most of the time of the seven commissioners has been devoted to commercial broadcasting, although this item represents but one twenty-sixth of one-third of the FCC's regulatory responsibilities.

III

To the original framers of the Act the meaning of "the public convenience, interest, and necessity" was probably clear and reasonably explicit. They used it in its utility sense and expected that it would receive the same application in the quasi-utility field of broadcasting. Instead, both its meaning and the limits of its application have turned out to be entirely ambiguous. No one knows for instance whether the Commission should apply the standard of "the public interest" to the physical aspects of broadcasting only, or also to the programs which are broadcast.

Does the phrase empower or even require the Commission to worry over objectionable children's programs, swinging the classics, and nauseating advertising? No one can say positively. The Commission is not at all certain itself, and the Courts have been most reluctant to enlighten it. Public opinion is divided. Many people believe that the FCC should restrict itself entirely to the regulation of facilities and that it has no business whatever in meddling with programs. Others believe just the opposite. They say, with some reason, that the public interest is concerned not only with geographical

and ethereal location of a station but with the use made of it as well. Many persons go much farther. They maintain that the public interest is much more vitally concerned with *what* goes on the air than *how* or *where* it may go on the air.

The ambiguity of the public-interest clause has given rise to three distinct schools of thought concerning the proper functions of the Commission. The first school, to which the broadcasting industry fervently subscribes, stands for an absolute minimum of regulation and believes with entire sincerity that it would be in the public interest to lighten the burden imposed by the twice-a-year renewal of licenses. Admitting that this would mean a lessening of control, they say the act provides enough control as it is; for broadcasting is a business which must be run to please its customers; and public opinion, in the last analysis, is the most effective of all controls. The second school of thought consists of those people who would like to see a maximum of government control short of actual ownership and operation; who believe in giving the public what it ought to have—as does the British Broadcasting Corporation—rather than what it seems to want. Between these two schools is a middle-of-the-road group which is not concerned with the niceties of regulation as such, but believes that the FCC should function as a kind of Will Hays Organization for radio, guiding the industry in the way it should go, striving for loftier program standards, punishing violations of the group's own personal code of morality and decency. Nine-tenths of all the criticisms of the FCC have arisen out of these conflicting interpretations of the words "in the public convenience, interest, and necessity." Were any of the three interpretations obviously wrong it would be a simple matter to clear up the prevailing confusion. But none is. Each is based upon an entirely tenable set of convictions.

The Commission itself has shown a greater inclination to abide by the pro-

hibitions against censorship and interference with free speech than it has to go venturing into the wide open spaces provided by the contentious clause. In those cases where the FCC has refused to grant a license renewal to operators whose program offerings have aroused widespread public indignation its action has been based less upon the "public interest" than upon obvious trespasses against the regulations of other government agencies such as the Post Office Department, the Pure Food and Drug Administration, or the Federal Trade Commission. One Dr. Brinkley of Kansas City, for instance, was denied a license renewal for outraging audiences and the canons of medical practice by diagnosing and prescribing on the air for cases he had never seen and about which he knew nothing save what his correspondents told him in their letters. But the Doctor was chased off the air less in the public interest than because he was peddling goat glands via radio and so ran afoul of other Federal regulations.

Another case involved a Los Angeles minister who used a church broadcasting station to vilify his personal enemies, "obstruct the administration of justice, inspire political distrust and civic discord, and offend youth and innocence by the free use of words suggesting sexual immorality." Again the issue was clean cut and there was no need to call upon the public interest. The detailed citation provided ample grounds to dispose of the minister as a broadcaster without having to place reliance in any glittering generality. Another licensee was refused renewal for false medical advertising, and stations have been reprimanded for advertising contraceptives, promoting tip-services on horse races, and devoting an inordinate amount of time to fighting the personal feuds of station owners.

That the Commission has so far refrained from making use of the wider interpretations of the public-interest clause (which would make it actually a Lord Chancellor of the American air) is no guarantee that it will continue to do so

or, for that matter, that it will be able to do so. Although the Commission as a whole has steadfastly refrained from exerting any direct influence on program standards, some of the Commissioners, as individuals, have expressed views which lean far over toward the British school in that they would elevate, by any means possible, the cultural level of American programs. Others of the Commissioners would simply erase from the air those programs which do not in their opinion merit a place upon it. And others believe that the Commission should mind its own business about *what* goes on the air. Until now this view has been the Commission's corporate view; but there is no telling when it may be superseded, not alone because three of the Commissioners at least are satisfied that the FCC should take a hand in improving program standards, but because the Commission is under constant pressure from organized groups, private individuals, and newspapers to do so.

Just what this pressure amounts to is very difficult to determine. Judging by the complaints provoked by Mae West's "Garden of Eden" skit, one might conclude that there was very little fire for such a great amount of smoke. Following the broadcast the Commission received a total of 600 letters. Four hundred of these were protests against the program; 125 were letters censuring the Commission for taking any official notice of the incident; 75 were commendations for the action it eventually took. The action consisted of a letter to the National Broadcasting Company, stating in effect that the skit did not seem to have been in the best possible taste and warning the Company to guard against further wanderings from the paths of rectitude. NBC, for its part, had an even more confusing experience. The broadcast itself provoked 16 telephone calls in protest; an apology given a week later drew 26 complaints because the announcer's voice had not sounded sincerely apologetic. In all, 1,486 letters were received in the course of a month. Of

these, 1,035 were protests; the balance were letters favoring the program or protesting the protests. When one considers the commotion that raged at the time, a total of approximately 2,000 letters from an audience of reputed millions seems a small number indeed.

But if 2,000 seems insufficient cause for the storm that broke round Miss West's head, another famous Commission incident—its citation of a station for a broadcast of Eugene O'Neill's "Beyond the Horizon"—was inspired by a single letter of complaint. The third memorable program, Orson Welles's "War of the Worlds," which frightened so many people last October, drew down upon the FCC 625 letters, of which 372 were requests for disciplinary action and 253 were endorsements. The Commission took no action beyond commending the Columbia Broadcasting System for its regretful and apologetic concern over the incident.

These and other available figures do not suggest that dissatisfaction over programs is as general as it is often made to appear. Broadcasters insist that newspapers, out of sheer cussedness, distort every broadcasting mishap that comes along and point out that each of the two liveliest flare-ups—Miss West's and Mr. Welles's—both took place on Sunday nights when news is at a premium and editors are hungry for anything to print in the Monday paper. The broadcasters cannot believe these news breaks to be mere coincidence. Nevertheless, it is evident that the pressure upon the FCC to make greater use of its regulatory powers is constant and of considerable proportions. If the Commission chooses to become only a little less powerful than Congress, all it would need do would be to broaden the interpretation of "public interest and necessity."

IV

It may be true that pressure to make the Commission take action is unfortunate and ill advised; that the safest course

for that body to follow is to make the least possible use of its regulatory powers. It may also be true that the fewer letters the harassed Commissioners receive from the public the better it would be for the FCC, for broadcasting, and for the public. But it is just as useless to plead with people not to write letters as it is to urge them to write letters. In either case the public acts on personal impulse. It is even more useless to point out that it is an insignificant number of people who wish the FCC "to do something" about program standards. While their number may be insignificant, an articulate minority, even if microscopic, can wield more influence than the vast, quiescent mass of the public. This is particularly true in broadcasting, where a single letter of disapproval carries more weight than a thousand letters of affirmation. This being the case, a relatively small number of dissenters, without organization or direction, and even lacking any conscious knowledge of what they are doing, could effect changes in American broadcasting that would profoundly alter its fundamental characteristics.

The most important of these, we take it, is its freedom. We now have free broadcasting in the sense that we have a free press. As the success of any publishing venture—newspaper, magazine, book—is based on editorial ability to win readers, so is the success of any broadcasting venture dependent upon the ability to win listeners. In either case the character of the publication or broadcasting schedule must reflect the tastes of readers or listeners. In other words, the relation between editor and reader, or broadcaster and listener, is direct and subject to no outside influences. While the arrangement may not result in great literature or the most cultured programs it is democratic and, as one looks round the world to-day, anything democratic is worth fighting to protect. Any suggestion that a government agency could interpose itself between editor and reader to influence the contents of our newspapers or magazines would outrage public

opinion as an obvious threat to our democratic institutions. And yet the Commission may be induced to place itself in just this position in regard to broadcasting, thanks to the ambiguity of the public-interest clause plus the constant pressure of a small minority.

The reader may feel that we exaggerate the dangers. Since these are more potential than immediate, why not wait until they develop before worrying about a way to cope with them? If the Act has worked reasonably well up till now, why not try it a little longer? One might reply that the best time to stop a forest fire is when it is still small enough to stamp it out with your foot.

The danger in the present situation is not that the Commission may make a direct effort to meddle with program standards by legislating about them. The clause against censorship in the Act is a positive protection against such action. The danger is far more subtle and lies in the exercise of the Commission's judicial function which is called into play whenever a station's program activities are reviewed in connection with the renewal of a license. Here the only standard upon which the Commissioners may base their judgments is that of public convenience, interest, and necessity—which is narrowed down inevitably to public interest. As has been indicated, the Commission in those few instances where it has refused to renew licenses has fought shy of any reference which would indicate how the Commission itself interprets the words. It has built up a body of reference in another manner, however, through comments on programs examined in review. The Mae West program, for example, was "questionable," the Welles broadcast "regrettable," others have been "commendable," "of splendid caliber," "instructive and entertaining," "beneficial to the general public." There is already established a pretty clear indication of what the Commission likes and what it doesn't like. Those it likes must be indubitably considered in the public interest; those it dislikes, certainly less so.

Its tastes, incidentally, are moralistic, cultural, and educational, and generally more intellectual than those of the listener at large. Quite unconsciously perhaps but none the less actually, the Commission has already imposed its opinion of programs on broadcasters; for inevitably the station operator, having to show cause every six months why he should be granted a license renewal, will try to conform to the established preferences of the Commission.

Let us suppose now that minority pressure induces the Commission to interest itself in program standards consciously and deliberately, instead of unconsciously and inadvertently. Under such circumstances the phrase "in the public interest" becomes synonymous with "for the public's good" and the basic idea underlying American broadcasting gives way to the idea underlying British broadcasting. If the change could be restricted to commercial entertainment programs it would not matter very greatly. Whether the children hear "Flash Gordon" or "Simple Sagas from Shakespeare" will not affect the fate of the nation much one way or the other. But once the point of view of doing the public good creeps in, certain insidious things happen all through the program structure. If it is a good thing for instance to feature certain kinds of entertainment and play down other kinds it soon becomes desirable to feature speakers with certain views and play down speakers holding other views. "To feature" becomes an imperative, and "to play down" finally means suppression. By a gradual process of attrition, so slow that its successive steps are imperceptible, a free and democratic system of broadcasting would eventually lose most of its freedom and all of its democracy. But what would be worse, the effects of such a change would be felt far beyond the realm of broadcasting; they would extend to all other media of publishing; for once free speech is limited in one place it is almost impossible to keep it from being limited in others. Free speech is not an append-

age of the democratic body politic. It is not like a limb that can be safely, if inconveniently, amputated. It is part of the cell structure of the blood stream: modify it and you modify the body it has helped create.

Consider what has happened in Great Britain. Prior to the introduction of radio the British had exactly the same tradition of a free press as our own. Today the British press is operating "in the public interest," under "a voluntary censorship" which provides the British people with such information as the government and newspaper proprietors think expedient for the public to have. Both the Munich crisis and the Abdication gave ample evidence that such a censorship actually exists, as do the statements of so many Englishmen that the most reliable source of news is American short-wave broadcasts. From such innocent beginnings as a preference for an hour with the Lake poets to, say, four quarter-hours with Little Orphan Annie, a system of editorial selection had been built up which in due course undermined traditions of free speech and free discussion developed over centuries. Receiving from the BBC only such programs as were thought to be in the public interest, the public itself did not seem to be aware of what was happening to it. There were protests, it is true, but never effective enough to alter the fundamental point of view of the broadcasting corporation. And, observing the docility with which the public had come to accept whatever the broadcasters chose to give it, newspaper proprietors and finally the government itself had little hesitancy in adopting a similar policy when it became expedient to do so. Conditioned to accepting from those on high the things which they said were in its best interests, the public to-day appears to be neither alarmed nor resentful.

One may say "it can't happen here" because our system of broadcasting is competitive and distributed among too many individual station operators. But the possibility remains as long as one small

group of men has the power now within the grasp of the FCC. Furthermore, it is always dangerous to compromise with principle. Since there is no reason for the Federal Communications Commission to have the vast powers the public-interest clause now gives it, and since it is extremely doubtful if Congress realized that it was giving the Commission such powers, Congress would do well to limit or define the clause.

I suggest, as the simplest way of accomplishing this, a revision of the Act omitting the word "interest" and thus instructing the Commission to assign and renew licenses as "the public convenience and necessity requires." The deletion of the single word would remove the most dangerous feature of the Act without impairing any of its essential virtues, the most important of which is the right of recapture.

V

Such an amendment would restrict the Commission's jurisdiction to technical and engineering matters and to violations of existing statutes. This simplification would greatly lessen the Commission's duties in connection with commercial broadcasting and would go far toward removing the friction between the industry and the regulatory body. At present the station operator is required to show cause each time he applies for a license renewal. This means that he must submit for review a detailed report of his program operations for the preceding broadcasting period. With the elimination of the interest requirement, the need (or excuse) for reviewing a station's programs would vanish and with it the need for preparing exhaustive and costly biannual briefs.

In this connection there seems to be no good reason why the holder of a broadcasting license should have to apply every six months to have his license renewed. The Act itself provides for a three-year license period and it is difficult to understand why the shorter interval has been retained now that the broad-

casting grid is definitely established. Despite the glowing assurance that the "ether belongs to the people," it is pretty obvious by this time that the majority of the present broadcasting licensees are going to go on being licensees. The temporary license system should certainly not be abandoned, but there seems little sense in the Commission's involving itself and the broadcasters any more often than the law requires in the labor and expense which each license application necessitates.

Still there would remain a puzzling question: should there be some central body to which listeners may complain about programs—a body which would have no arbitrary authority but which, nevertheless, would be able to exert a general influence upon broadcasters? Whether legally competent or not, the FCC has fulfilled both these purposes. To end its ability to do so further might simply be begging the question. Denied the safety valve of some outlet, there might be enough individuals and organized groups dissatisfied with the present character of American programs to convince Congress that it should expand rather than contract the powers of the FCC.

Mr. David Sarnoff, president of the Radio Corporation, recently suggested that the broadcasting industry might well consider the advisability of self-regulation, if only to avoid regulation by some outside agency. Although he gave no details, it seems likely that he had in mind something comparable to the Will Hays Organization in the motion picture industry. The proposal aroused no great enthusiasm among broadcasters, perhaps because of the sheer impossibility of keeping an eye on radio as the Hays outfit does on Hollywood. In the movies, creation is deliberate and production concentrated. Each step in a picture may be scrutinized from the germ of the idea to the finished product. In broadcasting, 17,000 programs are shot out daily from some 750 stations scattered all over the country. Furthermore, broadcasters

are fearful that any governing body set up within the industry would be dominated by the networks and for that reason would invite new charges of monopolistic control.

Nevertheless, one can see considerable merit to the Sarnoff proposal as well as dangers other than those just indicated. In the first place, it would establish a central body other than the FCC to which the public could direct criticism or complaints, feeling that sincere consideration would be given them. In other words, it would serve as a safety valve, just as the FCC has served, but without the dangers attendant upon the latter's unpremeditated service in that capacity. Such a body, if made up of representative men and women from the public as well as the industry, could do much to inspire public confidence. It might bring about some improvement in program standards. Nor would the creation of such a self-regulatory body for broadcasting be as novel a venture as might appear. Oddly enough, Mr. Sarnoff would not have to go out of his own office to find a ready made code of principles for its guidance. The original pronouncement of the Advisory Council of the National Broadcasting Company, published in 1926, remains the most exalted, and at the same time the most realistic, statement ever made of what the public has a right to expect from American broadcasting.

On the other hand the same dangers lurk in any regulatory body as are now present in the FCC. Censorship is censorship, by whomever applied. The "editorial judgment" of a station or network isn't censorship as long as the individual has a chance of finding another station or network which will apply another judgment; but any over-all body which could by agreement prevent anybody from getting on the air could exercise an effective control and could easily go on from eliminating profanity to eliminating liberalism. Furthermore, the influence of the Hays Organization on the movies has not been so completely satisfactory as to make

anyone view without misgiving the adoption of the same principle of control for other media of opinion or expression. It would seem then that any body set up within the broadcasting industry should have advisory rather than dictatorial powers. Two of the networks already have such bodies: NBC with its Advisory Council; CBS with individual committees formed to advise the company on educational, religious, and children's programs. A similar organization for the industry could serve many useful purposes without endangering the inherent values of heterogeneous private ownership.

Nevertheless, this basic paradox remains: that the only perfect kind of regulatory body (in the area of opinion) is one which has no authority to regulate. Such a conclusion poses the question which is at the core of the whole discussion: to what extent is American broadcasting in need of regulation?

Before answering the question it would be well to recognize one basic fact: that since the economy of broadcasting is based on advertising, the moral and cultural temperature of any station will vary directly with the condition of its bank balance. To survive, smaller and less profitable stations will always be forced to accept programs which larger and more profitable stations can afford to turn down with a gesture of superior sanctity. In other words, there are definite limits beyond which uplifting regulation cannot be pushed without threatening the principle of private ownership. Admitting the existence of this determinant, the record of American broadcasting seems astonishingly good. The industry as a whole, and particularly the great networks, have a record for enlightened social consciousness unequalled in the entire history of private enterprise in America. Whether the temporary license system is largely responsible is unimportant; the fact is that from the formation of the networks on, the industry has voluntarily assumed a sense of public trusteeship commonly absent in utility man-

agement and has continually sought policies which would give concrete expression to this desire to render public service. In general these policies have been designed to make American broadcasting an aural mirror which would reflect the social, economic, cultural, and political opinions of America. In general the policies have been amazingly successful: so much so that any unprejudiced criticism of American broadcasting must be directed less at the intentions of the broadcasters than at their judgment of public taste and intelligence. Admitting that this is often less flattering than it need be, one is at a loss to see how imposed regulation can elevate it.

As a matter of fact, criticism of American broadcasting is seldom provoked by the programs for which the broadcasters themselves are responsible; that is, for "sustaining programs." The programs which arouse the loudest protests are invariably "commercial." And it is inevitable that this reaction will persist as long as the advertising agency occupies the dominating position it now does in the selection and production of sponsored programs. While the advertising agency plays an important part in the American economy, there is no more logic in its serving as the entrepreneur of radio entertainment than there would be in its providing the contents of magazines and newspapers. Since it owes no responsibility to either the broadcaster or the public, its principal interest must inevitably be in the sales department of the individual client whose product it has been engaged to advertise. To say that this fact is more responsible than any other for the pressure for increased government regulation is not to say that the advertising agencies are not valuable institutions; the difficulty is simply that, half by accident, they have come to exercise editorial authority without responsibility. Could the agency return to the same position in broadcasting as it occupies in the magazine world, most of the broadcasting industry's unhappy public relations problems would automatically disappear.

In evaluating American broadcasting one may adopt either of two points of view. One may damn it for its shortcomings or applaud it for the innumerable pitfalls it has managed to avoid. Accepting the first attitude, one can discover many things which may properly be damned, among them the puerility of most commercial programs; the sensitivity of sponsors and broadcasters alike to the intolerant, narrow, ignorant criticisms of a trifling minority; the mediocre literary, acting, and production standards which prevail throughout the broadcasting world. But, admitting these faults, no regulations imposed by any outside body can correct them. They can be easily corrected, it is true, but the correctives must be applied by the broadcasters themselves. These gentlemen are already moving, too timorously, one believes, in this direction; but regulation will not promote acceleration.

Perhaps what is actually most needed to improve radio programs is the same mature, authoritative criticism which all other forms of creative endeavor except radio receive. The pernicious effect on radio of the absence of informed criticism is better understood if one pauses to consider what the standards of the theater, the movies, authorship, music, even the boxing ring, would be had these arts been denied the continual appraisal of tutored minds. Herein probably lies one of

the greatest limitations of American broadcasting, but it is a limitation created not by the broadcaster but by the press.

On the other hand, if one accepts the point of view that American broadcasting is so much better than it might have been, then one is forced to the conclusion that radio, of all social enterprises in a democracy, is the one whose continuing development may be most safely entrusted to private ownership and to the processes of laissez faire, granting always the need for eternal vigilance to protect the broadcasting system from the monopolistic tendencies which are inherent in all profit-making enterprises. And to be dangerous, monopoly does not need to be restricted to ownership. An identity of social and political attitudes among station owners would be equally menacing, and for this reason it will probably be necessary to assure by legislation easier and more positive access to the air for minority groups and minority opinions. Admitting the need for such legislation as well as the need for sharply limiting and defining the powers of the FCC, one feels that when Congress again takes up the task begun in 1912 and carried forward in 1927 and 1934—that of periodically examining radio law in the light of actual experience—the goal to be sought for is not the maximum but the minimum of arbitrary regulation.





CHARLES A. BEARD

FREE LANCE AMONG THE HISTORIANS

BY HUBERT HERRING

ON OCTOBER 10, 1917, the *New York Times* carried an editorial "Columbia's Deliverance," felicitating Columbia University upon the resignation of Charles A. Beard, a writer of "bad . . . books . . . grossly unscientific . . . unrelated to fact and quite unconvincing in their nature." By this act, the *Times* averred, Mr. Beard rendered "the greatest service it was in his power to give. . . . These trustees know, as every man of sound sense and unclouded vision knows, that Columbia University is better for Professor Beard's resignation."

This editorial dismissal proved premature. The professor's later writings have achieved a nation-wide circulation and esteem comparable to that of the *New York Times*.

Charles and Mary Beard live in a great sprawling house upon a Connecticut hillside overlooking the Housatonic. Its bulky ampleness, its reaches and perspectives furnish fitting background for the authors of *The Rise of American Civilization*. From this hillside the wiry, white-haired historian contemplates life, looks after his dairy farms, sells wholesale more than three hundred thousand quarts of milk a year, watches Washington and London and Berlin, reads the books which overflow the house, and writes.

Charles Beard was born November 27, 1874, near the Indiana village of Knightstown. Back of him was a long line of English and Scotch-Irish colonists who

settled in North Carolina during the 17th and 18th centuries.

He remembers his farmer grandfather Nathan and the things told of him. Nathan Beard, it appears, was a faithful member of the Deep River (North Carolina) Friends Meeting until expelled in 1831 because of his marriage to Caroline Martin, who was "out of the unity." Whereupon Nathan took up the study of comparative religion and collected six hundred volumes on the religions of the world. Years later the old man explained matters to his grandson: "I ran a one-man church, in which there can be no dissent." And Charles adds to the record: "My father continued in that church and I was brought up in it."

Charles Beard remembers too the stories told of his father's birth in 1840. It was election year, his grandfather recalled, and the Whigs, with the slogan "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," staked their fortunes on Harrison against the unspeakable Jacksonians. The boy was named William Henry Harrison Beard. In his father's name Charles had an impeccable political heritage, and he grew to manhood in the deep conviction that no self-respecting person could be a Democrat.

Charles's father moved to Indiana and continued a convinced Republican all his day. William Beard was the pioneer. He taught, he farmed, he was skilled in woodworking, and was a mathematician. He became a designer and builder of

houses, barns, bridges, churches. He thought that his sons should live on the farm, that they should enjoy the discipline of field and forest (a discipline which William heartily disliked). Charles Beard recalls the farm near Spiceland, Indiana, where he spent his own childhood and boyhood, where he followed the plow, milked the cows, wielded the axe—and walked to and from the Quaker Academy in town. "I had so much exercise," he says, "that I have needed none since." The father, William, did a thriving business as architect, contractor, and builder, and for good measure was president of the Henry County Bank.

Charles Beard remembers the bookshelves of that farm home, the books on comparative religion which his grandfather Nathan had bought, the books on travel and history, the classics which father William had added, the long winter evenings and the open fire, the reading and the discussion.

While at school Beard worked on an old hand press, learned to set type and read proof. When he graduated from the Academy at eighteen his father bought him the *Knightstown Sun*, a country weekly, and Charles and his brother ran it for almost four years. Charles Beard adds, with a gleam, "I made it pay too." (The Beards, one gathers, always made things pay.) He did not, however, settle down to the life of a country editor.

In the fall of 1895, twenty-one years old, he entered the Methodist De Pauw College in Greencastle, the neighboring county seat. For good measure, he got a job as a reporter for the *Henry County Republican*, and lent a hand in electing Jim Watson to Congress in 1895.

Beard remembers De Pauw with gratitude. It was a small college where piety prevailed and wealth was unknown. He found there one of those rare teachers that a man remembers, Colonel James Riley Weaver. The Colonel had been too busy to acquire higher degrees and academic wrappings. He had left college at the outbreak of the Civil War,

fought through all four years of it, and left the Union army a colonel under General Ulysses S. Grant. When Grant came to the presidency in 1869 he sent Colonel Weaver to various consular posts in Venice, Antwerp, and Vienna. That was his preparation for teaching sociology, economics, history, and other subjects in the Methodist frontier college. Charles Beard remembers the colonel-professor as a man of infinite curiosity, not trained as to what should be taught or how it should be taught. An excellent Republican, Weaver gave his students the Communist Manifesto to read. Whatever he touched blazed with excitement.

When Beard had been a year in De Pauw the Colonel sent him for the summer to Chicago. That was 1896, and Chicago was the center of social ferment. Here Beard lived near Hull House and became acquainted with young Jane Addams, then started on her mission of discovery. He visited John R. Commons and Graham Taylor. He made his first acquaintance with the new rebels in the labor ranks. Altgeld was still governor, excoriated and reviled for his pardon of the convicted Haymarket anarchists of 1886. The Pullman strike of 1894 was still a lively memory, and men everywhere were talking of Eugene Debs, who had completed a jail sentence for his part in it. The Democratic National Convention met in Chicago that summer, and the thirty-six-year-old William Jennings Bryan with one speech, "The Cross of Gold," turned the direction of American political history. It was in this atmosphere that Charles learned to discount his traditions, to question current orthodoxies.

There were two more years at De Pauw. Beard debated on the college team, upheld the right of labor to organize, and pleaded for a federal income tax. He got his diploma in 1898, just as the war with Spain began. He and a classmate offered to organize a volunteer company for service in Cuba, but "they wouldn't take us. They had more men than they had embalmed beef."

Charles, denied glory, elected further schooling. So in 1898 he went to Oxford for a year to study English and European history. He divided his time between books and long discussions of economics, politics, and labor with students of kindred curiosity. Out of the talk an idea took shape. They would start a labor college at Oxford where labor would find trained leaders. So the first labor college at Oxford University was organized in 1899. And Charles Beard, now twenty-five, who had read *Unto This Last* under Colonel Weaver's eye, furnished the name for this labor college. It became Ruskin College.

It was a full year, that year in Oxford, but there were the attractions of home and of Mary Ritter of Indianapolis. And so in the fall of 1899 Beard was back, this time at Cornell. But not for long. In March of 1900 he married Mary, and they went back together to spend two years at Ruskin College, he to lecture there and to appear before co-operative societies and labor groups in Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, London, and the other industrial centers of Great Britain. Here he became acquainted with those first leaders of the British labor movement: Keir Hardie, John Burns, Ramsay MacDonald, Ben Tillet, James Sexton, as well as scores of dock workers, miners, railroad men, and textile operatives.

Charles Beard at twenty-eight, in 1902, hesitated between action and scholarship. He was a useful servant of the labor cause in Britain. The labor movement was on the eve of triumph. He reveled in the work at Oxford, in the hard trips to the industrial centers, but he sought understanding of history and government, he wanted to know why men act as they do. He must get back to school. The fall of 1902 found him in Columbia University, working on the history of England and of Europe, reading eagerly in the related fields of politics and economics. In 1904 he received his doctorate at the hand of Nicholas Murray Butler. His education was now attested: he had the seal of Columbia Uni-

versity upon it. The records must necessarily be imperfect. They could not list: Nathan Beard who married "out of the unity"; a father named after William Henry Harrison; a family which built houses round books; a farm day; a village newspaper; a college professor who knew much of life but little of curricula; Jane Addams; Graham Taylor; William Jennings Bryan; Keir Hardie; and the unlisted restless men from whom Charles Beard learned that life is not confined in bound volumes bearing the seal of formal erudition.

II

In the fall of 1904 Charles Beard, now thirty, possessed of a doctorate, a wife Mary, and a small daughter, settled on the edge of the university which was sprawling over Morningside Heights under the supple genius of Nicholas Murray Butler. Here he was to stay as instructor and professor of politics until 1917.

"He was probably the most popular man in the whole faculty," writes a former student, now a professor in a Western university. "And student votes always put him at the top or within a name or two of the top in student polls." Another former student writes me: "When Beard strode into the classroom it was like a salty breeze blowing out the stuffiness from the room."

"We liked Uncle Charley on every score—not least of the reasons was that he was a 'hick,'" remarks still another former student of his. "He never bothered about clothes. He was forever forgetting to have his hair cut. We liked his directness. He never talked up or down. He had the same manner for the scrubbiest student from the New York ghetto and for President Butler. His door was always open. He always had time. The greenest student was welcome for ten minutes or an hour and his opinions were treated with grave respect."

"There was one faculty member in those days who was an excessive drinker. Time and again," an old student recalls,

"this man was too drunk to meet his classes. Beard repeatedly appeared for him, gave his lectures, shielded him as long as he could." Another remembers that "Beard was slow to criticize. He had some mean-spirited men to deal with, but he seldom lost patience. . . . Further, he was quick to resent any attack upon a fellow-teacher. Time and time again Beard would fly to the defense of a man for whose personality and opinions he had slight respect. He was instinctively on the side of anyone who was kicked and cuffed."

So Charles Beard did for the thousands who passed under his eye what Colonel Weaver had done for him back in the small Indiana college. He showed his students that history is not the record of laws and armies and presidents and kings, but rather the annals of living, fighting, starving, loving, hating, struggling men. Scores who now teach history, economics, and politics in college and high school testify that their imaginations first cracked open under his drill.

His teaching did not exclude solid research and much writing. His years in Columbia were marked by a steady line of textbooks, first in the field of European history and then of American. "Not until I had taught English and European history for several years," he says, "did I discover that American history is more interesting." From 1909 on his writing reveals this new interest. From textbooks on history, government, and politics, he moved into works of more general interpretation. In 1913 he published his *Economic Interpretation of the Constitution*; in 1915 his *Economic Origins of Jeffersonian Democracy*.

Throughout these years at Columbia Beard held the enthusiasm of his students and the admiration of his peers. As he turned to the interpretation of the American scene the official enthusiasm for him chilled. His earlier work on Europe had been received with applause; no apostasy was involved in the realistic handling of Europeans. But when Beard published his *Economic Interpretation*

of the Constitution, and showed that the Founding Fathers in drafting the charter of our liberties were not altogether guided by the Holy Spirit but had been influenced by the commitments which they (and their relatives) had made in the purchase of depreciated securities of the new nation—then there was sharp rustling in the top branches.

"It was pointed out to him at the time," the *New York Times* editorially records, "with due kindness but frankly, that . . . his book was bad, that it was a book no professor should have written since it was grossly unscientific. It was not based upon candid and competent examination of facts. . . . It was a book which did Columbia much harm." Dr. Butler himself referred to "the notion that . . . the provisions of the Constitution . . . were framed and accepted under the primary influence of the economic appetites and the economic interests of men," linked "this notion" with "the crude, immoral, and unhistorical teaching of Karl Marx," and suggested that "to assign motives for the action of another is to reveal one's self; it means that the writer would be influenced under similar conditions by the motives that he ascribes to those of whom he writes." Other thinkers joined in the condemnation. Professor Albert Bushnell Hart pronounced the book "little short of indecent." William Howard Taft, retired to a seat at Yale, was asked if he had read Beard's book. "Yes," said Taft, "I have. The facts seem right enough, but why did the damn fool print it?" Beard accepted an invitation to speak at the New York Republican Club. After luncheon as the members settled back to listen a friend whispered, "Beard, you know why these fellows despise you?" "But why," asked Beard, "should anyone despise a poor professor on his way from obscurity to oblivion?" "Because," replied the friend, "you have shown them that the Fathers of their country were just like themselves."

Irritations increased. Beard's heresies annoyed the trustees of Columbia. The trustees' tactics annoyed Beard. He was

subjected to questionings. He was ordered to warn the men in his department against teachings "likely to inculcate disrespect for American institutions." "I repeated my order to my colleagues," Beard recalls, "who received it with a shout of derision, one of them asking me whether Tammany Hall and the pork barrel were not American institutions."

Other things happened. The case of Leon Fraser was one. In 1915 this young man was engaged by Dr. Butler to make speeches on peace for the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, Butler's baby. In order to give Fraser academic standing, the president asked Beard to recommend Fraser's appointment to the political science faculty. Beard consented. Fraser made his peace speeches—and so effectively that students and other impressionable people listened and believed. In 1916, when preparedness was a sacred word, Fraser made slighting reference to Plattsburg, for which he was haled before a committee of the trustees. By early 1917—the eve of America's entrance into the War—President Butler asked Beard to recommend the dismissal of Fraser. Beard refused, recommended Fraser's retention. Fraser was dropped.

There were the cases of Professors J. McKeen Cattell and H. W. L. Dana, who openly opposed American entrance into the War. Beard did not agree with them. He advocated American prosecution of the War. However, when Cattell and Dana were dropped from the faculty in the fall of 1917 Beard consulted with his wife, decided that not even great Columbia and its astonishing president could stand in the way of freedom, and on October ninth, sent his resignation to Mr. Butler. Beard explained his action: "It was the evident purpose of a small group of the trustees (unhindered, if not aided, by Mr. Butler) to take advantage of the state of war to drive out or to humiliate or to terrorize every man who held progressive, liberal, or unconventional views on political matters in no way connected with the War. The institution was to be

reduced below the level of a department store or factory, and I therefore tendered my resignation." And Charles and Mary Beard got out their old car, packed their goods, and drove to their Connecticut hillside, from which they could survey the blustering world of 1917 with detachment.

III

A man is known by the odd jobs he picks. Charles Beard is revealed through his excursions and digressions.

Chief among these excursions during his Columbia days and after was the New York Bureau of Municipal Research. This organization made the first serious effort to study a great city, to diagnose its ills and to prescribe for it. Freed from teaching, Beard gave it the best part of four years. Those who worked with him recall the gay enthusiasm with which this professor, escaped from school, turned to the practical tasks of city renovation. The excitements were varied, ranging from service on a commission for cleaning up "Death Avenue" to surveying the State of Delaware for John J. Raskob and associates. In 1918, he joined with John Dewey, Thorstein Veblen, and James Harvey Robinson in organizing The New School for Social Research. In 1921 he helped to organize the Workers Education Bureau.

Much of Beard's writing must be listed under the head of "excursions." His course can best be tracked by going to the bound volumes of *The New Republic*, *HARPER's*, *Scribners*, *Current History*, and a score of other weekly and monthly periodicals, piled up through a period of twenty-five years. There are almost two hundred articles which reveal Beard as he watched history unfolding and added his comment to it, assessing, jabbing, laughing, jeering, praising, exhorting. Another historian, nervous for the verdict of his contemporaries, would have hesitated to put down in type the flashing judgment of the moment. Beard did not hesitate. With unflagging enthusiasm he dealt with history in the making.

When the war broke over America in 1917, Beard approved Wilson's decision. He urged American support of the Administration. But his support was not given without qualifications. In June, 1917, we find him begging for discrimination, warning against easy phrases such as "liberty against autocracy," affirming that "the people of the United States will not shed one drop of blood to enlarge the British Empire," that "we do not contemplate another peace like that of 1763 or 1815," insisting that "England, France, and the United States cannot approach them (the Germans) clad in the shining armor of self-righteousness." There must be a just peace, he writes in July, 1917; "chicanery will avail naught. Vague generality and suspicion-breeding ambiguity will avail naught. There must be generosity and reality in our proposals. It must be no trick clumsily designed to deceive the German masses, but a confession of justice and a program that squares with German rights on the earth. It may be that we must rend the veil before we can see the light, but it shines nevertheless." A year later, July, 1918, we find him expounding the same doctrine. Unless there is a just peace "our share of glory may be sackcloth and ashes, our brimming cup of victory, gall and wormwood." In HARPER'S of October, 1918, he urged generous backing of the war loans.

When the War was done and the peace was signed Beard went to Europe to inspect the uncovered archives in Vienna, Berlin, and Petrograd—"to check up on my ignorance," he says. Then, in 1922, we find him lecturing at Dartmouth on the question of war guilt, and the book which resulted was the first general study of the question, sketching in the conclusions more fully documented by Sidney Fay in 1928.

In 1922 he had an invitation from Viscount Goto, the Mayor of Tokyo, to make a study of the municipal problems of his city, to draw up plans for the consolidation of Greater Tokyo and to assist in the organization of a Bureau of Mu-

nicipal Research in the Japanese capital. Beard accepted and made the study, which was published in Japanese and English. He returned to Connecticut in the fall of 1923, just as President Harding died and the city of Tokyo was wrecked by earthquake and fire. For the second time he was summoned by Viscount Goto, "Come and help us rebuild," and he returned to Japan to counsel the Viscount on the replanning of the city. Here he spent months conferring and speaking to all manner of groups, including many labor audiences. "Say whatever you like," said Goto. "If it is true it will do us good: if it is false it will do us no harm."

And again, in 1927-28, we find him off to Yugoslavia, studying the administrative organization of that hybrid nation, and publishing a book on that subject, encouraging critics to say—as critics will—"Beard dabbles."

At home Beard broke many lances with the witch hunters who were busy in the after-war days. He saved some of his choicest invective for the ill-starred Lusk bills of 1921, never losing his sense of humor. He reminded his readers how ineffective such repressive measures have always been. He cited the Bourbon decrees of 1754 which, far from silencing anyone, simply resulted in "an immense improvement in the versatility, allusiveness, satirical qualities, flexibility, and charm of French literature."

Again in 1925, when the State Department decided to silence Hungarian Count Michael Karolyi, Beard appeared at a dinner given by civil-liberties enthusiasts in New York, and recited the record of post-war repression by the American government. "During the past decade," said Beard, "officers of the Government of the United States have bullied and beaten citizens and aliens beyond the limits of decency. They have arrested persons without warrant, on gossip and suspicion. They have inflicted cruel and unusual punishments . . . entered houses and searched premises . . . without any shadow of justification or authority. . . . They have made wholesale

raids worthy of Huns and Cossacks. . . . And where have been the pillars of society—the bishops, the clergy, the college presidents, and the self-constituted guardians of American institutions? Where have been the great lawyers—the Erskines of America—ready to dare the wrath of kings and the stones of mobs and write immortal pages in the history of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence? Where have been the judges of the high courts? Echo answers: Where?”

Throughout these random articles and speeches of Beard's there was a running fire of political comment. When the Hoover Administration was dragging to a weary end Beard commented on “the intellectual bankruptcy of conservatism in the United States” and recalled other times when conservatives could speak in the “Cicero-Pitt-Burke-Webster-Choate-Spooner tradition . . . even opponents felt a sense of elevation and power in its presence.” But “now . . . since conservatives are lacking in flint, the radicals are also in a desperate plight themselves, for they have nothing on which to sharpen their blades. Our capacity for high enterprise seems palsied at a critical moment in our history and there appears to be no balm in Gilead.”

Charles Beard combines the zeal of the crusader with the sound instincts of a good horse-trader. Witness his bout with the Missouri Pacific Railroad in 1933. Beard owned bonds in that company. Interest fell due on March 1st. Beard did not send in his coupons until the following month. In the meantime the company collapsed. However, the Morgan firm had received the interest money with which to redeem the coupons. They could not pay, said the Morgans; they must await orders from the courts. “Preposterous,” Beard wrote the Morgans; “you have my money. Send it to me.” The Morgans did not accede—not then. So Beard was off to collect. He dug into the records of Missouri Pacific, into the operations of the Van Sweringen brothers, prepared an exhaustive statement, read it to the Senate's Com-

mittee on Interstate Commerce, and helped to persuade that committee to vote an investigation. Incidentally, Beard collected his interest money.

Beard has many enthusiasms. Chief among these is the full freedom of the teacher. When that freedom is attacked, there Beard's invective is robust. In the spring of 1935 the word spread that William Randolph Hearst proposed to capture the meeting of the National Education Association at Atlantic City, and to secure endorsement of the red-hunt to which he was currently devoted. The schoolmen were troubled. Many of them hold political posts. They can be reached by Mr. Hearst's papers. A committee turned to Beard and asked him to deal with Hearst. And Beard did. At the end of a routine report in the convention, Beard suddenly turned on the audience with as fierce an indictment of Hearst as ever had been uttered in America. At that a thousand delegates were on their feet, standing on their chairs, yelling their approval. Hearst's agents left, and the anti-red campaign in the schools waned from that hour.

Beard's devotion to the principle of academic liberty has been consistent. In 1936 he wrote the report for a group of university professors on the dismissal of Jerome Davis from the Yale faculty, reminding the Yale Corporation that “However comforting to university authorities may be the theory of power and insulation, they can hardly hope to maintain it in perfect purity and long-run practice. A wise Prince, as Machiavelli has pointed out, takes note of things in the plaza not less than in the palace.” In 1937, when Glenn Frank was let out of the Wisconsin presidency, Beard again registered his protest, suggesting that “they had not conducted the affair in a fashion calculated to give confidence in their judicial qualities or their ability to conduct an institution of learning.” In 1938 Beard appealed to the regents of the University of Minnesota to rescind their action of 1917 by which they stamped William A. Schaper with treason and se-

dition. He told them that it would take courage to correct the record, but that it would mean that "courage will be strengthened everywhere and for all time to come." They corrected the record.

It is impracticable to attempt a complete listing of the bouts in which Charles Beard has broken a lance. Nor is it easy to list the areas in which Beard has written. The subjects of his comment range widely. Whether it is the Navy, or the Supreme Court, or the Constitution, or President Roosevelt, or any other institution, Beard has said his word in print. To go back through the files is to be reminded how well Charles Beard's vagrant digressions stand up even on the yellowing paper of old magazines.

And while the listing is being done Charles Beard the farmer cannot be ignored. Perhaps, indeed, all the other things, including the history books, are the digressions, and Beard's real interest has been in cows and feed and milk. There are neighbors in Connecticut who tell about the professor who organized the producers of milk, and who was called upon by Governor Cross to settle a milk strike. So perhaps Charles Beard should be listed as a dairy farmer who writes books on the side.

IV

There is the story—apocryphal, if you will—that the President of Columbia University was asked in 1917, "Have you seen Beard's last book?" to which Mr. Butler replied, "I hope so."

The shelf of Charles Beard's books is crowded.

Before retirement from Columbia in 1917 he had written some ten books on English and European history, on American government and politics. He had compelled the critics, hostile and friendly, to take account of him.

Since 1917 Beard has written (either alone or in collaboration) at least twenty volumes. Some of these are textbooks. Beard, first and last, is a teacher. He has lively memories of his own sufferings at

the hands of awkward teachers who used lifeless textbooks, books which he describes as "as colorless as chalk." "The textbook evil," wrote Beard in reviewing another textbook in history, "is the great American academic disease, and, in the opinion of the present grumbler, the source of a great deal of our unimaginative sterility and general intellectual mediocrity." In writing texts for students—"in their day revolutionary, though they have been so widely imitated since that now they are typical rather than exceptional," says a professor in a Western university—Beard seeks to recast the scene which he describes, to people it with not only the major characters who held the center of the stage, but with those who walked in the shadows. His writing here, like all of his writing, is marked by the feeling that all life is flowing, fusing, and is never still: always moving from what it is to-day to what it to-morrow shall be.

In 1927, there appeared, as the joint work of Charles and Mary Beard, the two volumes of *The Rise of American Civilization*. There were few reviewers, historians or lay, who did not acclaim it. A few revived their charge that the Beards gave undue prominence to the economic factors, especially in their treatment of the Civil War. But the sound and rigorous scholarship, the brilliance and vigor of the writing beat down idle criticism; and the carking souls who contend that a best-seller necessarily must be trash or it wouldn't be a best-seller were silent for once. For the sales of the first two volumes of *The Rise of American Civilization*, in the various editions, exceeded one hundred and seventy-five thousand copies. (A third volume is being published this spring.)

Two volumes which evoked wide dissent are *The Idea of National Interest* and *The Open Door at Home*, both published in 1934. These volumes represent Beard's advice to the United States in days when the world seems intent upon suicide. They are variously dismissed as "isolationist," "fantastic," and

"craven," while to others they are a sober reading of the times by an astute and devoted lover of America.

Beard quotes Admiral Mahan: "Self-interest is not only a legitimate, but a fundamental cause for national policy: one which needs no cloak of hypocrisy . . . it is vain to expect governments to act continuously on any other ground than national interest." Beard works from that premise. The critics protest. Beard, they say, repudiates all the aspirations of internationalism. But Beard insists that the appeal to "moral obligation" by spokesmen for America, far from being a disinterested motive, is chiefly useful for domestic consumption, while foreign offices regard it as dubious, if not hypocritical. Beard finds adequate instance in American history in the arguments for the annexation of Samoa, Hawaii, and the Philippines. America, in a moralizing mood, finds justification for whatever course is deemed to serve its national interest.

Beard troubles the internationalists. He demands that you pick your internationalism with eyes open to motives and ends. If it is a trader's internationalism, then we have the internationalism of Cobden and Bright, the perfect tool of the British manufacturing classes of the middle of the 19th century. If it is industrial or agrarian internationalism intent upon markets—then look at India and Africa. But internationalism without "economic content . . . is pure sentiment and can furnish no realistic guidance for national policy." Such internationalism, insists Beard, "has failed and must fail to provide measures for bringing great technology into full use, assuring a high and continuous standard of life, and guaranteeing national security." Its failure is inevitable "because it does not correspond to the realities and practices of nations."

Come to, then, says Beard in effect; let us face the cold realities of international life. The traditional *laissez-faire* economics have broken down; imperialism as a way to either security or peace is

bankrupt; communism offers little promise for, like imperialism, it takes inadequate account of ethical and æsthetic values. Let us search out a system of values rooted in our own American tradition. Let us till our own rich vineyard, for the sake of our own security and stability, and, if you will, for the sake of the example set the world.

Whither then? "The supreme interest of the United States," says Beard, "is the creation and maintenance of a high standard of life for all its people and ways of industry conducive to the promotion of individual and social virtues within the frame of national security." To get it "there must be the utmost emancipation from dependence upon the course of international exchange." "No prudent family," Beard suggests, "deliberately places any large part of its property and economic concerns in the hands of distant and quarrelsome strangers who periodically set their houses on fire." Shall we trade? Yes, with cool caution. We will buy what we need, sell what we can spare. But we will use trade simply for the filling of the gaps in our own larder, not for national profit. The use of trade as a creator of profit inevitably "thrusts American private interests into the heart of other nations . . . spreads . . . provokes rivalries and conflicts . . . which cannot be defended." "Let us limit our trade in order to increase our security . . . the less trade, the less navy we require . . . the less risks we take." "The security and opulence of the United States can best be attained by the most efficient use of the material endowment of the nation and its technical arts; and, as a corollary, the least possible dependence on foreign imports."

If we will take this course, then the problem of national defense will be immensely simplified. No longer shall we create an Army and a Navy as "huckstering and drumming agencies for profit-seekers, promoters, and speculators, in the name of 'trade.'" We shall have a defense machine sufficient to assure "security of life for the American people in

their present geographical home." We shall forswear "aggressive economic and diplomatic actions in distant regions." We shall thus make war unlikely. We shall know that the advantages of such war are chimerical; the risks and losses, certain.

Beard hopes for a reordered American economic situation in which there will be "the greatest possible insulation of internal economy from the disruption of uncontrolled international transactions," in which "national resources shall be used in the development of a high standard of life for the American people." Beard, in his *Open Door at Home*, proposes machinery for achieving his ends. He proposes a Foreign Trade Corporation, within the State Department, equipped with "competent specialists in the physics and chemistry of commodities, in the distribution of the world's resources and industries, and in the present commodity movements of foreign exchange." This Corporation, or Authority, will have full power to control exports and imports directly and through license, with suitable checks upon performance. It will decide how much of each commodity we need. It will pick markets in which reciprocal advantages can be obtained. It will decide what and how much we can ship. It may achieve these ends through trade agreements and quotas, or it might conceivably manage the whole affair through readjusted tariff machinery.

"This is nationalism and isolation," is the charge most commonly leveled against Charles Beard. But Beard is not afraid of words. He points out that there is nationalism and nationalism. There is a predatory nationalism which devours in the name of its own myths and racial bigotries. There is another nationalism which would file the claws of such predatory forces. This nationalism Beard espouses, a nationalism which merges domestic and foreign policy, and exerts "positive control over the domestic forces responsible for outward thrusts of power." Isolation? Only so far "as may be necessary to make the most effec-

tive use of its own natural resources and technical talents, and offer to the outside world honest goods at a just price in exchange for commodities not efficiently produced at home."

This policy, Beard contends, does not run counter to "prudent and generous international collaboration. . . . It attacks the problem at the point where it may be attacked effectively with some prospect of success, namely, within the United States."

So Beard builds his doctrine. He is not afraid of prophecy, of the projection of faith. He simply sees an America in which opportunity might be realized and hopes redeemed.

V

The members of each craft must be certified by their fellows. Is Beard a historian? Unimpeachable authorities declare that he is not, that he is unreliable, that he is passionate, that he is impressionistic, that he doesn't belong. Is Beard an economist? He has written much about economics, but men with degrees and honors say, "We do not reckon him competent in our field." "No single reputable economist would go along with him." "The economists generally regard his economics as pretty weak." Is Beard then a political scientist? Here again he is "dogmatic," "lacking in a spirit of liberalism," "shows a lack of competence in handling materials," "Beard muddies the waters," "he has warmth which often degenerates into heat."

An eminent historian contributes this description: "Beard," he says, "is a curious compound of Indiana Populist, New York Marxian, and Crocean philosopher, and when one or the other of these impulses seizes the rein, he becomes quite untrustworthy. He is particularly dangerous when the pseudo-Marxian streak comes uppermost—for Marx never held such crude ideas of economic motivation as Beard frequently translates into historical exposition."

Still Beard carries the union card. He

is a member of the American Historical Association and of the American Political Science Association. He has been President of both associations, although it is hinted darkly that the young fellows in each worked his election while the elders nodded.

One explanation of the animus against Beard is that he has reviewed many books. Book-reviewing is dangerous, especially when done interestingly. Of one book he writes: "There is not a breath in these chaste pages." Of another author, "Occasionally he almost touches the fringe of reality." Still again, reviewing a very learned and heavy volume, he writes: "There is a chapter on political progress hot from the *Encyclopedia Britannica* and the *Statesman's Year Book*." Again, he reviews "a collection of papers mainly by eminent American professors who skirt ingeniously along the shores of academic unreality. . . ."

No wonder, then, that the criticism of Beard has a tumultuous quality. Harry D. Gideonse of the University of Chicago contributed a substantial paper to *The Journal of Political Economy*, calculated to expose Beard's errors in his *Charter for the Social Sciences* and *The Open Door at Home*. Phrases like "the hollowness of his rhetoric," "documentation is the least of this author's concerns," "the case rests on rhetoric and selected evidence," "vague generalities," reveal the earnestness of the dissent.

Theodore Clarke Smith of Williams, in an address before the historians' annual meeting in 1935, divided the historians into two camps. On the one hand there are those with "a noble dream," the producers of sound, scientific history; on the other there are those who by implication are unsound and unscientific. His hearers caught an implied reference to the previous presidential paper by Beard on "History as an Act of Faith."

So Beard's quarrel with the historians is joined. "I tell them," says Beard, "everyone writes at some time in some place, in some social milieu, from some

angle of vision, and according to some scheme of values.' . . . And they say to me," he continued, "'Beard, you are a damned theologian.' . . . But," says Beard, "I reply to them, 'I don't say you ought to write history on the basis of your assumptions—but I say you do.'"

There is the heart of the dispute. Beard has a riotous dislike of "the solemn and pompous deceptions of 'objective' history." When he read in Bancroft that "By calm meditation and friendly councils, they [the people] had prepared a Constitution," he took a train to Washington and spent months in the sub-cellar of the Treasury digging up the data on the bond-holdings of the men who signed the Constitution, and reconstructed the economic and social pattern of the signers. And then he looks over his fellow-historians—and himself—and concludes, "Man is a bundle of habitual assumptions, of things he takes for granted when he begins to discourse on human affairs."

If there has been reproach there has also been acclaim. "For thirty years," I am told, "teachers of government have journeyed thousands of miles to the annual meetings of the Political Science Association to see and hear . . . Charlie Beard. . . . No chairman of a program committee considers his arrangements . . . complete unless he has Beard's consent to give an address. . . . Leaders of round tables vie with one another to secure him as critic of their sessions . . . then after a cocksure pronouncement has been made . . . Beard takes the floor and opens his remarks with 'Now, let us examine the assumptions,' and the audience settles back . . . to watch the confusion of his opponents under his devastating logic and penetrating irony."

From one competent historian I have a letter largely given over to criticism of Charles Beard's emphasis and method, which ends in this rather wistful sentence, "But . . . what he does may be, I think, probably vastly more important than the contributions of the more strait-laced of us."

VI

"But Charles Beard^a makes mistakes." So his critics charge. And Beard throws back his head with gleaming laughter. "My dear sir," he says, "the explanation is clear . . . of course, I am a poor ignorant boob." Then he will go on to explain carefully what any historian should know without explanation: that the wisest know little about past events, and almost nothing about contemporary events.

He will illustrate his "sheer ignorance" out of his own experience. He will recount his experiences with the teaching of history, his studies in England and America, his conviction that he knew something of the forces which lay in the background when war broke in 1914, and then of his rude awakening.

"And then," he says, "I slowly awoke to my abysmal ignorance. . . . I learned what war could do. . . . I saw Columbia use the War to suppress men. . . . I saw the War used to silence leaders of all liberal movements. . . . I saw the freedom of the press trampled by gangs of spies, public and private. . . ." When the archives of Central Europe were opened he learned the full measure of his deception. "And then," says Beard, "I returned to American history and, working with Mary Beard, sought to inquire what we can do here to create an American civilization, determined to center my efforts on the promise of America rather than upon the fifty-century-old quarrels of Europe."

"Yes," admits Beard, "of the totality of things discussed knowingly by the Bright Boys, I am entirely ignorant."

THE HIDDEN VALLEY

BY CRAIG RICE

OUT there, beyond the willow on the hill
That drifts its leaves across the sky's far shore,
And the ground's smooth crest, shadowless and still,

Far beyond sight, past the horizon's door,
There lies the fairest valley, the valley unseen,
Hidden and unexplored forevermore.

There the long meadows are, golden and green;
There forest ferns lift wavering, feathered frond,
And little streams go shimmering, all unseen,

To slip into some secret, star-touched pond.
Brighter each blossom, and taller every tree,
The fairest valley is ever the valley beyond.

No foot shall ever touch, no eye shall ever see,
Ever the woods are silent, ever the air is still.
No one has ever been, no one shall ever be

In the valley beyond, never and never will,
Yet there it lies, else man shall dream no more,
Forever just beyond the willow on the hill.



SALVAGING CULTURE FOR THE WPA

BY MABEL S. ULRICH

THE WPA is more than three years old—a ripe age for a social experiment designed to run for six months—yet only the extremists of the Right and Left feel equal to judging it. Probably for a just evaluation we shall have to await some inspired accountant of the future. In that audit the dollar-and-cents costs will be the least important item. What will really matter will be his estimate of its effect on America's thought pattern.

Our grandchildren may perhaps regard the New Deal as the dying gasp of capitalism, a flash in the pan, or a sour mortgage they have inherited, but it is safe to predict that their thinking will bear some imprint of our WPA. Already the concept that the federal government owes every man and woman a job "adapted to his skill" is so deeply implanted in our national consciousness that it has changed the mores of millions more effectively than anything that has happened since the World War.

When WPA jobs were first created, backing the government's contention that "the maintaining of individual morale" was a federal responsibility, to the social-minded, the plan seemed an inspired alternative to the hated dole. But now, after three years, we are not so sure. We, better than most, know the enormity of the problem, we still believe in a work program, we admit the inevitability of mistakes; but we—some of us anyway—have come to doubt that this particular plan, while conceivably the best possible for a six months' emergency period,

has proved itself sound for indefinite continuance; in short, we believe that a drastic modification is now in order. As a first step it might not be amiss if those whose WPA dealings have been with the flesh-and-blood men and women for whom WPA was devised could be encouraged to speak their minds freely to the issuers of orders and bulletins whose remote control is guided by graphs and statistics.

Relief has now achieved the dignity of big business, and we are all stockholders. Yet after three years few "outsiders" know anything at all about the actual workings of the WPA labor projects they see all about them, and still less of those termed "cultural," although these are supposedly conserving and nourishing the arts our nation respects so much and understands so little.

This, then, is my frank apologia for so personal a story. For two and a half years I watched the experiment and struggled with it, first happily, then anxiously; accepted, and usually was able to laugh at its inefficiency and confusion; resented its sensitive response to the political barometer; saw apprehensively the emergence of an "unemployed caste" from its organized beneficiaries. Only when I was no longer permitted to do honest and efficient work did I resign. One experience is only one experience, but there is reason to believe that mine was typical of many others. Moreover one experience honestly set forth is sometimes more enlightening than many generalities.

II

Perhaps it was naïve to expect so much from a program so unprecedented and so huge. Certainly I was old enough, and had had enough experience with social ventures to have been a little skeptical. But the depression, like the War, had screwed up the emotions to an almost unbearable tension. If only one could do something about it! And then the government did, and the armistice seemed all but signed. So when Mr. G. came from Washington and unfolded the plan of salvaging white-collar workers caught in the wreckage my imagination took fire at once. (This was October, 1935.) Would I undertake to direct the work for writers in our State? I would indeed if I could be assured that politics would have no hand in the program. The Federal Administrator himself was committed on this point, I was told, and I needed no other authority. I had learned to trust Harry Hopkins long ago when we had both worked on another program. (Perhaps this is as good a place as any to state that no one then, or after, showed the slightest interest in my political background or my party leanings. Even when I confessed that afternoon that my 1932 vote had gone to Thomas not an eyebrow was raised.)

I signed my name and Mr. G. got right down to business. Could I collect two hundred and fifty writers from the State in ten days? Our State is the largest in the Middle West and is about fifty per cent agricultural. Was it possible, I wondered, that we could have that many mute inglorious authors? It didn't seem likely. But he was confident and, for all I knew, there might be hundreds hiding their frustrations on our farms and lurking unrecognized in our few cities. Wherever they were I would find them.

Something was said about forms and methods, then a little about the new kind of guide-book we were to produce—guides not at all like Baedekers, but rather source books that should gather together all the now unrelated facts of each State's

history, physical and social, its geography, its art, in short, everything that anyone, tourist or student, could possibly want to know for years to come. There wasn't much time to talk details, for, like all Washington's representatives I was destined to meet, Mr. G. was in a hurry to catch a train or a plane. But he left a mimeographed bulletin.

The next morning I went to the relief office to hunt through the files for the writers I was to interview. But they were either too modest or too fearful to classify themselves as such. A small handful confessed to having worked on newspapers, but that was all. In the end I added to these the cards of college and normal school graduates, teachers, and writers of advertising. Day after day now I interviewed these men and women, all of them genteelly shabby and obviously—almost too obviously—"educated"; all bore some earmarks of defeat, the younger ones defiantly, the older ones with bleak, downcast eyes or propitiatory smiles that were infinitely touching.

The stories they had to tell were much the same. I heard again and again of closed avenues of work and prolonged illnesses that had eaten up a lifetime's savings. But the extraordinary variety of types made of each recital a new tragedy. There were preachers, lawyers, executives, and editors mostly of country papers or small trade journals (older men these); there was a graduate from the University of Edinburgh and a Ph.D. from Munich, a girl from the Paris Sorbonne, a colored woman physician, and a writer of vaudeville skits; there was a publicity man whose salary "before his nervous breakdown" had been, he claimed, ten thousand dollars; there were salesmen and a man who had tried to be a gentleman farmer. The majority were middle-aged or older, and of the younger contingent most had graduated and married just prior to the depression. All had "written a little," usually adding, "not much published, you understand, but at college I used to get awfully good marks in English," or "I edited our school paper."

All who claimed newspaper experience I accepted at once, but it began to look as if such bona fide writers as the State possessed were either subsidized by relatives or making an adequate living. Before the interviewing was over our quota had been reduced a hundred from that first suggested, and it was tacitly conceded that for emergency purposes the designation *writer* might be interpreted with considerable latitude. I chose one hundred and twenty from the neediest and most promising, and praying that release from economic pressure would release talents as well, I assigned them to work.

The enthusiasm and excitement of those first weeks are still a thrilling memory. Offices were found and equipped overnight—equipped with secondhand kitchen tables, borrowed typewriters, and purloined paper and pencils, while requisitions for furniture and supplies ambled their way on underground paths which I found were as long and devious for a pencil as for a dozen steel files. I could respect the sublime detachment of governmental bookkeeping, but I could not wait for it. This was emergency relief, and every moment lost meant smaller first payments for my charges.

At first our administrative office was housed with those of the State WPA. This was an enormous help, for the State WPA'ers were already veterans in the art of unwinding red tape, and again and again they disentangled us. And there was plenty to baffle the novice. Forms, every one of whose rainbow hues had special significance, were no sooner memorized than discarded for a new group equally complicated; budgets were compiled and re-compiled for reasons we knew not of. ("Form 320 under which the project is now operating should be cancelled immediately.") Also from Washington came daily barrages—air-mail, telegrams, demands for immediate reports, but above all, of mimeographed bulletins of such numbers and imposing wordage that I soon learned to pass them to my secretary for a digest, with "if they have changed anything to-day tell me."

By the end of a few weeks many of the project workers were scarcely recognizable as the forlorn men and women I had first interviewed. Heads were raised, shoulders squared, eyes lost their haunting fear, smiles were no longer deprecating, new clothes were worn jauntily. What if it had cost taxpayers thousands? How compute human morale in terms of dollars? What if most of the "essays" turned in were either so "literary" or so ungrammatical that we despaired of using them; if the statistics of the research workers were often unverifiable? Give them time and they would learn, we said confidently. At that stage indeed little mattered except that hopeless men and women had found hope again. True, even then there were moments not so exalted, moments when psychopathic tendencies and personality problems demanded every ounce of tact we could command; but we charged them to the depression and waited hopefully. (The term psychopath is tabu in WPA. A worker may be a dipsomaniac, have delusions of persecution, or be a sexual pervert, but no WPA worker may be a psychopath even in a confidential letter to one's chief.)

III

We were now bending every energy to the writing of our State guide. Our project, like all the others, had been set up for only six months. We could count on funds to carry us through May 15th, but by that time the "emergency" would probably be over, and it behooved us not only to have completed a two hundred and fifty thousand word book, but all arrangements for its printing and distribution. (The present plan of using national publishers was not adopted until much later.) District and county offices throughout the State were combed for latent talent. Women with "an educational background" were lifted from sewing projects and men from highways and sent scurrying about their villages and waysides for "colorful tour material"; volunteers from historical societies and

high school boys and girls were inveigled into contributing local history, flora and fauna, folklore and racial customs, and all the other items in the prescribed table of contents, at that time far more elaborate than it afterward became. Thousands of words poured into the office almost daily. All had to be read, sorted, annotated, and filed, and copies mailed to Washington. Now we resigned all hope of finding writers and asked only for facts. But facts proved so often the wishful thinking of local patriots that each had to be checked and re-checked before we dared submit it to the Washington blue pencil.

In the federal office each subject in the table of contents had its reference authority and its editor. Of the federal editorial staff some had taught English, a few had worked for newspapers, others had written an occasional novel or short story. But very few had ever before been editors. This may have been unavoidable, since good editors are even rarer than good writers; but it complicated matters considerably for the States, especially as the editorial staff made up with enthusiasm for its lack of experience. All had a vital interest in proletarian warfare, a deep suspicion of chambers of commerce, distrusted all statements not found in their often outmoded source books, and were undoubtedly overworked. To their inexperience must be charged the false starts and many of the fantasies that drove many a State director to the verge of lunacy.

At first I did not dream how large a portion of our guide it was to be my destiny to write. I had appointed a quartet of State editors from non-relief, but unemployed, newspaper men who edited all copy before forwarding it. That the end product fell far short of Washington's and my own ideal I fully appreciated, but I still clung to the idea that the guides were to be written by those who were receiving federal money for doing so. Since this was the best they could do, I submitted it as such with but minor changes. Back it would come months

later accompanied by pages and pages of "editorial comment." Much of that early criticism we deserved and accepted cheerfully, but we were completely baffled by the tendency of all federal editors to regard us as inhabiting a region romantically different from any other in the country. "This is not unique to Minnesota. What we want are the customs and characteristics that differ sharply from those of any other State." "Send us a Minnesota dinner menu characteristic of those held in the State as a whole." "Your essay on racial customs lacks color. Surely there must be folk-dancing and Old World costumes to be observed." "You say you have no folklore other than Indian and Paul Bunyan. We advise that you interview prisoners in the penitentiary." When we protested mildly that we and our local advisers had firsthand knowledge of our State we were told that we were too near it to get a proper perspective. (I once in desperation asked the federal tour editor if she had ever been in Minnesota. "No," she answered blithely, "but I have been in Maine!")

Nevertheless, this romanticism of the Washington editorial mind, disconcerting as it often was, is probably responsible for most of the best writing in all the guides. The cry for "color," "vividness" that rose from every returned manuscript was bound to have an effect. I know it haunted all my waking hours, and at night I kept paper and pencil by my bed to jot down such "colorful" phrases as my troubled subconscious might evolve.

Next to color, the federal editors were concerned with adjectives. Was a view said to be beautiful? "This smacks of Chamber of Commerce rhetoric. Avoid the Sunday Feature type of writing." Did we dispassionately pronounce Lake Superior the largest inland body of water in the world? "This is local patriotism. Lake Baikal in Russia is much larger, as are many other lakes." But we had them there, for our authority had been the *Britannica*. Indeed, nothing was too trivial for the lynx eyes of Washington's

eager young men. They not only knew the rules of freshman English by heart, but they even knew the length of gophers' tails!

This they proved to us when we submitted a design for our guide cover with a tiny gopher in each lower corner. The cover was approved with the reservation that the gophers' tails were too long. To shorten them, I urged, would curtail the effectiveness of the design, adding that we had in our State two types of gophers, whose tails varied in length with the number of their stripes. "Not two," reproved Washington promptly, "but thirty-three species of this rodent have their habitat in the Mississippi Valley, the most familiar forms those with relatively short tails." This I found too delightful to ignore. I produced a description of the gopher case in our Natural History Museum, and was in turn referred to Funk and Wagnalls' dictionary, in which I should find "a picture illustrating a description of the animal." Regretfully I decided to bring this engaging controversy to an end and agreed to shorten the tails to conform to Funk and Wagnalls' standards. Washington, however, was not to be outdone in magnanimity and graciously replied, "We are not disposed to argue if your gophers actually have long tails," and permitted us to use our own judgment. But after all it didn't matter, for a change in plans denied us any choice of cover, and the design went to the project's limbo where it was soon joined by other ambitious but fruitless efforts.

The following spring I was appointed regional director for two neighboring States, and dispatched on a specific errand. The business satisfactorily accomplished, I awaited further commissions, highly gratified by my new honor and the slight increase of salary it brought. A few weeks later a young man entered my office and announced himself as regional director of what I had been informed was my territory. Neither I nor the State office had had word of any change. However, he was a pleasant young man and I

enjoyed to the full his fund of entertaining gossip. Weeks passed and the incident was repeated, but with quite another young man, and one quite as unfamiliar with our problems. Thereafter regional guidance ended for us while I was director, but I was never asked to surrender either honor or salary increase.

A detailed account of the evolution of any State guide would require a large volume and would be of interest only to the future historian of the experiment. But although much of it might make dull reading, the living of it was packed with excitement. Four times deadlines were set and frantically met; we would confidently await news of imminent publication only to be told that plans had changed, new instructions and a new wordage set up, another system of punctuation, abbreviations, and cross-indexing, a new tour form adopted. Maps were made and remade to conform with new specifications, sent, lost, and made again; photographs were approved, then disapproved, lost, new ones ordered. In the home office there was no time for boring routine. Quotas went up and down; personality problems churned up to the surface, were talked over with psychiatrists, and gingerly handled; chiselers were terminated and midnight telephone threats shrugged off; bored grievance committees protested rules over which I had no control; new work and sponsors had to be found for the now forty-odd writers, hardly any of whom could write in the fashion which sponsors demanded.

All other difficulties, however, were as nothing compared with the preparation of the tours. At an early stage we had been told to shift our emphasis from "source material" (essays) to descriptions of the State's main highways. Through a long process of experiment and change there finally emerged the present excellent form for automobile tours. The "main tours" follow U. S. highways; to those are suspended "side tours" following which the tourist may visit "points of interest" not on the U. S. routes. For our State this meant that 6,586 miles must

be traversed for "visual description" and the registering of mileage. (If you have never tried to check mileage with absolute accuracy, and at the same time note every crossroad, every landmark, not to mention the quality and quantity of the scenery, try it sometime.) For this task we had only three available cars, and the occasional loan of a fourth. Further complicating the situation was the almost unprecedented snowfall that blocked, then flooded hundreds of miles of highway until late in spring. Somehow or other we did it, but before we attained a passing mark the tours had been rewritten eight times, many of the routes had been retraveled twice or more, and I had learned to respect our tour editor as the most doggedly patient man I had ever met. Fortunately comedy was never far distant, and one of my fondest WPA memories is that of the eleven members of the S. family checking tours with the aid of one tent and one old sedan.

Mr. S. was the proud possessor of nine children, a serious-minded wife advisedly concerned with child psychology, a master's degree, and the third of the project's cars. I was in immediate need of certain tour information, and I asked him to take a week and get it for me. He was to receive the usual allowance for car expenses, and he suggested that his wife go with him for a holiday, assuring me that the grandmother would care for the children. Since he had no money and WPA no provision for advancing any, I loaned him a hundred dollars and dismissed him with many instructions, a marked map, and my blessing. Ten days passed with no sign from him. Then came a telegram from a town not more than halfway, stating that they were held up for funds for gas and food. With the money order went the demand that he hurry back as soon as possible. Nothing more was heard from the couple for many days. When they finally reappeared both were aglow with delight in their expedition. They brought with them reams of loose notes that we were still deciphering and rechecking weeks

later, and dozens of snapshots. The pictures showed nine children posed en route in sundry acts, but usually solemnly viewing a "point of interest." Sometimes they were grouped about a tent. The mother, beaming with maternal pride, assured me that this had been the greatest educational experience in the lives of her brood; not only had they learned first-hand—"the only true pedagogical method"—the history and geography of our great State, but they had gained resourcefulness; for every night they helped with the tent! After all, who knows? Perhaps time will prove that it is these unplanned by-products of WPA which in the end will pay the largest dividends.

But the writing of guide books was not the real reason for this emergency experiment. As everyone knows, they were merely the means whose end was the providing of writers on relief with congenial employment. What the experiment has done to the writers themselves is vastly more interesting and significant than the work they are ostensibly producing.

IV

No feature of the nation's relief program was so dramatic and appealing as the proposal to "maintain morale and skills" of the professions and artists. In November, 1935, thousands accepted their assignments to the "cultural projects" stammering their incredulity and gratitude and fell upon their tasks with almost embarrassing zeal. What if it were for only six months? By that time they would surely get work "outside." By the summer of 1938 the "morale and skills" of some seven hundred thousand throughout the country had presumably been saved, but now there was slight trace of either zeal or gratitude, and to the personnel had been added hundreds of untried youngsters, freshly graduated boys and girls from high schools and colleges, to whom these projects were more like post-graduate courses than jobs, snap courses that demanded little talent or

aptitude, yet offered tangible rewards in dollars and cents. (For only twenty-five hours of "made work" you got more pay than hard-boiled corporations would give you the first year for forty of real work!) Of maintaining "morale and skills" no more was heard, nor of gratitude, for that matter. For now the conviction was fairly general that practically any "educated" person who thought it would be nice to write or paint or act or make music had an inalienable right to do so at the government's expense, always provided of course he could get on relief. That was still not too easy, although if you knew the ropes there was usually a way. A lot depended on your investigator. True, only one member of a family could work on WPA, but the old man might give up his job on the park project and let you get on the writers' instead.

But it was not only the influx of youth that changed the workers' ideology. An even more significant change had been effected by the Workers Alliance. When hundreds of scattered WPA unions united to form a national organization thousands of bored and grievance-nursing relievers found both comfort and confidence. The most articulate became leaders. When solos became choruses Washington's ear grew increasingly sensitive, and then it was not surprising that confidence advanced to arrogance—most comforting of all inferiority's rationalizations.

For almost two years our little writers' project operated with no labor friction at all. (It is significant that in our third largest city where the unit refused to unionize, the group to a man remained consistently loyal to their work and to their director.) When the first union was organized the members who joined it did so largely because it promised to provide a clearing-house for literary markets, agents, job possibilities, and the like. I was delighted with the idea and secretly hoped that a common purpose might finally banish the fear that still kept many jittery. By this time most of the writers

knew, or suspected, that they were hopelessly unfitted for the writing of a guide book, and many lived in constant fear of being dropped back into the abyss of city relief. I vividly recall the melodramatic pronouncement of a lanky one-time police reporter. He never surrendered his gun-permit and wore a pistol like a decoration. "Fear stalks in our midst!" he blazed at me one day, glowering from under his bushy eyebrows. "Fear of what?" I asked, trying to be casual and not think of the director who it was recently reported had been shot by a worker. "Fear of you! You hold our lives in your hands!" And to a degree it was true. I, who all my life had dreaded and resented power above everything, now found myself in a position where I had merely to sign a slip, a "403," and an entire family might be plunged into despair again. I couldn't sign it. There were almost no other white-collar projects in those days, quotas were inflexible and always filled; if I discharged a writer his only alternative was city relief. Nevertheless the conflict gave me no peace. You cannot spend years in an atmosphere of science without developing a conscience for standards. Again and again when paragraphs innocent of either grammar or factual accuracy came to my desk I sent for their author, grimly determined to down all softness. But one glance at his frightened eyes, and grammar's significance faded before the human need I saw there. "This is primarily relief," I rationalized, "and it isn't as if there were any real writers waiting for his job." That there were "real" writers who needed help I knew from manuscripts and letters that came to me; but these had managed to avoid public charity, and the number of "non-relievers" I was permitted to help constantly contracted.

So, like many another director, I faced the fact that not more than ten per cent of the relievers classified as writers could by any stretch of the imagination justify their claim. (This situation was not unique to the writers' project. Directors

of the other "cultural projects" have frankly admitted that this estimate is approximately true of their groups, and there is reason to believe that an honest survey would show that ninety per cent of the relief employees have contributed little or nothing to those artistic accomplishments most often publicized.) But if skill and aptitude proved too often absent, there was no disputing the reality of spiritual and physical need. It was some time before I realized that nothing—not even relief—is so destructive to the very morale we were supposed to save as continued payment for work recognized to have no value. So I continued to sign the bi-monthly payrolls while I struggled to find assignments to conform with abilities. Terminations were made only for chronic chiseling or drunkenness.

Fear receded but boredom took its place. After all there is little inspiration in made work, especially if you suspect that it will be used mainly to keep a filing clerk busy. The complaint was raised that there was no opportunity for creative writing, and the federal office responded with the announcement that it would publish a magazine to which all WPA writers were urged to contribute. Hopefully I started a creative-writing class with a teacher of considerable reputation as a literary midwife. The idea met with mild enthusiasm, but the attendance soon dropped to two—the reason given was that the hour was perforce three-thirty, when the work day was over and they wanted to go home. When the magazine's appearance was repeatedly postponed they smiled derisively, and when it proved to be another of Washington's still-born children, they felt completely vindicated. Next a social agency started a radio-script writing contest, and I hunted up books in the library and urged the opportunities of a yet uncrowded field. But only one read the books and only one submitted a script. It was obvious at last that as even a potential means of livelihood writing offered little hope or interest—an inference further borne out by the fact that only one

of those who left for "real" work returned to his alleged profession.

But bored or not, work they must, and now that the "leg-work" for the guide was completed a new activity had to be found. This time I was determined it should have the dignity of wanted work. The problem seemed solved when a federal land bank expressed a desire for a statistical survey of farmlands, and agreed to publish and distribute such studies if we would limit them to specified subjects and periods of time. The detailed plan with the imposed conditions was submitted to the federal director and promptly approved. With renewed interest the writers dug into columns of statistics gathered from every authoritative source. By the end of six months thirty-nine of these studies, checked and rechecked dozens of times, were completed and sent to Washington with a prayer for their immediate release for publication. Three months passed during which twenty more counties were similarly surveyed, while the original group remained undigested in the Washington maw. Then the blow fell. The federal office denied us permission to publish on the ground that our studies were not sufficiently comprehensive. Whether this contention was justifiable or not is beside the question. I suspect it may have been. But the tragedy was that for nine months forty-odd persons had bent their best efforts on work approved by the authorities—had done a good job, followed all the rules—and now they had to be told that as far as results were concerned they might just as well have sat twiddling their thumbs. Quite naturally several blamed me, and the sense of the futility of made work deepened. The stage was set for the entrance of the Workers Alliance's communists.

From the first I had steadfastly adhered to the policy that the political faith of applicants was in no sense the concern of the director. Only rarely did I learn to what party a writer belonged. If, as happened with growing frequency, I was told he was a communist the knowledge

disturbed me not at all. On the whole I was inclined to welcome communist truculence as a healthier symptom than the apathy that had descended on so many. There was for example the case of Miss L. One of our youngest and most experienced typists, this girl had joined the project in its early days and was a problem merely because of her persistent aloofness and disdain of all the rest of us. The child of an Indian mother and a Jewish father, she seemed to have inherited a slumbering protest against the world at large and her own existence in it. I was wholly unprepared when a local supervisor demanded her immediate dismissal on the ground that she was organizing the sewing women during WPA hours, threatened to call a strike, and that as a "violent communist" she was a menace to the entire city! I talked to her, and although it was evident that she despised me as a weak-kneed bourgeoisie, I won her promise to be "good" and moved her to my office. In time I induced her to open up a little. To most subjects she maintained a rigid resistance impossible to combat, but once launched on the topic of social injustice, this bored, colorless little typist became the flaming reincarnation of all the revolutionary women of history. There came a day when she was missing from her desk. I knew she lived alone and, fearing she was ill, I called at her dingy lodging-house. Miss L. had thrown over her WPA salary to volunteer as typist for striking comrades! But all of this was before Earl Browder came to our city to expound the policy of boring from within, and urged all communists to join the Farmer-Labor party. It was also before the Workers Alliance had begun to dream of a national destiny.

V

In the spring of 1937 WPA quotas were cut, and we were ordered to return sixteen writers to relief. I summoned the union's grievance committee, and with no dissension we agreed upon the workers to be terminated. When other proj-

ect unions raised a storm of protest that overflowed the State labor office for days, our writers were conspicuous for their quiet. But for the purposes of the Workers Alliance, now largely controlled by communist officials, tranquillity was far from an admirable state. Ours, had I known it, was then and there marked for a speedy end.

To several of our workers, 1937's anticipated prosperity brought opportunities for outside work; their places were speedily filled by others, most of whom gradually emerged as communists. Soon the union gave signs of new life. Heretofore only a small majority had been members, and of these so few attended meetings that often it had been hard to get a quorum. But now, with the aid of the newcomers, a communist president was elected, and one who had no taste for passive roles. A vain little man, whose methods and speech were those of a minor labor agitator, he relied on swagger and bluster to compensate for his small stature and social failure. He had got on the project through a devious route, and he was to be dismissed later for a gross violation of the WPA code. But for a time, even while many resented him, he injected a new flavor into the daily routine that for too many had become monotonous and juiceless. "No one's job is safe," he bellowed; "she rewrites your copy, doesn't she?" And his reiterated jibes, threats, and promises gradually awakened memories of fancied snubs, of talents unappreciated, of the dreary work on farm figures never used. Long-cherished resentments found blessed release. But for grievances to thrive they must be fed. His influence began to wane and he desperately needed a specific issue. He found it when two union writers were transferred to other projects.

Last spring new white-collar projects were opened up at about the same time that two or three actual writers went on relief and made application to us. Here was my first opportunity to start rebuilding our organization into something approaching its original ideal and without

the ugly necessity of forcing anyone back on relief. All manuscripts were now carefully reviewed first by my editors and then by me. In unanimous agreement we selected the most hopelessly incompetent, and I took the list to the State labor office with the request that they be assigned to other work as vacancies became available. The first two thus transferred, although union members, were so obviously unequal to their tasks that there would have been no thought of protest had not the president learned through the communist grapevine that his name was next on the list. (Communist and Workers Alliance espionage was known to exist in many a WPA office, and most administrators had had to learn from experience to be on constant guard against it.) A communist caucus was followed by a union meeting, and after several hours of violent haranguing the president induced a small exhausted majority to threaten a strike and forward the threat to Washington. Thus began a wrangle that continued for weeks, and which, while never reaching the dignity of a strike, was to end for the project in general demoralization, for me in a new realization of the communist credo.

Yet at the start the matter was so trivial that it could never have attained serious proportions had it not been for Washington's interference. I had seen with misgivings the changes two years had brought in the relief workers' psychology. I was now to see with even greater misgivings, that the federal psychology had undergone quite as great a change. In the course of our existence two or three writers had been discharged, had carried their protests to congressmen, who in turn had referred them to the federal administrator, who had in no instance failed to uphold my authority over the personnel. There had been WPA strikes of considerable magnitude in our State, all of which our State administrator had been permitted to settle without federal interference. In this instance two incompetent writers had been transferred to other work with the backing of the entire State

office. Yet now the federal office ignored my letter and the State's official recommendation, and wired the union the assurance of an immediate investigation. The investigator came, interviewed everybody, saw the manuscripts of the transferred, and attested to their unfitness. The federal director's only comment was a wired command that no further transfers be made—forgetting no doubt that the labor office alone had authority for such an order. (I had no sooner left the project than at the demand of the Workers Alliance, both of these officially admitted incompetents were reestablished as "writers.") Weeks later, when a regional officer urged that I reconsider my decision to resign, the subject came up once more. "Why," I asked, "did Washington show such bad manners and surprising concern over a merely threatened strike of twelve insignificant, self-styled writers?" "Did they not belong to the Workers Alliance?" was the frank reply. But by then Victor Christgau had been ousted, and I was no longer capable of surprise.

Victor Christgau was appointed WPA State administrator in June, 1935. Three years later the combined efforts of Governor Benson and the Workers Alliance succeeded in forcing his resignation. A young liberal with an agricultural background, Christgau had demonstrated his clear-headedness and social sensitiveness in Congress and in AAA. But although during his three years he directed the expenditure of one hundred million dollars so honestly that the most meticulous search failed to find even a suggestion of irregularity or favoritism, and although the regional officers among themselves voted him their most efficient and dependable administrator, Benson didn't like him. It may have been a chemical incompatibility, but most people believed that the Governor's distaste had more to do with the administrator's consistent refusal to allow politics to influence his WPA appointments. But whatever the cause, Benson was frequently quoted as saying that he would rather get rid of

Christgau than be reelected Governor. (It is well he felt that way about it, for it was about the only comfort left to him after November 8th.)

We all knew that on our Governor's frequent trips to Washington he invariably pleaded for a new administrator. But we knew too that Christgau's record was unchallengeable, and we had complete confidence in Mr. Hopkins' sales resistance to political peddlers. But Governor Benson was not one to be discouraged by rebuffs. By the spring of 1938 the Workers Alliance was firmly entrenched in the Governor's camp. Now the word was passed to all its branches that "Christgau is unfriendly to labor." To this threadbare cliché the workers responded as was expected, disregarding the fact that it had been through their chief's efforts that their WPA wages were the highest of any outside of New York. Again and again I asked members of the Alliance to mention one instance in support of their charge, but not one was ever forthcoming. "Benson and Chester Watson say so" was enough. Now the Workers Alliance added its thousands of voices to the Governor's. And now Mr. Hopkins listened. Summoned to Washington, Mr. Christgau was urged to resign and promised a "better" job in the capital. He indignantly rejected both suggestions.

When the rumor reached the State office it was met with stunned incredulity. Then as the news spread, from Democrats, Republicans, Farmer-laborites, mayors and other officials—pro- and anti-New Deal alike—went twenty-five thousand telegrams. But it was too late. Benson returned in triumph, the Workers Alliance boasted loudly of another victory, a new man took over Christgau's office. Why Mr. Hopkins yielded to the pressure of a political machine already threatened is anyone's guess. No charges have ever been preferred against Christgau other than "he didn't get along with the State administration." But whatever the inducement, it is safe to say that Washington underestimated the cost of its bar-

gain. Thousands of all three political parties felt a sense of personal betrayal. Grimly discarding party lines, these now threw their support to the young Republican, Harold Stassen, and on November 8th contributed generously to the making of his gubernatorial majority the largest the State had ever seen.

On the day the new administrator arrived, I announced my resignation to him and his assistants. From the beginning I had clung to the belief that time and Mr. Hopkins together would bring order to the WPA chaos. I still believed in a work program, but with the collapse of faith in its disinterested leadership went my last hope of a writers' project in our State that intelligence or even pity could justify. When my resignation went to Washington I sent with it a letter calling attention again to the scarcity of writers on relief and urging that in the interests of individual no less than project morale, all who had neither professional pasts nor had proved their aptitude be transferred to other white-collar projects. Washington's reply was a telegraphed order to take on forty additional persons.

VI

As I write, rumors are rising from various quarters that Congress contemplates a drastic change in WPA organization. It is devoutly to be hoped that if this happens more than cursory attention will be given the "cultural" projects, whose influence on public taste, prestige, and top salaries gives them greater significance than is suggested by their relatively small payrolls.

The majority of informed persons are now agreed, I think, that some manner of government subsidy is inevitable if American art is to continue in the virile and hopeful direction it chose early in the century. But before we accept WPA as our more or less permanent agent of culture, surely a careful examination of its three-year-old methods and results is in order. Most glaring of its weaknesses is its lack of established standards of work. This

brings us at once to the menace of a personnel controlled by the Workers Alliance. Already in not a few units qualifications for admission are more likely to be dictated by the happy chance of relatives or friends high in Alliance favor than by skill. But long before this began to happen it was clear that the coupling of art with relief could produce only confusion. That anyone should be forced to go on relief in order to work is bad enough, but when the rule applies to a painter, a writer, a musician, or an actor whose claims are substantiated by accomplishment, it gives rise to a fantastic situation. When to this humiliating condition is added a system of fixed quotas determined from relief statistics on which talents have no bearing, there is no possible way of upholding art standards. Lowering of standards is further encouraged when, as now, the talented and trained are paid for important work practically the same wage as is the mere dabbler.

I suggest, therefore, that the first step in revision should be the permanent removal of the cultural projects from the relief stipulation. Federal help should then be granted all artists of proved ability and only those who require such aid. This help might well be temporary in

character, and extended only when justified by the quality of the accomplished assignment, as adjudged by juries who must be free from any connection with the government, the worker, or a union. If it be impossible, as is probable, to pay the artist according to the worth of his production, payments should be adjusted to his actual needs, and not as now, a flat rate whereby a man with many dependents receives no more than a man who has none.

Obviously such a plan would eliminate tap-dancers, letterers, mouth-organ tyros, and would-be writers from art projects. But I see no reason why these should not be assigned to projects made for them; only let us not call them "cultural." The greatest benefit of some such revision would accrue to the arts themselves, for they would be immediately rescued from the adulterating process now going on in all localities wherever imitation art is given government sanction; WPA would acquire, at no increased expense, the work of many excellent artists who prefer the threat of hunger to public relief; thousands of young people now rejoicing in the ease and prestige the cultural projects provide them would be forced once again to face reality.





One Man's Meat

By E. B. WHITE



A SCHOOLTEACHER in a suburb of Detroit writes to this department: "Ten years ago I dreamed of becoming a power in the educational world. Now I dream only when I eat hamburgers before retiring. . . . I don't care to change places with anyone, but I do envy the guy who can make a living by telling what he thinks and sees."

Her dreams, I would imagine, are no deader than most people's, and her envy no more seriously misplaced. Old dreams are troublesome, in their hamburger stage. It would be hard to say who is a power in the educational world anyway. The teacher who manages to slip in a word here and there, a fragment of her own dream, is probably as great a power as anybody—certainly greater than the university president whose chief tasks are raising money and keeping peace with the alumni and the coaches. Everyone can remember the teachers who were a power in his life. One was powerful (to me) because of the way she read an English ballad, another because of the way she looked when she played the piano for us to march into assembly, another because of a certain dry and positive behavior while leading me by the hand through the long treacherous corridors of an English sentence. These teachers undoubtedly all nursed old dreams, felt mild indigestion at bedtime, wondered how they would live through another day with their callow disciples, and berated themselves for not earning a living in a pleasanter way—by writing, for instance.

The business of making a living by telling what one thinks and sees undoubtedly seems just a step this side of Paradise. There are days when it isn't bad. But the schoolteacher who writes from Michi-

gan obviously knows nothing about the days when the sum of one's thoughts can be expressed in three asterisks, and when the things one sees fail to cohere but spread out in the mind like a drop of gasoline in a wave. There is always the living to be made, asterisks or no asterisks. I will cheerfully swap a day of this sort for a week in the classroom of a suburban school.

A person who writes of this and that stands in the same relation to his world as a drama critic to the theater. He is full of free tickets and implied obligations. He can't watch the show just for the fun of it. And watching the show just for the fun of it, once that privilege is forfeited, begins to seem like the greatest privilege there is. The next time my Michigan correspondent is visited by a Thought, or stands in the presence of a Sight, she should give thanks that she can stay right there and doesn't have to grab her hat and sneak up life's dark aisle to a waiting typewriter.

In her letter she recites the long list of duties and chores which belong to teaching. At that I think she gets off easier than a teacher in the country school where we have a third-grade scholar in attendance. I have an increasing admiration for this lady. She not only undertakes to instruct her charges in all the subjects of the first three grades, but she manages to function quietly and effectively as a guardian of their health, their clothes, their habits, their mothers, and their snowball engagements. She has been doing this sort of Augean task for twenty years, and is both kind and wise. She cooks for the children on the stove that heats the room, and she can cool their passions or warm their soup with equal competence. She conceives their costumes,

cleans up their messes, and shares their confidences. My boy already regards his teacher as his great friend, and I think tells her a great deal more than he tells us. Power may not be the word for this, but it is not far off.

The shift from city school to country school was something we worried about quietly all last summer. I have always rather favored public school over private school, if only because in public school you meet a greater variety of children. This bias of mine, I suspect, is partly an attempt to justify my own past (I never knew anything but public schools) and partly an involuntary defense against getting kicked in the shins by a young ceramist on his way to the kiln. My wife was unacquainted with public schools, never having been exposed (in her early life) to anything more public than the washroom of Miss Winsor's. Regardless of our backgrounds, we both knew that the change in schools was something that concerned not us but the scholar himself. We hoped it would work out all right. In New York our son went to a medium-priced private institution with semi-progressive ideas of education, and modern plumbing. He learned fast, kept well, and we were satisfied. It was an electric, colorful, regimented existence with moments of pleasurable pause and giddy incident. The day the Christmas angel fainted and had to be carried out by one of the Wise Men was educational in the highest sense of the term. Our scholar gave imitations of it around the house for weeks afterward, and I doubt if it ever goes completely out of his mind.

His days were rich in formal experience. Wearing overalls and an old sweater (the accepted uniform of the private seminary), he sallied forth at morn accompanied by a nurse or a parent and walked (or was pulled) two blocks to a corner where the school bus made a flag stop. This flashy vehicle was as punctual as death: seeing us waiting at the cold curb, it would sweep to a halt, open its mouth, suck the boy in, and spring away with an angry growl. It was a good deal

like a train picking up a bag of mail. At school the scholar was worked on for six or seven hours by half a dozen teachers and a nurse, and was revived on orange juice in mid-morning. In a cinder court he played games supervised by an athletic instructor, and in a cafeteria he ate lunch worked out by a dietitian. He soon learned to read with gratifying facility and discernment and to make Indian weapons of a semi-deadly nature. Whenever one of his classmates fell low of a fever the news was put on the wires and there were breathless 'phone calls to physicians, discussing periods of incubation and allied magic.

In the country all one can say is that the situation is different, and somehow more casual. Dressed in corduroys, sweatshirt, and short rubber boots, and carrying a tin dinner-pail, our scholar departs at crack of dawn for the village school, two and a half miles down the road, next to the cemetery. When the road is open and the car will start, he makes the journey by motor, courtesy of his old man. When the snow is deep or the motor is dead or both, he makes it on the hoof. In the afternoon he walks or hitches all or part of the way home in fair weather, gets transported in foul. The schoolhouse is a two-room frame building, bungalow type, shingles stained a burnt brown with weather-resistant stain. It has a chemical toilet in the basement and two teachers above stairs. One takes the first three grades, the other the fourth, fifth, and sixth. They have little or no time for individual instruction, and no time at all for the esoteric. They teach what they know themselves, just as fast and as hard as they can manage. The pupils sit still at their desks in class, and do their milling around outdoors during recess.

There is no supervised play. They play cops and robbers (only they call it "Jail") and throw things at one another—snowballs in winter, rose hips in fall. It seems to satisfy them. They also construct darts, pinwheels, and "pick-up sticks" (jackstraws), and the school itself

does a brisk trade in penny candy, which is for sale right in the classroom and which contains "surprises." The most highly prized surprise is a fake cigarette, made of cardboard, fiendishly lifelike.

The memory of how apprehensive we were at the beginning is still strong. The boy was nervous about the change too. The tension, on that first fair morning in September when we drove him to school, almost blew the windows out of the sedan. And when later we picked him up on the road, wandering along with his little blue lunch-pail, and got his laconic report "All right" in answer to our inquiry about how the day had gone, our relief was vast. Now, after almost a year of it, the only difference we can discover in the two school experiences is that in the country he sleeps better at night—and *that* probably is more the air than the education. When grilled on the subject of school-in-country *vs.* school-in-city, he replied that the chief difference is that the day seems to go so much quicker in the country. "Just like lightning," he reported.



IT IS just a year ago as I write this that I made my spring visit to Peter Henderson in Cortlandt Street, home of Convolvulus Major and the early pea. I bought nineteen dollars' worth of seeds, flower and vegetable. It took the clerk almost an hour, opening and shutting the white drawers, to fish them out; together we studied the list, checked it for errors. Carrying the bundle home in the subway, I was struck with how heavy the seeds were—they weighed as much as a time bomb.

A negro came into the seed store while I was there. He was in clericals and seemed to be quite a fellow. "Give a penny to de Lawd!" he cried, addressing no one in particular. "Give a penny to de Lawd, who makes all dese wonderful seeds to jeminate!" He was a slick one and got a pretty good haul. I put all my money, however, into direct cultivation—the seeds themselves. They did well enough, and we are still eating them out of jars.

Now we're in New York again, for a visit, not just to consult with Peter Henderson but to get back into the good graces of the dentist and to catch up with the theater. I suppose there is no reason for not going to the dentist in the country, but teeth are like sunken reefs: you feel better about them if they are gone over by someone who possesses what the pilot book calls "local knowledge," someone who's been over them before. Also, dentistry is more impressive in town—what the rural man calls cleaning the teeth is called "prophylaxis" in New York.

Quite apart from teeth and dramaturgy and seed buying, it is necessary to come up to the town after a long spell in the country, for a period of privacy and rest. I don't get enough sleep in the country, as the days are too short for my enterprises, with the result that I rise early, go to bed late, and in general prolong the waking hours. And of course there is no privacy in rural surroundings, where a man can't even blow his nose without exciting the community. I thought at first I was going to mind this limelight terribly, this being stared at: the men working on the road, looking up, watching, the men in front of the store, in dooryards, old men coming in through the dusk with an armful of stovewood, stopping in their tracks to watch the car go by, women tending the hens, everywhere the fixed eye. I discovered, however, that the situation was instantly relieved as soon as I acquired the knack of staring back. You've got to stare back. Besides, after you've lived in the country a while you learn that keeping track of the comings and goings of one's friends and neighbors is a very sensible thing indeed, and that it cannot be set down to idle curiosity. Not a car or team passes my door now but what I look up, check its speed and direction, identify the driver if possible, and guess the errand. This isn't mere gossip hunting, it is a valuable personal intelligence service. I used to waste hours of time hunting up people who, if I'd used my eyes and ears, I should have known were

some place else. It's like war: you've got to have a map with pins. The location of the mail truck, the progress of the snow plow, the whereabouts of the expressman and the fish peddler—such information becomes vastly important. I find that keeping abreast of my neighbors' affairs has increased, not diminished, my human sympathies (if any); and when I get up in the morning and spy one man heading south on foot with a dog and shotgun, and another heading north with a sick child in a blue coupé, the pattern of the day becomes clear and I can conduct my own affairs more wisely and usefully than if I lacked that knowledge. Of course one's horizon tends to close in: in New York I rise and scan Europe in the *Times*; in the country I get up and look at the thermometer—a thoroughly self-contained point of view which, if it could infect everybody everywhere, would I am sure be the most salutary thing that could now happen to the world. My isolation is shortlived, however. An hour later I stop by the store to buy a package of soap chips and I hear the radio telling me the temperature in Providence, Rhode Island. Immediately the shell of my comfortable little world is rudely shattered and I shudder in sympathetic response to Rhode Island's raw mercurial destiny.




THERE was a time when only God could make a tree, but now John D. Rockefeller Jr. can do it too. Our visit to New York happens to coincide with the arrival of the great elms along Fifth Avenue, those lovely seventy-foot trees which are springing full grown from the pavement in front of Radio City. I at-


tended the first of the eight miracles and felt like a character in the Old Testament. Nelson Rockefeller was there wearing rubbers (although it was a dry night) and carrying a brief case. The last time I had seen him was at a groundbreaking, when Radio City was still a blueprint. He looked unchanged by the years (I hastily wondered if I did too) but was less camera-shy and more poised, now that the buildings were there, throwing their majestic weight in support of the whole visionary idea. The elm itself, at first horizontal on a truck, lay as though dead, but soon managed, with the help of a winch, to sit bolt upright and look around. Mr. Rockefeller leapt easily to the bole of earth, and the photographers lay down on their backs on the sidewalk for the angle shot which was to distinguish their art. It was the first time I had ever seen a man lie down on Fifth Avenue, although I once saw a fellow down in a fit.

A woman, passing, seeing that somebody was up to the prank of setting out a tree in the shopping district, remarked that she thought it was a mighty silly thing, a tree. "What do they want a tree for?" she said. "It will just be in the way."

I think elm-birth is the prettiest fairy tale in the city's wonderbook, for the big trees are delivered at night, when earth hangs down away from the light and fowls are stirring on their roosts. In all the long swing of time there has never been a fortnight such as this—these midnights when late strolling citizens come suddenly on a giant elm, arriving furtively in the marketplace and sliding into position for early risers to discover on their way to work.



The Easy Chair



G. & S. PREFERRED

BY BERNARD DeVOTO

EARLIER visits of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company have found the American press committed to the theorem that the authorized version of Gilbert and Sullivan has no kind of fault or flaw. This year, however, the tradition of colonial piety has been broken. Is it necessary, the newspapers have been asking, is it even desirable to play the Savoy Operas as if they were canonical ceremonies? Well, it is neither necessary nor desirable, and that being established, the newspapers might well inquire further. The D'Oyly Carte Company's female chorus could stand banting; if something were done to modernize those figures, to diminish the uncompromising *floradoraisme* of the girls, the productions would be more agreeable to the eye. They would appeal more to the ear if certain principal voices, once no doubt excellent but now worn out, could be pensioned off or at least left in London.

If such heresies as these were hinted in print, criticism might be emboldened to demand some editing of the texts. There are parts of Sullivan that could be cut as advantageously as parts of Wagner can be. There are parts of Gilbert that could be improved by the vigorous use of a blue pencil. Unless the operas really are a kind of Victorian high mass, which liturgical parodies in the scores deny, they can stand renovation. If they do not get it soon swing versions, one of which is already ominously successful, are likely to triumph. The D'Oyly Carte productions poise one precariously be-

tween the pain that is all but a pleasure and the pleasure that's all but pain. That was not the intention of the authors—and one begins to long for the direction of Winthrop Ames, for the acting and singing of Frank Moulan. A new synthesis seems desirable, and one ends by wondering if it wouldn't be a good move to turn the enterprise over to Frank Capra and give him plenary power.

The D'Oyly Carte Company's visit has revived two annoyances, the Gilbert and Sullivan audience and the anti-Savoyard attitude among well-informed people. That audience is the most malign of Gilbert's inventions. Its coyness, preciousness, and smirking have been a burden from generation to generation and are only less asphyxiating than the disdain of those who, hovering near the radio for rumor of Eddie Duchin, hold that "Patience" is sentimental. It is taking the great-uncle who first sang Ko-Ko in Philadelphia a long time to die; while he still lives, hope clings to the advancement of science, with its promise that television will make it possible to hear the operas without hearing the audience also. But the audience does enjoy the operas, and so in the end must be pardoned. The well-informed attitude, more properly the stained-glass attitude, does not pardon it—probably because of its enjoyment.

You do not often encounter that attitude among musicians. Anyone who has spent the afternoon listening to a symphony program half of which is clumsily inferior to Sullivan is apt to murmur,

after "I once was a very abandoned person" or "Prithee, pretty maiden," that there has been nothing so good as this in English music since Purcell. It is rather a literary attitude, one of literary professionals and of cultivated amateurs who know that art stopped well short of the Savoy Theater. Nothing is more ephemeral than literary opinions, nothing is more durable than literary attitudes. This one has remained constant through a good many changes in the opinions generated to justify it. Probably no taste will ever again pronounce the operas immoral, antipatriotic, or anti-religious. Thirty years ago their topsy-turvydom could be called naïve and outmoded; it seems less so nowadays, in a world whose pilots were evidently apprenticed to pirates after all, whose noble statesmen's itch to interfere with matters which they do not understand has made King George's days inglorious. We are well past Quiller-Couch's abhorrence of Gilbert's humor on the ground that it had its origin in cruelty, surely one of the silliest remarks ever made by a distinguished critic. But there remains the solemn demonstration that the operas are sentimental. It is at least arguable that the demonstration masks a conviction that their real weakness is frivolity.

For it is almost impossible to get a frivolous intelligence accepted as a literary one. Thus in recent English fiction there has been only one novelist who for sheer power of intelligence can be compared with Aldous Huxley, and he never will be compared with Mr. Huxley, for he is P. G. Wodehouse. What prevents the comparison is a sentiment, seldom recognized but fundamental in the literary point of view, which holds that frivolity, no matter what its expression, has no claim to serious respect as art. Criticism has had plenty of admiration for Gilbert and Sullivan but has declined to treat them in literature in the same terms as, for instance, it would treat George Meredith or Thomas Hardy. But when they are treated in exactly those terms it becomes unquestionable that the great col-

laboration is one of the highest reaches of nineteenth-century English literature. From Keats to Shaw there was nothing in that literature that surpassed Gilbert and Sullivan and very little that equalled them. In the entire century nothing surpassed them in intelligence and skill. And in the whole stretch of the English theater, which they magnificently revitalized at an anemic period, they have an eminence that is shared by only the greatest names.

It is the quality of intelligence to which one keeps coming back. You probably do not remember the names of their contemporaries and competitors, though there were a good many of them working in the same medium and with the same means, sometimes with just as much apparent success. And the reason why you do not remember the competitors is the intelligence of Gilbert as a playwright, the intelligence of Sullivan as a musician, the intelligence of both in adaptation to each other. Most of all, the intelligence of their theatricality. That is their essence. They recognized one of the eternal possibilities of the theater and by sheer intellectual power derived from it a vitality that has preserved them through violent alterations of taste and made them quite as important to this pre-war world as they were to the Eighteen Eighties. A common assertion of to-day that Gilbert and Sullivan are admirable when they are not being theatrical is meaningless, and the sanction that permits us to like them when they are not being sentimental is absurd. It is permission to admire a fish when he is not swimming, to feel affection for a clock only when it has ceased to tick.

Disturbed by another literary attitude, one which in every generation holds that the theater is declining, Mr. George Kaufman wrote a play which pointed out that if it is an invalid, then it is a fabulous one. But its health has been doubted only by hypochondriacs; it seems sickly only to those who misconceive its functions. All literature is dream: the peculiar quality of the theater

is the quality of some dreams that permits the dreamer to remain aware of their unreality while he accepts them. The novel, a comparative newcomer among literary forms, shared that quality during the first century of its existence and so challenged the theater on its own ground, but has increasingly abandoned the challenge during its second century and has increasingly tried to establish its illusions as realities. To-day the characteristic effort of fiction is to persuade us that it is presenting not shadows thrown on a wall by a fire at the cave's mouth but the figures themselves as they pass before the fire outside the cave. They are not figures in a dream, a novel urges; they are not creatures of illusion, they are like you and me. It is an important effort but it is different in kind from what the theater tries to do. In fiction at its best the dreamer ceases to be a conscious spectator at the dream, he succumbs to it and carries from it into his waking life something of the beliefs established, the emotions experienced, and the decisions made while he dreamed. It is thus a supplement to reality, an enlargement of it, a means not only of intensifying but of extending it. Fiction's hope is to go along with us after we are done with it, to be accepted as a part of the world we experience.

It serves an eternal need but there is another one just as fundamental, the need to terminate the dream. The theater's illusions may also refine and intensify our experience, but on all plays a final curtain falls—and that is their consummation. They do not go along with us when we come out, they do not masquerade as ourselves when we turn homeward. Here was a heartbreak as poignant as any we have ever suffered, a tragedy as shattering as any we have seen, a death as bitter. But the curtain breaks off the dream and we go out of the theater knowing that behind it they are already shifting scenery for to-morrow's repetition, that downstairs the shattered hope and the bitter death are scrubbing off illusion's grease paint and preparing

to go out for supper and a glass of beer. The deaths of our own beloved are forever, and no curtain falls on our own heartbreak. They are without termination; like fiction, they go on with us, but within the enchanted walls they come to an end. Fiction's effort is to make us understand more clearly just how and why it is that the beautiful Bertha is tied to the railroad tracks, to reconcile us to the inevitable while the Empire State Express thunders toward her. But the theater bids us grieve without harm. It has an *absit omen!*, an *Unberufen!*, that exempts us from Bertha's pain. See, the Empire State Express is only painted canvas, its thunder is only the voice of a machine worked by a union stage hand in the wings. Bertha herself, though cut cleanly through, will presently rise and sing a duet with her betrayer. It seems so, the theater tells us, but be not troubled overmuch, for though it seems it is not so. Fate is terminable: this is the dream you are aware of dreaming.

That is the theater's eternal healing. It has other assuagements as well, less profound but quite as fundamental, which are not vouchsafed us outside its enchantment. At the cost of much pain we have learned not to lower our guard. . . . Oh, Fortune, to my aching heart be kind! Time's brass knuckles have taught us that the prayer is useless, that the admission it contains is dangerous, but it must be made and there must be a place where it can be made in safety. Just raise the bandage thus, that you may see, and give, and give the prize to me! The theater is the sanctuary where such petitions, shameful outside, may be made without shame and where they may be granted. The taxis that bring us to the door, and Mr. Hemingway's new novel as well, forbid us to listen for the soft note of the echoing voice of an old, old love, long dead; the rational, by-experience-conquered part of us, which would be all of us if the world had been designed logically, accepts the prohibition and even comes to rejoice in it. But the echoing voice will not be stilled, against both

sense and shame it insists on whispering the sorrowing heart "rejoice"—and must be gratified or, like any Gilbertian lover, we die. There must be a place where fortune does raise the bandage, where the old, old love, with remorseful thought opprest, sincerely doth repent, where bitter unavailing tears for one untimely dead may plead successfully for Iolanthe's boy.

They smolder in us, these wretched, shameful sentimentalities, beyond the power of Captain Shaw, fiction, experience, or the reality-principle with cold cascade to quench them. It would be seemly if we could carry into the critical realities of our lives some noble phrase of Plato's, if we could be sustained in them by the echoing voice of Sinclair Lewis. Seemliness has no part in the emotions, however, and we are likely to carry into and through the irrevocable a memory of some cheap story heard long ago or a few phrases of some silly and trivial song, as silly as Stephen Foster, as trivial as Jerome Kern. Strength, that is, is likely to come to us out of the literature of dream; more accurately, out of the literature of recognized dream.

There is no point in calling such literature wish-fulfillment, escape, or evasion.

This label would be irrelevant if true, but it is not true. For the essence of this literature is that it accepts reality while it eases frustration. It can exist only in the theater and is at its best in the musical theater. Precisely here is the greatness of Gilbert and Sullivan. The Savoy Operas exist as a dream that is aware of itself. Their delight and their strength reside in that fact. Like all great literature, they have created a world of their own, and their world ministers to the human spirit by defying the very reality it accepts and flouting the logic undeludedly acknowledged to be omnipotent. It is a world where the everlasting and unendurable sentimentalities of mankind are given dignity while they are mocked and are assuaged by an admission of their power. While the heart retains its unfortunate liability to ache because of losses trivial by any criterion except its own, while virtue continues to be rewarded only in theatrical performances, while the fairy brain of man remains subject to the fantastic idiocy of his all too human legs, the world of the Savoy Operas will be indestructible. Their sentimentality is their immortality, since sanity needs all the support it can get from dream.

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